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BRITISH THEATRE.

BRITISH THEATRE

COMPRISING

*Tragedies, Comedies, Operas,
and Farces,*

FROM THE MOST CLASSIC WRITERS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHY, CRITICAL ACCOUNT

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

an Englishman.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LEIPSIC,

PRINTED FOR FREDERICK FLEISCHER

BY FREDERICK VIEWEG AND SON

BRUNSWICK.

1828.

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P R E F A C E.

In presenting this volume to the German nation, we will not claim their approbation from the partiality they have shown to British Literature;—we will not point out to them the great utility of having the most elegant tone of English conversation for their instruction in the language; wherefore should we paint the delighting image of their identifying themselves with a sphere of individuals, whose manners and customs are so deeply tinged with originality and peculiarity of character; and invite them to consider John Bull entering their society in his own dress, touched off with his own high humour, and even with all his faults, calling upon the good-natured smile of all around him? The shades of Addison, Garrick, Steele would arise in offended pride, to hear their names once more invoked to serve the office of commendation to works which have already stood the test of nations, and out-lived the hand of time: no, their worth needs no interpreter, it speaks itself too plainly.

Yet with all the riches of the British Drama before us, we have found ourselves embarrassed to present our readers with a full specimen of its treasures; and, how plentiful soever this harvest may be, there still remains a great store behind; we wait only the fiat of the public to recommence our labours.

We refrain from entering into a detail of the many inglorious causes of the decline of the stage these last two centuries, and will content ourselves with merely pointing it out, as a reason for our work's containing very few pieces written since that time.

It is but natural for us to have a desire to become more familiarly acquainted with the man whose writings have tended to amuse or instruct us; and hence our wish, not only to have free admission to his study, but also to follow him into the circle of his acquaintance, and sit with him at his fire-side surrounded by his family. It is here we can judge the human heart, and observe, if the precepts, inculcated on his readers, have been the guide of his own actions; and whatever be the result of our examination, it must interest our feelings and be a good exercise for ourselves. We have, therefore, endeavoured to give a faithful account of the public and private life of the authors whose writings are to be found in this volume.

The opinions of the English with respect to their own authors, how much soever they may differ from those of another nation; will answer as a point of opposition, and may assist the reader in his own critique. Each piece is, therefore, preceded by reasons, more or less cogent, to add to or diminish its lustre; and these have been carefully selected from the writings of the greatest British critics, who may have noticed them, tempered by a few observations of our own.

The English nation has, of late years, become an object of curiosity to foreigners; and numerous has been the intelligent class of inquiring travellers, who have published their more or less true accounts of this people. How favourable soever may have been their opportunities for examining into the true spirit of the people,

though the most prominent and general points of character may have been fully represented in their narration yet, from the particular circumstance of their being foreigners, they could not penetrate fairly into the minutiae. A series of writings, which brand the vicious with the mark of shame and punishment, and level the shaft of irony and laughter at folly, while they encourage and support real virtue and good sense, explained and put in their true light, with as much impartiality as human nature will allow in speaking of one's own country, must open a good field for the display of character. Hence the whole is accompanied with notes, explanatory of the localities and such circumstances as are liable to a double interpretation.

We cannot conclude this preface better than by laying before our readers a passage from the "lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," by that excellent critic Dr. Blair. In the third volume, when comparing the French and English comedy, he says, "from the English there we are naturally led to expect a greater variety of original characters in comedy and bolder strokes of wit and humour than are to be found on any other modern stage. Humour is in a great measure the peculiar province of the English nation. The nature of such a free government as ours, and that unrestrained liberty which our manners allow to every man of living entirely after his own taste, afford full scope to the display of singularity of character and to the indulgence of humour in all its forms. Whereas in France the influence of the court, the more established subordinations of ranks and the universal observance of the forms of politeness and decoram, spread a much greater uniformity over the outward behaviour and characters of men. Hence comedy has a more ample field and can flow with a much freer vein in Britain, than in France."

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TRAGEDY.

CATO.
MOURNING BRIDE.
ZARA.
DOUGLAS.

GEORGE BARNWELL.
DUKE OF MILAN.
GAMESTER.
VENICE PRESERVED.

ORPHAN OF CHINA.
DISTREST MOTHER.
FAIR PENITENT.
SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born May 21, 1672, at Milston, of which his father was then Rector, near Ambrosebury in Wiltshire. He was early sent to school, there, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish; from whence he was removed to Salisbury school, and then to the Charterhouse, under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis. Here he first contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, which continued almost to his death. At fifteen he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, and in about two years admitted to the degrees of bachelor and master of arts in that college; at which time he was celebrated for his Latin poems, to be found in a second volume of the *Musae Britannicae*, collected by Addison. Being at the university, he was upon the point of ceding to the desires of his father and several of his friends, to enter into holy orders; but having, through Mr. Congreve's means, become a favourite of Lord Halifax, he was prevailed upon by that nobleman, to give up the design. He successively filled the public stations, in 1702, of Commissioner of the Appeals in the Exchequer; 1707, Under-Secretary of State; 1709, Secretary of Ireland, and Keeper of the Records in Ireland; 1715 (the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation, Cato appeared) Secretary to the Lords' Justices; 1714 one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade; and at last, 1717, one of the first Secretaries of State. Dr. Johnson says, "For this employment he might justly be supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed, that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the House of Commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the Government. In the office, says Pope, he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions." He solicited his dismissal with a pension of 1500 pounds a year. He married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, 1716; and is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son. Johnson says, "The Lady was at last prevailed upon to marry him, on terms much like those, on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage made no addition to his happiness; it neither made them nor found them equal." In 1718—19, he had a severe dispute on *The Perjury Bill* with Steele, who, invertebrate in his political opinions, supported them in a pamphlet called *The Plebeian*, which Addison answered by another, under the title of *The Old Whig*. Some epithets, let drop by Addison, answered by a cutting quotation from Cato, by Steele, were the cause of their friendship's being dissolved; and every person acquainted with the friendly terms on which these two great men had lived so long, must regret, that they should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Addison died of an asthma and dropy, on the 17th June, 1719, aged 48, leaving only one daughter behind him. The general esteem in which his productions, both serious and humorous in *The Spectator*, *The Tutor*, and *The Guardian* are held, "Alcads (as Spenser says), like angels, trumpet-tongued, in their behalf" As a poet, his *Cato*, in the dramatic, and his *Campaign*, in the heroic way, will ever maintain a place among the first-rate works of either kind.—And a good man's death displays the character of his life. At his last hour, he sent for a relation of his, young Lord Warwick, whose youth he supposed might be influenced by an awful lesson, when, taking hold of the young man's hand, he said "See in what peace a Christian can die!" and immediately expired.

CATO,

ACTED at Drury Lane, 1715. It is one of the first of our dramatic poems, and was performed 18 nights successively; this very successful run for a tragedy, is attributed by Dennis, who wrote a very bitter critique upon Cato, to proceed from Addison's having raised prejudices in his own favour, by false positions of preparatory criticism; and with his having poisoned the town by contradicting, in *The Spectator*, the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. Johnson says, "the fact is certain; the motives we must guess. Steele packed an audience. The danger was soon over. The whole nation was, at that time, on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line, in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show, that the satire was unfelt." It was ushered into notice by eight complimentary copies of verses to the author, among which, one by Steele, leads the van; besides a prologue by Pope, and an epilogue by Dr. Garth: Dr. Johnson, with the abovementioned persons, nay, even Dennis's gall, has marked this tragedy as a British classic, and a succession of audiences for above a century has proved, that it has deserved "Golden opinions from all sorts of people." Johnson observes, "Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has been not unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here excites or assuages emotion; here is no magical power of raising phantastic terror or exciting wild anxiety. The events are expected without solicitude, and remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care. Cato is a being above our solicitude, a man of whom 'the gods take care,' and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest, neither gods nor men can have much attention; for there is not one amongst them, that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expressions that there is scarcely a scene in the play, which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CATO.
PORTIUS.
MARCUS.

SEMPRONIUS.
JUBA.
SYPHAX.

LUCIUS.
DECIUS.
JUNIUS.

LUCIA.
MARCIA.
MUTINERAS, GUARDS, etc.

SCENE.—*The Governor's Palace in Utica.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter PORTIUS and MARCUS.

Por. THE dawn is overcast, the morning
low'rs,

And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil-war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Caesar

Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Caesar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd
in slaughter;

His horses hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is not there some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Dor. Believe me, Marcus; 'tis an impious
greatness,

And mix'd with too much horror to be envied:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant
brightness!

His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round
him;

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can
Cato do

Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to
Caesar?

Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Dor. Remember what our father oft has
told us:

The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at
ease:—

Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk
thus coldly.

Passion unpitied, and successful love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs.—Were but my Lucia kind—

Dor. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy
rival;

But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.

[Aside.]
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof,
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Alas, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse:
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian
prince,

With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within
him:

When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame,
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What, shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave
stings behind them.

When'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to
ease

Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best
of friends!

Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[Exit.]

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be
form'd

Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

[Aside.]

Good morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our
friendship,

Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd to-
gether

To this poor hall, his little Roman senate
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Caesar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Caesar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. Oh, my
Portius!

Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk
of love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trem-
bling vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
my Portius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues of thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my
ling'ring here

On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve

it. *[Exit.]*

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he ayes
his sire!

Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not, his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill; he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Caesar's favour,
Th' t show'rs down greatness on his friends,
will raise me

To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes—

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their
master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time
to waste:

Ev'n while we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Caesar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all;
One day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young
Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Caesar,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here),
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Caesar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your
senate

Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Caesar, till I shake the senate.

Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought
in earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey
hairs,

And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill
on Juba.

Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and, underhand,
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste;
Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. *[Exit.]*

Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn
at Cato.

The time is short; Caesar comes rushing on
us—

But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches!

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in
frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my
thoughts,

Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such un-
gen'rous terms

Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before
them,

And own the force of their superior virtue?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets
these people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my
prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank:
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views.
To make man mild, and sociable to man;

To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African

That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;

I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd armies now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?

My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Juba. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan,

By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Juba. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;

I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.

Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows,
And repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?

The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand
(His eyes brimful of tears), then, sighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son.—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Juba. Alas! thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty that I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy direction.

Syph. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Juba. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how.

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Caesar's foes.

Juba. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore died.

Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,

Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Juba. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.

Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Softens the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

But, on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Juba. Ha! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way;

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!

Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit.]

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Juba. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooch

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for awhile forget th' approach of Caesar.

Marcia. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,

While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
And strength and weight to my descending sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marcia. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee.
Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man,
who hopes

For Marcia's love.

[*Exit.*

Lucia. Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young, good-natur'd
prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air;
A prince that loves, and dotes on you to death?

Marcia. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me
sink away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?

Lucia. Why have I not this constancy of
mind,

Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Marcia. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?

Lucia. I need not blush to name them,
when I tell thee

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Marcia. But tell me whose address thou fa-
vour'st most?

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Lucia. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you
blame my choice?—

Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
Marcus is over warm; his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Marcia. Alas, poor youth!

How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

Lucia. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Marcia. Lucia, no;

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Lucia. Portius himself oft falls in tears be-
fore me,

As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effect that it will have on Marcus.
Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine.

Marcia. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our
sorrows,
But to the gods submit th'event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier
hours.

So the pure, limpid stream, when foul with
stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Senate-house.*

Flourish. SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, and Sena-
tors discovered.

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled
senate.

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious
title.

Luc. Hark! he comes.

[*Trumpets.*

Trumpets. Enter CATO, PORTIUS, and MARCUS.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in
council;

Caesar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cae-
sar's.

Why should I mention Juha's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should
decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they
still fix'd

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and
wrought,

By time and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home
upon him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world
from bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate;—
To battle!

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are
slow;

And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of
reason;
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are
turn'd on peace.

Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's

cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them
from our hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heav'n and earth will wit-
ness,

If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus despicable: we have hulwarks

round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Caesar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her
time?

No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
Ant let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Fathers, e'en now a herald is arriv'd
From Caesar's camp, and with him comes
old Decius,

The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him
enter. [*Exit Junius.*]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to
Caesar.

His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIVS.

Dec. Caesar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be wel-
come.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Caesar sees
The straits to which you're driv'n; and, as he
knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato

Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Caesar;
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his
triumphs.

Why will not Cato be this Caesar's friend?

Cato. These very reasons thou hast urg'd
forbid it.

Dec. Caesar is well acquainted with your
virtues,

And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your
wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more; though Cato's voice was
ne'er employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a
Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Caesar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Caesar: he's a friend to
virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You don't now thunder in the capitol,

With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us
hither.

'Tis Caesar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false, glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown
upon him;

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see
him black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name
them.

I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Caesar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to
Caesar,

For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friend-
ship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Caesar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high, unconquer'd heart makes
you forget

You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter

The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit, attended.*]

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Caesar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Caesar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heav'n, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!

Luc. Others perhaps

May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come, no more, Sempronius;
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Caesar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate,
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death;
but, Cato,

My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and
strive to fill

This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on
Caesar.

Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for awhile thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms;
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to
bear them.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. His virtues drew respect from foreign
climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;

Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I do not mean to boast his power
and greatness,

But point out new alliances to Cato.

Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think

Cato will fly before the sword of Caesar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Juba. Cato, perhaps

I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into
practice

Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I
pant for virtue;

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence,
and toil,

Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from
Caesar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall
on Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?

Thy words confound me.

Juba. I would fain retract them.

Give them me back again: they aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make
not my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Juba. Oh! they're extravagant;

Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask,

That Cato will refuse?

Juba. I fear to name it.

Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wouldst thou say?

Juba. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not
hear a word

Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.

It is not now a time to talk of aught

But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.
[Exit.]

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love tale with!

Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart!

Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd
of late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket, where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts.

I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close,
And, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pr'ythee, no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile,
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with
gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk, though
honey flow'd

In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you
good advice;

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy
troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds:
Give but the word, we snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy mine honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear
you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperience'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince
into a ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great
men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruf-
fians.

This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Caesars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my prince, you want to know
the world.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes men
perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go; you're young.

Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.]

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy
soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish
in it. [Aside.]

Young prince, behold these locks, that are
grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy
insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, the infirmity of
age,

Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service! —
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

[Aside.]

Juba. Is it because the throne of my fore-
fathers

Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with
scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with
such expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war!

What are his aims? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear
you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my
faith to Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into
my heart.

I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give?
I've offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been
too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd
me traitor.

Juba. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call
thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd
me traitor.

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to
Cato?

That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but
indeed

Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets
her,

And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep

To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy. If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows, Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget The warmth of youth, and srowardness of age: Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

If e'er the sceptre come into my hand, Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you o'erwhelm my age with kindness?

My joys grow burdensome, I shan't support it.

Juba. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find

Some blest occasion, that may set me right In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. *[Exit.]*

Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;

Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!— These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee,

But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds: Caesar, I'm wholly thine.—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait

The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate;

Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd

To Cato, by a messenger from Caesar.

Syph. But how stands Cato?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:

Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows, And oceans break their billows at its feet, It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height: Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul, 'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune, Rises superior, and looks down on Caesar.

Syph. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him, And found a means to let the victor know, That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends. But let me now examine in my turn; Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.

I've tried the force of ev'ry reason on him, Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again; Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight; But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Well, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.

Syphax, I now may hope, thou hast forsook Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her.

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt? Does the sedition catch from man to man, And run among the ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready;

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers; They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more Th' medley of philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms, And, as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to see how your unshaken Cato

Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend, Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend, Wheel through th' air, in circling eddies play, Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise, Sees the dry desert all around him rise, And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter MARCUS and PORTIUS.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about

The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend; Nature first pointed out my Portius to me, And early taught me, by her secret force, To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit, Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure; Ours has severest virtue for its basis, And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;

Then, pr'ythee, spare me on its tender side; Indulge me but in love, my other passions, Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise Sink in the soft captivity together.

Marc. Alas, thou talk'st like one that never felt

Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul, That pants and reaches after distant good! A lover does not live by vulgar time:

Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden; And yet, when I behold the charming maid, I'm ten times more undone; while hope, and fear,

And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once, And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence;

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her With all the strength and heat of eloquence Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death, And fades away, and withers in his bloom; That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food, That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him;

Describe his anxious days, and restless nights And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse;

But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.

But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do? If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to friend and brother.

Marc. But see, where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances—

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[Exit.]

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?

Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies!

Lucia. How wilt thou guard thy honour,
in the shock

Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,

Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him!
Then do not strike him dead with a denial.

Lucia. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:

And, Portius, here I swear, to heav'n I swear,
To heav'n, and all the powers that judge mankind,

Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us;
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts—as far as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said?—I'm thunder-struck—recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Lucia. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?

The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me if I break it!

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Lucia. Think, Portius, think thou see'st thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,

Storming at heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause
That robs him of his son!—farewell, my Portius!
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Lucia. If the firm Portius shake

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength, I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Lucia. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are not there heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us?

But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st,

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

[Exit.]

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? am I doom'd

To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success

My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What, does the barbarous maid insult my heart,

My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;

Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!

What is compassion when 'tis void of love?

Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend

To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!

Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use

To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!

To one that asks the warm returns of love,

Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said? Oh, Portius, oh

forgive me!

A soul, exasperate in ills, falls out

With every thing—its friend, itself—but, hah!

[Shouts and Trumpets.]

What means that shout, big with the sounds

of war?

What new alarm?

[*Shouts and Trumpets repeated.*

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me: thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if
Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warm'd; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt. Trumpets and shouting.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Senate-house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high!

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In all its fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Mean while, I'll herd among his friends, and seem

One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lead.* We are all safe; Sempronius is our friend. [*Trumpets.*

But, hark, Cato enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast;
This day will end our toils.
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Trumpets. Re-enter SEMPRONIUS, with CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, and Guards.

Cato. Where are those bold, intrepid sons of war,

That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Why could not Cato fall

Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,

Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. Confusion to the villains! all is lost! [*Aside.*

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Caesar,

You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Gato, see the unhappy men! they weep!

Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,

And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care;
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure, round the bloody stake;
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.

The partners of their crime will learn obedience.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,

But in their deaths remember they are men;
Lucius, the base, degenerate age requires Severity.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean while, we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,

The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers

(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood):
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, etc.*

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,

One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off; base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius!

Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth

To sudden death.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.*

Enter SYMPHAX.

Symph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;

Still there remains an after-game to play;
My troops are mounted;

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Caesar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Symph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. What hinders, then, but that thou
find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
is giv'n to none but Juba and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's guards;

The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. Heav'n's, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto seiz'd off Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,

Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from
thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

Marcia. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big
swoln heart

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Lucia. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be
belov'd

By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has pow'r to charm like
Portius?

Marcia. Still I must beg thee not to name
Sempronius.

Lucia. I like not that loud, boisterous man.
Juba, to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love and sweetness: he, I own,
Might make indeed the proudest woman happy.

Lucia. But should this father give you to
Sempronius?

Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he
should—

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer,
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?

I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtues we can boast,

The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dressed like JUBA, with
Numidian Guards.*

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to
her covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and, when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'T would be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes!

'Tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.

Enter JUBA, with Guards.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this that dares
usurp

The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,

Presumptuous youth!

Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have
at thy heart.

Juba. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud,
barbarous man.

[*They fight; Sempronius falls.*]

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd
to fall

By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?

Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make

Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and Cato tremble!

[*Dies.*]

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul
broke loose,

And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,

That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit Juba; his Guards taking
those of Sempronius as Prisoners.*]

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my
troubled heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.

Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought!

Marcia. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's
blood and murder!

Ha! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,

But, ah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba lies dead before us!

Lucia. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy
assistance

Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Marcia. Lucia, look there, and wonder at
my patience;

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Lucia. What can I think, or say, to give
thee comfort?

Marcia. Talk not of comfort; 'tis for lighter
ills:

Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA, unperceived.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;

That man, that best of men deserv'd it from me.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false
Sempronius

That best of men? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And could have been thus mourn'd, I had
been happy. *[Aside.*

Marcia. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd
breast.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of ev'ry eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him.
Oh, Juba, Juba!

Juba. What means that voice? Did she not
call on Juba? *[Aside.*

Marcia. He's dead, and never knew how
much I lov'd him;

Lucia, who knows but his poor, bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Juba. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!

[Aside. *Marcia.* Ye dear remains of the most lov'd
of men,

Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

Juba. See, Marcia, see,

[Throwing himself before her.

The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Marcia. With pleasure and amaze I stand
transported!

If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
I could not bear

To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.

Marcia. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded
hour,

But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half-smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba. My joy, my best lov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

Marcia. Lucia, thy arm, Lead to my apart-
ment.

Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[Exeunt Marcia and Lucia.

Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Caesar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Palace. A March
at a Distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold
Sempronius,

That still broke foremost through the crowd
of patriots,

As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness—

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes: what means
this haste?

Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Por. My heart is griev'd:
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Caesar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal giv'n,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the
watch;

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son,
and see

Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[Exit Portius.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Caesar's! Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice
reign,

The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Caesar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell
the number

Of Caesar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone
his country.

Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves
compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Juba. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a
Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard of my false
countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince!

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.

Juba. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the dis-
tress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis
deserv'd:

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!

My brother Marcus—

Cato. Ha! what has he done?

Has he forsook his post? Has he giv'n way? Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him

Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers, Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends, He stood the shock of a whole host of foes, Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death, Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall, before

His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.

—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;

See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches! The citizens and senators, alarm'd, Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Dead March. CATO meets the Corpse. LUCIUS, Senators, Guards, etc. attending.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue! Who would not be that youth? What pity is it That we can die but once to serve our country! —Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war. Portius, behold thy brother, and remember Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it. When Rome demands; but Rome is now no more.

Oh, liberty! oh, virtue! oh, my country!

Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dear son. *[Aside.]*

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd, The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Caesar's:

For him the self-devoted Decii died, The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd: Ev'n Pompey fought for Caesar. Oh, my friends, How is the toil of fate, the work of ages, The Roman empire, fall'n! Oh, curs'd ambition! Fall'n into Caesar's hands! Our great forefathers Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba. While Cato lives, Caesar will blush to see

Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Caesar asham'd! Has he not seen Pharsalia!

Luc. 'Tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of danger:

Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand. Caesar shall never say, he conquer'd Cato.

But oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors

Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends? 'Tis now, O Caesar, I begin to fear thee!

Luc. Caesar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you; let him know

Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it. Add, if you please, that I request it of him—

That I myself, with tears, request it of him—The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake. Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,

Or seek the conqueror?—

Juba. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may heav'n abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright, Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,

'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend. Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen

Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state, Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success; Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field; Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome; Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,

The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you,

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency, Know there are ships prepar'd, by my command,

That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port. Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?

The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell! If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore, Where Caesar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead Son.]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd, Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,

Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,

Who made the welfare of mankind his care, Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,

Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

[Dead March. Exeunt in funeral Procession.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

CATO solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand, Plato's Book on the Immor-

ality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table, by him.

Cato. It must be so—Plato thou reason'st well—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must
we pass?

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in
virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where?—this world was made
for Caesar:

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But, ha! who's this? my son! Why this intrusion?

Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?

Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. Oh, let the pray'r, th' entreaties of
your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it
from you!

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst
thou give me up

A slave, a captive, into Caesar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know, I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Caesar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.—

Por. [Kneeling] Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my
father!

How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.]
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to
please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriended them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care,
and asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my
heart revives— *[Exit Cato.]*

Enter MARCIA.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace.—He has dispatch'd
me hence

With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. *[Exit]*

Marcia. Oh, ye immortal powers, that guard
the just,

Watch round his couch and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul

With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia, where
is Cato?

Marcia. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd
to rest.

Lucia. I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul—We shall be happy still.

Lucia. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought I tremble!

Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Marcia. Though stern and awful to the foes
of Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild;
Compassionate and gentle to his friends;
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best
The kindest father; I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Lucia. 'Tis his consent alone can make us
blest.

But who knows Cato's thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of
 Portius,
 Or how he has determin'd of thyself?
Marcia. Let him but live, commit the rest
 to heav'n.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!

Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
 Some power invisible supports his soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
 A kind, refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
 I saw him stretch'd at ease; his fancy lost
 In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
 He smil'd, and cried, Caesar, thou canst not
 hurt me.

Marcia. His mind still labours with some
 dreadful thought.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd
 from viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
 Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
 On the high point of yon bright western tower
 We ken them from afar; the setting sun
 Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd
 helmets,
 And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy
 father.

Caesar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
 And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.

What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
 Unusual gladness sparkle in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
 My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
 Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
 From Pompey's son, who, through the realms
 of Spain,

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
 And rouses the whole nation up to arms.

Were Cato at their head, once more might
 Rome

Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

[*A groan is heard.*]

But, hark! what means that groan?—Oh,
 give me way,
 And let me fly into my father's presence!

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on
 Rome,

And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
 Mourns o'er his country.—Ha! a second
 groan—

Heav'n guard us all!

Mar. Alas, 'tis not the voice
 Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain—
 'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Oh, sight of woe!

Oh, Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!

Cato has fall'n upon his sword—

Luc. Oh, Portius,

Hide all the horrors of the mournful tale,
 And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,

And plac'd him in his chair; where, pale and
 faint,

He gasps for breath, and as his life flows

from him,
 Demands to see his friends. His servants,
 weeping,

Obsequious to his order, bear him hither!—

Mar. Oh, heav'n! assist me in this dreadful
 hour,

To pay the last sad duties to my father!

CATO brought on in a Chair.

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits,
 O Caesar!

Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

Cato. Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—Are my friends em-
 bark'd?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?
 Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain—

Oh, Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too
 good—

Let this our friendship live between our chil-
 dren—

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Marcia, my daughter—

Oh, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with
 a king—

But Caesar's arms have thrown down all dis-
 tinction—

I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
 From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and
 sorrow!

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
 On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty!—Oh, ye powers, that
 search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost
 thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not—

The best may err, but you are good, and—
 Oh!—

Por. There fled the greatest soul that ever
 warm'd

A Roman breast:—Oh, Cato! oh, my friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Caesar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand,

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath:

Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations
 know,

What dire effects from civil discord flow:

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,

And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms;

Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,

And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt.*]

CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, descended from the Congreves in Staffordshire, who trace their ancestry as far back as before the conquest, first saw the light at Bards, near Leeds, Yorkshire, 1671. He was educated first at Kilkenny; and afterwards sent to the university in Dublin, under the direction of Dr. Ashe. His father, who was only a younger brother, and provided for in the army by a commission on the Irish establishment, had been compelled to undertake a journey thither in consequence of his command, being desirous his study should be directed to profit as well as improvement, sent him over to England, and placed him at the age of 16 as student in the Temple. Here he lived for several years, but with very little attention to statutes or reports. His disposition to become an author appeared very early; Johnson says, "Among all the efforts of early genius, which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve." His first dramatic labour was *The Old Bachelor*, acted in 1693. This piece introduced him to Lord Halifax, the Mæcenas of the age, who, desirous of raising a genius above the necessity of too hasty productions, made him one of the commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches. He soon after bestowed upon him a place in the Pipe-office, with one in the Customs of 600 pounds a year. 1694 Congreve produced *The Double Dealer*. The next year, when Holtaton opened the new Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, he gave him his comedy of *Love for Love*. The *Biographia Dramatica* says, "This met with so much success, that they immediately offered the author a share in the profits of the house, on condition of his furnishing them with one play yearly. This offer he accepted; but whether through indolence or that correctness which he looked on as necessary to his works, his *Mourning Bride* did not come out till 1697, nor his *Way of the World* till two years after that." He had been involved in a long contest with Jeremy Collier, a famous and implacable non-jaror, who published *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, in which he had very severely attacked some of Congreve's pieces: this, added to the ill success his *Way of the World*, though an exceeding good comedy, met with, completed his disgust; and he made a resolution of never more writing for the stage. Johnson says, "At last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labour in the reformation of the theatre." In 1714, Congreve was appointed Commissioner of Wine Licences, and 17 Dec. same year was nominated Secretary of Jamaica, making altogether a yearly income of 1200 pounds. Johnson says, "His honours were yet far greater than his profits. Every writer mentioned him with respect; and, among other testimonies to his merit, Steele made him the patron of his *Miscellany*, and Pope inscribed to him his Translation of the *Iliad*. But he treated the Muses with ingratitude; for, having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and, when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable soppery of desiring to be considered not as an author but a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied, 'If he had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him.'" He died at his house in Surrey Street, in the Strand, January 29, 1729. Our limits will not allow us to give Johnson's account of this author; but every one agrees in considering him surprisingly eminent in his Theatrical pieces; at the same time, when he quitted this tract, he evidently failed; and, although his Miscellaneous Poems will ever maintain a respectable place in British literature, his crown was too closely wrestled for these to add one leaf to his poetical fame.

THE MOURNING BRIDE,

ACTED at Lincoln's-Inn Fields. 1697. This is the only Tragedy our author ever wrote, and it met with more success than any of his other pieces. Although Dr. Johnson accuses it of bombast and want of real nature; notwithstanding Dibdin says, that it is overcharged with imagery, as his comedies are with point, and if we try to conceive it, it is with an acting imagination, that may raise astonishment, but must destroy pleasure; it is to be considered that, "the poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling," in embodying "dry nothing," raises his mind so high above the things of this world in his look "from earth to heaven," that his conceptions appear too bold for a cool, criticising genius. It is certain, that the language of passion, in real life, is boisterous and elevated; and, in persons of a certain cast, may go a step farther than what in cooler moments would appear simple nature; and Dr. Johnson's criticism is evidently unprepared, for he says himself, he had not read Congreve's plays for many years. Could the great critic have been raised by the same feelings that actuated Congreve in composing his tragedy, it is very sure, he would not have pronounced so severe a sentence. We have not the smallest pretension to call in question the opinions of so great a man as Johnson on this play; knowing his attention was entirely directed to chasten the taste of the age; but we do think (if we can judge by our own feelings), that he must have felt a secret delight himself in reading this piece; and hope we do not overstep the bounds of modesty in declaring the story to be extremely pleasing, affecting, and well told; the language, although extremely elevated, may be allowed to be this side of bombast, expressing the ideas perhaps in an impassioned manner; but we believe not beyond the limits of poetical nature: and will content ourselves with sometimes being *astonished for pleasure*. Dr. Johnson declares, that, "If he were to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, he knows not what he could prefer to an exclamation in this tragedy ('No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!') to: 'Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes!'" Johnson continues, "He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before; but he feels it with great increase of sensibility; he recognises a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty".

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MANUEL.
GONSALEZ.
GARCIA.

PEREZ.
ALONZO.
OSMYN.

HELL.
SELIM.
ALMERIA.

ZARA.
LEONORA.
Attendants, Guards, etc.

SCENE—Granada.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers ALMERIA in Mourning, LEONORA waiting. ALMERIA rises and comes forward.

Alm. Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,

To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,

And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

What then am I? Am I more senseless grown

Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!

'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs..

Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night

The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;

He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd

Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.

Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,

Or moderate your grief; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace! there is eternal cause,

And misery eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune:
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow king:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept,
Where, while his gaoler slept, I through the grate

Have softly whisper'd, and inquir'd his health,
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliverance;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!

Thou hadst no cause but general compassion.
Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,

My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso,
His son, the brave Valencian prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have us'd his child.
O, Alphonso, Alphonso!

Deavouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall rase thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb;
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost!

Leon. Husband! O, heav'n's!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.

Leon. Witness these tears—
The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—
And I have heard imperfectly his loss;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.

I was a welcome captive in Valencia,
Ev'n on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace; which, in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Would that I had fall'n
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought
We put to sea; but being betray'd by some

Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of Afric: There our vessel struck the shore,
And, bulging 'gainst a rock was dash'd in pieces,
But heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!

Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.

For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the pow'r of fate:
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded, and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful—

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—

For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and wat'ry eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my Alphonso. [Loud shouts.

Leon. Hark!

The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph. [Shouts at a distance.
O cease for heav'n's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for much I fear
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,

When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths.—Look down,
look down, [Kneels.

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make;
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heav'n where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow:
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then just heav'n show'r down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry heav'n's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd.—And now [Rising.

My heart has some relief: having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all

Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence.—I feel myself more light,

And more at large since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonsalez comes to tell your
highness

The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit Alonzo.*]

That's his pretence: his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle elo-
quence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be every day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Laden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now in martial pomp the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moor-
ish wealth.

Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,

As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot-wheels;
The swarming populace spread every wall,
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (though
twice

The multitude should gaze) in absence of your
eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding
words,

Or pompous phrase; the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to heav'n with thanks.

Gon. Excellent princess!

But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless
charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's
deeds,

Which had been brave, though I had ne'er
been born.

Leon. Madam, the king.

*Symphony of warlike Music. Enter the
KING, attended by GARCIA and several Of-
ficers; Files of Prisoners, in Chains, and
Guards. ALMERIA meets the KING, and
kneels; afterwards GONSALEZ kneels and
kisses the KING's Hand, while GARCIA
does the same to the PRINCESS.*

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonsalez,
rise—

What, tears! my good old friend—

Gon. But tears of joy.

Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By heav'n thou lov'st me, and I am
pleas'd thou dost.

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why 'is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?

In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.

The year, which I have vow'd to pay to heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd,

King. Your zeal to heav'n is great, so is
your debt;

Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life which heav'n preserv'd. A day be-
stow'd

In filial duty, had aton'd and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!

'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet—upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,

To see that sable worn upon the day
Succeeding that in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo! was interr'd—By heav'n!
It looks as thou didst mourn for him! just as
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert pre-
serv'd,

But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What! thou dost not weep to think
of that?

Gon. Have patience, royal sir; the princess
weeps

To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have
feasted

When my first foe was laid in earth; such
enmity,

Such detestation bears my blood to his:
My daughter should have revell'd at his death;
She should have made these palace walls to
shake,

And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and
weep!

Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve
By heav'n!

There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all
his care,

And shook his chains in transport and rude
harmony!

Gon. What she has done was in excess of
goodness;

Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this con-
juncture.

I wo'not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all

The violation of your vow; for you,
It shall be your excuse that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling*] Your pardon, sir, if I
presume so far,

As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria,

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand: and Garcia, yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found Worthy to be your husband and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—

But to devote, and yield myself for ever The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy services,

And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me. This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun, Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials—

Alm. Oh! [Faints.

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gon. She recovers.

King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits. Your leave, sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears. I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith, And make it sin not to renounce that vow Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonso?

Enter ALONZO and Attendants.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd, And with a train as if she still were wife To Albucacim, and the moor had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she should be so attended.

Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he, Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.
Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,

Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;

And with a haughty mien, and stern civility, Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,

'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;

At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave, Must have some other cause than his captivity. Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour, Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter ZARA and OSMYN, in Chains; conducted by PEREZ and a Guard, attended by SELIM and several Mutes.

King. What welcome and what honours, beauteous Zara,

A king and conqueror can give, are yours.

A conqueror indeed, where you are won; Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,

That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,

Th'expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen The monarch enter not triumphant, but In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condescend To like captivity, or think those honours,

Which conquerors in courtesy bestow, Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,

And native right, to arbitrary sway, I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train

With usual homage wait. But when I feel These bonds, I look with loathing on myself;

And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should be free;

How durst you, Perez, disobey?

Per. Great sir,

Your order was she should not wait your triumph;

But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false! 'twas more! I bid she should be free;

If not in words, I bid it by my eyes!

Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers With speed;—yet stay—my hands alone can make

Fit restitution here.—Thus I release you,

And by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zara. Such favours, so conferr'd, though when unsought,

Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds. Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—

Yet bating more ingratitude, can pay, I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!

As by transcendent beauty to attract

All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul

To rule all hearts,

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,

[Beholding Osmyn, as they unbind him.

And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes,

At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.

Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man So great in arms, as thou art said to be,

So hardly can endure captivity,

The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity

Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you,

Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,

Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret

Of not revenging on his foes that loss,

Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him: 'tis as I suspected. [To Gonzales.

Gon. That friend may be herself: seem not to heed

His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend

Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:

It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Aisle of a Temple.**Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.**Alm.* It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.*Leon.* It bore the accent of a human voice.*Alm.* It was thy fear, or else some transient windWhistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen—*Leon.* Hark!*Alm.* No, all is hush'd, and still as death—
'tis dreadful!How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.*Leon.* Let us return: the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.*Alm.* It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earthOf human bodies, for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirit; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *Opens and discovers a Place of Tombs; one Monument fronting the View.**Enter HELI.**Hel.* I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—there it sounds—I'll follow it. [*Exit.*]*Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.**Leon.* Behold the sacred vault, within whose tombThe poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see? O heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.*Alm.* Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death
for me;And that dumb mouth, significant in show
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature,
wary

And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,

May lay the burden down and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. My father then

Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too

Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.

My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,

And range the starry orbs and milky ways

To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!

O ecstacy of thought! Help me, Anselmo!

Help me, Alphonso! take me, reach thy hand;

To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso!

O Alphonso!

*Enter OSMYN from the Tomb.**Osm.* Who calls that wretched thing that
was Alphonso?*Alm.* Angels, and all the host of heaven,
support me!*Osm.* Whence is that voice, whose shrillness
from the grave,And growing to his father's shroud roots up
Alphonso?*Alm.* Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom from the light,
And from my eyes.*Osm.* Amazement and illusion!Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,
[*Coming forward.*]

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.

Let me not stir or breathe, lest I dissolve

That tender, lovely form of painted air,

So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;

I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.

'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!

Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!

It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

*Re-enter HELI.**Leon.* Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her
eyes!He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.*Hel.* Ha! 'tis he! and with Almeria!

O miracle of happiness! O joy

Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?

Let me behold and touch her, and be sure

'Tis she.

Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;

Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why
d'y'e force me?

Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.

Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:

Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.

Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,

That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,

His voice; I know him now, I know him all.

Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou
charm'd

The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?

That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why

We both have backward trod the paths of fate
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance
Or means by which I have thee—
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have no leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay awhile—

Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to hear, and live!
To see him thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus!

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n
of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise!

Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? wert thou alone?

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee—

Alm. But still how cam'st thou hither? how thus?—Ha!

What's he who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?

Osm. Where? Ha! what do I see? Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed—my friend too, safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More miracles! Antonio too escap'd!

Osm. And twice escap'd, both from the rage
of seas

And war; for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a pris'ner as yourself,
And as yourself made free: hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious heav'n,
That persevering still, with open hand
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy?
Where will this end? But heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits, cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem'd to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part
so soon.

Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,

Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, sir; I saw and know 'em:

You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love? who is she? why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.

Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
I'll think how we may meet

To part no more: my friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn,
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet—

Alm. Sure we shall meet again—

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.

Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

[*Exeunt Almeria, Leonora, and Heli.*]

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,

So shall you still behold her.

Enter ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd
to earth,

Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues!
Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus?

Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun

My love? But to the grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not: barb'rous man,

Am I neglected thus? am I despis'd?

Not heard! ungrateful Osmyn!

Osm. Ha! 'tis Zara!

Zara. Yes, traitor! Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant now to Osmyn.

The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,

Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches
from me;

Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not till now.

Zara. Now then you see me—

But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,

Better I was unseen than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,

And only for his sorrows chose this solitude?
Look round, joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus,

And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer?

What is't to me, this house of misery?

What joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy griefs,
And give thee for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. O that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,

I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one;

Give it me as it is; I ask no more

For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:

For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,

Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found
thee:

Compassion! scarce will own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love, for thou wert godlike
Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dried those wat'ry cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And like the moru vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor
why

You bated Manuel, I urg'd my husband
To this invasion, where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery;
Think on my sufferings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara;
And now abandon'd—say, what then is Osmyn!

Osm. A fatal wretch—a huge stupendous
ruin,
That, tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with
the vilest,

If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, pow'r,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the
scaffolding

Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they have
serv'd their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to
throw

In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zara. We may be free, the conqueror is
mine!

In chains, unseen, I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as
thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas you know me not.
Zara. Not who thou art:

But what this last ingratitude declares,
This grov'ling baseness—Thou say'st true, I
know

Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name:
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave!
A slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's
thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and ent'ring now.

Zara. As I could wish; by heav'n I'll be
reveng'd.

Enter the KING, PEREZ, and Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her kind
withdraw

Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your pris'ner, and that was
my slave.

King. How! better than my hopes! does
she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of
heav'n,
And wrench the bolt, red-bissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that in-
solence.

'Tis daring for a god. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*
Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his
state,

Whose former faith had merited much more:
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large: thence sprung his
insolence;

And what was charity he constru'd love.
King. Enough; his punishment be what you
please.

But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend;
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is load, and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give,
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A prison.

OSMYN discovered alone, with a Paper.

Osm. But now, and I was clos'd within the
tomb

That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these re-
membrances.

In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will show.
[*Reads*] If my Alphonso—Ha!

If my Alphonso live, restore him, heav'n!
Give me more weight, crush my declining
years

With bolts, with chains, imprisonment, and
want;

But bless my son! visit not him for me!
(It is his hand! this was his pray'r;—yet more):
Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots
Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my son!
Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gra-
cious—

'Tis wanting what should follow!—Heav'n
 should follow,
 But 'tis torn off! Why should that word alone
 Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to heav'n,
 But heav'n was deaf; heav'n heard him not:
 but thus,

Thus as the name of heav'n from this is torn,
 So did it tear the ears of mercy from
 His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against
 him!

If piety be thus debarr'd access
 On high, and of good men the very best
 Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
 What is reward? or what is punishment?
 But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice?
 Yet I may think—I may, I must; for thought
 Precedes the will to think, and error lives
 Ere reason can be born.

What noise! Who's there? My friend! how
 can'st thou hither?

Enter HELI.

Hel. The time's too precious to be spent
 in telling.

The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's pow'r,
 Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Hel. You may: anon, at midnight, when
 the king

Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd
 (Who takes the privilege to visit late,
 Presuming on a bridegroom's right), she'll come.

Osm. She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet
 what I fear.

She'll come: but whither, and to whom? O,
 heav'n!

To a vile prison, and a captive wretch;
 To one, whom had she never known, she had
 Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly
 creature

Abandon'd o'er to love what heav'n forsakes?
 Why does she follow, with unwearied steps.
 One who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?

Hel. Have hopes, and hear the voice of
 better fate.

I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
 Among the troops, who thought to share the
 plunder,

Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
 Converts. The news has reach'd Valencia's
 frontiers;

Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
 With tyranny and grievous impositions,
 Are ris'n in arms, and call for chiefs to head
 And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By heav'n, thou'st rous'd me from my
 lethargy.

The spirit, which was deaf to my own wrongs,
 And the loud cries of my dead father's blood;
 O, my Antonio, I am all on fire;

My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
 And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.
 I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,

To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
 My ears, and reach the heav'n! Where is
 the king?

Where is Alphonso? Ha! where, where in-
 deed?

O! I could tear and burst the strings of life,
 To break these chains! Off! off! ye stains of
 royalty;

Off, slavery! O curse! that I alone
 Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
 Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath!

Hel. Zara, the cause of your restraint, may
 be

The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
 Occasion will not fail to point out ways
 For your escape: meantime, I've thought already
 With speed and safety to convey myself,
 Where not far off some malcontents hold council
 Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
 Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
 When they shall know you live, assist your
 cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou
 think'st fit,

So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.

Hel. When Zara comes, abate of your
 aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
 But as I may, I'll do. Farewell,
 My friend, the good thou dost deserve attend
 thee! [*Exit Hel.*]

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
 The care of heav'n. Not so my father bore
 More anxious grief. This should have better
 taught me;

This his last legacy to me; which here
 I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
 Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter ZARA, veiled.

What brightness breaks upon me thus through
 shades,

And promises a day to this dark dwelling?

Is it my love?—

Zara. O that thy heart had taught
 [*Lifting her Veil.*]

Thy tongue that saying!

Osm. Zara! I am betray'd by my surprise!
 [*Aside.*]

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
 That having seen it thou dost turn thy eyes
 Away, as from deformity and horror!

If so, this sable curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing
 And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
 That question; speak again in that soft voice;
 And look again with wishes in thy eyes.

O, no, thou canst not; for thou seest me now,
 As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
 Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous
 rage

Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons:

Osm. You wrong me, beautiful Zara, to
 believe

I bear my fortunes with so low a mind.
 But destiny and inauspicious stars
 Have cast me down to this low being; or
 Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt
 thou believe

So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
 O, give that madness yet a milder name,
 And call it passion; then be still more kind,
 And call that passion love!

Osm. Give it a name,
 Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O, thou dost wound me more with
 this thy goodness,
 Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest re-
 proaches;

Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish—

Zara. Haste me to know it: what?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing?

Osm. This slave.

Zara. O, heav'n; my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy lab'ring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour
to come,

Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom.

Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor
have I more

To give than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu! [Exit.]

Osm. This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem.

But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes,
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter ALMERIA.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and
transport?

How run into thy arms withheld by fetters?
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus man-
acled

And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet
again.

Thou told'st me thou wouldst think how we
might meet

To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Oh! O—

Alm. Give me that sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and
start;

Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not
wound thy breast

With such a dagger as then struck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot
wound me more,

Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me—
Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my
sense.

O, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too
robs my heart,

If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft:
Thy second self should feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.

I am thy wife—

Osm. O, thou hast search'd too deep!
There, there I bleed! there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and
wheels,

That piecemeal grind, are beds of down and
balm

To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me:

Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weep-
ings?

Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus
piercingly?

Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and
wheels were balm

And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest pains
that hell,

Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee other.
But wilt thou know what harrows up my heart?
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride!
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd.

Is this dark cell a temple for that god?

Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with
woes;

Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my heart!
To call thee mine! Yes; thus, e'en thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasy.
But, O, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No, not that

Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.

There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Osm. O, thou dost talk, my love, as one
resolv'd,

Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will
strain,

To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with
Garcia!

Then will I smear these walls with blood,
disfigure

And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair.
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast.

And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy
bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips
to this?

O my Almeria!

What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. O I am struck, thy words are bolts
of ice,
Which shot into my breast now melt and
chill me.

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, and SELIM.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires
his freedom.

Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
The royal signet. [*Aside to Perez.*]

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your entering, till the princess is return'd
From visiting the noble prisoner.

[*Aside to Zara.*]

Zara. Ha! .

What say'st thou? [*Aside to Perez.*]

Osm. We are lost! undone, discover'd!
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say something quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible— [*Aside to Almeria.*]

Alm. I cannot speak.

[*Aside to Osmyn.*]

Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

[*Aside to Almeria.*]

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads
her forth!

Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!

'Tis plain I've been abus'd—
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

[*Aside.*]

Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to Almeria, as she is going.*]
Distress'd, heav'n will repay: all thanks are poor.

[*Exit Almeria.*]

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! Yet I
will be calm,

Choke in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver [*Aside*]— You seem much
surpris'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too, it
seems.

Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted:
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding—

Osm. Madam!

Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite:
Your pardon, sir—mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd, I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zara. I know thou couldst; but I'm not
often pleas'd,

And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd
To be the care of weeping majesty?

To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hour of rest.
O curse! I cannot hold—

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, madam?

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom
thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd; 'tis in my
power,

Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs,
And free myself at once from misery,
And you of me.

Zara. Ha! say'st thou—But I'll prevent it.
Who waits there? As you will answer it,
look this slave

[*To the Guard.*]

Attempt no means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now
Requires he should be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see,
Or speak with him: I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love;
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast
mourn'd,
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room of State.

Enter ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already rack'd me with
thy stay;

Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Has since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction)
some

Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd;
And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate
and mine;

Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t' impart, ere Osmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight
be here,

And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy
blood.

Set. My life is yours, nor wish I to pre-
serve it,

But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love
and truth.

But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop the approaching danger?

Set. You must still seem most resolute and
fix'd

On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of
mercy

Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Set. Your own request's enough.

However, for a colour, tell him you
Have cause to fear his guards may be cor-
rupted,

And some of them bought off to Osmyn's
interest,

Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all sus-
picious.

Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes: and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance
to him.

I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the
rest. [Exit.

Enter KING, GONSALEZ, and PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious
slaves:

But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gon. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?

Gon. None, sir. Some papers have been
since discover'd

In Rodrigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valencia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who have fled have that way bent their
course.

Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour:
That being sav'd upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclos'd himself to Albucacim,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valencia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then
Alphonso?

O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known—If not, what hope

Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

[Aside.
Gon. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive, Zara, can inform
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd
At any time in Albucacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neg-
lect;

An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zara. You're too secure: the danger is more
imminent

Than your high courage suffers you to see:
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom

Is pass'd: if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon
your entrance,

I find I can unfold what yet concerns

You more. One who did call himself Alphonso
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,

And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,

Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.

What I know more is, that a triple league
Of strictest friendship was profest between

Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

King. Public report is ratified in this.

Zara. And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong
necessity.

King. Give order straight that all the pris-
ners die,

Zara. Forbear a moment, somewhat more
I have

Worthy your private ear, and this your mi-
nister.

King. Let all, except Gonzalez, leave the
room. [Exit Perez, etc.

Zara. I am your captive, and you've us'd
me nobly;

And in return of that, though otherwise
Your enemy,

I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted: some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our
guards?

Zara. Most certain; though my knowledge
is not yet

So ripe, to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,

In the grand signior's court. These from their
infancy

Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gon. My lord, the queen advises well.

King. What offering, or what recompense
remains

In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've
sav'd,

Though on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time,
 'tis fit

You give strict charge that none may be admitted

To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
 Shall send.

King. VVho waits there?

Enter PEREZ.

On your life take heed,

That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
 Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

Zara. They, and no other, not the princess's
 self.

Per. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

[*Exit Perez.*]

Gon. That interdiction so particular,
 Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,
 Should have more meaning than appears bare-
 fac'd.

The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
 It not [*Aside*].—Your majesty sure might have
 spar'd

The last restraint; you hardly can suspect
 The princess is confederate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard, her charity did once extend
 So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gon. Ha!

King. How? She visit Osmyn! VVhat, my
 daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd
 all.

[*Aside to Zara.*]

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
 Behalf—

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zara. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread
 by some,

VVho wish'd it so; a common art in courts.
 I will retire, and instantly prepare
 Instruction for my ministers of death.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selim.*]

Gon. There's somewhat yet of mystery in
 this:

Her words and actions are obscure and double,
 Sometimes concur and sometimes disagree:
 I like it not.

King. VVhat dost thou think, Gonzalez;
 Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

Gon. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
 In the sincerity of women's actions.
 Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
 Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
 As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
 I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
 As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
 Corrupted! how? by whom? who told her so?
 I'th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
 She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
 I'th' morning he must die again; ere noon
 Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
 Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has
 discover'd,

Is manifest from every circumstance.
 This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
 Are confirmation—that Alphonso lives,
 Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gon. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in
 rage

Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
 She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd:
 But why that needless caution of the princess?

What if she had seen Osmyn? though 'twere
 strange;

But if she had, what was't to her? unless
 She fear'd her stronger charms might cause
 the Moor's

Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend;

There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
 But think'st thou that my daughter saw this
 Moor?

Gon. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
 Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
 But she might wish on his account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By heaven thou hast
 rous'd a thought,

That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame,
 Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
 And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Gon. That were too hard a thought—but
 see she comes—

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
 And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
 If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
 For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend;
 Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Al-
 meria;

I had determin'd to have sent for you.

Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[*Leonora retires.*]

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou
 shake?

VVhat mean those swoln and red-fleck'd eyes,
 that look

As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
 In waking anguish? VVhy this, on the day
 VVhich was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
 But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
 VVith reeking gore from traitors on the rack?
 VVherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
 Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
 Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
 Henceforth are equal: this the day of death,
 To-morrow, and the next: and each that follows,
 VVill undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
 One hated line of more extended woe.

King. VVhence is thy grief? Give me to
 know the cause,

And look thou answer me with truth; for know
 I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.

VVhy art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

Gon. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense
 the king.

Alm. VVhat is't to speak? or wherefore
 should I speak?

VVhat mean these fears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of
 thy mind:

They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert con-
 fed'rate

VVith damn'd conspirators to take my life.
 O impious parricide! now can'st thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold I kneel upon thy bosom,
 And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
 Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
 Open thy bowels of compassion, take
 Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
 Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent!
 —I have no parent else—be thou a mother,

And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was—but is no more a father,
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and, if thou
wouldest

Acquit thyself of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes: so heav'n's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence! O patience! hear—she owns
it!

Confesses it! By heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, slay'd, impal'd—all pains and
tortures

That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm. O, I am lost—there fate begins to
wound.

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply:
know, traitress,

I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives:
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is—

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must
die.

Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die:
And yet alone would I have died, heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.

King. Hell! hell! do I hear this, and yet
endure!

What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?

Never; for always blessings crown that posture.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth—

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while
yet

The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this
hold,

Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no
more of that;

For on my soul he dies, though thou and I,
And all should follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go—Call her attendants.

Re-enter LEONORA and Women.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my
bare bosom,

I'll not let go till you have spar'd my husband.

King. Ha! husband! Which? who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. Who?

Alm. O—

Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then, though you kill my
husband,

He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? whom dost thou
mean?

Gon. She raves!

Alm. O that I did! Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso is my dear
And wedded husband—Heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness!

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself
dost rave.

Should I hear more, I too should catch thy
madness.

Watch her returning sense, and bring me
word:

And look that she attempt not on her life.

[*Exit King.*]

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not
mad.

I would to heaven I were—he's gone.

Gon. Have comfort.

Alm. Cursed be that rogue that bids me be
of comfort!

Cursed my own tongue, that could not move
his pity!

Cursed these weak hands, that could not hold
him here!

For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Gon. Your too excessive grief works on
your fancy,

And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested ill-tim'd flatterer!
Source of my woes! thou and thy race be
curs'd!

But doubly thou, who couldst alone have po-
licy

And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,

And know that Osmyn was Alphonso!

Gon. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou
see or hear?

Is it the doleful bell, tolling for death?

Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?

See, see; look yonder, where a grizzled, pale,

And ghastly head glares by, all smear'd with
blood,

Gasping as it would speak; and after see!

Behold a damp dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:

I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!

My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls

Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there

I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

[*Exeunt Almeria and Leonora.*]

Gon. She's greatly griev'd: nor am I less
surpris'd.

Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates

My policy: I ne'er suspected it:

Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.

Her husband too! Ha! where is Garcia then?

And where the crown that should descend on
him,

To grace the line of my posterity?

Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—

Things come to this extremity; his daughter

Wedded already—what if he should yield?

Knowing no remedy for what is past;

And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,

With which he seems to be already shaken.

And though I know he hates beyond the grave.

Anselmo's race; yet if—that it concludes me,

To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.

But how prevent the captive queen, who means

To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain: O, well

Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.

This subtle woman will amuse the king,

If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gon. 'Tis no matter;

I'm not 'th' way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return
and say

I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay; I would—but go; anon will serve—
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordship shall
command.

Gon: Thanks; and I take thee at thy word.
Thou'st seen,

Among the foll'wers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known
by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldst thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchas'd by his death, I'd
give

Thee such reward as should exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I
wait your lordship?

Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost
diligence:

And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.

[Exit Alonzo.]

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room of State.

Enter KING, PEREZ, and ALONZO.

King. Not to be found? In an ill hour he's
absent.

None, say you? none? what, not the fav'rite
eunuch?

Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at
full length

He lies supine on earth: with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

*[A Mute appears, and seeing
the King retires.]*

Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow
him.

Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

*[Alonzo follows him, and re-
turns with a Paper.]*

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove

With rash and greedy haste at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it
from him;

Which done, he drew a poniard from his side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara
see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me from my promise to Gonzalez.

[Aside. Exit.]

King. How's this? my mortal foe beneath
my roof!

[Having read the Letter.]

O, give me patience, all ye pow'rs! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord!

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide,
to watch and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends;
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life! for thou wert fix'd
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—By heav'n, you're
all

Rank traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso,
knew'st

My daughter privately with him conferr'd,
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara: here,
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee
free—*

[Reads.]

That somewhere is repeated—I have pow'r
O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that,
thou traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command I should
Obey her order.

King. *[Reads]*—And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso—Hell! curs'd, curs'd
Alphonso!

False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love,
All nature, softness, pity, and compassion;
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge, and gall.
By heav'n, I'll meet and counterwork this
treachery.

Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—Thy
service! thine! *[Strikes him.]*

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and
look

That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.

Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to
set him free,

His teeth may grin and mock at her remorse.

[Perez going.]

—Stay thee—I've further thought—I'll add to
this,

And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.

I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turban, and his robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his;
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes! I'll shun th' encounter;
thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter ZARA and SELIM.*

Zara. Ha! 'twas the king!
The king that passed hence! frowning he went:
Dost think he saw me?

Sel. Yes; but then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou
hast undone me.

Sel. Avert it, heav'n! that you should ever
suffer

For my defect; or that the means which I
Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design!
Prescience is heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being man
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiv'n. Here, strike;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought!
Regard me well, and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.

Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such liberty, as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more af-
ford,

I can but die with thee to keep my word.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—*Opens and shows the Prison.*

*Enter GONSALEZ, disguised like a Mute, with
a Dagger.*

Gon. Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors
unbarr'd.

And all as still as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd.

[*Looks in.*]

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd to favour
Th' attempt; I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.
What noise? somebody coming? 'st, Alonzo!
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without—I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl and sting him to the
heart;

Then cast my skin, and leave it there to an-
swer it.

[*Goes in.*]*Enter GARCIA and ALONZO.*

Gar. Where? where, Alonzo, where's my
father? where

The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
All's lost! all ruin'd by surprise and treachery!
Where, where is he? Why dost thou mis-
lead me?

Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment
since,
And could not pass me unperceiv'd—What
hoa!

My lord, my lord, what, hoa! my lord Gon-
salez!

Re-enter GONSALEZ, bloody.

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours!—
whence this rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death
Are enter'ing now our doors! Where is the
king?

What means this blood? and why this face
of horror?

Gon. No matter: give me first to know the
cause

Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the
passage,

Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless

The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and join the foe!

Gon. Would all were false as that! for
whom you call

The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible! for Osmyn was, while
flying,

Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gon. Enter that chamber, and convince
your eyes,

How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.
[*Garcia goes in.*]

Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is
fled;

And has declar'd the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n
him.

Re-enter GARCIA.

Gar. Ruin and horror! O, heart-wounding
sight!

Gon. What says my son? what ruin? ha!
what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be
my tongue,

Rather than or to see, or to relate

This deed!—O, dire mistake! O, fatal blow!

The king—

Gon. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, weltring, drown'd in blood!
See! see! attir'd like Osmyn, where he lies.

[*They look in.*]

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner of the cause?

Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.

Gon. O wretch! O, curs'd and rash deluded
fool!

On me, on me, turn your avenging swords!
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,

Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!

The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.

Gon. O, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose:

For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody;

For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;

Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,

While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow).

Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd!

The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twerè fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late:

But I'll omit no care nor haste; and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gon. What hast-thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body

Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an act of horror,
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.

Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,

To aid my son, I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where!
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard.

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso

That I am here—so. *[Mutes go in]* You return and find

The king; tell him what he requir'd I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

[Exit Selim.]

Re-enter Mutes.

What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus

[Mutes return, and look affrighted.]
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?

Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?

Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?

Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost!

O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel fate!

Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!

I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—

Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee death—

But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—

O, this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king.

Re-enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain; for no where can the king

Be found—

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there!

[Stabs him.]

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,

But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm

rewarded.

The mute you sent, by some mischance was

seen,

And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:

I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd—

My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I

sink—

Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—

[Dies.]

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly

be.

'Tis not that he is dead! for 'twas decreed

We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;

I have a certain remedy for that.

But oh! he died unknowing in my heart.

He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;

Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,

A martyr and a victim to my vows;

Insensible of this last proof he's gone:

Then wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,

Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.

This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above.

[Drinks.]

O, friendly draught! already in my heart.

Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.

I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,

And fright him from my arms—See! see! he

slides

Still further from me; look, he hides his face!

I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O, now he's gone, and all is dark—

[Dies. Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

Alm. O, let me seek him in this horrid cell;

For in the tomb, or prison, I alone

Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heav'n! what dismal scene
Of death is this?

Alm. Show me, for I am come in search
of death,
But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my
sight.

Leon. Alas, a little further, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.
But O, forbear—lift up your eyes no more,
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on, for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood—

Alm. O, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
—I do not weep! the springs of tears are dry'd,
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's
murder'd!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this
heart,

The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
—Those men have left to weep! they look on
me!

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my throat!—They
bow

Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the
Ground,*

And point! what mean they? Ha! a cup! O,
well

I understand what med'cine has been here.
O noble thirst! yet greedy, to drink all—
Oh for another draught of death!—

[*They point at the other Cup.*
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

Leon. O hold,
For mercy's sake; upon my knee I beg—

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should
beg in vain.

Seest thou not there? Behold who prostrate
lies,

And pleads against thee; who shall then pre-
vail?

Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank juice should blister on my
mouth,

And stain the colour of my last adieu.

Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the Body, starts
and lets fall the Cup.*

But spouting veins and mangled flesh! Oh!
oh!

*Enter ALPHONSO, HELL, PEREZ, Guards, and
Attendants; with GARCIA, Prisoner.*

Alph. Away, stand off! where is she! let
me fly,

Save her from death, and snatch her to my
heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold
her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into glad-
ness.

Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this
dream intend?

Alph. O mayst thou never dream of less
delight,

Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! O, all
ye pow'rs,

Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight?

This is my lord, my life, my only husband:
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion—

Alph. O, my heart's comfort! 'tis not giv'n
to this

Frail life, to be entirely bless'd. E'en now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep:
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus—

[*She weeps.*

Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! alas!
Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.

O Garcia!—
Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of heav'n has
been?

Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt.*

HILL.

AARON HILL, eldest son of George Hill, Esq. of Malmesbury Abbey, Wiltshire, was born in London, Febr. 30, 1684. The life of this author presents a most astonishing instance of genius and industry. At the age of 15 we find him alone in a vessel bound for Constantinople, on a visit to Lord Paget, ambassador at that court, and a distant relation of his mother's. His Lordship, struck with the ardent desire of knowledge, which had induced this youth to such an undertaking, provided him with a tutor with whom he travelled through Egypt, Palestine and the greater part of the East. He returned with his Lordship from Constantinople by land; and profited of the occasion of their stay at the different courts to see the greatest part of Europe. 1710, Manager of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, he wrote the opera of *Rinaldo*, the music of which was the first of Handel's compositions after his arrival in England. Although no man could be more qualified for this undertaking, he relinquished the management on account of some

misunderstanding; and turned his thoughts entirely on a project of making sweet oil from beech-nuts. He obtained a patent, and had his fortune been sufficient for the undertaking he would undoubtedly have rendered this attempt of great advantage to the nation; but borrowing a sum of 25,000 pounds, he was obliged to submit to the formation of a company, who were to act in concert with him. These people, with the most sanguine hopes of success and ignorant of the inventor's plans, or perhaps fearing to lose their money, upon a trifling delay of their hopes, immediately commenced representations; these caused disputes, and the whole affair was overthrown just at the time when profits were already rising from it, and, if pursued with vigour, would, in all probability have continued increasing and permanent. Another valuable project, that of applying the timber grown in the north of Scotland to the use of the navy, for which it had been long erroneously imagined to be unfit, he set on foot in 1737: here again we have a terrible account of the obstacles he met with: when the trees were chained together into a raft, the Highlanders could not be prevailed upon to go down the river on them, till he first went himself; and he was obliged to find out a method of doing away with the rocks (by lighting fires on them at low water), which choked up the passage in different parts of the river. The commencement of a lead mine in the same country employing all the men and horses, which had heretofore been at his service, put an end to this undertaking; however he was presented with the freedom of Inverness and Aberdeen, as a compliment for his great exertions. All this time his pen did not continue idle: he produced *The progress of Wit, a caveat for the use of an eminent Writer*; in which he retorts very severely upon Pope, who had introduced him into *The Dunciad*, as one of the competitors for the prize offered by the goddess of Dulness. After the death of his wife 1731, he continued in London and in intercourse with the public till about 1738, when he withdrew to Plaislow in Essex, where his indefatigable genius projected many profitable improvements. One he lived to complete, but without benefit to himself, which was the art of making potash, equal to that brought from Russia. Here he wrote and published several poetical pieces; and adapted Voltaire's tragedy of *Merope* to the English Stage, which was the last work he lived to complete. He died the very day before it was to be represented for his benefit, Feb. 8. 1749, in the very minute of the earthquake. The *Biographia Dramatica* says him to have been a person of the most amiable disposition, extensive knowledge, and elegant conversation. We find him bestowing the profits of many of his works for the relief of distressed authors and artists; though he would never accept of a benefit for himself, till his distresses at the close of his life obliged him to solicit the acting of *Merope* for their relief. No labour deterred him from the prosecution of any design which appeared to him to be praiseworthy and feasible, nor was it in the power of the greatest misfortunes to overcome or even shake his fortitude of mind. Although accused of being rather too turgid, and in some places obscure; yet the nervous power, and sterling sense we find in his writings ought to make us overlook our having been obliged to take some little pains in digging through the took in which it is contained; while his rigid correctness will always make him stand in an exalted rank of merit.

Z A R A.

ZARA was first produced 1735; and though it is founded on the principles of religious party, which are generally apt to throw an air of enthusiasm and bigotry into those dramatic works which are built on them, this piece has always been esteemed a very superior one. The *Biographia Dramatica* says, "It is borrowed originally from the *Zaïre* of Voltaire; an author who, while he resided in England, imbibed so much of the spirit of British liberty, that his writings seem almost always calculated for the meridian of London. Mr. Hill, however, has made this as well as his other translations so much his own, that it is hard to determine which of the two may most properly be called the author of this play." It is remarkable for a very extraordinary event; it is related, that a gentleman of the name of Bond, collecting a party of his friends, got up the play of *Zara*, at the music room in Villiers Street, York Buildings, and chose the part of Lusignan for himself. His acting was considered as a prodigy; and he yielded himself up so to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, that upon the discovery of his daughter, he fainted away. The house rung with applause; but, finding that he continued a long time in that situation, the audience began to be uneasy and apprehensive. With some difficulty, the representatives of Chatillon and Nerestan placed him in his chair; he then faintly spoke, extended his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

OSMAN.
LUSIGNAN.

NERESTAN.
CHATILLON.

ORASMIN.
MELIDOR.

ZARA.
SELIMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Enter ZARA and SELIMA.

Sel. It moves my wonder, young and beautiful Zara,

Whence these new sentiments inspire your heart!

Your peace of mind increases with your charms;
Tears now no longer shade your eyes' soft lustre:

You meditate no more those happy climes
To which Nerestan will return to guide you.
You talk no more of that gay nation now,
Where men adore their wives, and woman's power

Draws rev'rence from a polish'd people's softness:

Their husbands' equals, and their lovers' queens!
Free, without scandal; wise, without restraint;
Why have you ceas'd to wish this happy change?
A barr'd seraglio! sad, unsocial life!

Scorn'd, and a slave! All this has lost its terror;

And Syria rivals, now, the banks of Seine.

Zara. Joys which we do not know, we do not wish.

My fate's bound in by Sion's sacred wall:
Clos'd from my infancy within this palace,
Custom has learnt, from time, the power to please.

I claim no share in the remoter world,
The sultan's property, his will my laws;
Unknowing all but him, his power, his fame;
To live his subject is my only hope.
All else, an empty dream—

Sel. Have you forgot
Absent Nerestan then? whose gen'rous friendship

So nobly vow'd redemption from your chains!
How oft have you admir'd his dauntless soul?
Osman, his conqueror, by his courage charm'd,
Trusted his faith, and on his word releas'd him:
Though not return'd in time—we yet expect him.
Nor had his noble journey other motive,
Than to procure our ransom.—And is this,
This dear, warm hope, become an idle dream?

Zara. Since after two long years he not returns,
'Tis plain his promise stretch'd beyond his power,
A stranger and a slave, unknown, like him

Proposing much, means little; talks and vows,
 Delighted with a prospect of escape:
 He promis'd to redeem ten Christians more,
 And free us all from slavery! I own
 I once admir'd the unprofitable zeal,
 But now it charms no longer.

Sel. What, if yet,
 He, faithful should return, and hold his vow;
 Would you not, then—

Zara. No matter—Time is past.

And every thing is chang'd.

Sel. But whence comes this?

Zara. Go; 'twere too much to tell thee

Zara's fate:

The sultan's secrets all are sacred here:
 But my fond heart delights to mix with thine.
 Some three months past, when thou, and other

slaves,
 Were forc'd to quit fair Jordan's flow'ry bank!
 Heav'n, to cut short the anguish of my days,
 Rais'd me to comfort by a pow'ful hand:
 This mighty Osman!—

Sel. What of him?

Zara. This sultan,

This conqueror of the Christians, loves—

Sel. Whom?

Zara. Zara!

Thou blushest, and I guess thy thoughts accuse me:

But, known me better—'twas unjust suspicion.
 All emperor as he is, I cannot stoop
 To honours, that bring shame and baseness
 with 'em:

Reason and pride, those props of modesty,
 Sustain my guarded heart, and strengthen virtue;
 No—I shall now astonish thee; his greatness
 Submits to own a pure and honest flame.
 Among the shining crowds, which live to please
 him,

His whole regard is fix'd on me alone:
 He offers marriage; and its rites now wait
 To crown me empress of this eastern world.

Sel. Your virtue and your charms deserve
 it all:

My heart is not surpris'd, but struck to hear it.
 If to be empress can complete your happiness,
 I rank myself, with joy, among your slaves.

Zara. Be still my equal, and enjoy my
 blessings;

For, thou partaking, they will bless me more.

Sel. Alas! but heaven! will it permit this
 marriage?

Will not this grandeur, falsely call'd a bliss,
 Plant bitterness, and root it in your heart?

Have you forgot you are of Christian blood?

Zara. Ah, me! what hast thou said, why
 wouldst thou thus

Recall my wav'ring thoughts? How know I
 what,

Or whence I am? Heaven kept it hid in dark-
 ness,

Conceal'd me from myself, and from my blood.

Sel. Nerestan, who was born a Christian,
 here,

Asserts, that you like him, had Christian pa-
 rents;

Besides—that cross, which from your infant
 years

Has been preserv'd, was found upon your
 bosom,

As if design'd by heav'n, a pledge of faith
 Due to the God you purpose to forsake!

Zara. Can my fond heart, on such a feeble
 proof,

Embrace a faith abhorr'd by him I love?

I see too plainly custom forms us all;

Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,

Are consequences of our place of birth:

Born beyond Ganges, I had been a Pagan,

In France a Christian, I am here a Saracen:

'Tis but instruction all! Our parents' hand

Writes on our heart the first faint characters,

Which time, re-tracing deepens into strength,

That nothing can efface, but death or heaven!

Thou wert not made a pris'n'r in this place,

Till after reasons, borrowing force from years,

Had lent its lustre to enlighten faith:

For me, who in my cradle was their slave,

Thy Christian doctrines were too lately taught
 me:

Yet, far from having lost the rev'rence due,

This cross, as often as it meets my eye,

Strikes through my heart a kind of awful fear!

I honour, from my soul, the Christian laws,

Those laws, which, softening nature by humanity,

Melt nations into brotherhood; no doubt

Christians are happy; and 'tis just to love them.

Sel. Why have you then declar'd yourself
 their foe?

Why will you join your hand with this proud
 Osman's,

Who owes his triumph to the Christians' ruin?

Zara. Ah! who could slight the offer of
 his heart?

Nay, for I mean to tell thee all my weakness,

Perhaps I had, ere now, profess'd thy faith,

But Osman lov'd me—and I've lost it all:

I think on none but Osman; my pleas'd heart,

Fill'd with the blessing, to be lov'd by him,

Wants room for other happiness. Oh, my
 friend!

I talk not of a sceptre, which he gives me:

No—to be charm'd with that were thanks too
 humble!

Offensive tribute, and too poor for love!

'Twas Osman won my heart, not Osman's crown:

I love not in him aught besides himself.

Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of
 passion:

But had the will of heav'n, less bent to bless him,

Doom'd Osman to my chains, and me to fill

The throne that Osman sits on—ruin and
 wretchedness

Catch and consume my wishes, but I would—
 To raise me to myself, descend to him.

[Exit Selima.

*A grand March. Enter OSMAN, reading
 a Paper, which he re-delivers to ORAS-
 MIN, with Attendants.*

Osman. Wait my return, or should there
 be a cause

That may require my presence, do not fear
 To enter; ever mindful that my own

[Exit Oras. etc.

Follows my people's happiness. At length,
 Cares have releas'd my heart—to love and Zara.

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel absence, to de-
 prive me

Of your imperial image; every where

You reign triumphant; memory supplies

Reflection with your power; and you, like
 heaven,

Are always present—and are always gracious.

Osman. The sultans, my great ancestors,
bequeath'd
Their empire to me, but their taste they gave not;
Their laws, their lives, their loves, delight not me;
I know our prophet smiles on am'rous wishes,
And opens a wide field to vast desire;
I know, that at my will I might possess;
That, wasting tenderness in wild profusion,
I might look down to my surrounded feet,
And bless contending beauties. I might speak,
Serenely slothful, from within my palace,
And bid my pleasure be my people's law.
But, sweet as softness is, its end is cruel;
I can look round and count a hundred kings,
Unconquer'd by themselves, and slaves to
others:

Hence was Jerusalem to Christians lost:
Hence from the distant Euxine to the Nile,
The trumpet's voice has wak'd the world to war;
Yet, amidst arms and death, thy power has
reach'd me,

For thou disdain'st, like me, a languid love;
Glory and Zara join, and charm together.

Zara. I hear at once, with blushes and
with joy,

This passion, so unlike your country's customs.

Osman. Passion, like mine, disdains my
country's customs;

The jealousy, the faintness, the distrust,
The proud, superior coldness of the east.

I know to love you, Zara, with esteem;

To trust your virtue, and to court your soul.

Nobly confiding, I unveil my heart,

And dare inform you that 'tis all your own:

My joys must all be yours; only my cares

Shall lie conceal'd within, and reach not Zara.

Zara. Oblig'd by this excess of tenderness,
How low, how wretched was the lot of Zara!

Too poor with aught but thanks to pay such
blessings!

Osman. Not so—I love, and would be lov'd
again;

Let me confess it: I possess a soul,
That what it wishes, wishes ardently.

I should believe you hated, had you power

'To love with moderation; 'tis my aim,

In every thing to reach supreme perfection.

If, with an equal flame I touch your heart,

Marriage attends your smile. But know, 'twill
make

Me wretched, if it makes not Zara happy.

Zara. Ah, sir! if such a heart as gen'rous
Osman's

Can, from my will, submit to take its bliss,

What mortal ever was decreed so happy?

Pardon the pride with which I own my joy:

Thus wholly to possess the man I love!

To know, and to confess his will my fate!

To be the happy work of his dear hands!

To be—

Re-enter ORASMIN.

Osman. Already interrupted! What?
Who? Whence?

Oras. This moment, sir, there is arriv'd
That Christian slave, who, licens'd on his faith,
Went hence to France; and now return'd,
prays audience.

Zara. Oh, heaven! [*Aside.*]

Osman. Admit him—What?—Why comes
he not?

Oras. He waits without. No Christian dares
approach

This place, long sacred to the sultan's privacies.

Osman. Go—bring him with thee. Mon-
archs, like the sun,

Shine but in vain, unwarming, if unseen;

With forms and reverence let the great ap-
proach us;

Not the unhappy; every place alike

Gives the distress'd a privilege to enter.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

I think with horror on these dreadful maxims,
Which harden kings insensibly to tyrants.

Re-enter ORASMIN, with NERESTAN.

Ner. Imperial sultan! honour'd ev'n by foes!

See me return'd, regardless of my vow,

And punctual to discharge a Christian's duty.

I bring the ransom of the captive Zara,

Fair Selima, the partner of her fortune,

And of ten Christian captives, prisoners here.

You promis'd, sultan, if I should return,

To grant their rated liberty: behold

I am return'd, and they are yours no more.

I would have stretch'd my purpose to myself,

But fortune has deny'd it; my poor all

Suffic'd no further, and a noble poverty

Is now my whole possession. I redeem

The promis'd Christians; for I taught 'em hope:

But, for myself, I come again your slave,

To wait the fuller hand of future charity.

Osman. Christian! I must confess thy cou-
rage charms me;

But let thy pride be taught it treads too high,

When it presumes to climb above my mercy.

Go ransomless thyself, and carry back

Their unaccepted ransoms, join'd with gifts,

Fit to reward thy purpose: instead of ten,

Demand a hundred Christians; they are thine:

Take 'em, and bid 'em teach their haughty
country,

They left some virtue among Saracens.

Be Lusignan alone excepted. He

Who boasts the blood of kings, and dares lay
claim

To my Jerusalem—that claim, his guilt!

I mourn his lot,

Who must in fetters, lost to day-light, pine

And sigh away old age in grief and pain.

For Zara - but to name her as a captive,

Were to dishonour language; she's a prize

Above thy purchase: all the Christian realms,

With all their kings to guide 'em, would unite

In vain, to force her from me. Go, retire.

Ner. For Zara's ransom, with her own
consent,

I had your royal word. For Lusignan—

Unhappy, poor old man—

Osman. Was I not heard?

Have I not told thee, Christian, all my will?

What, if I prais'd thee! This presumptuous
virtue,

Compelling my esteem, provokes my pride;

Be gone; and when to-morrow's sun shall rise,

On my dominions be not found—too near me.

[*Exit Nerestan.*]

Zara. Assist him, heaven! [*Aside.*]

Osman. Zara, retire a moment.

Assume, throughout my palace, sovereign em-
pire,

While I give orders to prepare the pomp

That waits to crown thee mistress of my throne.

[*Leads her out, and returns.*]

Orasmin! didst thou mark th'imperious slave?

What could he mean?—he sigh'd—and, as he went,
Turn'd and look'd back at Zara!—didst thou mark it?

Oras. Alas! my sovereign master! let not jealousy

Strike high enough to reach your noble heart.

Osman. Jealousy, saidst thou? I disdain it. No!

Distrust is poor; and a misplac'd suspicion Invites and justifies the falsehood fear'd.

Yet, as I love with warmth, so I could hate!

But Zara is above disguise and art.

Jealous! I was not jealous! If I was,

I am not—no—my heart—but, let us drown

Remembrance of the word, and of the image;

My heart is fill'd with a diviner flame.

Go, and prepare for the approaching nuptials.

I must allot one hour to thoughts of state,

Then all the smiling day is love and Zara's.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

Monarchs, by forms of pompous misery press'd,

In proud, unsocial misery, unblest'd,

Would, but for love's soft influence, curse their throne,

And, among crowded millions, live alone. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter NERESTAN and CHATILLON.

Cha. Matchless Nerestan! generous and great!

You, who have broke the chains of hopeless slaves!

Appear, be known, enjoy your due delight;

The grateful weepers wait to clasp your knees;

They throng to kiss the happy hand that sav'd 'em!

Indulge the kind impatience of their eyes,

And, at their head, command their hearts for ever.

Ner. Illustrious Chatillon! this praise o'erwhelms me;

What have I done beyond a Christian's duty,

Beyond what you would, in my place, have done?

Cha. True—it is every honest Christian's duty;

Nay, 'tis the blessing of such minds as ours,

For others' good to sacrifice our own.

Yet, happy they, to whom heav'n grants the power

To execute, like you, that duty's call.

For us, the relics of abandon'd war,

Forgot in France, and in Jerusalem,

Left to grow old in fetters, Osman's father

Consign'd us to the gloom of a damp dungeon,

Where, but for you, we must have groan'd out life,

And native France have bless'd our eyes no more.

Ner. The will of gracious heav'n, that softend'd Osman,

Inspir'd me for your sakes: but with our joy

Flows, mix'd, a bitter sadness. I had hop'd

To save from their perversion, a young beauty,

Who, in her infant innocence, with me,

Was made a slave by cruel Noradin;

When, sprinkling Syria with the blood of Christians,

Caesarea's walls saw Lusignan surpris'd,

And the proud crescent rise in bloody triumph. From this seraglio having young escap'd, Fate, three years since, restor'd me to my chains;

Then, sent to Paris on my plighted faith, I flatter'd my fond hope with vain resolves,

To guide the lovely Zara to that court,

Where Lewis has establish'd virtue's throne:

But Osman will detain her—yet, not Osman;

Zara herself forgets she is a Christian,

And loves the tyrant sultan! Let that pass:

I mourn a disappointment still more cruel;

The prop of all our Christian hope is lost.

Cha. Dispose me at your will; I am your own.

Ner. Oh, sir, great Lusignan, so long their captive,

That last of an heroic race of kings,

That warrior, whose past fame has fill'd the world,

Osman refuses to my sighs for ever.

Cha. Nay, then we have been all redeem'd in vain;

Perish that soldier who would quit his chains, And leave his noble chief behind in fetters.

Alas! you know him not as I have known him: Thank heav'n, that plac'd your birth so far remov'd

From those detested days of blood and woe:

But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see

Thy walls, Jerusalem, beat down, and all

Our pious fathers' labours lost in ruins!

Heav'n! had you seen the very temple rifled,

The sacred sepulchre itself profan'd,

Fathers with children mingl'd, flame together,

And our last king, oppress'd with age and arms,

Murder'd, and bleeding o'er his murder'd sons!

Then Lusignan, sole remnant of his race,

Rallying our fated few amidst the flames,

Fearless, beneath the crush of falling towers, The conquerors and the conquer'd, groans and death!

Dreadful—and waving in his hand a sword,

Red with the blood of infidels, cry'd out,

"This way, ye faithful Christians! follow me!"

Ner. How full of glory was that brave retreat!

Cha. 'Twas heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd and led him on,

Pointed his path, and march'd our guardian guide:

We reach'd Caesarea—there the general voice Chose Lusignan, thenceforth to give us laws.

Alas! 'twas vain; Caesarea could not stand

When Sion's self was fallen! we were betray'd;

And Lusignan condemn'd to length of life,

In chains, in damps, and darkness, and despair.

Ner. Oh! I should hate the liberty he shar'd not.

I knew too well the miseries you describe,

For I was born amidst them. Chains and death,

Caesarea lost, and Saracens triumphant,

Were the first objects which my eyes e'er

look'd on.

Hurried, an infant, among other infants,

Snatch'd from the bosoms of their bleeding mothers,

A temple sav'd us, till the slaughter ceas'd;

Then were we sent to this ill-fated city;

Here, in the palace of our former kings,

To learn from Saracens their hated faith,

And be completely wretched. Zara, too,

Shar'd this captivity; we both grew up
So near each other, that a tender friendship
Endear'd her to my wishes: my fond heart—
Pardon its weakness, bleeds to see her lost,
And, for a barbarous tyrant, quit her God!

Cha. Such is the Saracens too fatal policy;
Vvatchful seducers still of infant weakness!
But let us think: may not this Zara's int'rest,
Loving the sultan, and by him belov'd,
For Lusignan procure some softer sentence?

Ner. How shall I gain admission to her presence?

Osman has banish'd me; but that's a trifle:
Will the seraglio's portals open to me?
Or could I find that easy to my hopes,
What prospect of success from an apostate?
On whom I cannot look without disdain;
And who will read her shame upon my brow.
The hardest trial of a generous mind
Is to court favours from a hand it scorns.

Cha. Think it is Lusignan we seek to serve.

Ner. Vvell, it shall be attempted. Hark!
who's this?

Are my eyes false? or is it really she?

Enter ZARA.

Zara. Start not, my worthy friend! I come
to seek you;

The sultan has permitted it; fear nothing:
But to confirm my heart, which trembles near
you,

Soften that angry air, nor look reproach;
Vvhy should we fear each other, both mis-
taking?

Associates from our birth, one prison held us,
One friendship taught affliction to be calm,
Till heaven thought fit to favour your escape,
And call you to the fields of happier France;
Thence, once again, it was my lot to find you
A pris'ner here: where, hid amongst a crowd
Of undistinguish'd slaves, with less restraint
I shar'd your frequent converse:

It pleas'd your pity, shall I say your friendship?
Or rather, shall I call it generous charity?
To form that noble purpose, to redeem
Distressful Zara—you procur'd my ransom,
And with a greatness that out-soar'd a crown,
Return'd yourself a slave, to give me freedom:
But heav'n has cast our fate for different
climes;

Here, in Jerusalem, I fix for ever;
Yet, among all the shine that marks my fortune,
I shall with frequent tears remember yours.
Your goodness will for ever sooth my heart,
And keep your image still a dweller there:
Vvarm'd by your great example to protect
That faith that lifts humanity so high,
I'll be a mother to distressful Christians.

Ner. How! you protect the Christians! you,
who can

Abjure their saving truth, and coldly see
Great Lusignan, their chief, die slow in chains!

Zara. To bring him freedom you behold
me here;

You will this moment meet his eyes in joy.

Cha. Shall I then live to bless that happy
hour?

Ner. Can Christians owe so dear a gift to
Zara?

Zara. Hopeless I gather'd courage to entreat
The sultan for his liberty: amaz'd,
So soon to gain the happiness I wish'd!

See where they bring the good old chief,
grown dim

Vvith age, by pain and sorrows hasten'd on.
Cha. How is my heart dissolv'd with sud-
den joy.

Enter LUSIGNAN, led in by two Guards.

Lus. Where am I? From the dungeon's
depth what voice

Has call'd me to revisit long-lost day?

Am I with Christians? I am weak; forgive me,
And guide my trembling steps. I'm full of
years;

My miseries have worn me more than age.

Am I in truth at liberty? [*Sits himself.*

Cha. You are;

And every Christian's grief takes end with yours.

Lus. O light! O, dearer far than light, that
voice!

Chatillon, is it you? my fellow martyr!

And shall our wretchedness indeed have end?
In what place are we now? my feeble eyes,
Disus'd to day-light, long in vain to find you.

Cha. This was the palace of your royal
fathers:

'Tis now the son of Noradin's seraglio.

Zara. The master of this place, the mighty
Osman,

Distinguishes, and loves to cherish virtue.

This gen'rous Frenchman, yet a stranger to you
Drawn from his native soil, from peace and rest,
Brought the vow'd ransom of ten Christian
slaves,

Himself contented to remain a captive;

But Osman, charm'd by greatness like his own,
To equal what he lov'd, has giv'n him you.

Lus. So gen'rous France inspires her social
sons!

They have been ever dear and useful to me.

Vvould I were nearer to him. Noble sir,

[*Nerestan approaches.*

How have I merited, that you for me

Should pass such distant seas to bring me
blessings,

And hazard your own safety for my sake?

Ner. My name, sir, is Nerestan; born in
Syria,

I wore the chains of slavery from my birth;
Till quitting the proud crescent for the court
Vvhere warlike Lewis reigns, beneath his eye
I learnt the trade of arms: the rank I held

Vvas but the kind distinction which he gave me,
To tempt my courage to deserve regard.

Your sight, unhappy prince, would charm
his eye;

That best and greatest monarch will behold
Vvith grief and joy those venerable wounds,

And print embraces where your fetters bound
you.

All Paris will revere the cross's martyr.

Lus. Alas! in times long past, I've seen its
glory:

Vvhen Philip the victorious liv'd, I fought
Abreast with Montmorency and Melun,

D'Estaing, De Nesle, and the far-famous Courcy;
Names which were then the praise and dread

of war.

But what have I to do at Paris now?

I stand upon the brink of the cold grave;
That way my journey lies—to find, I hope,

The King of kings, and ask the recompense
For all my woes, long suffer'd for his sake.

You gen'rous witnesses of my last hour,
 While I yet live, assist my humble prayers,
 And join the resignation of my soul.
 Nerestan! Chatillon! and you, fair mourner,
 Whose tears do honour to an old man's sorrows!
 Pity a father, the unhappiest sure,
 That ever felt the hand of angry heaven!
 My eyes, though dying, still can furnish tears;
 Half my long life they flow'd, and still will flow!
 A daughter and three sons, my heart's proud
 hopes,
 Were all torn from me in their tend'rest
 years:

My friend Chatillon knows, and can remem-
 ber—

Cho. Would I were able to forget your woe.

Lus. Thou wert a pris'n'r with me in Caesarea,

And there beheld'st my wife and two dear sons
 Perish in flames.

Cha. A captive, and in fetters,
 I could not help 'em.

Lus. I know thou couldst not.

Oh, 'twas a dreadful scene! these eyes beheld it:
 Husband and father, helpless I beheld it;
 Deny'd the mournful privilege to die.
 Oh, my poor children, whom I now deplore,
 If ye are saints in heav'n, as sure ye are,
 Look with an eye of pity on that brother,
 That sister whom you left! If I have yet
 Or son or daughter; for in early chains,
 Far from their lost and unassisting father,
 I heard that they were sent, with numbers more,
 To this seraglio; hence to be dispers'd
 In nameless remnants o'er the east, and spread
 Our Christian miseries round a faithless world.

Cha. 'Twas true; for in the horrors of that
 day,

I snatch'd your infant daughter from her cradle;
 When from my bleeding arms, fierce Saracens
 Forc'd the lost innocent, who smiling lay
 And pointed, playful, at the swarthy spoilers!
 With her your youngest, then your only son,
 Whose little life had reach'd the fourth sad year,
 And just giv'n sense to feel his own misfortunes,
 Was order'd to this city.

Ner. I too, hither,
 Just at that fatal age, from lost Caesarea,
 Came in that crowd of undistinguish'd Christians.

Lus. You! came you thence? Alas! who
 knows but you
 Might heretofore have seen my two poor chil-
 dren. *[Looks up.]*

Ha, madam! that small ornament you wear,
 Its form a stranger to this country's fashion,
 How long has it been yours?

Zara. From my first birth, sir.
 Ah, what! you seem surpris'd!—Why should
 this move you?

Lus. Would you confide it to my trembling
 hands?

Zara. To what new wonders am I now
 reserv'd?

Oh, sir! what mean you?

Lus. Providence and heaven!

Oh, failing eyes, deceive ye not my hope?
 Can this be possible!—Yes, yes, 'tis she!
 This little cross—I know it by sure marks!
 Oh! take me, heaven, while I can die with joy!

Zara. Oh, do not, sir, distract me! Rising
 thoughts,
 And hopes, and fears, o'erwhelm me!

Lus. Tell me yet,
 Has it remain'd for ever in your hands?
 What, both brought captives from Caesarea
 hither?

Zara. Both, both.

Lus. Their voice! their looks!

The living images of their dear mother!
 O God! who seest my tears and know'st my
 thoughts,

Do not forsake me at this dawn of hope;
 Strengthen my heart, too feeble for this joy.
 Madam! Nerestan!—Help me, Chatillon!

[Rises.]

Nerestan, hast thou on thy breast a scar,
 Which ere Caesarea fell, from a fierce hand,
 Surprising us by night, my child receiv'd?

Ner. Bless'd hand!—I bear it.—Sir, the mark
 is there!

Lus. Merciful heaven!

Ner. Oh, sir!—Oh, Zara, kneel! *[Kneels.]*

Zara. My father!—Oh!— *[Kneels.]*

Lus. Oh, my lost children!

Both. Oh!

Lus. My son! my daughter! lost in em-
 bracing you,

I would now die, lest this should prove a dream.

Cha. How touch'd is my glad heart to see
 their joy!

Lus. They shall not tear you from my arms
 —my children,

Again I find you—dear in wretchedness.

Oh, my brave son, and thou, my nameless
 daughter!

Now dissipate all doubt, remove all dread;
 Has heaven, that gives me back my children,

given 'em
 Such as I lost them? come they Christians
 to me?

One weeps, and one declines a conscious eye!
 Your silence speaks; too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, sir, deceive you; Osman's
 laws

Were mine; and Osman is not Christian.

Lus. Her words are thunder bursting on
 my head.

Wer't not for thee, my son, I now should die.
 Full sixty years I fought the Christian's cause;
 Saw their doom'd temple fall, their power
 destroy'd:

Twenty, a captive, in a dungeon's depth;
 Yet never for myself my tears sought heaven:
 All for my children rose my fruitless prayers.
 Yet what avails a father's wretched joy?

I have a daughter gain'd, and heaven an enemy.
 Oh, my misguided daughter, lose not thy faith;
 Reclaim thy birthright; think upon the blood
 Of twenty Christian kings, that fills thy veins:
 'Tis heroes' blood, the blood of saints and
 martyrs!

What would thy mother feel to see thee thus?
 She and thy murder'd brothers!—think they
 call thee;

Think that thou see'st 'em stretch their bloody
 arms,

And weep to win thee from their murder's
 bosom.

E'en in the place where thou betray'st thy God,
 He died, my child, to save thee!

Thou tremblest—Oh! admit me to thy soul;
 Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted father;
 Shame not thy mother, nor renounce thy God.—
 'Tis past; repentance dawns in thy sweet eyes;

I see bright truth descending to thy heart,
And now my long-lost child is found for ever.

Zara. Oh, my father!

Dear author of my life! inform me, teach me,
What should my duty do?

Lus. By one short word,
To dry up all my tears, and make life wel-
come,

Say thou art a Christian.

Zara. Sir, I am a Christian.

Lus. Receive her, gracious heaven! and bless
her for it.

Enter ORASMIN.

Ords. Madam, the sultan order'd me to
tell you

That he expects you instant quit this place,
And bid your last farewell to these vile Chris-
tians.

You, captive Frenchmen, follow me; for you
It is my task to answer.

Cha. Still new miseries!

How cautious man should be, to say, "I'm
happy!"

Lus. These are the times, my friends, to
try our firmness,

Our Christian firmness.

Zara. Alas, sir! Oh!

Lus. Oh, you!—I dare not name you!
Farewell! but, come what may, be sure re-
member

You keep the fatal secret: for the rest,
Leave all to heaven—be faithful, and be blest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *Enter OSMAN and ORASMIN.*

Osman. Orasmin, this alarm was false and
groundless;

Lewis no longer turns his arms on me;
The French, grown weary by a length of woes,
Wish not at once to quit their fruitful plains,
And famish on Arabia's desert sands.

Their ships, 'tis true, have spread the Syrian seas:
And Lewis, hovering o'er the coast of Cyprus,
Alarms the fears of Asia.—But I've learn'd,

That, steering wide from our unmenac'd ports,
He points his thunder at th' Egyptian shore.

There let him war, and waste my enemies;
Their mutual conflict will but fix my throne.—

Release those Christians; I restore their freedom:
'Twill please their master, nor can weaken me.

Transport 'em, at my cost, to find their king.
I wish to have him know me. Carry thither

This Lusignan; whom, tell him, I restore,
Because I cannot fear his fame in arms,

But love him for his virtue and his blood.
Tell him, my father, having conquer'd twice,

Condemn'd him to perpetual chains; but I
Have set him free, that I might triumph more.

Oras. The Christians gain an army in his
name.

Osman. I cannot fear a sound.

Oras. But, sir, should Lewis—

Osman. Tell Lewis, and the world, it shall
be so:

Zara propos'd it, and my heart approves.

Thy statesman's reason is too dull for love!
But I talk on, and waste the smiling mo-
ments.

For one long hour I yet defer my nuptials;
She would employ it in a conference

With that Nerestan, whom thou know'st—
that Christian!

Oras. And have you, sir, indulg'd that
strange desire?

Osman. What mean'st thou? They were
infant slaves together;

Friends should part kind, who are to meet
no more.

When Zara asks, I will refuse her nothing:
Restraint was never made for those we love.

Down with those rigours of the proud seraglio!
I hate its laws; where blind austerity

Sinks virtue to necessity.—My blood
Disclaims your Asian jealousy; I hold

The fierce, free plainness of my Scythian an-
cestors,

Their open confidence, their honest hate,
Their love unfearing, and their anger told.

Go; the good Christian waits; conduct him
to her;

Zara expects thee. What she wills, obey.

[*Exit.*]

Oras. Ho! Christian! enter.

Enter NERESTAN.

Wait a moment here.

Zara will soon approach: I go to find her. [*Exit.*]

Ner. In what a state, in what a place, I
leave her!

Oh, faith! Oh, father! Oh, my poor, lost sister!
She's here.

Enter ZARA.

Thank heaven, it is not then unlawful
To see you yet once more, my lovely sister!

Not all so happy!—We, who met but now,
Shall never meet again; for Lusignan—

We shall be orphans still, and want a father.
Zara. Forbid it, heaven!

Ner. His last sad hour's at hand.
That flow of joy, which follow'd our discovery,

Too strong and sudden for his age's weakness,
Wasting his spirits, dried the source of life,

And nature yields him up to time's demand.
Shall he not die in peace?—Oh! let no doubt

Disturb his parting moments with distrust;
Let me, when I return to close his eyes,

Compose his mind's impatience too, and tell
him,

You are confirm'd a Christian!

Zara. Oh! may his soul enjoy, in earth
and heaven,

Eternal rest; nor let one thought, one sigh,
One bold complaint of mine recall his cares!

But you have injur'd me, who still can doubt.
What! am I not your sister? and shall you

Refuse me credit? You suppose me light;
You, who should judge my honour by your

own,
Shall you distrust a truth I dar'd avow,

And stamp apostate on a sister's heart?

Ner. Ah, do not misconceive me; if I err'd,
Affection, not distrust, misled my fear;

Your will may be a Christian, yet not you;
There is a sacred mark, a sign of faith,

A pledge of promise, that must firm your
claim,

Wash you from guilt, and open heaven be-
fore you.

Swear, swear by all the woes we all have borne,
By all the martyr'd saints who call you

That you consent, this day, to seal our faith,
By that mysterious rite which waits your call.

Zara. I swear by heaven, and all its holy host,

Its saints, its martyrs, its attesting angels,
And the dread presence of its living author,
To have no faith but yours—to die a Christian!
Now tell me what this mystic faith requires.

Ner. To hate the happiness of Osman's throne,
And love that God, who, through his maze of woes,

Has brought us all, unhoping, thus together.
For me—I am a soldier, uninstructed,
Nor daring to instruct, though strong in faith:
But I will bring the ambassador of heaven,
To clear your views, and lift you to your God.
Be it your task to gain admission for him.
But where? from whom? Oh! thou immortal power!

Whence can we hope it, in this curs'd seraglio?
Who is this slave of Osman? Yes, this slave:
Does she not boast the blood of twenty kings?
Is not her race the same with that of Lewis?
Is she not Lusignan's unhappy daughter?
A Christian and my sister? yet a slave,
A willing slave! I dare not speak more plainly.

Zara. Cruel! go on—Alas! you do not know me.

At once, a stranger to my secret fate,
My pains, my fears, my wishes, and my power:
I am—I will be Christian—will receive
This holy priest with his mysterious blessing;
I will not do nor suffer aught unworthy
Myself, my father, or my father's race.
But tell me, nor be tender on this point,
What punishment your Christian laws decree,
For an unhappy wretch, who, to herself
Unknown, and all abandon'd by the world,
Lost and enslav'd, has, in her sovereign master,
Found a protector, generous as great,
Has touch'd his heart, and given him all her own?

Ner. The punishment of such a slave should be
Death in this world, and pain in that to come.

Zara. I am that slave! Strike here, and save my shame.

Ner. Destruction to my hopes! Can it be you?

Zara. It is! ador'd by Osman, I adore him:
This hour the nuptial rites will make us one.

Ner. What! marry Osman! Let the world grow dark,

That the extinguish'd sun may hide thy shame!
Could it be thus, it were no crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike! I love him! yes, by heav'n, I love him.

Ner. Death is thy due; but not thy due from me:

Yet, were the honour of our house no bar,
My father's fame, and the too gentle laws
Of that religion which thou hast disgrac'd;
Did not the God thou quit'st hold back my arm;
Not there—I could not there—but by my soul,
I would rush, desperate, to the sultan's breast,
And plunge my sword in his proud heart who damns thee.

Oh, shame! shame! shame! at such a time as this,

When Lewis, that awak'ner of the world,
Beneath the lifted cross makes Egypt pale,
And draws the sword of heaven to spread our faith;

Now to submit to see my sister doom'd
A bosom slave to him whose tyrant heart
But measures glory by the Christian's woe.
Yes, I will dare acquaint our father with it
Departing Lusignan may live so long,
As just to hear thy shame, and die to 'scape it.

Zara. Stay, my too angry brother; stay, perhaps,

Zara has resolution great as thine:

'Tis cruel and unkind. Thy words are crimes;
My weakness but misfortune. Dost thou suffer?
I suffer more. Oh! would to heaven this blood
Of twenty boasted kings would stop at once,
And stagnate in my heart! It then no more
Would rush in boiling fevers through my veins,
And every trembling drop be fill'd with Osman.
How has he lov'd me; how has he oblig'd me!
I owe thee to him. What has he not done,
To justify his boundless pow'r of charming?
For me he softens the severe decrees
Of his own faith; and is it just that mine
Should bid me hate him, but because he loves me?

No—I will be a Christian—but preserve
My gratitude as sacred as my faith;
If I have death to fear for Osman's sake,
It must be from his coldness, not his love.

Ner. I must at once condemn and pity thee.
Here then begin performance of thy vow;
Here, in the trembling horrors of thy soul,
Promise thy king, thy father, and thy God,
Not to accomplish these detested nuptials,
Till first the rev'rend priest has clear'd your eyes,

Taught you to know, and given you claim to heaven.

Promise me this.

Zara. So bless me, heaven! I do.
Go, hasten the good priest, I will expect him;
But first return; cheer my expiring father;
Tell him I am, and will be, all he wishes me:
Tell him, to give him life 'twere joy to die.

Ner. I go. Farewell, farewell, unhappy sister! *[Exit.]*

Zara. I am alone;—and now be just, my heart,

And tell me wilt thou dare betray thy God?
What am I? what am I about to be?

Daughter of Lusignan, or wife to Osman?
Am I a lover most, or most a Christian?

What shall I do? What heart has strength to bear

These double weights of duty?—Help me, heaven!

To thy hard laws I render up my soul:
But, oh! demand it back; for now 'tis Osman's.

Re-enter OSMAN.

Osman. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely Zara!

Impatient eyes attend, the rites expect thee,
And my devoted heart no longer brooks
This distance from its soft'ner:

Come, my slow love, the ceremonies wait thee;
Come, and begin from this dear hour my triumph.

Zara. Oh, what a wretch am I! Oh, grief!
Oh, love! *[Aside.]*

Osman. Nay, Zara, give me thy hand, and come.

Zara. Instruct me, heaven!

What I should say—alas! I cannot speak

Osman. Away! this modest, sweet, reluctant trifling

But doubles my desires, and thy own beauties.

Zara. Ah, me!

Osman. Nay, but thou shouldst not be too cruel.

Zara. I can no longer bear it.—Oh, my lord—

Osman. Ha! What? whence? how?

Zara. My lord, my sovereign!

Heaven knows this marriage would have been a bliss

Above my humble hopes: yet, witness, love! Not from the grandeur of your throne, that bliss.

But from the pride of calling *Osman* mine.

But as it is—these Christians—

Osman. Christians! What!

How start two images into thy thoughts, So distant, as the Christians and my love?

Zara. That good old Christian, rev'rend *Lusignan*,

Now dying, ends his life and woes together.

Osman. Well, let him die. What has thy heart to feel,

Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the death Of an old, wretched Christian?—Thank our prophet,

Thou art no Christian.—Educated here,

Thy happy youth was taught our better faith:

Sweet as thy pity shines, 'tis now mistim'd.

What! though an aged sufferer dies unhappy,

Why should his foreign fate disturb our joys?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and would have me think

That I am truly dear—

Osman. Heaven! if I love?

Zara. Permit me—

Osman. What?

Zara. To desire—

Osman. Speak out.

Zara. The nuptial rites

May be deferr'd till—

Osman. What! Is that the voice Of *Zara*?

Zara. Oh, I cannot bear his frown. [*Aside.*

Osman. Of *Zara*!

Zara. It is dreadful to my heart,

To give you but a seeming cause for anger.

Pardon my grief—alas! I cannot bear it.

There is a painful terror in your eye

That pierces to my soul. Hid from your sight,

I go to make a moment's truce with tears,

And gather force to speak of my despair.

[*Exit, disordered.*

Osman. I stand immoveable like senseless marble;

Horror had frozen my suspended tongue,

And an astonish'd silence robb'd my will

Of power to tell her that she shock'd my soul.

Spoke she to me? Sure I misunderstood her.

Could it be me she left?—What have I seen?

Re-enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin, what a change is here!—She's gone;

And I permitted it, I know not how.

Oras. Perhaps you but accuse the charming fault

Of innocence, too modest oft in love.

Osman. But why, and whence those tears?

those looks? that flight?

That grief, so strongly stamp'd on every feature?

If it has been that Frenchman—What a thought!

How low, how horrid a suspicion that!

But tell me, didst thou mark 'em at their parting?

Didst thou observe the language of their eyes?

Hide nothing from me.—Is my love betray'd?

Tell me my whole disgrace.—Nay, if thou tremblest,

I hear thy pity speak, though thou art silent.

Oras. I tremble at the pangs I see you suffer.

Let not your angry apprehensions urge

Your faithful slave to irritate your anguish.

I did, 'tis true, observe some parting tears;

But they were tears of charity and grief.

I cannot think there was a cause deserving

This agony of passion.

Osman. Why, no—I thank thee—

Orasmin, thou art wise. It could not be

That I should stand expos'd to such an insult.

Thou know'st, had *Zara* meant me the offence,

She wants not wisdom to have hid it better.

How rightly didst thou judge!—*Zara* shall know it,

And thank thy honest service.—After all,

Might she not have some cause for tears, which I

Claim no concern in—but the grief it gives her?

What an unlikely fear—from a poor slave

Who goes to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wishes,

Nay, who resolves to see these chimes no more.

Oras. Why did you, sir, against our country's custom,

Indulge him with a second leave to come?

He said he should return once more to see her.

Osman. Return! the traitor! he return!

Dares he

Presume to press a second interview?

Would he be seen again? He shall be seen;

But dead. I'll punish the audacious slave,

To teach the faithless fair to feel my anger.

Be still, my transports; violence is blind:

I know my heart at once is fierce and weak

Rather than fall

Beneath myself, I must, how dear so'er

It costs me, rise—till I look down on *Zara*!

Away; but mark me—these seraglio doors,

Against all Christians be they henceforth shut,

Close as the dark retreats of silent death.

[*Exit Orasmin!*

What have I done, just heaven! thy rage to move?

That thou shouldst sink me down so low to love? [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Enter ZARA and SELIMA.

Sel. Ah, madam! how at once I grieve your fate,

And how admire your virtue! Heaven permits,

And heaven will give you strength to bear misfortune;

To break these chains, so strong and yet so dear.

Zara. Oh that I could support the fatal struggle!

Sel. Th'Eternal aids your weakness, sees your will,

Directs your purpose, and rewards your sorrows.

Zara. Never had wretch more cause to hope he does:

Sel. What! though you here no more behold your father:

There is a father to be found above,
Who can restore that father to his daughter.

Zara. But I have planted pain in Osman's bosom:

He loves me, even to death; and I reward him
With anguish and despair. How base! how cruel!

But I deserv'd him not; I should have been
Too happy, and the hand of heav'n repell'd me.

Sel. What! will you then regret the glorious loss

And hazard thus a vict'ry bravely won?

Zara. Inhuman victory!—thou dost not know
This love so power'ful; this sole joy of life;
This first best hope of earthly happiness,
Is yet less power'ful in my heart than heaven.

To him who made that heart I offer it:
There, there I sacrifice my bleeding passion;
I pour before him ev'ry guilty tear;
I beg him to efface the fond impression,
And fill with his own image all my soul.

But, while I weep and sigh, repent and pray,
Remembrance brings the object of my love,
And ev'ry light illusion floats before him.

I see, I hear him, and again he charms;
Fills my glad soul, and shines 'twixt me and heav'n!

Oh, all ye royal ancestors! Oh, father!
Mother! You Christians, and the Christians' God!

You who deprive me of this gen'rous lover!
If you permit me not to live for him,
Let me not live at all, and I am bless'd.

Sel. Ah! despair not;
Trust your eternal helper, and be happy.

Zara. Why, what has Osman done, that he too should not?

Has heaven so nobly form'd his heart to hate it?

Gen'rous and just, beneficent and brave,
Were he but Christian—What can man be more?

I wish, methinks, this rev'rend priest was come
To free me from these doubts, which shake my soul:

Yet know not why I should not dare to hope,
That heav'n, whose mercy all confess and feel,
Will pardon and approve th' alliance wish'd.
Perhaps it seats me on the throne of Syria,
To tax my pow'r for these good Christians' comfort.

Thou know'st the mighty Saladine, who first
Conquer'd this empire from my father's race,
Who, like my Osman, charm'd th' admiring world,

Drew breath, though Syrian, from a Christian mother.

Sel. What mean you, madam? Ah, you do not see—

Zara. Yes, yes, I see it all; I am not blind:
I see my country, and my race condemn me;
I see that, spite of all, I still love Osman.

What if I now go throw me at his feet,
And tell him there sincerely what I am?

Sel. Consider—that might cost your brother's life,

Expose the Christians, and betray you all.

Zara. You do not know the noble heart of Osman.

Sel. I know him the protector of a faith,
Sworn enemy to ours: the more he loves,
The less will he permit you to profess

Opinions which he hates. To-night the priest,
In private introduc'd, attends you here;
You promis'd him admission.

Zara. Would I had not!
I promis'd too to keep this fatal secret;

My father's urg'd command requir'd it of me;
I must obey, all dangerous as it is;

Compell'd to silence, Osman is enrag'd,
Suspicion follows, and I lose his love.

Enter OSMAN.

Osman. Madam, there was a time when my charu'd heart

Made it a virtue to be lost in love;
When, without blushing, I indulg'd my flame,

And every day still made you dearer to me.
You taught me, madam, to believe my love

Rewarded and return'd; nor was that hope,
Methinks, too bold for reason. Emperors

Who choose to sigh devoted at the feet
Of beauties, whom the world conceive their

slaves,
Have fortune's claim, at least, to sure success:

But 'twere profane to think of power in love.
Dear as my passion makes you, I decline

Possession of her charms, whose heart's another's.

You will not find me a weak, jealous lover,
By coarse reproaches, giving pain to you,

And shaming my own greatness: wounded deeply,

Yet shunning and disdaining low complaint,
I come—to tell you—

Zara. Give my trembling heart
A moment's respite.

Osman. Osman, in every trial, shall remember

That he is emperor. What'er I suffer,
'Tis due to honour that I give up you,

And to my injur'd bosom take despair,
Rather than shamefully possess you sighing,

Convinc'd those sighs were never meant for me.

Go, madam; you are free—from Osman's pow'r:

Expect no wrongs; but see his face no more.

Zara. At last 'tis come—the fear'd, the murdering moment

Is come; and I am curs'd by earth and heaven!
[Throws herself on the Ground.

If it is true that I am lov'd no more;
If you—

Osman. It is true, my fame requires it;
It is too true that I unwilling leave you;

That I at once renounce you and adore—
Zara, you weep!

Zara. If I am doom'd to lose you!
If I must wander o'er an empty world,

Unloving and unlov'd. Oh! yet do justice
To the afflicted; do not wrong me doubly:

Punish me, if 'tis needful to your peace,
But say not I deserv'd it.

But, ah! my heart was never known to Osman.
May heav'n, that punishes, for ever hate me,

If I regret the loss of aught but you.

Osman. Rise!
What! is it love to force yourself to wound

The heart you wish to gladden? But I find
Lovers least know themselves; for I believ'd

That I had taken back the power I gave you;
Yet see! you did but weep, and have resum'd me!

Proud as I am, I must confess one wish
Evades my power—the blessing to forget you.
Zara, thy tears were form'd to teach disdain,
That softness can disarm it. 'Tis decreed,
I must for ever love; but from what cause,
If thy consenting heart partakes my fires,
Art thou reluctant to a blessing meant me?
Speak! is it artifice?

O! spare the needless pains; art was not made
For Zara. Art, however innocent,
Looks like deceiving; I abhor'd it ever.

Zara. Alas! I have no art; not even enough
To hide this love, and this distress you give me.

Osman. New riddles! Speak with plainness
to my soul;

What canst thou mean?

Zara. I have no power to speak it.

Osman. Is it some secret dangerous to my
state?

Is it some Christian plot grown ripe against me?

Zara. Lives there a wretch so vile as to
betray you?

Osman is bless'd beyond the reach of fear:
Fears and misfortunes threaten only Zara.

Osman. Why threaten Zara?

Zara. Permit me at your feet,
Thus trembling, to beseech a favour from you.

Osman. A favour! Oh, you guide the will
of Osman.

Zara. Ah! would to heav'n our duties were
united:

But this day,
But this one sad, unhappy day, permit me,
Alone, and far divided from your eye,
To cover my distress, lest you, too tender,
Should see and share 'it with me: from to-
morrow

I will not have a thought conceal'd from you.

Osman. If it must be, it must. Be pleas'd,
my will

Takes purpose from your wishes; and consent
Depends not on my choice, but your decree:
Go; but remember how he loves, who thus
Finds a delight in pain, because you give it.

Zara. It gives me more than pain to make
you feel it.

Osman. And can you, Zara, leave me?

Zara. Alas, my lord. [Exit.]

Osman. It should be yet, methinks, too soon
to fly me;

Too soon, as yet, to wrong my easy faith.
The more I think, the less I can conceive
What hidden cause should raise such strange
despair!

Now, when her hopes have wings, and every
wish

Is courted to be lively! When I love,
And joy and empire press her to their bosom;
To see her eyes through tears shine mystic love!
Yet, was I blameless? No—I was too rash;
I have felt jealousy, and spoke it to her;
I have distrusted her—and still she loves:
Gen'rous atonement that!—I remark'd,
Ev'n while she wept, her soul a thousand times
Sprung to her lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
With honest, ardent utterance of her love.
Who can possess a heart so low, so base,
To look such tenderness, and yet have none?

Enter MELIDOR, with ORASMIN.

Mel. This letter, great disposer of the world!
Address'd to Zara, and in private brought,

Your faithful guards this moment intercepted,
And humbly offer to your sovereign eye.

Osman. Come nearer—give it me—To
Zara!—Rise!

Bring it with speed. Shame on your flatter'ing
distance!

[Advances, and snatches the Letter.
Be honest, and approach me like a subject
Who serves the prince, yet not forgets the
man.

Mel. One of the Christian slaves, whom
late your bounty

Releas'd from bondage, sought with heedful
guile,

Unnotic'd to deliver it. Discover'd,
He waits in chains his doom from your decree.

Osman. Leave me. [Exit Melidor.] I tremble,
as if something fatal

Were meant me from this letter. Should I
read it?

Oras. Who knows but it contains some
happy truth,

That may remove all doubts, and calm your
heart?

Osman. Be as 'twill, it shall be read.

[Opens the Letter.
Fate, be thy call obey'd.—Orasmin, mark—
Hell! tortures! death! and woman!—What,

Orasmin,
Are we awake?—Heard'st thou?—Can this be
Zara?

Oras. Would I had lost all sense! for what
I heard

Has cover'd my afflicted heart with horror.

Osman. Thou seest how I am treated.

Oras. Monstrous treason!

To an affront like this you cannot, must not,
Remain insensible. You, who but now,

From the most slight suspicion, felt such pain,
Must, in the horror of so black a guilt,

Find an effectual cure, and banish love.

Osman. Seek her this instant—go, Orasmin,
fly!

Show her this letter: bid her read and tremble:
Then, in the rising horrors of her guilt,

Stab her unfaithful breast, and let her die.
Say, while thou strik'st—Stay, stay, return

and pity me.
Would I were dead!

Would I had died, unconscious of this shame!

Oras. Never did prince receive so bold a
wrong.

Osman. See here detected this, infernal
secret!

This fountain of her tears, which my weak
heart

Mistook for marks of tenderness and pain!
Why! what a reach has woman to deceive!

Under how fine a veil of grief and fear
Did she propose retirement till to-morrow!

And I, blind dotard! gave the fool's consent,
Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go!—She parted,

Dissolv'd in tears; and parted to betray me!

Oras. Could you, my gracious lord! for-
give my zeal,

You would—
Osman. I know it—thou art right—I'll see
her;

I'll tax her in thy presence; I'll upbraid her;
I'll let her learn—Go—find, and bring her to me.

Oras. Believe me, sir, your threat'nings,
your complaints,

What will they all produce but Zara's tears,
To quench this fancied anger? Your lost heart,
Seduc'd against itself, will search but reasons
To justify the guilt which gives it pain:
Rather conceal from Zara this discovery;
And let some trusty slave convey the letter,
Re-clos'd to her own hand: then shall you

learn,
Spite of her frauds, disguise, and artifice,
The firmness, or abasement of her soul.

Osman. Thy counsel charms me! We'll
about it now.

Here, take this fatal letter; choose a slave
Whom yet she never saw, and who retains
His tried fidelity—dispatch—he gone.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

Now whither shall I turn my eyes and steps
The surest way to shun her, and give time
For this discovering trial?—Heaven! she's here!

Re-enter ZARA.

So, madam! fortune will befriend my cause,
And free me from your fetters.—You are met
Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n doubt,
That claims the finest of your arts to gloss it.
Unhappy each by other, it is time
To end our mutual pain, that both may rest.
You want not generosity, but love;
My pride forgotten, my obtruded throne,
My favours, cares, respect, and tenderness,
Touching your gratitude, provok'd regard;
Till, by a length of benefits besieg'd,
Your heart submitted, and you thought 'twas
love:

But you deceiv'd yourself, and injur'd me.
There is, I'm told, an object more deserving
Your love than Osman: I would know his
name.

Be just, nor trifle with my anger: tell me
Now, while expiring pity struggles faint;
While I have yet, perhaps, the power to pardon,
Give up the bold invader of my claim,
And let him die to save thee. Thou art known.
Think and resolve. While I yet speak, re-
nounce him;

While yet the thunder rolls suspended, stay
it;

Let thy voice charm me, and recall my soul,
That turns averse, and dwells no more on Zara.

Zara. Can it be Osman speaks, and speaks
to Zara?

Learn, cruel! learn that this afflicted heart,
This heart which heaven delights to prove by
tortures,

Did it not love, has pride and power to shun
you.

I know not whether heaven, that frowns upon
me,

Has destin'd my unhappy days for yours;
But, be my fate or bless'd or curs'd, I swear,
By honour, dearer ev'n than life or love,
Could Zara be but mistress of herself,
She would with cold regard look down on
kings,

And, you alone excepted, fly 'em all.
And to this sacred truth, attesting heaven!
I call thy dreadful notice!—If my heart
Deserves reproach, 'tis for, but not from,
Osman.

Osman. What! does she yet presume to
swear sincerity?

Oh, boldness of unblushing perjury!

Had I not seen, had I not read, such proof
Of her light falsehood as extinguish'd doubt,
I could not be a man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas, my lord! what cruel fears have
seiz'd you?

What harsh, mysterious words were those I
heard?

Osman. What fears should Osman feel,
since Zara loves him?

Zara. I cannot live, and answer to your
voice

In that reproachful tone; your angry eye
Trembles with fury while you talk of love.

Osman. Since Zara loves him!

Zara. Is it possible

Osman should disbelieve it?—Again, again
Your late repented violence returns.

Alas! what killing frowns you dart against me!
Can it be kind, can it be just to doubt me?

Osman. No! I can doubt no longer.—You
may retire. [*Exit Zara.*]

Re-enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin, she's perfidious, even beyond
Her sex's undiscover'd power of seeming.
Say, hast thou chosen a slave?—Is he in-
structed?

Haste to detect her vileness and my wrongs.

Oras. Punctually I have obey'd your whole
command:

But have you arm'd, my lord, your injur'd
heart,

With coldness and indifference? Can you hear,
All painless and unmov'd, the false one's shame?

Osman. Orasmin, I adore her more than
ever.

Oras. My lord! my emperor! forbid it,
heaven!

Osman. I have discern'd a gleam of distant
hope.

Now hear me with attention.—Soon as night
Has thrown her welcome shadows o'er the
palace;

When this Nerestan, this ungrateful Christian,
Shall lurk in expectation near our walls,

Be watchful that our guards surprise and seize
him;

Then, bound in fetters and o'erwhelm'd with
shame,

Conduct the daring traitor to my presence:
But, above all, be sure you hurt not Zara;

Mindful to what supreme excess I love.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

On this last trial all my hopes depend.
Prophet, for once thy kind assistance lend,
Dispel the doubts that rack my anxious breast:
If Zara's innocent, thy Osman's bless'd. [*Exit*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter ZARA and SELIMA.*

Zara. Sooth me no longer with this vain
desire;

To a recluse like me, who dares henceforth
Presume admission!—The seraglio is shut;
Bar'd and impassable, as death to time!

My brother ne'er must hope to see me more.—
How now! what unknown slave accosts us
here?

Enter MELIDOR.

Mel. This letter, trusted to my hands, re-
ceive,

In secret witness I am wholly yours.

[Zara reads the Letter.]

Sel. Thou everlasting Ruler of the world!
Shed thy wish'd mercy on our hopeless tears;
Redeem us from the hands of hated infidels,
And save my princess from the breast of Osman.

[Aside.]

Zara. I wish, my friend, the comfort of
your counsel.

Sel. Retire—you shall be call'd—wait near
—go, leave us.

[Exit Melidor.]

Zara. Read this, and tell me what I ought
to answer:

For I would gladly hear my brother's voice.

Sel. Say rather you would hear the voice
of heaven.

'Tis not your brother calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful will;
Thou know'st that I have bound my soul by
oath;

But can I, ought I, to engage myself,
My brother, and the Christians, in this danger?

Sel. 'Tis not their danger that alarms your
fears;

Your love speaks loudest to your shrinking soul.
This tiger, savage in his tenderness,
Courts with contempt, and threatens amidst
softness;

Yet cannot your neglected heart efface
His fated, fix'd impression!

Zara. What reproach

Can I with justice make him?—I indeed
Have given him cause to hate me!
Was not his throne, was not his temple-ready?
Did he not court his slave to be a queen,
And have not I declin'd it?—I who ought
To tremble, conscious of affronted power!
Have not I triumph'd o'er his pride and love?
Seen him submit his own high will to mine,
And sacrifice his wishes to my weakness?

Sel. Talk we no more of this unhappy pas-
sion:

What resolution will your virtue take?

Zara. All things combine to sink me to
despair:

From the seraglio death alone will free me.
I long to see the Christians' happy climes;
Yet in the moment while I form that prayer,
I sigh a secret wish to languish here.
How sad a state is mine! my restless soul
All ignorant what to do, or what to wish:
My only perfect sense is that of pain.
Oh, guardian heaven! protect my brother's life,
For I will meet him, and fulfil his prayer:
Then, when from Solyma's unfriendly walls,
His absence shall unbind his sister's tongue,
Osman shall learn the secret of my birth,
My faith unshaken, and my deathless love;
He will approve my choice, and pity me.
I'll send my brother word he may expect me.
Call in the faithful slave. God of my fathers!

[Exit Selima.]

Let thy hand save me, and thy will direct.

Re-enter MELIDOR, with SELIMA.

Go—tell the Christian who intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect and introduce him to his wish.
Away—the sultan comes; he must not find us.

[Exeunt Zara and Selima.]

Enter OSMAN and ORASMIN.

Osman. Swifter, ye hours, move on; my
fury glows
Impatient, and would push the wheels of time.
How now? What message dost thou bring?
Speak boldly.

What answer gave she to the letter sent her?

Mel. She blush'd, and trembled, and grew
pale, and paus'd;

Then blush'd, and read it, and again grew pale;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and re-
solv'd:

For after all this race of varied passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me
back,

Tell him (she cried) who has intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect and introduce him to his wish.

Osman. Enough; be gone! I have no ear
for more. [To the Slave.]

Leave me, thou too, Orasmin. Leave me, life,
For ev'ry mortal aspect moves my hate:

[To Orasmin.]

Leave me to my distraction, [Exit Orasmin.]
Who am I? Heav'n! Who am I? What re-
solve I?

Zara! Nerestan! sound these words like names
Decreed to join? Why pause I? Perish Zara—
Would I could tear her image from my heart.

Re-enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin! Friend! return, I cannot bear
This absence from thy reason: 'twas unkind,
'Twas cruel to obey me, thus distress'd,
And wanting power to think, when I had lost
thee.

How goes the hour? Has he appear'd, this rival?
Perish the shameful sound. This villain Chris-
tian!

Has he appear'd below?

Oras. Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
And listen'd to your sorrows.

Osman. Oh, treach'rous night!
Thou lend'st thy ready veil to ev'ry treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade.
Hark! Heard'st thou nothing?

Oras. My lord.

Osman. A voice, like dying groans!

Oras. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osman. Again! look out—he comes—

Oras. Nor tread of mortal foot, nor voice
I hear:

The still seraglio lies, profoundly plung'd
In death-like silence! nothing stirs.—The air
Is soft, as infant sleep, no breathing wing
Steals through the shadows to awaken night.

Osman. Horrors a thousand times more
dark than these,

Benight my suffering soul. Thou dost not
know

To what excess of tenderness I lov'd her:
I knew no happiness but what she gave me,
Nor could have felt a mis'ry but for her!
Pity this weakness—mine are tears, Orasmin,
That fall not oft, nor lightly.

Oras. Tears! Oh, heaven!

Oh, my unhappy lord! I tremble for you—

Osman. Do—tremble at my sufferings, at
my love;

At my revenge too, tremble—for 'tis due,

And will not be deluded.

Oras. Hark! I hear

The steps of men along the neighb'ring wall!

Osman. Fly! seize him! 'tis Nerestan! Wait
no chains,

But drag him down to my impatient eye.

[*Exit Oras.*]

Enter ZARA and SELIMA, in the dark.

Zara. Where art thou, Selima? Give me
thy hand.

It is so dark, I tremble as I step,
With fears and startings, never felt till now!

Osman. Damnation! 'tis her voice! the well-
known sound

That has so often charm'd me into baseness!

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

Revenge, stand firm, and intercept his wishes!
Revenge! On whom? No matter: earth and
heaven

Would blush, should I forbear: now, Zara,
now! [*Drops the Dagger.*]

I must not, cannot strike, the starting steel,
I unwilling, flies my hand, and shuns to wound
her.

Zara. This is the private path; come near-
er, lead me.

Are we not notic'd, think'st thou?

Sel. Fear not, madam;

It cannot now be long, ere we shall meet him.

Osman. That word has given me back my
ebbing rage.

[*Recovers the Dagger.*]

Zara. I walk in terror, and my heart fore-
bodes.

Who's there? Nerestan! Is it you? O wel-
come—

Osman. [*Stabs her.*] This to thy heart.
'Tis not the traitor meets thee,

'Tis the betray'd, who writes it in thy blood.

Zara. Oh, gracious heaven! receive my
parting soul,

And take thy trembling servant to thy mercy.

[*Dies.*]

Osman. Soul! then revenge has reach'd
thee. I will now

Haste from this fatal place: I cannot leave her!

Whom did I strike? Was this the act of love?

Swallow me, earth! She's silent! Zara's dead!

And should I live to see returning day,
'Twill show me but her blood! show me left
joyless,

In a wide, empty world, with nothing round
me,

But penitence and pain: and yet 'twas just.

Hark! Destiny has sent her lover to me,
To fill my vengeance, and restore my joy.

Re-enter ORASMIN, with NERESTAN.

Approach, thou wretch! thou more than curs'd!
come near!

Thou who, in gratitude for freedom gain'd,

Hast giv'n me miseries beyond thy own!

Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul!

Are my commands obey'd?

Oras. All is prepar'd.

Osman. Thy wanton eyes look round in
search of her

Whose love, descending to a slave like thee,
From my dishonour'd hand receiv'd her doom.

See! where she lies—

Ner. Oh, fatal, rash mistake!

Osman. Dost thou behold her, slave?

Ner. Unhappy sister!

Osman. Sister! Didst thou say sister? If
thou didst,

Bless me with deafness, heaven!

Ner. Tyrant! I did.

She was my sister. All that now is left thee,
Dispatch—From my distracted heart drain next
The remnant of the royal Christian blood!

Old Lusignan, expiring in my arms,
Sent his too wretched son, with his last bless-
ing,

To his now murder'd daughter!

Would I had seen the bleeding innocent!

I would have liv'd to speak to her in death;

Would have awaken'd in her languid heart

A livelier sense of her abandon'd God;

That God, who left by her, forsook her too,

And gave the poor lost sufferer to thy rage.

Osman. Thy sister! Lusignan her father!
Selima!

Can this be true? and have I wrong'd thee,
Zara?

Sel. Thy love was all the cloud 'twixt her
and heav'n!

Osman. Be dumb! for thou art base, to
add distraction

To my already more than bleeding heart.

And was thy love sincere? What then remains?

Ner. Why should a tyrant hesitate on mur-
der!

There now remains but mine of all the blood,
Which through thy father's cruel reign and
thine,

Has never cess'd to stream on Syria's sands.

Restore a wretch to his unhappy race;

Nor hope that torments, after such a scene,

Can force one feeble groan to feast thy anger.

I waste my fruitless words in empty air;

The tyrant, o'er the bleeding wound he made,

Laughs his unmoving eye, and heeds not me.

Osman. Oh, Zara!

Oras. Alas, my lord, return! Whither would
grief

Transport your generous heart? This Christian
dog—

Osman. Take off his fetters, and observe
my will:

To him and all his friends, give instant liberty:

Pour a profusion of the richest gifts

On these unhappy Christians; and when heap'd

With vary'd benefits, and charg'd with riches,

Give 'em safe conduct to the nearest port.

Oras. But, sir—

Osman. Reply not, but obey.

Fly—nor dispute thy master's last command,
Thy prince, who orders—and thy friend, who
loves thee!

Go—lose no time—farewell—be gone—and
thou!

Unhappy warrior—yet less lost than I—

Haste from our bloody land, and to thy own

Convey this poor pale object of my rage.

Thy king, and all his Christians, when they
hear

Thy miseries, shall mourn 'em with their tears;

But, if thou tell'st 'em mine, and tell'st 'em
truly,

They who shall hate my crime, shall pity me.

Take too, this poniard with thee, which my
hand

Has stain'd with blood far dearer than my own;

Tell 'em—with this I murder'd her I lov'd;
The noblest and most virtuous among women!

The soul of innocence, and pride of truth:
Tell 'em I laid my empire at her feet:
Tell 'em I plung'd my dagger in her blood:
Tell 'em I so ador'd—and thus reveng'd her.

[Stabs himself.]

Rev'rence this hero, and conduct him safe.

[Dies.]

Ner. Direct me, great inspirer of the soul!
How I should act, how judge in this distress!
Amazing grandeur! and detested rage!
Ev'n I, amidst my tears, admire this foe,
And mourn his death, who liv'd to give me woe.

[Curtain falls.]

H O M E.

JOHN HOME, a native of Scotland, born in the vicinity of Anerum, in Roxburghshire, in 1794, after the usual course of education for the church, was ordained and inducted to the living of Athelstaneford, and was the successor of the Rev. Mr. Blair, author of *The Grave*. In the rebellion of 1745 he took up arms in defence of the existing government. He was present at the battle of Falkirk; where he was taken prisoner, and, with five or six other gentlemen, escaped from the castle of Down. After the rebellion he resumed the duties of his profession. Having a natural inclination for the Belles Lettres, which he had cultivated with some care; he wrote his tragedy of Douglas, and presented it to the managers of the Edinburgh Theatre. Its reception will be easily imagined from the following anecdote. During the representation a young and sanguine Scotchman, in the pit, transported with delight and enthusiasm, cried out on a sudden with an air of triumph, "Weel lads; hwar's yeer Wolly Shakspeare nou!" (where is your William Shakspeare now). The author being a clergyman, the resentment of the elders of the kirk, and many other zealous members of that sect was inflamed, not only against him, but the performers also; on whom, together with him, they freely denounced their anathemas in pamphlets and public papers. The latter indeed it was out of their power greatly to injure; but their rod was fear falling very heavy on the author, whom the assembly repudiated, and cut off from his preferments. In England, however, he had the good fortune to meet with friends, and being through the interest of the Earl of Bute and some other persons of distinction, recommended to the notice of his present majesty, then Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness was pleased to bestow a pension on him; thus, sheltering him under his own patronage, he put it out of the power of either bigotry, envy, or malevolence to blast his laurels. Mr. Home afterwards pursued his poetical efforts, and produced more dramatic pieces, which were brought on the stage in London; but Douglas must always stand as his master-piece in dramatic writing. He never afterwards resumed his clerical profession, which he had abandoned in 1757; but enjoyed a place under government in Scotland. Mr. Home, always the friend and patron of merit, as far as his circumstances would admit, was the means of bringing the celebrated poems of Ossian to light. While Macpherson was schoolmaster of Ruthven in Badenoch, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting, from the native, but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of these inimitable poems; a few of them he translated, and inserted in a weekly Miscellany, then publishing at Edinburgh. The beauty of these pieces soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home, Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair; and they resolved to send Macpherson on a journey all over the Highlands, at their expence, to collect the originals of those poems, which have since been a subject of so much controversy. Mr. Home died at Manchester-house near Edinburgh, Sept. the 4th 1806.

DOUGLAS.

THIS piece was first produced at Edinburgh, 1756; and the success it met with, induced our author to offer it to the London managers; where, notwithstanding all the influence exerted in its favour, it was refused by Garrick. Mr. Rich, however, accepted it, and it was acted the first time at Covent-garden, March the 14th 1757; where its real worth soon placed it out of the reach of critical censure. The plot was suggested by the pathetic old Scotch ballad of *Gil (or Child) Morris*, reprinted in the third volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and it is founded on the quarrels of the families of Douglas and other of the Scots clans. This tragedy has a great deal of pathos in it, some of the narratives are pleasingly affecting, and the descriptions poetically beautiful. On its first appearance Hume gave his opinion, that it was one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces ever exhibited in any theatre. He declared, that the author possessed the true theatrie genius of Shakspeare and Otway; but we must remember, that the author was a Scotchman, consequently such extravagant praise requires no comment. Gray however had so high an opinion of this first drama of Mr. Home, that in a letter to a friend in 1757, he says, "I am greatly struck with the tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults: the author seems to have retrieved the true language of the Stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the Old Peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world." To this opinion every reader of taste will readily subscribe. Johnson blames Mr. Gray for concluding his celebrated ode with suicide; a circumstance borrowed perhaps from Douglas, in which lady Randolph, otherwise a blameless character, precipitates herself, like the Bard, from a cliff, into eternity.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

NORVAL.	GLENALVON.	DONALD.	SERVANT.	LADY RANDOLPH.
LORD RANDOLPH.	STRANGER.	OFFICER.	PRISONER.	ANNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom

Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell awhile: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,

Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made
my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Again these weeds of woe! say,
dost thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claims some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas! is he for whom I
mourn:

Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord R. Time, that wears out the trace of
deepest anguish,

Has past o'er thee in vain.

Sure thou art not the daughter of air Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my
fathers:

Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.

Lord R. Thy grief wrests to its purposes
my words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady R. Thou dost not think so: woful
as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither goest thou now?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tipstoe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady R. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland drive their
fleet!

And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a
warrior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!

Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty
light. [Exit.]

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's
love;

Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with
my state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.

What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth the husband of your heart?

Lady R. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious
love,

And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady: humble though I am,

The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry

These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady R. What power directed thy un-
conscious tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress
tremble,

I will speak so no more; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth the instructed partner of my woes

But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity

Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?

Compel the earth and ocean to give up

Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady R. Didst thou not ask, what had my
sorrows been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband?

In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,

Mangled with wounds, the husband of my
youth;

And in some cavern of the ocean lies

My child and his—

Anna. Oh! lady most rever'd!

The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas! an ancient feud,

Hereditary evil, was the source

Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,

That my brave brother should in battle save

The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:

The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.

To see the vaunted sister of his friend,

Impatient, Douglas to Balarino came,

Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;

Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:

My brother's presence author'd our marriage.

Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings
of down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was
call'd

To fight his father's battles; and with him,

In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.

Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire
was told,

That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.

Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,

And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,

Kneeling beneath his sword, falt'ring, I took

An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would

Vved one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave

Thy onward path! although the earth should
gape,

And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,

To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of women's fearful
kind

Durst own a truth so hardly!

Lady R. The first truth

Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,

This precious moral, from my tragic tale.—

In a few days the dreadful tidings came

That Douglas and my brother both were slain.

My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest lady, many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady R. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father? the good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient

tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confidant I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant have I ever seen,
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

Anna. Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps
he lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December; wind
and rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road, and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good
angels are,
Hath shut the book, in mercy to mankind.
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon
comes;

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious
person

Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Ran-
dolph's heir?

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Ran-
dolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself:
Yet is he brave and positic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.
Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter.
Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit.

Anna. Oh happiness! where art thou to be
found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Though grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth
array'd;

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue
dwell;

Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating
maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to
heaven.

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou
say'st, a seer,
To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd.

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? What
hast thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy
beauty,

Cannot be question'd: think of these good
gifts;

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of
woe,

Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?

But I must follow; this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes.

[Exit.

Glen. So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by-
and-by

I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
Randolph has liv'd too long; his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he

came,
Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour:
I 'scap'd unknown; a slender consolation!
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe;
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear; the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire—
No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court, etc.

Enter Servants and a Stranger at one Door,
and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.

Lady R. What means this clamour? Stran-
ger, speak secure;
Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men
presum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?
1 *Serv.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd
wrong;

This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and NORVAL, with
their Swords drawn and bloody.

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears! how
fares my lord?

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this
gallant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me;
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid lord Randolph

low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him, but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose
no more,

The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold;
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

• *Lady R.* My lord, I cannot speak what
now I feel;

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you not learn'd of him whom we should
thank?

Whom call the saviour of lord Randolph's life?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he an-
swer'd not;

But I must know who my deliverer is.

[*To Norval.*

Nor. A low-born man, of parentage obs-
cure,

Who nought can boast, but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is
ennobl'd

By the great King of kings: thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero, by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Nor. My name is Norval: on the Gram-
pian hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his
store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as
my shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shep-
herds fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.

We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their
chief,

Who wore that day the arms which now I
wear.

Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold
peers

To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his mas-
ter.

Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these
towers,

And, heaven directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord R. He is as wise as brave. Was
ever tale

With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

Ab! my Matilda, wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say; for various affec-
tions,

And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt, unknown he might have pe-
rish'd,

And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtues serve no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wopder-working Lord of heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy
thoughts!

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the
way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Nor. I know not how to thank you. Rude
I am

In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast, which makes
me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy fa-
vour.

Lady R. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me
forbid reply; [*To Norval.*

We are thy debtors still. Thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.

Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Nor. Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord R. [*To Lady R.*] About the tim
that the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hill suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast:
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure: sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears

The human joy that never may return.

[*Exit Lord Randolph and Norval.*]

Lady R. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heaven annex'd to those swift passing hours
Of love and fondness.

Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?

At every happy parent I repine.

How blest the mother of you gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy;
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for awhile have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even
there mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant
stranger,

And pair'd with him in features and in shape,
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have
number'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his
home,

And like an orphan cast upon my care.

I will protect thee, said I to myself,

With all my power, and grace with all my
favour.

Anna. Sure, heaven will bless so gen'rous
a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake; devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head
will work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,

If I deter him not; I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble
Randolph?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon,
of the base—

Glen. I have; and that the villains may not
'scape,

With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
And torture force from them the important
secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph's hir'd their
swords,

Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman's love.

I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[*Exit Anna.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are
commands.

Lady R. I have not found so; thou art
known to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady R. And most certain is my cause of
knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By the most
blessed cross,

You much amaze me. No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou
make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? this to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd, what, if indulg'd,
Would make thee nothing! or what's worse
than that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too!

For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of wo-
mankind!

Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's
bounds,

If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd;
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve these accents for some
other ear;

To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words: for it is meet thou
shouldst.

His brave deliverer, Randolph here retains.

Perhaps his presence may not please thee well:
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph,
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou wouldst pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.

I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.

The friendless stranger my protection claims;
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.

[*Exit.*]

Glen. Child that I was to start at my own
shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
I am not what I have been; what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.

Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
The imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
And the intended murder introduc'd

A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd
him!

'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands
me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires.
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter ANNA.*

Anna. Thy vassals, grief, great nature's order break,
And change the noontide to the midnight hour.
Whilst lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious heaven, who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs, who delight in goodness;
Forsake your skies and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is
a heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.
[Exit.]

Enter Servants, with a Prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child
unborn
Of what you charge me with.

1 Serv. You say so, sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold, the lady of lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady R. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[The Prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heaven bless that countenance so sweet
and mild!

A judge like thee makes innocence more hold.
Oh, save me, lady, from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of heaven.

The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof
can ye produce?

1 Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow glen.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled;
We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.

Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels, whose rich value pleas'd
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villany. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. Oh, gentle lady! by your lord's dear
life,

Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er
assail,

And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with
pain.

Lady R. Account for these; thine own they
cannot be:

For these, I say: be stedfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[Anna removes the Servants, and returns.]

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. Oh! Anna, hear!—once more I
charge thee speak

The truth direct; for these to me foretell

And certify a part of thy narration,
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you
as just

As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago I rented land
Of brave sir Malcolm, then Balarino's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother),
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us; there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice had ceas'd; the person lost;

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and
round,

A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant la'

Lady R. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!

How couldst thou kill what waves and tem-
pests spar'd?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could
do them.

And such a man was I: a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so! then per-
haps he lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. Oh, God of heav'n! did he then
die so lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou
riddler, speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must
speak my shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought
forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore:
For, one by one, all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and
beauty;

And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire;
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came—

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy
name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name
he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my
son!

Oh, sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw!
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now
were vain.

I am indeed the daughter of sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is
mine.

Pris. Bless'd be the hour that made me a
poor man;

My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. Thy words surprise me: sure thou
dost not feign!

The tear stands in thine eye; such love from
thee

Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the
flower;

The safest friend, the best, the kindest master.
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May heav'n so judge me as I judge my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee.
On thy faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little, lonely hut,

That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember the cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days!
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words; if thou shouldst
meet

Him, whom thou call'st thy son, still call him
so;

And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I, shall mar so fair a
harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels on his arm;
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and
so bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the
Servants.*]

Lady R. This man is not the assassin you
suspected,
Though chance combin'd some likelihood
against him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him
hither.

[*Exeunt Prisoner and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings me to
my son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks

For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he 'ga'd on bright and burning

arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had
thrown him,

And tower'd up to the regions of his sire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour
the boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
Of pow'rful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady R. The ready story of his birth be-
liev'd,

Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour:
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But, most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear
yourself

In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna: well thy mistress
knows

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would
be

With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.

Anna. Behold, Glenalvon comes.

Lady R. Now I shun him not.

This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval;
Perhaps too far; at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame,

The hovering Dane at last his men hath landed:
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where there valour con-
quers:

To win a country, or to lose themselves.
A nimble courier, sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coats of Lothian landed.

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail
their sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark, e'en for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has the unconquer'd Caledonian
sword

Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud-yelling fury and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.

Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lord R. I scorn thee not, but when I ought
to scorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,

And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory.
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd
man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will show how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.

That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy
friend;

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he, who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward:
I think that I have hit the very tone

In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also! flattery direct

Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
And opens the wicket of the human heart.

How far I have succeeded now, I know not;
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue

Is lull'd awhile; 'tis her alone I fear;
While she and Randolph live, and live in faith

And amity, uncertain is my tenure.

That slave of Norval's I have found most apt;
I show'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul

To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,

'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,

Who are, like lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may

But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, attended.

Lord R. Summon a hundred horse, by break
of day,

To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Alas, my lord, I've heard unwell-
come news;

The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian, bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all for-
saken;

The trembling mothers, and their children
lodg'd

In wall-girt towers and castles! whilst the men
Retire indignant: yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,

An army knit like ours would pierce it through:
Brothers that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm:
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like
their swords, for war;
Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
Hence, early graves; hence, the lone widow's
life;

And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength
and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter NORVAL and GLENALYON.

Glenalvon, with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young
man!

Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Nor. Small is the skill my lord delights to
praise

In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man!
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.

For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would
shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him
down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm:
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord R. Why did this soldier in a desert
hide

Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Nor. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy
man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty pow'r!
The soldier cried, My brother! Oh, my brother!

Lady R. His brother!

Nor. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness;
And happy in my mind was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady R. In this dire tragedy were there no
more

Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

Nor. No, they were dead; kind heav'n had
clos'd their eyes,

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord R. Hard is his fate; for he was not
to blame!

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:
Let schoolmen tell us why—

[*Trumpets at a Distance.*]

From whence these sounds?

Enter an Officer.

Off. My lord, the trumpets of the troops
of Lorn!

The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest! Does he the
warriors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to
arms?

Off. No; worn with warfare, he resigns
the sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go;

With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief.

[*Exit Glenalvon.*]

Off. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit upon the warrior's
plume!

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit with the Officer.*]

Lady R. The soldier's loftiness, the pride
and pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Nor. Ah! should they not?

Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,

That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Nor. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword,
my life:

These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems?

Nor. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R. Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah, they were thy father's!

Nor. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendour came.

But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me—thou art not Norval's son.

Nor. Not Norval's son?

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Nor. VVho am I then?

Lady R. Noble thou art,

For noble was thy sire.

Nor. I will believe—

Oh, tell me further! say, who was my father!

Lady R. Douglas!

Nor. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Nor. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Nor. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah! too brave, indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Nor. Ah me, unhappy! ere I saw the light!

But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,

Wweeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Nor. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.

Oh, tell me who and where my mother is!

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends

Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;

And, desolate, implores of heaven the aid

Her son should give. It is, it must be so—

Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.

Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword—

Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woe—My son!
my son!

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his Neck.

Nor. Oh, heaven and earth! how wond'rous
is my fate!

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady R. Image of Douglas! fruit of fatal
love!

All that I owe thy sire I pay to thee.

Nor. Respect and admiration still possess me,

Checking the love and fondness of a son:

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady R. Arise, my son. In me thou dost
behold

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.

Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father;

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes

Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won

All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Nor. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody
field

When Douglas died! Oh, I have much to ask!

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the length-
en'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.

At present this—Thou art the rightful heir

Of yonder castle, and the wide domains,

Which now lord Randolph, as my husband,
holds.

But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the
power

To right thee still. Before the king I'll kneel,
And call lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Nor. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends
and favour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe

Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think

My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,

My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Nor. To be the son of Douglas is to me

Inheritance enough! Declare my birth,

And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils
and injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son!

The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,

Having no lackey but pale poverty.

Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas;

Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's
child:

The wanton heir of some inglorious chief

Perhaps has scorn'd thee in thy youthful sports,

Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.

Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:

But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs

Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs

That we should part before yon chief's return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand

Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,

Anxious to see thee, dictated before

This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark;

For, as I there appoint, we meet again.

Leave me, my son; and frame thy manners still

To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Nor. I will remember. Where is Norval
now,

That good old man?

Lady R. At hand conceal'd he lies,

A useful witness. But beware, my son,

Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast

Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone

To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Nor. Has he, indeed? Then let yon false
Glenalvon

Beware of me.

Lady R. There burst the smother'd flame.

O, thou all-righteous and eternal King!

Who father of the fatherless art call'd,

Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!

Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,

Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!—
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,
When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause?

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. You gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R. Be not, my lord, by his example
sway'd.

Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And when you enter, speak of war no more.

[*Exit.*]

Lord R. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mien, her
voice, her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now. Behind the
mount,

'Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's
renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*Shows a Letter*] the assassin freed,

Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded:
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not, though
she brings

A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her;
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow
on him;

The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting
thoughts,

But let the spirit of a husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes
may judge

Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight
essay;

Of all the trophies, which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind,
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord.

Withdraw a little; I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:

But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near.
But let my lord

His rising wrath restrain.— [*Exit Randolph.*]
'Tis strange, by heaven!

That she should run full tilt her fond career
To one so little known. She, too, that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice, emboss'd,
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's
thoughts!

Enter NORVAL.

His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.—
[*Aside.*]

Has Norval seen the troops?

Nor. The setting sun

With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our
host

In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful ad-
miration

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir, your
martial deeds

Have rank'd you with the great. But mark
me, Norval:

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung
power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Nor. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And though I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their
scorn,

Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Nor. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Nor. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

Nor. If this were told!—

[*Aside.*]

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Nor. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as
thee—

Nor. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Nor. So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar
boy;

At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect
my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou't all a lie; and false
as hell

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Nor. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-
rid old,

Perhaps I should revile: but as I am,

I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval

Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,

I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born
to command

Ten thousand slaves like thee—

Nor. Villain, no more! [*Draws.*

Draw and defend thy life. I did design

To have defy'd thee in another cause;

But heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and lady Randolph's wrongs.

[*They fight.*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold, I command you both. The
man that stirs

Makes me his foe.

Nor. Another voice than thine

That threat had vainly sounded, noble Ran-
dolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous
condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety.

[*Sheathes his Sword.*

Lord R. Speak not thus,

Taunting each other; but unfold to me

The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Nor. Nay, my good lord, though I revere
you much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judg-
ment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak

The opprobrious words that I from him have
borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage; but ev'n him

And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go

Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impar-
tial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.

Suspend your purpose till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader: then decide

The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Nor. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord R. VVe come. [*Exit with Servant.*

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,

Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.

Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy
brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Nor. Think not so lightly, sir, of my re-
sentment.

When we contend again, our strife is mortal.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the
grove;

Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.

How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Through skies, where I could count each little
star.

The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;

The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,

Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,

If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,

Descending spirits have convers'd with men,

And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter old NORVAL.

Old N. 'Tis he. But what if he should
chide me hence?

His just reproach I fear.

[*Douglas turns aside and sees him*

Forgive, forgive;

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,

Who bred sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me; thou art my father
still:

Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy

Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,

And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father? Oh,
my son!

I think that I could die, to make amends

For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my
crime,

Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd

The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,

That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.

Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,

I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget

When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove

The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals
bow,

Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine
exaltation!

Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old N. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady: threat'ning was their speech,
Though but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old N. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I bied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose;
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,
I issued forth, encompassing the tower,
With many a wearied step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness:
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Old N. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow:
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart: your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee!

Oh, may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from
the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [Exit.]

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Although his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent
host!

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. My son! I heard a voice—

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to na-
ture's ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,

By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[Embraces him.]

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better
birth-day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and
joy.

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise—

Doug. First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil.

Doug. 'Tis not good—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation; oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threat'nings; you they some-
times nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Defend us, gracious God! we are
betray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth!
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to
save thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread;
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh, nature, nature! what can check
thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.

That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten
way,

Which running eastward leads thee to the
camp.

Instant demand admittance to lord Douglas:
Show him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the
truth,

Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me, and obey: but yet my
heart

Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me
stay,

And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or
rever'st

Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my
child,

In a most fearful season. War and battle

I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets:
To-day I have found thee. Oh! my long-lost
hope!

If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have not love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? How can I give
you comfort?

The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.

But yet consider, as no vulgar name,
That which I boast, sounds among martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he live not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom
feels.

Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son, my counsels are but vain.

And as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.
[Embracing.]

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again.
[They separate.]
[Exit.]

*Just as they are separating, enter, from
the Wood, LORD RANDOLPH and GLEN-
ALVON.*

Lord R. Not in her presence.

Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.
Lord R. No: I command thee stay.
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[Exit.]

*[Glenalvon makes some Steps to
the same Side of the Stage, lis-
tens, and speaks.]*

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my
sword,

And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. *[Without.]* Draw, villain! draw!

Doug. *[Without.]* Assail me not, lord Ran-
dolph;

Not as thou lov'st thyself.

[Clashing of Swords.]
Glen. *[Running out.]* Now is the time.

*Enter LADY RANDOLPH, at the opposite Side
of the Stage, faint and breathless.*

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall
be thine own!

But spare! Oh, spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, with a Sword in each Hand.

Doug. My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives! he lives!
For this, for this to heav'n, eternal praise!
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee! ah! thou'rt wounded!
Oh, my child,

How pale thou look'st! And shall I lose thee
now?

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faint-
ness;

I hope it will not last. *[Leans upon his Sword.]*

Lady R. There is no hope!

And we must part! the hand of death is on
thee!

Oh! my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!

Douglas growing more and more faint.

Doug. Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers
fell,

Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle,
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd
death;

But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear, justice, hear! stretch thy
avenging arm.

[Douglas falls.]
Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall
speak of me.

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,

And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R. Despair, Despair!

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high heav'n to let
me live

A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—O! my mother!

*[Dies. Lady Randolph faints on
the Body.]*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA:

Lord R. Thy words, thy words of truth,
have pierc'd my heart:

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.

Oh! if my brave deliverer survives

The traitor's sword—

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son! How
curst am I!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul

To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd

Awile her powers.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead!

Lady R. *[Recovering.]* Where am I now?

Still in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

Lord R. Oh, misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim

My innocence.

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt

Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not; what have I
to do

With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!

My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I

Of thee and of thy valour! my fond heart

O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I

thought

Of growing old amidst a race of thine.

Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate.

[Exit running.]

Lord R. Follow her, Anna: I myself would
follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[Exit Anna.]

Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Though slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord! My lord!

Lord R. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed!

Lord R. Matilda!

Anna. Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill;
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulf'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,

And headlong down—

Lord R. 'Twas I, alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her
down

The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. Oh, had you seen her last despairing
look!

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head,
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say
Why am I forc'd to this? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,

In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.

These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave;
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that
makes

Me turn aside, must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[The Curtain descends slowly to Music.]

LILLO.

GEORGE LILLO, was by profession a jeweller, and was born in the neighbourhood of Moorgate, in London, on the 4th of Feb. 1693; in which neighbourhood he pursued his occupation for many years, with the fairest and most unblemished character. He was strongly attached to the Muses, yet seemed to have laid it down as a maxim, that the devotion paid to them ought always to tend to the promotion of virtue, morality, and religion. In pursuance of this aim, Mr. Lillo was happy in the choice of his subjects, and shewed great power of affecting the heart, by working up the passions to such a height, as to render the distresses of common and domestic life equally interesting as those of kings and heroes; and the ruin brought on private families by an indulgence of avarice, lust, &c., as the havoc made in states and empires by ambition, cruelty and tyranny. His *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham* are all planned on common and well-known stories; yet they have, perhaps, more frequently drawn tears from an audience, than the more pompous tragedies of *Alexander the Great*, *All for Love*, &c. Mr. Lillo, as before observed, has been happy in the choice of his subjects; his conduct and the management of them is no less meritorious, and his pathos very great. If there is any fault to be objected to his writings, it is, that sometimes he affects an elevation of style somewhat above the simplicity of his subject, and the supposed rank of his characters; but the custom of tragedy will stand in some degree of excuse for this; and a still better argument perhaps may be admitted in vindication, not only of our present author, but of others in the like predicament; which is, that even nature itself will justify this conduct; since we find even the most humble characters in real life, when under peculiar circumstances of distress, or actuated by the influence of any violent passions, will at times be elevated to an aptness of expression, and power of language, not only greatly superior to themselves, but even to the general language and conversation of persons of much higher rank in life, and of minds more perfectly cultivated. Our author died Sept. 3d. 1759, in the 47th year of his age; and a few months after his death the celebrated Fielding printed the following character of him in *The Champion*: "He had a perfect knowledge of human nature, though his contempt of all base means of application, which are the necessary steps to great acquaintance, restrained his conversation within very narrow bounds. He had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive christian; he was contented with his little state of life, in which his excellent temper of mind gave him a happiness beyond the power of riches; and it was necessary for his friends to have a sharp insight into his want of their services, as well as good inclination or abilities to serve him. In short, he was one of the best of men, and those who knew him best will most regret his loss."

GEORGE BARNWELL.

THIS play was acted 1751, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane with great success. "In the newspapers of the time" says the *Biographia Dramatica*, "we find, that on Friday, ad of July 1751, 'the Queen sent to the playhouse in Drury-lane, for the manuscript of *George Barnwell*, to peruse it, which Mr. Wilks carried to Hampton Court.' This tragedy being founded on a well known old ballad, many of the critics of that time, who went to the first representation of it, formed so contemptuous an idea of the piece, in their expectations, that they purchased the ballad (some thousands of which were used in one day on this account), in order to draw comparisons between that and the play. But its merit soon got the better of this contempt, and presented them with scenes written so true to the heart, that they were compelled to subscribe to their power, and lay aside their ballads to take their handkerchiefs." The original performer of the character of George Barnwell, Mr. Ross, relates, that "in the year 1750, he played this part. Dr. Barrowby was sent for by a young merchant's apprentice, who was in a high fever; upon the Doctor's approaching him, he saw his patient was afflicted with a disease of the mind. The Doctor being alone with the young man, he confessed, after much solicitation, that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress; and had made free with money intrusted to his care, by his employers, to the amount of 200 pounds. Seeing Mr. Ross in that piece, he was so forcibly struck, he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor calmed his patient by telling him, if his father made the least hesitation to give the money, he should have it from him. The father arrived, put the amount into the son's hands,—they wept, kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Dr. Barrowby never told me the name; but one even-

ing he said to me, 'you have done some good in your profession, more perhaps than many a clergyman who preached last sunday.' I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words, "a tribute of gratitude from one who is highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell." What will the virulent decriers of stage-plays say to this?

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THOROWGOOD.
BARNWELL, *Uncle to*
George.
GEORGE BARNWELL.

TRUEMAN.
BLUNT.
GAOLER.
JOHN.

ROBERT.
MARIA.
MILLWOOD.
LUCY.

*Officers, with their Attendants,
Keeper, and Footmen.*

SCENE.—*London and an adjacent Village.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in THOROWGOOD's House.*

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

True. Sir, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[Gives Letters.]

Thorow. Heaven be praised! the storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. By this means, time is gained to make such preparation on our part, as may, heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means?—If I am not too bold—

Thorow. Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may with honest scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

True. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thorow. You compliment, young man. *[Trueman bows respectfully.]* Nay; I'm not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expense of your sincerity.

True. Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Thorow. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge 'em. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance. *[Exit Trueman.]*

Enter MARIA.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

Maria. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thorow. Nay, 'twas a needless caution; I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Maria. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation. I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thorow. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Maria. Company will but increase it. I wish you would dispense with my presence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Thorow. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Maria. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is that she is yours. The man of quality who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thorow. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom, would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Maria. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her: for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thorow. Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that, by observation, I should learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be essential to happiness in the marriage state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Maria. What can I say? How shall I answer as I ought this tenderness, so uncommon even in the best of parents? But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have

observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thorow. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Maria. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

Thorow. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Maria. I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Thorow. I'll see you to your chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in MILLWOOD's House.*

Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Mill. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy. O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible!—But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest would be new indeed!

Lucy. Nat to you, who make 'em every day—but to me—Well, 'tis what I'm never to expect—unfortunate as I am—But your wit and beauty—

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous and sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side of this argument. Is not the expense all theirs? And I am sure it is our own fault if we ban't our share of the pleasure.

Mill. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly, for we lay them under contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam.

Mill. I would have my conquest complete, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government; I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mill. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty,

is capable of any action, though ever so vile; and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion? Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who never having injured women, apprehend no danger from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed!

Mill. Such a one I think I have found. As I have passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lucy. About—

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen! You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, asked his name. He blushed, and, bowing very low, answered George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Somebody knocks. Dye hear, I'm at home to nobody to-day but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—What manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first.

Enter BARNWELL, bowing very low. LUCY at a Distance.

Mill. Sir, the surprise and joy!

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a favour— [*Advancing.*]

Barn. Pardon me, madam!

Mill. So unhoped for! [*Still advances. Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.*] To see you here—Excuse the confusion—

Barn. I fear I am too bold.

Mill. Alas, sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising: few men

are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her Hand on his, as by accident.*]

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heavens! how she trembles! What can this mean?

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject. I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your thoughts of love?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I don't know that person in the world, whose happiness I don't wish, and wouldn't promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner, I love my uncle and my master; but above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often bless'd with your company and conversation.

Barn. We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth! Whoe'er thou art, I envy thee; and so must all who see and know this youth. What have I lost by being formed a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might perhaps have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it is; but as it is—Oh!—

Barn. I never observed woman before; or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her sex. [*Aside*] You seem disordered, madam;—may I know the cause?

Mill. Do not ask me—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind her words and actions are! and the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before; I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside*] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you designed me; but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might

forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go or stay?

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my sex' pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up your tears; you shall command me always. I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

Lucy. So, she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself. [*Aside.*]

Mill. Now you are kind indeed; but I mean not to detain you always; I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn.

[*Aside.*]

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, sir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Millwood.*]

Blunt. What, is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. How! is our mistress turned fool at last? She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, and men ours: though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case with our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in THOROWGOOD's House.**Enter BARNWELL.*

Barn. How strange are all things round me! Like some thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust. A thief! Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may awhile conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; to hourly add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal 'em. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate he wandered; and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Barnwell, oh how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master, and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often inquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul.

[Aside.]

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent?—When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away—why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done—and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done, indeed! *[Aside.]*

True. Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal. Methinks already I begin to hate him.

[Aside.]

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; though his unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. *[Turning to him]* Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld 'em last.

True. Heavy they look, indeed, and swollen with tears;—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine

alone; you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief I felt it. E'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

True. Sure I but dream! Without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice. *[Going]* Yet, stay; perhaps I am too rash and angry, when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men. *[Aside.]*

True. I am to blame; prythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man your generous friendship may effect; but here, even that's in vain.

True. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! My woes increase by being observed: should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! *[Aside.]*

True. Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. 'Tis strange—but I have done—say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. *[Embracing.]*

True. Be ever so; and may heaven restore your peace! But business requires our attendance: business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has passed, and follow you. *[Exit Trueman]* I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the

wrong I have done my master:—but what of Millwood? Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? she who loves me with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thorow. Without a cause assigned or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended heaven, it requires no more: and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon, or love, be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside*] Oh, sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame, though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thorow. Enough, enough; whate'er it be, this concern shows you're convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind: Some youthful folly which it were prudent not to inquire into.

Barn. It will be known, and you'll recall your pardon, and abhor me.

Thorow. I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay, thoughtless season of your life: when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees, confess—

Thorow. Not a syllable more upon this subject: it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me!

Thorow. This remorse makes thee dearer to me, than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. [*Exit.*]

Barn. Villain! villain! villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly?—Detested thought!—But what of Millwood then?—Why I renounce her—I give her up—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. [*Going.*]

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside*] Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. [*Exit Footman*] Methinks I dread to see 'em—Now, every thing alarms me!—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.*

Enter MILLWOOD, LUCY, and a Footman.

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well—I thank you.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mill. That angry look tells me, that here I am an unwelcome guest: I feared as much: the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel. Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate! I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left; one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part ever.

Mill. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just, 'tis necessary;—I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*]

Barn. Before you came, I had determined never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion!

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*]

Mill. It was some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find this, as I never could expect, I have not learn'd to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we had never met?

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deformed or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? Nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex; whose hand, trembling with ecstasy, you pressed and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed?

Barn. No more: let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope, at least, you do not hate me.

Barn. No—No—I never said I did—Oh, my heart!

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do—I do—Indeed I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me!

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour, though it would be the last. [*Barnwell draws back*] A look shall then suffice—farewell—for ever.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer—I have conquered—Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Mill. One thing I had forgot—I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that perhaps was needless.

Barn. I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy*] Now, I am gone for ever. [*Going.*]

Barn. One thing more—sure there's no danger in knowing where you go? If you think otherwise—

Mill. Alas!

[*Weeping.*]

Lucy. We are right, I find; that's my cue. [*Aside*] Ah, dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it; she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me; where'er I wander, through wilds and deserts benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake!—Oh tell me how, which way I am so cursed to bring such ruin on thee?

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my expectation.

Lucy. Why you must know my lady here was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compared to love!

Lucy. For awhile he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants—But you have seen in what manner she has lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows!

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish, till some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good, personable sort of man; but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him—

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

Lucy. Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly, I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertained in her house, and staid with her all night, he came this morning, raving and storming like a madman; talks no more of marriage (so there's no hope of making up matters that way), but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruined, or find a refuge in another's arms?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in: that's happily spent with you—And now I go—

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unboused, to wander friendless through the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge. Wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now?

Lucy. Now, I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him. I will myself prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. Hush! he's here.

Re-enter BARNWELL, with a Bag of Money.

Barn. What am I about to do?—Now you, who boast your reason all-sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill-effects of what is past.—Here,

take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So, I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly—lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I again take what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate—my heaven, or my hell; only leave me now—dispose of me here—after as you please. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy*] What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? Why then has heaven suffered me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives.—But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why—

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[*Exit*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN discovered, with Account-books, sitting at a Table.

Thorow. Well, I have examined your accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on those occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him.

Thorow. I'm now going to the Exchange: let him know, at my return I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter MARIA, with a Book. Sits and reads.

Maria. "How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires.—What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?"

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Maria. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say, what of Barnwell?

True. 'Tis not to be concealed: I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Maria. Defend us, heaven!

True. I cannot speak it. See there.

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Maria. [*Reads*] I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand, that the reason of my withdrawing is, my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known by examining my accounts, yet to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

GEORGE BARNWELL.

True. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he here charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was life more regular than his. An understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous, manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Maria. This and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

True. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See, the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor, ruined Barnwell!

Maria. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

True. Never, never: so well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Maria. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

True. Oh, that there were! But few men recover their reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Maria. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

True. That's impossible.

Maria. What's the sum?

True. 'Tis considerable. I've marked it here, to show it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Maria. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

True. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's! Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Maria. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

True. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Maria. In attempting to save from shame

one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal whether I do any thing unbecoming my sex and character.

True. Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Maria. If heaven succeeds it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath; and, therefore, as this must be a secret from my father and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in MILLWOOD'S House.*

Enter LUCY and BLUNT.

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now? Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well. Being called by his master to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wondered what he meant, was astonished at his impudence, and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much, indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved; and, at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making towards the door, showed a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood—

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest. The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what ensued was stranger still. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood, prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise—what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amazed! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so to hear—it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of, as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character, in the country where he lives.

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation, whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster. But there is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing,

when compared to that; I would not be involved in the guilt of it for all the world!

Lucy. Nor I, heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that's in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

Blunt. With all my heart. He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time. I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Walk some distance from a Country-seat.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of the day. Either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doomed to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle! my father's only brother, and since his death, has been to me a father; that took me up an infant and an orphan, reared me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness! Yet here I stand his destined murderer.—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety—'Tis yet unperformed—What if I quit my bloody purpose and fly the place? [*Going, then stops*]
—But whither, oh, whither shall I fly? My Master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money, Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway, that life is not to be endured without her. Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'tis more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh, conscience, feeble guide to virtue, thou only showest us when we go astray, but wantest power to stop us in our course!—Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle—He's alone—Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a Vizor*]
—This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven, while I—But what have I to do with heaven?—Ha! no struggles, conscience—

Hence, hence remorse, and ev'ry thought that's good;

The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the Vizor, draws a Pistol, and exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A close Walk in a Wood.*

Enter UNCLE.

Uncle. If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh. A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits. My imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death; when the pale, lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the musing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion. I

will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future self, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view! The mind scarce moves! the blood, curdling and chilled, creeps slowly through the veins; fixed, still, and motionless we stand, so like the solemn objects of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awake the soul, and sets it on inquiry.

Enter GEORGE BARNWELL, at a Distance.

Oh, death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of labour lost.

[During this Speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.]

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible!

[Throws down the Pistol. Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his Sword.]

Uncle. A man so near me! armed and masked—

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

[Plucks a Poignard from his Breast, and stabs him.]

Uncle. Oh, I am slain! All gracious heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant; bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer; and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy!

[Barnwell throws off his Mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises him.]

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer.—Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes.—Tears, tears for blood.—The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer—Oh, speak your pious purpose; pronounce your pardon then, and take me with you—He would, but cannot.—Oh, why with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand?—*[Uncle sighs, and dies]* Life, that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired! He's gone for ever—and oh! I follow—*[Swoons away upon the dead Body]* Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air? Let heaven from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear, murdered saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike, and end my wretched being.—Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.

Oh may it ever stand alone accurst,

The last of murders, as it is the worst. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in THOROWGOOD's House.*

Enter MARIA, meeting TRUEMAN.

Maria. What news of Barnwell?

True. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Maria. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

True. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards 'em only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.

Thorow. This woman here has given me a sad, and bating some circumstances, too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thorow. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money. Now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation, too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Maria. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed that I must retire. Poor, ruined Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria?

[Aside. Exit.]

Thorow. How am I distressed on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life! Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss—Oh, Trueman, this person informs me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

True. Oh, execrable deed! I'm blasted with horror at the thought!

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thorow. What to do or think I know not. That he ever wronged me I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my hope.

True. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid deed may be doing—dreadful imagination!—or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thorow. This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What, ho! without there, who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. *[Exit Servant]* For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your further assist-

ance. Return, and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible [*Exit Lucy*].

True. He only who is a friend, can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—MILLWOOD'S House.

Enter MILLWOOD.

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt without success would ruin him. —Well, what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done; then and then only I shall be secure—Or what if he returns without attempting it at all—

Enter BARNWELL, bloody.

But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands show he has done the deed, but show he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mill. Dismiss your fears; though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. Oh, hide me—from myself, if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light ere dawned, 'twere all in vain. For, oh, that innate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never-ending torments. Behold these hands all crimsoned o'er with my dear uncle's blood. Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue!

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow, or what is less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can hide me from heaven's all-seeing eye?

Mill. No more of this stuff! What advantage have you made by his death: or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, which no doubt were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder! Oh, had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer; (alas, alas, he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer!) how would you have wished, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour. But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated by theft his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting villain!

to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation, nay my life, to entertain you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!—this from thee?—But I have done—if you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for, oh, 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In this madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice, from whence there's no retreat for both. Then to preserve myself—[*Pauses*].—There is no other way. 'Tis dreadful; but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a Bell.*]

Enter a Servant.

Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confess'd himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. Oh, Millwood! sure you do not, you cannot mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die, indeed, but not by you. I will this instant throw myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death, justly to fall, unpitied and abhorred? This I could bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, Officer, and Attendants.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here, sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[*They seize him.*]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her. The hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide.

Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair;

Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair.

By my example learn to shun my fate,

(How wretched is the man who's wise too late!)

Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,

Here purchase wisdom cheaply at my cost.

[*Exit Barnwell, Officer, and Attendants.*]

Mill. Where's Lucy? Why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here; and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent! This to me!

Blunt. The worst that we know of the

devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment. [*Exit Blunt.*]

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct then. My ruin is resolved. I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments. [*Going.*]

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thorow. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Whom do you seek for?

Thorow. Millwood!—

Mill. Well, you have found her then, I am Millwood!

Thorow. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld!

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation: but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thorow. Hereafter you may know me better. I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain; which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Thorow. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I don't understand you, sir. If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thorow. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness? Know, sorceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceived the unwary youth. I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and by your cursed wiles even forced him to commit.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Thorow. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! For he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too.

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment without cause, from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore too hastily returned it, for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and some way or other accessory to his undoing.

Thorow. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange! But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true I have a servant, on whose account he hath of late frequented my house. If she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thorow. I hear you. Pray go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies.—It must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her, and a man-servant whom I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. [*Offers to go.*]

Thorow. Madam, you pass not this way. I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime!

Thorow. I do—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

Thorow. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares? Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had by her artful story been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [*Aside.*] Those whom subtly you would accuse, you knew are your accusers; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objection. [*Exit Millwood.*]

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, Officers, etc.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way; [*To Thorowgood*] and note her behaviour; I have observed her; she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD with a Pistol, TRUEMAN secures her.

True. Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! Thou canst not call me that.

True. To call these woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Thorow. Think not by aggravating the faults of others, to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of 'em ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to

count their value by their loss.—Another, and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdained, and yet disdains, dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both; I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that end I summoned all my arts. You call 'em wicked; be it so; they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Thorow. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee!

Mill. Men of all degrees, and all professions, I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike, wicked to the utmost of their power. What are your laws of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour, the instrument and screen of all your villanies? By them you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. The judge, who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor.—Thus you go on deceiving and deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey:

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,

With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.

Oh, may from hence each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd,

When robb'd of innocence and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name,
To avenge their sex' wrongs devote their mind,
And future Millwood's prove to plague mankind.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon, a Table, and a Lamp.*
BARNWELL reading.

Enter THOROWGOOD, at a Distance.

Thorow. There see the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged: severe reflections, penitence, and tears.

Barn. My honoured, injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Thorow. 'Tis well; I hope you are better employed in viewing of yourself; your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent. I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I have learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thorow. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you.

Thorow. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!—Farewell.

Barn. Oh, sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thorow. Give it vent awhile, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade. Could I not see him once, before I go from whence there's no return?

Thorow. He's coming, and as much thy friend as ever. I will not anticipate his sorrow; too soon he'll see the sad effects of this contagious ruin.—This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire, to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside*] Much loved—and much lamented youth!—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!—Eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters, and of men—Farewell. While I live let me not want your prayers.

Thorow. Thou shalt not. Thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished. Bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain to rever.
[*Exit.*]

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a power within, that bears my soul above the fears of death, and, spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN.

Barn. Trueman!—My friend, whom I so wished to see; yet, now he's here, I dare not look upon him.
[*Weeps.*]

True. Oh, Barnwell, Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! mercy! gracious heaven! For death, but not for this was I prepared.

True. What have I suffered since I saw thee last!—What pain has absence given me!—But oh, to see thee thus!—

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul.—But I was born to murder all who love me.
[*Both weep.*]

True. I come not to reproach you; I thought to bring you comfort. Oh, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee—I think—I should have done it.

True. Pr'ythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

True. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I sooth my just remorse: Are those honest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pave-

ment bear me; [*Throwing himself on the Ground*] even these are too good for such a bloody monster.

True. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity; this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass; and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing*] Where's now the anguish that you promised? Oh, take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

True. I do, I do. Almighty Power! how hast thou made us capable to bear at once the extremes of pleasure and of pain!

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

True. I come.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

True. Oh, my Barnwell, there's yet another task behind. Again your heart must bleed for others' woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do or suffer?

True. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known!—*Maria*—

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?

True. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that maid! Preserve her, heaven, from every ill, to show mankind that goodness is your care!

True. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her ear. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. This is indeed the bitterness of death.

[*Aside.*]

True. You must remember (for we all observed it), for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled flame blazed out, and in the transport of her grief discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. [*Weeping*] Why did not you let me die, and never know it?

True. It was impossible. She makes no secret of her passion for you; she is determined to see you ere you die, and waits for me to introduce her.

[*Exit.*]

Barn. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been? I am now what I've made myself.

Re-enter TRUMAN, with MARIA.

True. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene. This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to a shameful death.

Maria. To this sad place then, no impro-

per guest, the abandoned and lost *Maria* brings despair, and sees the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not. Just heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Maria. Why are your streaming eyes still fix'd below, as though thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due? Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh, say not so; but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are. So shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been.

Maria. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women, like *Millwood*, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

True. Lovely, ill-fated maid!

Maria. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death?—from such a death?—Oh, sorrow insupportable!

Barn. Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes! —[*Bell tolls*]—I'm summoned to my fate.

Re-enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir, the officers attend you. *Millwood* is already summoned.

Barn. Tell 'em I'm ready. [*Exit Keeper*]

And now, my friend, farewell. [*Embracing*] Support and comfort, the best you can, this mourning fair.—No more—Forget not to pray for me.—[*Turning to Maria*]—Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine.—[*She inclines towards him; they embrace*] Exalted goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me to heaven, where virtue like yours is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul! Early my race of wickedness began, and soon I reached the summit. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.

If any youth, like you, in future times

Shall mourn my fate, though he abhors my crimes;

Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall bear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;
To each such melting eye and throbbing heart,
Would gracious heaven this benefit impart:
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then must you own you ought not to complain,

Since you nor weep, nor I shall die in vain. [*Exit Barnwell.*]

True. In vain

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show

A humane, gen'rous sense of others' woe,
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And, by avoiding that, prevent our own.

[*The Curtain descends to slow Music.*]

MASSINGER.

THIS excellent poet was son to Mr. Philip Massinger, a gentleman, who had some employment under the Earl of Pembroke, in whose service he died, after having spent several happy years in his family. Our author was born at Salisbury, in queen Elizabeth's reign, anno 1584, and at the age of 18, was entered a fellow-commoner of Allm Hall, in Oxford; in which station he remained three or four years, in order to complete his education, yet, though he was encouraged in the pursuit of his studies by his father's patron, the Earl of Pembroke, the natural bent of his genius lead him much more to poetry and polite literature, than to the dryer and more abstruse studies of logic and philosophy; being impatient for an opportunity of moving in a more public sphere of action, and improving his poetical fancy and his knowledge of the *belles lettres*, by conversation with the world, and an intercourse with men of wit and genius; he quitted the university without taking any degree, and came to London, where, applying himself to writing for the stage, he presently rose into high reputation; his plays meeting with universal approbation, both for the purity of their style, and the ingenuity and oeconomy of their plots. "Those who are unacquainted with Massinger's writings," says the *Biographia Dramatica*, "will, perhaps be surprised to find us placing him in an equal rank with Beaumont and Fletcher, and the immortal Ben; but we flatter ourselves that, upon a perusal of his plays, their astonishment will cease, that they will acquiesce with our opinion, and think themselves obliged to us, for pointing out so vast a treasury of entertainment and delight." Massinger has certainly equal invention, equal ingenuity, in the conduct of his plots, and an equal knowledge of character and nature, with Beaumont and Fletcher; and if it should be objected, that he has less of the *vie comique*, it will surely be allowed, that that deficiency is amply made amends for by that purity and decorum which he has preserved, and a rejection of that looseness and obscenity which runs through most of their comedies. As to Ben Jonson, we shall readily allow that he excels this author with respect to the studied accuracy and classical correctness of his style; yet Massinger has so greatly the superiority over him in fire, pathos, and the fancy and management of his plots, that we cannot help thinking the balance stands pretty even between them. Though his pieces bespeak him a man of the first-rate abilities, and well qualified both as to learning and a most perfect acquaintance with the methods of dramatic writing, yet he was at the same time a person of the most consummate modesty, which rendered him extremely beloved by all his contemporary poets, few of whom but esteemed it as an honour to join with him in the composition of their works. He died in 1639, some say 69.

THE DUKE OF MILAN.

ACTED at Black Friars, 1633. The plot is taken partly from Guicciardini, book 8, and partly from Josephus's *History of the Jews*, book 15, ch. 4, where will be found the story of Herod's leaving orders with his uncle Joseph to put his beloved wife Mariamne to death; from which the instructions given by Sforza to his favourite Francisco, for the murder of the Duchess Marcella, his wife, seem evidently borrowed. This piece was altered, and produced at Covent Garden, by Mr. Cumberland, in 1799, but the additions made to it, from Fenton's *Mariamne*, rather injured than improved the play, and it was acted only two or three times. In its present state it was reproduced at Drury Lane, March 3, 1816; and from its reception promises to be a long and lasting favourite. Massinger seems to have been buried in obscurity, and forgotten among the number of writers of the same period, whose names were not worth calling forth from the cavern of oblivion; but when we consider, how long many of those pieces, even of the immortal Shakespeare himself, which are now the greatest ornament of the stage, lay neglected, although they wanted nothing but a judicious pruning of some few luxuriancies, some little straggling branches, which overhung the fairer flowers, and hid some of the choicest fruits, it is the less to be wondered at, that this author who though second, stands no more than second to him, should share for a while the same destiny. Thus has this precious gem been once more presented to an admiring audience, the modern taste demanding a different dress to that of former years; and the few judicious alterations which have taken place in it, have fitted it to shine in all its lustre.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LUDOVICO SFORZA.
FRANCESCO.
TIBERIO.
STEPHANO.

GRACCHO.
THE EMPEROR CHARLES.
PESCARA.
BERNANDO.

MARCELLA.
ISABELLA.
MARIANA.
EUGENIA.

*Guards,
Servants, and
Attendants.*

SCENE.—For the first and second Acts, in MILAN; during part of the third, in the Imperial Camp near PAVIA; the rest of the Play, in MILAN and its Neighbourhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An outer Room in the Cas le.

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, and GIOVANNI, with Flagons.

Grac. TAKE every man his flagon; give the oath

To all you meet; I am this day the state drunkard, I am sure against my will; and if you find A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor, And, in my name, arrest him.

Julio. Very good, sir; But say he be a sexton?

Grac. If the bells

Ring out of tune, as if the streets were burning, And he cry, "Tis rare music!" bid him sleep;

Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor: and if you meet

An officer preaching of sobriety, Unless he read it in Geneva spirit, Lay him by the heels.

Julio. But think you 'tis a fault To be found sober?

Grac. It is capital treason; Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay Forty crowns to the poor; but give a pension To all the magistrates you find singing catches, Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,

And the duke himself, I dare not say dis-

temper'd, But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,

They do the country service. And so, dear friends, co-partners in my travails,

Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,

Until it reel again, and with me cry,

"Long live the dutchess!"

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Julio. Here are two lords! what think you? Shall we give the oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no; I know them:

You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the dutchess!

[*Exeunt Graccho, Julio, and Giovanni.*]

Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court

Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon, to be seen,
Or common jester: the great duke himself
Had sorrow in his face; which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan:
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,

I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke (though his whole life hath been

But one continual pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided

By his strong judgment, still hath overcome),
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd

Or lost for ever.

Steph. I know no such hazard:

His guards are strong and sure, and though war rages

In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers that we see

To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly that come unexpected.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis, the French king,

Have interest'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.

Steph. 'Tis true;

And 'twas a doubtful choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing

And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France;
Which hath so far incens'd the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But should it change,

The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field

Two royal armies, full of fiery youth,
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do;
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they e'er can be severed,
Until it be determin'd by the sword
Who hath the better cause; for the success
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd

Most miserably guilty.

Steph. But why, then,

In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,

Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,

They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too;

But only in the cause to be excus'd.

It is the dutchess' birth-day, once a year
Solemniz'd with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature;
For never man so doted.

Steph. She knows it,

And how to prize it.

Tib. She bears herself with such a majesty,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
Will brook it well.

Come, let us to the court;

We there shall see all bravery and cost

That art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.

Isa. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent as to wait on her
That owes me duty?

Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,

And not to her; and, my sweet wife, remember,

And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;

And, as a sister, you may challenge from him

A brother's love and favour: but this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleas'd to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty,
Not use her like herself?

Isa. You are ever forward

To sing her praises.

Mari. Others are as fair;

I am sure as noble.

Fran. I detract from none

In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet, being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;

But as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!

She confident in herself he's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.

And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be play'd with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember

The duty that he owes you.

Mari. I shall do

What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise;

Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop, to rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same. A magnificent Banquet.*

Flourish. Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, LUDOVICO SPORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, and Attendants.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast; sit here,

O my soul's comfort!
Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
For sure this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second.

Fran. Your excellence,
Though I confess you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute in body and in mind
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!

Isa. You still court her
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

Sfor. A mistress, mother! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.

Marc. My worthiest lord!
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love you, and desire;
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believ'd—
Believ'd, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all. Let others feed
On those gross eates, while Sforza banquets
with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus.

Enter a Courier.

From whence?

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost?

Cour. [Delivers a Letter] The letter will
inform you. [Exit.]

Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it! [Aside.]

Mari. This is some ally
To his hot passion. [Aside.]

Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it.
[Reads.]

May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battles being ready to join, and the van guard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly. Your highness's humble servant. GASPERO.
Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing.
Or my estate secure. [Aside.]

Marc. My lord!

Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us.

The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold
and strong,

Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions, fortunate
In his attempts, married to victory.

Ay, there it is that shakes me. [Aside.]

Marc. Speak to him, Francisco. [Apart.]

Fran. Excellent lady,
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's
none

That dare speak to him. [Apart.]

Marc. I will run the hazard. [Apart.]

My lord!

Sfor. Ha! pardon me, Marcelia, I am trou-
bled;

And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours, sir;

And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This
day, sir,

Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purpos'd, merry.

Sfor. Out of my sight!

[Throws away the Letter.]

And all thoughts that may strangle mirth,
forsake me.

Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should
shrink,

The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
Some music there! by heaven he's not my
friend,

That wears one furrow in his face.
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days and years shall be employ'd
To do thee honour. [A Trumpet without.]

Another post! hang him—

I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head.

Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleas'd
To grant a little intermission to you:

Who knows but he brings news we wish to
hear,

To heighten our delights.

Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?

Cour. That was, my lord.

Sfor. How? dead?

Cour. [Delivers a Letter] With the deli-
very of this, and prayers,
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. [Music. Exit.]

Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me. Silence that harsh music;

'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me that
This pamp'rd lump of flesh must feast the worms,

Is fitter for me: I am sick.

Marc. My lord!

Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcellia. Remove
These signs of mirth: they were ominous, and
but usher'd

Sorrow and ruin.

Marc. Bless us, heaven!

Isa. My son.

Marc. What sudden change is this?

Sfor. All leave the room;

I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,

And must admit no partner. I am yet

Your prince, where's your obedience?

[*Exeunt Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Isabella, Mariana, and Attendants.*]

Stay, Marcellia;

I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,

In which you must not share.

Marc. And cheerfully

I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?

Where is that wonted constancy and courage,

That dar'd the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,

To whom all dangers that fright common men,

Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me,

With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty,
service,

May flow from me, not danger.

Sfor. O Marcellia!

It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza

Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmov'd

I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,

My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes

Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,

The king of France, my greatest friend, made
prisoner

To so proud enemies.

Marc. Then you have just cause

To show you are a man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,

Though I add to it, that I am assured,

For giving aid to this unfortunate king,

The emperor, incens'd, lays his command

On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,

And bold of conquest, to march up against me,

And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,

The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,

Myself bound fast in chains, to grace their
triumph;

I would be Sforza still. But when I think

That my Marcellia, to whom all these

Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,

Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!

All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd

Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compar'd

To what I feel, Marcellia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:

I can as well partake your adverse fortune,

As I thus long have had an ample share

In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power

Of fate to alter me; for while I am,

In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will

To be so—forced, Marcellia; and I live

To see those eyes I prize above my own,

Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;

Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,

Be gently touch'd by any but myself;

Think, think, Marcellia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!

Marc. Do not feed

Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that

Heav'n hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,

Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.

Besides, were I now in another's power,

I would not live for one short minute his;

I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this
woman!

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing. Why, uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me
thus press

Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,

The marquis of Pescara, tir'd with haste,

Hath business that concerns your life and for-
tunes,

And with speed to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit Francisco.*]

And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers

Assist my councils.

Marc. To spare imprecations

Against myself, without you I am nothing.

[*Exit.*]

Sfor. The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;

And though he serv'd upon the adverse party,

Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO, with PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,

Full of sad thoughts. [*Apart.*]

Pes. Blame him not, good Francisco,

He hath much cause to grieve; would I might

end so,

And not add this to fear! [*Apart.*]

Sfor. My dear Pescara;

A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,

Cleaves to a falling fortune!

Pes. If it were

As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,

As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,

You then should have just cause to say, Pes-
cara

Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,

When he made suit to be writ in the list

Of those you favour'd. But my haste forbids

All compliment; thus then, sir, to the purpose:

The cause that, unattended brought me hither,

Was not to tell you of your loss or danger

(For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,

And I presume you've heard it), but to give
you

Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make

Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;

And I give up myself to be dispos'd of,

As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pes. Thus, then, sir;

To hope you can hold out against the emperor,

Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing;

Therefore, the safest course that you can take,

Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,

Before you be compell'd; for rest assur'd,

A voluntary yielding may find grace,

And will admit defence, at least, excuse:

But should you linger doubtful, till his powers

Have seiz'd your person and estates perforce,

You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;

And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best
friend,

Pray take your rest.

Pes. Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Sfor. With all care
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me!

Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd
In your advancement; and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them; in your love
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a
stranger,

Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinences: for I dare do
Whatever you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only—that is nothing—
But, whensoever my will shall speak, "Strike
now!"

To fall upon't like thunder.

Fran. Minister

The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains

That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er
come near us.

Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd—

Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.

Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dis-
pute it.

But to the purpose, sir.

Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equal'd;
Her innocence, her honour—Oh, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!

Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have
enemies,

That she would have remov'd—

Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of hers would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for
empire.

Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.

Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleas'd to
favour,

Pick'd out the instrument!

Sfor. Do not fly off.

What is decreed can never be recall'd.
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forc'd from me. Oh,
Francisco!

There is no heaven without her, nor a hell
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorc'd
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command, or, by Marcellia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace
it;

But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign
one,

I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.

Sfor. I will, Francisco:
But still remember that a prince's secrets
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial

To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection: but
I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open Space before the Castle.*

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Steph. How! left the court?
You never heard the motives that induc'd him
To this strange course?

Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determin'd; and are safe so.
Seignior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength con-

ferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you.

Steph. But, my good lord Tiberio, this
Francisco
Is on the sudden strangely rais'd.

Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off,
Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,
And since was never seen.

Steph. But how is
His absence borne by the dutchess?

Tib. Sadly, it seems;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private
chamber,

No visitants admitted. But on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the dutchess's passions; and as
She'd no dependance on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange. [They retire.

Enter GRACCHO, with Musicians.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.

Grac. You shall play, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.

Mus. But if we should offend,
The dutchess having silenc'd us, and these lords
Stand by to hear us.

Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power; and, for the dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure;
We'll now be for my lady's.

[Tiberio and Stephano come forward.

Tib. Seignior Graccho.

Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the
princess;

But you, great lords and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come, we know
You are a man in grace.

Grac. Fie! no: I grant
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the prin-
cess,

And have access at all times to her closet;
Such is my impudence! when your grave
lordships

Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay, sometimes four; and then
bid wait

Upon her the next morning.

Steph. He derides us. [Apart.

Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? You
know all.

Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home, nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times: I should ask of
your lordships

Who are to keep their honour, who to lose
them;

Who the dutchess smil'd on last, or on whom
frown'd;

You only can resolve me; and could you tell
me

What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriended me.

Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.

Tib. And would be laid by the heels.

Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant. Look to your
own stakes;

Were I committed, here come those would
bail me:

Perhaps we might change places too.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA. GRACCHO
- whispers the latter.*

Tib. The princess!

We must be patient. [Apart.

Steph. There is no contending. [Apart.

Tib. See the informing rogue! [Apart.

Steph. That we should stoop

To such a mushroom! [Apart.

Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provok'd,
To any thing of mine.—Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers,
number

How many descents you're noble.

[Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.

Grac. Your excellence hath the best gift to
dispatch

These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.

Isa. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman?

Mari. If to vex her

May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them.

My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.

Play any thing

That's light and loud enough but to torment
her. [Music.

Enter MARCELIA.

Isa. She frowns, as if

Her looks could fright us. [Apart.

Mari. May it please your greatness, one
smile, I pray you,

On your poor servants.

Isa. She's made of courtesy. [Apart.

Mari. Mistress of all hearts! [Apart.

Isa. 'Tis wormwood, and it works. [Apart.

Marc. If doting age could let you but remember,

You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger;
You durst not then, on any hire or hope,
Rememb'ring what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness to disturb
The least of my retirements.

Mari. Note her now.

Marc. For both shall understand, though [Apart.
the one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother;
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.

Isa. How, a nurse!

Marc. But I am merciful.
And dotage signs your pardon.

Isa. I defy thee!

Thee and thy pardons, proud one!

Marc. For you,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.

Isa. A princess!

Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.

Enter FRANCISCO and Guards.

Fran. What wind hath rais'd this tempest?
A tumult in the court! What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.

Mari. Do you hear, sir?

Right me on this monster, or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.

Isa. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!

Fran. O, forbear:

In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move
you:

It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, serv'd and honour'd,

As when himself perform'd the willing office.

Grac. I would I were well off! [Aside.

Fran. And therefore I beseech you, gentle madam,

Name those that have offended you.

Isa. I am one.

Mari. And I will justify it.

Fran. Remember she's the dutchess.

Marc. But us'd with more contempt than if I were
A peasant's daughter.

Fran. Think not then I speak
(For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you);
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.

Isa. Mari. Prisoners!

Fran. Bear them hence.

Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleas'd they may have liberty.

Isa. Pleas'd, with a mischief!

Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,

Than in a paradise at her entreaty.

And for you, upstart—

Off. What shall become of these?

Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.

Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelia.*

Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be serv'd and honour'd; which, when they confess,

You may again receive them to your favour;
And then it will show nobly.

Marc. With my thanks,
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.

Fran. Any service done to so much sweetness,

In your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.

Marc. From you I take this
As loyal duty; but in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.

Fran. Flattery, madam!

You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And rais'd so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you: who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?

Marc. Whither will this fellow? [Aside.

Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope my piety and love
May find reward.

Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleas'd that you shall take

A full possession of it: but take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.

Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,

Yet I must say I love you.

Marc. As a subject,
And 'twill become you.

Fran. Farewell circumstance!
And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,

But by a plain and usual form of speech,
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man. Why do you start?
I am no monster, and you but a woman;
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful.

Marc. Keep off! O, you powers!
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence, buried? And is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventur'd favours?

Fran. Hear my excuse.

Marc. Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,

To the least hope to find way to my favour.

Fran. And while the duke did prize you to your value,
I well might envy him; but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound
To look back on the courtesies of him
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of arrogance!

Fran. You'll say I am modest
When I have told the story.
You think he loves you
With unexampl'd fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead.

Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affections of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or, that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature;
And I will sooner credit it than that
My lord can think of me but as a jewel
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence abus'd! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affections here; [*Gives her a Paper*]
and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolv'd of it: I'll try
What the inscription is.

Fran. Pray you do so.

Marc. [*Reads*] *You know my pleasure,
and the hour of Marcellia's death, which
fail not to execute, as you will answer
the contrary, not with your head alone,
but with the ruin of your whole family.
And this, written with my own hand,
and signed with my prier signet, shall
be your sufficient warrant.*

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*Swoons.*]

Fran. What have I done?

Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—
Dear lady!—

She stirs. For the duke's sake! for Sforza's sake—

Marc. Sforza's! stand off! though dead, I will be his;
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other. O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcellia!

Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy.

Marc. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted;
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I defy thee. [*Exit.*]

Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs
could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on; and since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now
my pilot! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Imperial Camp before PAVIA.*

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'Tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour.

Her. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!

Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor: the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.

Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage—

Med. I long to be at it.

Her. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every day
We look for a remove.

Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier;
Too confident of his own worth; too rich too;
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.

Alph. On my life
We need not fear his coming in.

Her. On mine
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To show his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.

Med. The emperor!

Flourish. *Enter the EMPEROR CHARLES,
PESCARA, and Attendants.*

Emp. C. You make me wonder: nay, it is
no counsel:
You may partake it, gentlemen. Who'd have thought

That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be
summon'd,
First kneel for mercy?

Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Emp. C. Who, but the duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have
sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Her. And should he writ so
In the list of those you pardon. Would his
city

Had rather held us 'out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat
you

Of a just revenge, or us of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!

Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.

Emp. C. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
Yet, for our glory, and to show him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolv'd
To bear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.

[Exit Pescara.]

Her. I am now
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and for his order,
A rope about his neck; then kneel, and tell
Old stories—what more worthy thing it is
To have power than to use it;
To make a king than kill one: which apply'd
To the emperor and himself, a pardon's granted
To him, an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary. [Apart to Medina.]

Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

*Re-enter PESCARA, with LUDOVICO SFORZA,
strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers. [Apart.]

Her. I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name! [Apart.]

Med. Hear him speak. [Apart.]

Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy
mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this
instant

That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest
counsels,

Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Med. By saint Jaques,
This is no flattery. [Aside.]

Sfor. Now give me leave,

My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: in my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and money from him; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again;
I dare to speak his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And though my fortunes
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken! [Apart.]

Her. I do begin, I know not why, to hate
him

Less than I did. [Apart.]

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
For a forestall'd remission; I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness, truth, that
now

'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor
now

Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza
stands

Prepar'd for either fortune.

Her. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow. [Apart.]

Sfor. But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me.

Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman. [Apart.]

Emp. C. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee; and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means: and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you

To be your own disposer.

Sfor. May I live

To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Emperor Charles, Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso.*]

Pes. So, sir, this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes; but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones (for these needy captains

Have little power in peace), may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being; I desire no pawn,
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness: though my state
And crown's restor'd me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas,
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Pr'ythee excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my
fondness;

But ride along with me: I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pes. Use your own pleasure;

I'll bear you company.

Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with,
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve

To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well:

My credit sunk for ever, I am now

Fit company only for pages and, for foothoys.

Enter JULIO and GIOVANNI.

Gio. See Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!

Julio. Let's be merry with him. [*Apart.*]

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd
to an owl?

The wonder, gentlemen?

Julio. I read this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed;
But now I look on you my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason, sir?

Julio. Why, sir, you have been whipt;
Whipt, seignior Graccho; and the whip, I
take it,

Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.

Gio. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second;
And then I'll answer you.

Julio. Farewell, poor Graccho.

[*Exeunt Julio and Giovanni.*]

Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to
vengeance.

Enter FRANCISCO and a Seroant.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!
Whither thus in private?

I will not see him.

[*Stands aside.*]

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indispos'd, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.

Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Inquire, what shall I answer?

Fran. Say I am rid
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.

Serv. So I shall tell her.

[*Exit.*]

Fran. Within there!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?

Fran. Pr'ythee let me beg thy favour for
access

To the dutchess.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.

Fran. Come, there's gold—

Where is thy lady?

Gentlew. She's walking in the gallery.

Fran. Bring me to her.

[*Exeunt Francisco and Gentlewoman.*]

Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves! Let me
consider;

My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the dutchess; and I whipt!
And all his brib'd approaches to the dutchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA and FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be
hop'd,

After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?

Fran. Dearest lady,
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.

Marc. 'Tst possible

This can be cunning?

[*Aside.*]

Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may
know

'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue
thus,

I will not wait the sentence of the duke;
But I myself will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you.

Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.

Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burden of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, madam:

The warrant, by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear,
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes

Of joys hereafter. On.

Fran. Nor was it hate
That forc'd him to it, but excess of love.
"And if I ne'er return (so said great Sforza),
No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead (for no man after me
Must e'er enjoy her), fail not to kill her.
But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost (these were his words),
Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in hers."
This trust I have abus'd, and basely wrong'd;
And if the excellent pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolv'd to punish it.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty:
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me.
I will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore
vouchsafe;

In company, to do me those fair graces
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant: it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.

Marc. Have your wishes;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slav'd to her husband's doting hu-
mours,
Her fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough,
Nay, all I could desire; and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.

[*Aside, and exit. Shout, and flourish.*]

Marc. What noise is that?

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the dutchess, that may
flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it! [*Apart.*]

Tib. Observe the encounter. [*Apart.*]

*Flourish. Enter LUDOVICO SFORZA, PESCARA,
and Attendants.*

Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou
wouldst

Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne
me

With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint,
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,

Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds.—Come, kiss me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does sa-
lute me
As if I were her father! What witch,
With curs'd spells, hath quench'd the amo-
rous heat

That liv'd upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness, or neglect
Of others in my absence?

Marc. Neither, sir:

I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care,
And fair observance of me.

Sfor. How!

Steph. How the duke stands! [*Apart.*]

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion. [*Apart.*]

Pes. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?

Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, show me to Caesar,
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied tor-
ments.

Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equal'd, grown dis-
tasteful.

But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent. [*Exit Marcelia.*]

Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman;
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride,
And harshness, deadly hatred? From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures:
True friends, be now my mistresses. Clear
your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I
will be

To all a free example of delight.
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Apartment in the
Casile.*

Enter FRANCISCO and GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive
there:

And you may please to grant me so much
knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours.

Fran. But to the purpose;
And then, that service done, make thine own
fortunes.

My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the dutchess.

Grac. And incens'd
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's rancour is spur'd on
To make discovery of it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve
this secret,

In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. I delight in change
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleas'd me a day; the dutches, two
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her);
But now I care for neither: therefore, *Grac-*
cho,

So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your ruin:
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cozen'd;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose
time;

And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, "It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,"
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me, for the relation
Of what I knew before; and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched
thing,

By my command thou wert whipt; and every
day

I'll have thee freshly tortur'd, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is
true;

Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me,
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't—
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a
fool

To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine.

[*Exit.*]

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis
for a pishne

In policy's roguish school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenc'd, and gone out
doctor.

If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believ'd: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and
Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and
with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!

Tib. 'Twas in his fury.

Steph. And he repents it, madam.

Marc. Was I born

To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib. He hath paid the forfeit

Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine: so, pray you, tell
him.

But till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconcil'd passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private:
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted.

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

Tib. How! Francisco?

Enter FRANCISCO.

Steph. Here he comes.

Is this her privacy!

This may go to the duke.

[*Exeunt Tib. and Steph.*]

Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason!

Fran. O, best madam,
They are not counterfeits. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him chang'd one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.

Marc. Jealousy!

Fran. It takes.

[*Aside.*]

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be
tainted?

But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether ground on
Your noble, yet chaste favours, shewn unto
me;

Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,

That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be accurs'd,
When I prove such a monster!

Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no

ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*]

Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that
denied

My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LUDOVICO SPORZA, PESCARA, JULIO,
and GIOVANNI.*

Pes. You promis'd to be merry.

Julio. There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time,

Gio. Your excellence vouchsafing to make
choice

Of that which best affects you.

Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; you are rude.

Pes. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am, like these, a servant; or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.

Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage

for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare show it.

Pes. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject!

Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me

mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.

Pes. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfac'd the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your

life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate

Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?
—Yet I have seen her equals.

Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly. Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly
(To all men else my sword should make reply),
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.

Pes. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her.

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Sfor. O! you are well return'd;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsaf'd to hear
you?

Is there hope left that she may be pleas'd?

Tib. She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacy.

Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we
parted, seem'd not

Implacable.

Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more
honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.

Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may com-
mand,

Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy.

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.

Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swoln too big already,
And surfeits with observance.

Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?

Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.

Pes. Well said, old fellow. [*Aside.*]

Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd
your favours,

Though to be nam'd with rev'rence, lord
Francisco,

Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.

[*Sfor. lays his Hand on his Sword.*]
Pes. Hold, sir! this is madness.

Steph. It may be they confer of joining
lordships;

I'm sure he's private with her.

Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcellia bath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:
I could smile to think, what wretched things
they are,

That dare be jealous.

Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

Sfor. If you come

To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.

Isa. I had rather

Wait on you to your funeral.

Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.

Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! Here your mother was
Committed by your servant (for I scorn
To call him husband), and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adulteress; I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.

Sfor. She hath blasphem'd, and by our law
must die.

Isa. Blasphem'd! for giving a false woman
her true name.

Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer?

Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record?

Sfor. Some proof, vile creature!
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mari. The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him.

Sfor. O the malice
And envy of base women! Wretches! you
have rais'd

A monumental trophy to her. I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not
worthy

To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst
you.

Isa. All is in vain; he is not to be mov'd.

Mari. She has bewitch'd him.

Pes. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shows a fable.

*Enter FRANCISCO, speaking to a Servant
within.*

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.

Sero. [within] I shall, my lord.

Fran. Great sir,
I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.

Sfor. All leave the room.
[*Exeunt Isa. and Mari.*]

Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.

Pes. You speak, sir,
The language I should use.

Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.

Tib. We shall, sir.

[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*]

Sfor. Say on, my comfort!

Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.

Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?

Let them at once dispatch me.

Fran. Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly
kill me;

Consider not, but do it.

Sfor. Art thou mad?

Fran. Would from my youth a loathsome
leprosy

Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! Curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton woman!

Sfor. I am on the rack!
Dissolve this doubtful riddle.

Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love
you,

And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forc'd by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy! Not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your dutches loves me.

Sfor. Loves thee!

Fran. Is mad for me—
Pursues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.

Sfor. O women! women!

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,
Then urg'd your much love to her, and the
danger;

Denied her and with scorn.

Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard
her say,

Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be us'd as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill show
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.

Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! But, like a village
nurse,

Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do. Within there!
Stephano,

Tiberio, and the rest! I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abus'd, knows no degree in hate.

Re-enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.

Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked
woman—

Steph. What wicked woman, sir?

Sfor. The devil, my wife.

Force a rude entry; drag her hither;
And know no pity: any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as show it. Stand you staring! Go,
Put my will in act.

[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*]
Since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.

Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do: yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call. Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and Guard,
with MARCELIA.*

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy? Are you here?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely us'd? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,
Invites this barbarous course? Dare you look

on me
Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent
To be a wanton, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act
done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou
deserv'st.

Sfor. Your chosen favourite, your woo'd
Francisco,

Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's
dead,

And by my hand.

Marc. Thou hast kill'd then,
A man I do profess I lov'd; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be
rivals.

But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.

Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*]

Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an in-
nocent,

You needs must suffer.

Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco; for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit Stephano.*]

To justify thy falsehood.
With wanton flatteries thou hast tempted him.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Seignior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.

Marc. We are both abus'd,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee. O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, show'd the
warrant

That you sign'd for my death. But, being
contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,
Not to reveal it: I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:

Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenc'd by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*]

Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.

Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.

Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.

Sfor. O my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The MILANESE. A Room in EU-
GENIA'S House.*

Enter FRANCISCO and EUGENIA.

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia,
that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon
me,

Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would set down, before
I had dried these eyes, still wet with showers
of tears

By the fire of my revenge? Look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that thief-like, stepp'd
between

Thy promis'd hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love she thought her
glory,

But hasten'd her sad ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me prov'd false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought on
So to serve her.

Fran. Such indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran,
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice
(And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice),
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes
(Love banish'd from his heart), to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not
move you?

How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:

For if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injur'd me.

Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injur'd ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endur'd the throes

Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza!

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not:
And that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my
heart,

I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it serv'd as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assur'd revenge: only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking: we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause, to be dispos'd of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied;
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant.*]
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
I'll swear there are worms in my brains.

[*Aside.*]

Fran. Now, my good Graccho!
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
Be brief; what brought thee hither?

Grac. Love and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety.
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and
sought for,

And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.

Fran. Very good.

Grac. All passengers
Are intercepted, and your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.

Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans.
And, falling by our own hands, mock their
threats.

Fran. 'Twould show nobly:
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise; my friend too, not my
servant;

And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

[*Aside.*]

Fran. What's that?

Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am deliver'd of it,

Fran. I told you.

Speak, my oraculous Graccho.

Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, laid for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose for sanctuary
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses;
Confident that there they never should be
sought for.

Fran. But what infer you from it?

Grac. This, my lord;
That since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whether it is presum'd you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discover'd?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee? Alas! I know thee honest,
Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end so'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's
within there?

Grac. In the devil's name, what means he?
[*Aside.*]

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast:
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good lord!

Fran. Dispatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest,
Graccho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt
you

To play the traitor. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee! thy
intent

Appear to me as written in thy forehead,
In plain and easy characters: and, but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that
sword

That from a prince expects a scarlet die,
Thou now wert dead. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exeunt Servants, with Graccho.*]

We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make
use of

The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.
But now to our last scene, which we'll so
carry,

That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, and STEPHANO.

Pes. The like was never read of.

Steph. But that melancholy should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Pes. Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. VVhen, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes

(I would not say Blasphem'd); then it came
 Into his fancy that she was accus'd
 By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd
 them,
 And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
 To have kill'd them both; but they restrain'd him;
 When wisely his physicians, looking on
 The dutchess's wound, to stay his ready hand,
 Cried out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pes. He, easily believing what he wish'd,
 Fell prostrate at the doctors' feet, and swore,
 Provided they recover'd her, he would live
 A private man, and they should share his
 dukedom.

Sfor. [Within] Support her gently.

Pes. Now be your own witnesses;
 I am prevented.

*Enter LUDOVICO SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA,
 Doctors, and Servants, with the Body
 of MARCELLA.*

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you.
 How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
 That I presume, dyed o'er with bloody guilt,
 To touch this snow-white hand. How cold
 it is!

This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
 'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!
 Yet in this temper she is all perfection.

Mari. Is not this strange?

Isa. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter.

Enter a Servant, and whispers PESCARA.

Pes. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a strange aspect;
 A Jew by birth, and a physician
 By his profession, as he says; who, hearing
 Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
 His life, will undertake to render him
 Perfect in every part. [Apart.]

Pes. Bring me to him.

As I find cause, I'll do.

[Apart. *Exeunt Pescara and Servants.*

Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
 Heaven keep her from a lethargy! How long
 (But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
 Does your judgment tell you that her sleep
 will last?

1 *Dov.* We have given her, sir,
 A sleepy potion, that will hold her long;
 That she may be less sensible of the torment
 The searching of her wound will put her to.

Sfor. I am patient.

You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
 What do you think she dreams of now? for
 sure,

Although her body's organs are bound fast,
 Her fancy cannot slumber.

1 *Doc.* That, sir, looks on
 Your sorrow for your late rash act, and pre-
 pares

To meet the free confession of your guilt
 With a glad pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind.

Let her behold me in a pleasing dream

[Kneels.

Thus, on my knees before her (yet that duty
 In me is not sufficient); let her see me
 Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
 And this my sister, partner of my being,
 To bow thus low unto her:

Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
 And let your inward horror fright your souls.
 For having belied that pureness.
 And for that dog, Francisco, that seduc'd me,
 I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
 And there live a fourth fury to torment him.
 Then, for this cursed hand and arm, that
 guided

The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
 With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
 I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion.
 Lastly—

1 *Doc.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
 Her sweet repose.

Sfor. I am hush'd.

1 *Doc.* He's past hope: we can no longer
 cover the imposture.

*Re-enter PESCARA, with FRANCISCO, as a Jew
 Doctor, and EUGENIA, disguised.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,

To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
 My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear
 To him as it had got a second being.

Pes. Do but this,

Till we use means to win upon his passions,
 Tendure to hear she's dead with some small
 patience,

And make thy own reward.

Fran. The art I use

Admits no looker on: I only ask
 The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
 I boldly undertake. Therefore command,
 That instantly my pupil and myself
 Have leave to make a trial of our skill
 Alone and undisturb'd.

Pes. About it straight. [Exit Eugenia.

Sfor. What stranger's this?

Pes. Look up sir, cheerfully;
 Comfort in him flows strongly to you.

Sfor. Comfort! from whence came that
 sound?

Pes. He is a man that can do wonders.

[Beckons Francisco. Exit Francisco.
 Do not hinder
 The dutchess's wish'd recovery, to inquire
 Or what he is, or to give thanks; but leave him
 To work this miracle.

Sfor. Sure 'tis my good angel.

I do obey in all things. Be it death
 For any to disturb him, or come near,
 Till he be pleas'd to call us. O be prosperous,
 And make a duke thy bondman. [Exeunt

*Re-enter FRANCISCO, leading in EUGENIA,
 clothed as the Body of MARCELLA.*

Fran. 'Tis my purpose.

I'll make the door fast—so—

Eug. Alas! I tremble:

Thus to tyrannise upon, and mock the dead,
 Is most inhuman.

Fran. Come we for revenge,
 And can we think on pity? If to enjoy
 The wish'd-for sacrifice to thy lost honour,
 Be in thy wavering thought a benefit,
 Now art thou blest.

Eug. Ah me! what follows now?

Fran. What, but a full conclusion of our
 wishes!

Look on this flow'r, Eugenia—such a thing
 As yonder corpse, whose fatal robe you wear,
 Must the pale wretch be summon'd to appear

In the grim court of death, whose senses taste
The poisonous powder scatter'd o'er its leaves.
Now mark, that when with rapturous lust,
Thinking the dead Marcellia reviv'd,
The duke shall fix his lips upon thy hand,
Hold fast the poison'd herb, till the fond fool
Has drunk his death-draught from thy hand
he spurn'd.

Eug. I yield myself and cause up, to be
dispos'd

As thou think'st fit. [*Sits down veiled.*]

Fran. Now to the upshot;
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the
duke!

Enter with joy, and see the sudden change,
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter LUDOVICO SFORZA and the Rest.

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcellia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?

Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once;
That will ask longer time.

Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had
from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Pes. 'Tis wondrous strange!

Sfor. This act will bind e'en heaven your
debtor:

The saints will smile and look on't.
Oh, I could ever feed upon this native
Sweetness.

[*Kisses her Hand again. Eugenia
throws away the Flower, and
sobs.*]

She wakes! she lives! and I am blest again.

[*She lifts up her Veil.*]
Oh! horror! shield me from that face.

Eug. I can no more—thou'rt mark'd for death.

Pes. Treason, treason!

Tib. Call up the guard.

Fran. Then we are lost.

Sfor. Speak.

Eug. This is—

Enter Guard.

Fran. Francisco.

Pes. Monster of men!

Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I am Francisco;
Francisco, that was rais'd by you, and made
The minion of the time; the same Francisco,
That would have us'd thy wife while she had life,

And after breath'd a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.

Sfor. Call forth the tortures

For all that flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst.

Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursu'd this course—look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood! 'tis Eugenia.

Sfor. Eugenia!

Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduc'd and fool'd by thee; but thou must
pay

The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not
work yet?

Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
Thou art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee
poison

In this cup; now observe me: which, thy lust
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget

Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

Pes. O damn'd villain!

How do you, sir? [*To Ludovico Sforza.*]

Sfor. Like one

That learns to know in death what punish-
ment

Waits on the breach of faith! Oh! now I feel
An Aetna in my entrails. I have liv'd
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
I burn! I burn! yet, ere life be consum'd,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.

Pes. Away with him!

Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, sister!

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn;
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they
die.

[*Exeunt Guard, with Francisco.*]

Steph. A desperate wretch!

Sfor. I come! death! I obey thee.

Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!

My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear
her

To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeas'd, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcellia;
And let our epitaph be—

[*Dies. Curtain falls.*]

MOORE.

EDWARD MOORE was bred a linen-drapery; but having a stronger attachment to Pegasus than the yard, and a more ardent zeal in the pursuit of fame than in the hunt after fortune, he quitted business and applied to the Muses for a support. In verse he had certainly a very happy and pleasing manner; in his *Trial of Selim the Persian*, which is a compliment to the ingenious Lord Lyttelton, he has shewn himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyric, viz. that which is couched under the appearance of accusation; and his *Fables for the Female Sex* seem, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the forcibleness of the moral and poignancy of the satire, to approach nearer to the manner of Mr. Gay, than any of the numerous imitations of that author which have been attempted since the publication of his *Fables*. As a dramatic writer, Mr. Moore has, by no means, met with the

success his works had merited; since, out of three plays that he wrote, one of them, *The Foundling*, has been condemned for its supposed resemblance to a very celebrated comedy (*The Conscious Lovers*), but to which great preference must be given; and another, *The Gamester*, met with a cold reception, for no other apparent reason, but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable vice. Yet on the whole his plots are interesting, his sentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleasing; and, what crowns the whole of his recommendation, the greatest purity runs through all his writings, and the apparent tendency of every piece is towards the promotion of morality and virtue. The two plays mentioned, and one more, (*Gil Blas*) with a serenata (*Solomon*) make the whole of his dramatic works. Mr. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, whose father was table-decker to the princesses; she had also a very poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted him in the writing of his tragedy. One specimen of her poetry, however, was handed about before their marriage; it was addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck; and begins with the following stanza:

Would you think it, my Duck, for the fault I must own |
Your Jenny, at last, is quite covetous grown;

Though millions if fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched if I had not *More*.

And after half a dozen stanzas more, in which, with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expresses a sincere affection, she has quibbled on our author's name, she concludes with the following lines:

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;

But you shan't know his name; though I told you before,
It begins with an M.; but I dare not say *More*.

Mr. Moore died the 28. of Febr. 1757, soon after his celebrated papers, entitled *The World*, were collected into volumes.

THE GAMESTER.

ACTED at Drury Lane 1753. This tragedy is written in prose, and is the best drama that Mr. Moore produced. The language is nervous, and yet pathetic; the plot is artful, yet clearly conducted; the characters are highly marked, yet not unnatural; and the catastrophe is truly tragic, yet not unjust. Still with all these merits it met with but middling success, the general cry against it being, that the distress was too deep to be borne; yet we are rather apt to imagine its want of perfect approbation arose in one part, and that no inconsiderable one, of the audience, from a tenderness of another kind than that of compassion; and that they were less hurt by the distress of Beverley, than by finding their darling vice, their favourite folly, thus vehemently attacked by the strong lance of reason and dramatic execution. It has often been disputed, whether plays, in which the plots are taken from domestic life, should be written in prose or metre; and the success of the present performance and George Barnwell must incline one very strongly in favour of the former. A great author, however, appears to be of a different opinion. Mr. Howard says, that having communicated his play of *The Female Gamester* to Dr. Samuel Johnson, that gentleman observed "that he could hardly consider a prose tragedy as dramatic; that it was difficult to performers to speak it; that, let it be either in the middling or in low life, it may, though in metre and spirited, be properly familiar and colloquial; that many in the middling rank are not without erudition; that they have the feelings and sensations of nature, and every emotion in consequence thereof, as well as the great; that even the lowest, when impassioned, raise their language; and that the writing of prose is generally the plea and excuse of poverty of genius." We have heard that the interview between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act, was the production of Mr. Garrick's pen. When the play was shown in manuscript to Dr. Young, he remarked, that "Gaming wanted such a canonic as the concluding scene of the play presented."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BEVERLEY.
LEWSON.

STUKELY.
JARVIS.

BATES.
DAWSON.

WAITER.
MRS. BEVERLEY.

CHARLOTTE.
LUCY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—BEVERLEY'S Lodgings.

MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE discovered.

Mrs. B. Be comforted, my dear, all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodging begins to look with another face. Oh, sister! sister! if these were all my hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

Char. Is poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. B. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich; and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence and my husband's smiles, and I shall be the happiest of the poor. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may hate my brother.

Mrs. B. Don't talk so, Charlotte.

Char. Has he not undone you?—Oh, this pernicious vice of gaming! But methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him. Need he have staid out all night?—I shall learn to detest him.

Mrs. B. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! No, no, his nights have nothing to do with sleep. How has this

one vice driven him from every virtue!—Nay, from his affections too!—The time was, sister—

Mrs. B. And is. I have no fear of his affections. Would I knew that he were safe!

Char. From ruin and his companions. But that's impossible.—His poor little boy too! What must become of him?

Mrs. B. Why, want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruined those he loves is misery for ever to him. Would I could ease his mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruined 'twere just he should be punished. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done—of the fortune you brought him—of his own large estate too, squandered away upon

this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches! Oh, I have no patience!—My own little fortune is untouched, he says. Would I were sure on't.

Mrs. B. And so you may—'twould be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for it.

Mrs. B. What occasion?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. B. No; I have no need on't. Take it, and reward a lover with it.—The generous Lewson deserves much more—Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. B. You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. And when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. The poor should be industrious—Why those tears, Charlotte?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. B. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. B. Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him!—But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction.—Will Mr. Lewson call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. B. Not of treachery to my husband? That he loves play I know, but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so;—therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begged so hard for't. [*Exit.*

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. B. Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbade my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. B. The faithful creature! how he moves me! [*To Charlotte.*

Jar. I have forgot these apartments too. I remember none such in my young master's house; and yet I have lived in't these five-and-twenty years. His good father would not have dismissed me.

Mrs. B. He had no reason, Jarvis.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he lived, and when he died he bequeathed me to his son. I have been faithful to him too.

Mrs. B. I know it, I know it, Jarvis.

Jar. I have not a long time to live. I asked but to have died with him, and he dismissed me.

Mrs. B. Pr'ythee no more of this! 'Twas his poverty that dismissed you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then?—Oh! he was the joy of my old heart—But must his creditors have all?—And have they sold his house too? His father built it when he was but a prating boy. The times that I have carried him in these arms! And, Jarvis, says he, when a beggar has asked charity of me, why should people be poor? You shan't be poor, Jarvis; if I were a king nobody should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he was so brave!—Oh, he was a brave little boy! And yet so merciful, he'd not have killed the gnat that stung him.

Mrs. B. Speak to him, Charlotte, for I cannot.

Jar. I have a little money, madam; it might have been more, but I have loved the poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. B. No, Jarvis; we have enough yet. I thank you though, and I will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? And will he let me attend him in his distresses; I'll be no expense to him; and, 'twill kill me to be refused.—Where is he, madam?

Mrs. B. Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next day—Oh, Jarvis! what a change is here!

Jar. A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks—But here's somebody coming.

Re-enter LUCY, with STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit.*

Stuke. Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam? [*To Mrs. Beverley.*

Mrs. B. I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stuke. No, madam.

Char. Nor last night?

Stuke. Last night! Did he not come home then?

Mrs. B. No.—Where you met together?

Stuke. At the beginning of the evening, but not since.—Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir—why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stuke. You have asked me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was that I could not save him; Mr. Beverley is a man, madam; and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement I deserve censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. B. I don't doubt it, sir, and I thank you—But where did you leave him last night?

Stuke. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell, in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

Jar. Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. B. No; he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himself.

Stuke. And if he pleases, madam, without naming me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here. [*Bowing to the Ladies.*

Jar. I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. B. Do so then, but take care how you

upbraid him—I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Would I could bring him comfort!

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. Don't be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and old men don't live for ever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Mrs. B. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray heaven he be well!

Stuke. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well too—Every thing shall be well.

[*Knocking again.*]

Mrs. B. The knocking is a little loud though—Who waits there? Will none of you answer?—None of you, did I say?—Alas, what was I thinking of! I had forgot myself.

Char. I'll go, sister—But don't be alarmed so.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. B. I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. Beverley's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

Stuke. You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful), think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. B. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stuke. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions; and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe them.

Mrs. B. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mentioned?

Stuke. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

Mrs. B. What tales? By whom? Why told? I have heard nothing—or, if I had, with all his errors, my Beverley's firm faith admits no doubt—it is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. [*Stukely sighs, and looks down.*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stuke. I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come, we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—If it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverley is wronged, slandered most vilely—My life upon his truth.

Mrs. B. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no matter—I am prepared, sir—Yet why this caution?—You are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. [*Pauses*] I had been unconcerned else.

Stuke. For heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. B. Nor have you, sir. 'Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stuke. Then I am happy—I would say more—but am prevented.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. What a heart has that Jarvis!—A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—"Don't distress his wife—Don't distress his sister." I could hear him say. "'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted"—And when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

Stuke. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. I heard not that; but visits such as these we must expect often—Why so distressed, sister? This is no new affliction.

Mrs. B. No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. Good thoughts go with you, madam. My bait is taken then. [*Aside.*]—Poor Mrs. Beverley! How my heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a friend then.

Stuke. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stuke. Ay; give him a new creation, or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is, if, through mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and sooth it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him. You give it to his hands.

[*A knocking*] Hark, sir!—These are my brother's desperate symptoms—Another creditor!

Stuke. One not so easily got rid of—What, Lewson!

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Madam, your servant—Yours, sir. I was inquiring for you at your lodgings.

Stuke. This morning! You had business then?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps. Where's Mr. Beverley, madam?

Char. We have sent to inquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? He did not use to go out so early.

Char. No, nor stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stuke. I have already, sir. But what was your business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley!—But you are his friend; and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

Stuke. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That Beverley's a poor man, with a rich friend; that's all.

Stuke. Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stuke. But not for me, sir.—I am slow of

apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention. Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

Stuke. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant. *[Exit.]*

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere doubt and supposition!

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? Would you risk your life to be his punisher?

Lew. My life, madam! Don't be afraid. But let it content you that I know this Stukely—'Twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do.

Lew. Nothing, till I have proof. But methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister's destitute—But let us change this subject—Your business here this morning is with my sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her; yet, till to-day she has borne them nobly.

Lew. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her chamber. Her spirits failed her.

Lew. I hear her coming. Let what has passed with Stukely be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY.

Mrs. B. Good morning, sir; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, inquiring for me. Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte?

Char. This moment gone—you have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

Mrs. B. I know it, sir; I know too your generous reason for putting me in mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

Lew. There are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend too, that esteems you—He has bought largely, and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

Mrs. B. Not painful in the least, my pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam? *[To Charlotte.]*

Char. No; my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. B. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We shan't be absent long. Come, sir, since I must be so obliged.

Lew. 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or

less, will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam?

[To Charlotte. Exit with Mrs. Beverley. Char. Certainly.]

SCENE II.—STUKELY'S Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY.

Stuke. That Lewson suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why should he suspect me?—I appear the friend of Beverley as much as he. But I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? This Beverley's my fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet—His wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate: I must have these too. And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife—Before she knew this Beverley I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her—Never, never will I forgive him for it. Those hints this morning were well thrown in—Already they have fastened on her. If jealousy should weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue—These jewels may do much—He shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—

Enter BATES.

What now, Bates?

Bates. Is it a wonder then to see me? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverley?

Stuke. At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is Dawson with you?

Bates. Dressed like a nobleman; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

Stuke. That fellow has a head to undo a nation; but for the rest, they are such low-mannered, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverley has not suspected them.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession—The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

Stuke. There's that Williams too. It was he, I suppose, that called at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stuke. No; the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors as directed, the note had been discharged. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me, for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stuke. A short one—That I would see him soon for further explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stuke. Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and they stare at me.

But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stuke. Ay, there's the question; but no matter; at night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's.—I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stuke. To save suspicion. It looked friendly, and they thanked me.—Old Jarvis was dispatched to him.

Bates. And may entreat him home—

Stuke. No; he expects money from me, but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go—Women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love. Follow to Wilson's—Come, sir.

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great;
The shorter road to riches is deceit.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gaming-house, with a Table, Box, Dice, etc.*

BEVERLEY discovered sitting.

Bev. Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labours convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing—My wishes and my means were equal.—The poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—Oh, bitter thought, that leads to what I was, by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. A gentleman, sir, inquires for you.

Bev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose?

Wait. No, sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, show him in. [*Exit Waiter*]
A messenger from Stukely then; from him that has undone me! yet all in friendship—And now he lends me his little to bring back fortune to me.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis!—Why this intrusion?—Your absence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well—her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there then—Pr'ythee, be gone—I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age: If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! Recall past time then; or, through this sea of storms and darkness, show me a star to guide me.—But what canst thou?

Jar. The little that I can I will. You have been generous to me—I would not offend you, sir—but—

Bev. No; think'st thou I'd ruin thee too? I have enough of shame already—My wife! my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night—I, who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life! but other bonds have held me—Oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost my self!

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!—I have no heart to see this change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it—How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a good man dead—Of one who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me—Says it not so? But I was born to infamy. I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her charities; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? Rude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door—he would have seen my mistress: I wanted means of present payment, so promised it tomorrow: but others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already.—Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor; and age wants comfort.—Keep what thou hast, lest, between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

Enter STUKELY.

Stuke. How fares it, Beverley? Honest Mr. Jarvis, well met. That viper, Williams! was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then; I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And Jarvis promised payment.

Stuke. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? Heaven will reward you for it.

Bev. Generous Stukely! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stuke. You think too kindly of me—Make haste to Williams; his clamours may be rude else. [*To Jarvis.*]

Jar. And my master will go home again—Alas! sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence. [*Exit.*]

Bev. 'Would I were dead!

Stuke. Ha! ha! ha! Pr'ythee, be a man, and leave dying-to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again; at least we'll try for't.

Bev. No; it has fooled us on too far.

Stuke. Ay, ruined us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shinning ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are fortune's children—True, she's a fickle mother; but shall we droop because she's peevish?—No; she has smiles in

store, and these her frowns are meant to brighten them.

Bev. Is this a time for levity?—But you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it; with me 'tis complicated misery.

Stuke. You censure me unjustly; I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows he wants a comforter.

Bev. What new misfortune?

Stuke. I would have brought you money, but lenders want securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend too; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

Stuke. Have better thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stuke. [Sighing] Then we're indeed undone—What! nothing? No moveables, nor useless trinkets?—Bawbles locked up in caskets, to starve their owners? I have ventured deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stuke. No; means may be found to save us.—Jarvis is rich—VWho made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Bev. And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't.—No; let the little that he has buy food and clothing for him.

Stuke. Good morning then. [Going.]

Bev. So hasty! why, then good morning.

Stuke. And when we meet again upbraid me—Say it was I that tempted you—Tell Lewson so, and tell him I have wronged you—He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wrecked us both: mine shall be self-upbraidings.

Stuke. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrowed for you while land or credit lasted; and now, when fortune should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted—turned loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name them, and take them!

Stuke. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

Stuke. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind.—I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means then.

Stuke. I have, and you rejected them.

Bev. Prythee let me be a man.

Stuke. Ay, and your friend a poor one—But I have done: and for these trinkets of a woman, why let her keep them to deck her pride with, and show a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all—My friend demands it. But need we have talked lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence—Those will adorn her for ever; and, for the rest, she wote them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. Alas! you know her not.—VWhere shall we meet?

Stuke. No matter; I have changed my mind—Leave me to a prison; 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first!—Leave you to a prison! No! fallen as you see me, I'm not that wretch: nor would I change this heart, o'ercharged as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if calous to a friend's distress.

Stuke. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell—I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stuke. Reflect a little.—The jewels may be lost—Better not hazard them—I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time.—I have no leisure for't—VWithin an hour expect me. [Exit.]

Stuke. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! VWe shall have sport at night then—but hold—The jewels are not ours yet—The lady may refuse them—The husband may relent too—'Tis more than probable—I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them—But am I grown this rogue through avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge—Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for.

Enter BATES.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring.—VWe meet to-night upon this spot.—Hasten, and tell them.—Hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not till their leader bids them.

Stuke. Give them the word, and follow me; I must advise with you—This is a day of business. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—BEVERLEY'S Lodgings.

Enter BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Your looks are changed too;—there's wildness in them. My wretched sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

Bev. No, no; a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her it has my thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains—My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too—

Bev. That I have lost your fortune—He dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he—you are too quick at guessing—He cares not if you had. That care is mine—I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions then?

Char. Cure them, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chidings?

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he needs no vindication?

Char. I would fain hope so.

Bev. Ay; would and cannot—Leave it to time then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the subject is renewed, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar.—VWhy, tell it now. I, that can bear the ruin of those

dearer to me—the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too:

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. 'Would that the misery were all your own! But innocence must suffer—Unthinking rioter!—whose home was heaven to him! an angel dwelt there, and a little cherub, that crown'd his days with blessings.—How has he lost this heaven, to league with devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late;—they search, but cure not. And, for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't—our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claimed it for a sister.—But I'll upbraid no more. What heaven permits, perhaps it may ordain.—Yet, that the husband, father, brother, should be its instruments of vengeance!—'Tis grievous to know that!

Bev. If you're my sister spare the remembrance—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife; and for the pains of absence I'll make atonement.

Char. See where she comes!—Look cheerfully upon her Affections such as hers are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and LEWSON.

Mrs. B. My life!

Bev. My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. B. But we meet now, and that heals all—Doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget them. My friend here, [*Pointing to Lewson*] has been indeed a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am obliged. I would say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraids the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespassed on your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done acceptance overpays.

Char. So friendship thinks—

Mrs. B. And doubles obligations by striving to conceal them—We'll talk another time on't—You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No; I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause—'Would you had that too!

Bev. I have—The cause was avarice.

Char. And who the tempter?

Bev. A ruined friend—ruined by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruined; stabbed in his fame, mortally stabbed—riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—that Lewson had suspicions of him—Why these suspicions? [*Angrily.*]

Lew. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be punished; and would tell his tale with so much art, that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Show me a boy with such a mind, and time, that

ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too—I'll prove him, and lay him open to you—Till then be warned—I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I would those that wrong him.—You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. B. No; not too busy—Mistaken, perhaps—That had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam. I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it—Pity such friendship should be so placed!

Bev. Again, sir! But I'll bear too—You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay; when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And Stukely one—so you would infer, I think.—I'll hear no more of this—my heart aches for him—I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false then—I have business with you, love. [*To Mrs. Beverley*] We'll leave them to their rancour. [*Going.*]

Char. No; we shall find room within for't.—Come this way, sir. [*To Lewson.*]

Lew. Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too.

[Exeunt Lewson and Charlotte.]

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing—Is Stukely false! Then honesty has left us! 'Twere sinning against heaven to think so.

Mrs. B. I never doubted him.

Bev. No; you are charity: Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change.—Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. B. You have not ruined me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. Be but resigned to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bev. My generous girl!—But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang too.

Mrs. B. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced—I have undone him too. While he had means he lent me largely; and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. B. No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry—Something must be done.

Mrs. B. What?

Bev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? No, I have disclaimed it while he is miserable.

Mrs. B. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bev. Ay, 'tis the sick man's cordial; his promised cure; while, in preparing it, the patient dies—What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A letter, sir. [*Delivers it, and exits.*]

Bev. The hand is Stukely's.

[Opens it, and reads it to himself.]

Mrs. B. And brings good news—at least I'll hope so—What says he, love?

Bev. Why this—too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you.

[Reads.]
Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determined, since we parted, to bid adieu to England; choosing rather to forsake my country, than owe my freedom in it to the means we talked of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruined. R. STUKELY.

Ruined by friendship!—I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. B. Follow him did you say? Then I am lost indeed!

Bev. Oh, this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! A vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears.—Damned, damned infatuation!

Mrs. B. Be cool, my life! What are the means the letter talks of? Have you—have I those means? Tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinned; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means, to keep my child and his wronged mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. B. What means?

Bev. I came to rob you of them—but cannot—dare not—Those jewels are your sole support—I should be more than monster to request them.

Mrs. B. My jewels! Trifles, not worth speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace; but let them purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Bev. How little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. B. No more, my love. I kept them till occasion called to use them; now is the occasion, and I'll resign them cheerfully.

Bev. Why, we'll be rich in love then. But this excess of kindness melts me. Yet for a friend one would do much—He has denied me nothing.

Mrs. B. Come to my closet—But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learned my love this excellence? 'Tis heaven's own teaching: that heaven, which to an angel's form has given a mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I—STUKELY'S Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY and BATES.

Stuke. So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws, that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims: she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants nei-

ther. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stuke. And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll erect a shrine for nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it, and fear maintains it. The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings swell out the phantom. Nature knows none of this; her laws are freedom.

Bates. Sound doctrine, and well delivered!

Stuke. We are sincere too, and practise what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much.—But now to business.—The jewels are disposed of, and Beverley again worth money. If my design succeeds, this night we finish with him—Go to your lodgings, and be busy—You understand conveyances, and can make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talked of—There's danger in it.

Stuke. No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the payment. *[Giving a Pocket-book]* He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Inquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stuke. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and if we come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

Bates. A feeling too that would avoid it. We push too far; but I have cautioned you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—adieu. *[Exit.]*

Stuke. This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him. I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame will still be greater rogues to hide their guilt—Lewson grows troublesome—We must get rid of him—He knows too much. I have a tale for Beverley; part of it truth too—He shall call Lewson to account—If it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other means—But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Look to the door there!—*[In a seeming Fright]*
—My friend!—I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them. *[Offering Notes]* Take them, and use them cautiously—The world deals hardly by us.

Stuke. And shall I leave you destitute? No; your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then—Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

Stuke. No; I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me: ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still—And say I am to blame—Yet will this little supply our wants? No; we must put it out to usury.—Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but—

Bev. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stuke. 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly—But you are cold—VVe'll e'en part here then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you though, and will seek fortune singly—One thing I had forgot—

Bev. VVhat is it?

Stuke. Perhaps 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend—Lewson speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you I know he does.

Stuke. I can forgive him for't; but, for my friend, I'm angry.

Bev. VVhat says he of me?

Stuke. That Charlotte's fortune is embzzled—He talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenced then—How heard you of it?

Stuke. From many. He questioned Bates about it. You must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me—and soon too.

Stuke. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't—But whither go you?

Stuke. From poverty and prisons—No, matter whither. If fortune changes, you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous then, [*Offering the Notes, which he refuses*] Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing—Take them, and use them.

Stuke. Singly I will not—My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune and ruined family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fooled.

Stuke. And so am I—Here let us part then—These bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled; call them folly, and forgot them—farewell.

Bev. No; stay a moment—How my poor heart's distracted! I have the bodings too; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not—The trial shall determine—And yet, my wife—

Stuke. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Bev. No; my chidings are all here.

[*Pointing to his Heart.*]

Stuke. I'll not persuade you.

Bev. I am persuaded; by reason too; the strongest reason, necessity. Oh, could I but regain the height I have fallen from, heaven should forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy, and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

Stuke. I have resolved like you; and, since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success?

Bev. Come on then—VWhere shall we meet?

Stuke. At VVilson's—Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have misled you often.

Bev. VVe have misled each other—But come! Fortune is fickle, and may be tir'd with plaguing us—There let us rest our hopes.

Stuke. Yet think a little.

Bev. I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

VVhen desperation leads, all thoughts are vain;

Reason would lose what rashness may obtain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—BEVERLEY'S Lodgings.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Char. 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. B. No, I am sure it was not—Stukely is honest too, I know he is.—This madness has undone them both.

Char. My brother irrecoverable—You are too spiritless a wife—A mournful tale, mixed with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. B. He should have had it then. [*Warmly.*] I live but to oblige him. She who can love and is beloved, like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base deluder: and shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have saved you else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. B. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betrayed him.

Mrs. B. Prythee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he'll account with me.

Mrs. B. And fairly—I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted—I have no patience—Sister! sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

Mrs. B. My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly—But I displease you with this talk.—To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. B. Stay till it comes then—I would not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction—Yet we have hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly—Or if he lives, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. B. I know it, and am cheerful. VVe have no more to lose; and for what is gone, if it brings prudence home, the purchase was well made.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. VVhile he and I have life and means you shall divide with us—And see, he's here.

Enter LEWSON.

VVe were just speaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talked of. VVhat say you, madam?

[*To Charlotte.*]

Char. That I hate scandal, though a woman—therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. B. Or, with more truth, that though a woman, she loves to praise—therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it.

[*Exit.*]

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

Char. VVhat matters?

Lew. First, answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. Propose your question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious twelvemonth since, with an open and kind heart, you said you loved me. And when, in consequence of such

sweet words, I pressed for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

Char. You think me changed then?

[*Angrily.*]

Lew. I did not say so. Time and a near acquaintance with my faults may have brought change—if it be so; or for a moment, if you have wished this promise were unmade, here I acquit you of it—This is my question then; and with such plainness as I ask it, I shall entreat an answer. Have you repented of this promise?

Char. Why am I doubted?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If, from my temper, my words, or actions, you have conceived a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has passed is nothing.

Char. Why now I'll answer you. Your doubts are prophecies—I am really changed.

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I could torment you now, as you have me; but it is not in my nature.—That I am changed, I own: for what at first was inclination is now grown reason in me; and from that reason, had I the world, nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and you too wanting bread—I would be yours, and happy.

Lew. My kindest Charlotte! [*Taking her Hand*] Thanks are too poor for this—and words too weak! But if we loved so, why should our union be delayed?

Char. For happier times. The present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons that press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name them.

Lew. First promise, that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do—though misery should succeed.

Lew. Thus then I seize you! And with you every joy on this side heaven!

Char. Now, sir, your secret.

Lew. Your fortune's lost.

Char. My fortune lost!—I'll study to be humble then. But was my promise claimed for this? How nobly generous! Where learned you this sad news?

Lew. From Bates, Stukeley's prime agent. I have obliged him, and he's grateful—He told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

Lew. Why time? It robs us of our happiness.

Char. I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me must be subdued. Once we were equal; but now 'tis otherwise; and for a life of obligations, I have not learned to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow then you'll fix my happiness?

Char. All that I can I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each

other. Keep what you know, a secret; and when we meet to-morrow, more may be known.—Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Char. My poor, poor sister! how would this wound her! But I'll conceal it, and speak comfort to her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in a Gaming-house.

Enter BEVERLEY and STUKELEY.

Bev. Whither would you lead me?

[*Angrily.*]

Stuke. Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. Ay, on yourself, and those damned counsels that have destroyed me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted else.

Stuke. Go on, sir—I have deserved this from you.

Bev. And curses everlasting—Time is too scanty for them—

Stuke. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch-devil of old did—soothed with false hopes for certain ruin.

Stuke. Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction—So your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

Bev. A friend! What's he? I had a friend.

Stuke. And have one still.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crowned me; and love and peace lived in my heart. One spark of folly lurked there; that too he found: and by deceitful breath blew it into flames, that have consumed me. This friend were you to me.

Stuke. A little more, perhaps—The friend, who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain.

Bev. No; I think not—The villains are within.

Stuke. What villains?

Bev. Dawson and the rest—We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stuke. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune changed I blushed at my own thoughts.—But you have proofs, perhaps?

Bev. Ay, damned ones. Repeated losses—Night after night, and no reverse—Chance has no hand in this.

Stuke. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt—The world speaks fairly of this Dawson; so it does of the rest. We have watched them closely too. But 'tis a right usurped by losers, to think the winners knaves—We'll have more manhood in us.

Bev. I know not what to think—This night has stung me to the quick—Blasted my reputation too—I have bound my honour to these vipers; played meanly upon credit, till I tired them; and now they shun me, to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stuke. Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

Bev. By heaven I'll not survive this shame—Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. [*Taking hold of him*] Show me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

Stuke. Why, do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Bev. Pr'ythee forgive this language—I speak I know not what—Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly; tell me, if, in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? Name it, and be my oracle.

Stuke. To vent your curses on—You have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel; and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? By heaven I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery it cannot lay me lower.

Stuke. You have an uncle.

Bev. Ay; what of him?

Stuke. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stuke. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with—Nay more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stuke. And what's his father? A dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay—That should be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame—The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I'm impatient till all's lost.

Stuke. All may be yours again—Your man is Bates—He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolved—Tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses, too—Come, follow me.

Stuke. No; I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—Use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst;

'Tis loss of fear to be completely curst.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. Why, lose it then for ever—Fear is the mind's worst evil: and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom—Thus far has fortune crowned me—Yet Beverley is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections. I would supplant him there too. Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tigress in revenge—I'll instantly to Beverley's—No matter for the danger—When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt.

SCENE IV.—BEVERLEY'S Lodgings.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and LUCY.

Mrs. B. Did Charlotte tell you any thing?

Lucy. No, madam.

Mrs. B. She looked confused, methought; said she had business with her Lewson; which when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

Lucy. She seemed in haste too—Yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. B. No, my kind girl; I was not born for it—But why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing heart bleeds for the ills of others—What pity that thy mistress can't reward thee! But there's a power above, that sees and will remember all. [*Knocking*] Hark! there's some one entering.

Lucy. Perhaps 'tis my master, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. Let him be well too, and I am satisfied. [*Goes to the Door and listens*] No, 'tis another's voice.

Re-enter LUCY, with STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

Mrs. B. What mean you, sir? And where is your friend?

Stuke. Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. B. You mean to leave us then—to leave your country too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stuke. Your pity has undone you. Could Beverley do this? That letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs. B. Impossible! Whence came it then?

Stuke. Wronged as I am, madam, I must speak plainly.

Mrs. B. Do so, and ease me.—Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring—Reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them.—What, sir, are these reports?

Stuke. I thought them slander, madam; and cautioned in friendship, lest from officious tongues the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

Mrs. B. Proceed, sir.

Stuke. It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife too.—We are both injured.

Mrs. B. How injured? And who has injured us?

Stuke. My friend—your husband.

Mrs. B. You would resent for both then; but know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

Stuke. Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor; and to the feigned distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

Mrs. B. I gave them to a husband.

Stuke. Who gave them to a—

Mrs. B. What? whom did he give them to?

Stuke. A mistress.

Mrs. B. No; on my life he did not.

Stuke. Himself confessed it, with curses on her avarice.

Mrs. B. I'll not believe it—He has no mistress; or, if he has, why is it told to me?

Stuke. To guard you against insults. He told me, that, to move you to compliance, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined, ruined by him too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity, was lavished on a wanton.

Mrs. B. Then I am lost indeed! His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the

approach of poverty without a tear—My affections, my strong affections, supported me through every trial.

Stuke. Be patient, madam.

Mrs. B. Patient! the barbarous, ungrateful man! And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find that injuries such as these can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress.

Stuke. Ha! then I may succeed. [*Aside*] Redress is in your power.

Mrs. B. What redress?

Stuke. Forgive me, madam, if, in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you—Is it in patience to bear that? To see your helpless little one robbed of his birthright? A sister too, with unavailing tears, lamenting her lost fortune? No comfort left you, but ineffectual pity from the few, outweighed by insults from the many.

Mrs. B. Am I so lost a creature?—VWell, sir, my redress?

Stuke. To be resolved is to secure it. The marriage vow once violated, is, in the sight of heaven, dissolved—Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropped the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them. Then use your beauty wisely, and, freed by injuries, fly from the cruellest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. B. And who is he?

Stuke. A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one too, who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

Mrs. B. Would that these eyes had heaven's own lightning, that, with a look, thus I might blast thee! Am I then fallen so low? Has poverty so humbled me, that I should listen to a hellish offer, and sell my soul for bread?—Oh, villain! villain!—But now I know thee, and thank thee for that knowledge.

Stuke. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. B. An injured husband too shall thank thee.

Stuke. Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own! as haughty and imperious: and as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. B. Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee, and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverley was false?—that his too credulous wife should, in despair and vengeance, give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

Stuke. Why, send him for defiance then—Tell him I love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. B. Oh, coward, coward! thy soul will shrink at him: Yet, in the thought of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears.—Keep thy own secret, and be gone. [*Rings a Bell.*]

Enter LUCY.

Your absence, sir, would please me.

Stuke. I'll not offend you, madam.

[*Exit with Lucy.*]

Mrs. B. Why opens not the earth, to swallow such a monster? Be conscience then

his punisher, till heaven, in mercy, gives him penitence, or dooms him in his justice. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—STUKELY's Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY and BATES, meeting.

Bates. Where have you been?

Stuke. Fooling my time away—playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman.—No matter where—I have been vexed and disappointed.—Tell me of Beverley: how bore he his last shock?

Bates. Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numbed with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless; then snatching his sword, that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down, and with a look of fixed attention, drew figures on the floor. At last he started up, looked wild, and trembled; and, like a woman seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so left the room.

Stuke. Why, this was madness.

Bates. The madness of despair.

Stuke. We must confine him then—A prison would do well. [*A knocking at the Door.*] Hark! that knocking may be his—Go that way down. [*Exit Bates.*] Who's there?

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. An enemy—an open, and avowed one.

Stuke. Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir, and should protect me from insult and ill manners.

Lew. Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold, and tiger's den, are no security against the hunter.

Stuke. Your business, sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you.—Why this confusion? That look of guilt and terror? Is Beverley awake, or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers: not, with a coward's fear, to shrink beneath reproof.

Stuke. Who waits there?

[*Aloud, and in confusion.*]

Lew. By heaven he dies that interrupts us! [*Shutting the Door.*] You should have weighed your strength, sir; and then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had marked you for what you are—a little, paltry villain!

Stuke. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me.—This is to prove it.—[*Pulls him by the Sleeve.*] You wanted privacy—A lady's presence took up your attention.—Now we are alone, sir.—Why, what a wretch! [*Flings him from him.*] The vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this thing undone a man!—by cunning and mean arts undone him!—But we have found you, sir; traced you through all your labyrinths. If you would save yourself, fall to confession, no mercy will be shown else.

Stuke. First prove me what you think me; till then your threatenings are in vain—And for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous coward! why, take it now

then—[*Draws, and Stukely retires*] Alas, I pity thee!—Yet, that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverley! It fills me with astonishment!—A wretch, so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not have thus soared, sir, unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe your villany has ruined.

Stuke. Villany! 'Twere best to curb this license of your tongue—for know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! Dar'st thou seek shelter from the laws—those laws which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of? Talk'st thou of reputation too, when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betrayed, robbed, and destroyed?

Stuke. Ay, rail at gaming—'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation.—Go preach against it in the city—you'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there: he'll thank you, and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

Stuke. Rail on, I say—But is this zeal for beggared Beverley? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No; he and his wife might both have groaned in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought! But thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet, let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart, that, though my friend is ruined by thy snares, thou hast, unknowingly, been kind to me.

Stuke. Have I? It was, indeed, unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love—given me the merit that I wanted; since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known 'twas her dear self I sighed for, and not her fortune.

Stuke. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And, as a brother to poor Beverley, I will pursue the robber that has stripped him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stuke. Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe; and should my friendship for him be slandered once again, the hand that has supplied him shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now there's a spirit in thee! This is, indeed, to be a villain! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—And Beverley shall yet be saved—be saved from thee, thou monster! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour. [Exit.]

Stuke. [Pausing] Then ruin has enclosed me!—Curse on my coward heart! I would be bravely villainous; but 'tis my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution; and that security—More mischief must be done to hide the past—Look to yourself, officious Lewson—there may be danger stirring—How now, Bates?

Enter BATES.

Bates. What is the matter? 'Twas Lewson,

and not Beverley, that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarmed too.

Stuke. Ay, and with reason—We are discovered.

Bates. I feared as much, and therefore cautioned you; but you were peremptory.

Stuke. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active; Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bates. What means?

Stuke. Dispatch him—Nay, start not—Desperate occasions call for desperate deeds—We live but by his death.

Bates. You cannot mean it?

Stuke. I do, by heaven!

Bates. Good night, then. [Going.]

Stuke. Stay—I must be heard, then answered.—Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, though strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this, and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awed me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and, where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin! and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bates. He has obliged me, and I dare not.

Stuke. Why, live to shame then—to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it.—Nay more, had my designs been levelled at his fortune, you had stepped in the foremost—And what is life without its comforts?—Those you would rob him of, and by a lingering death add cruelty to murder. Henceforth, adieu to half-made villains—There's danger in them. What you have got is yours—keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bates. What's the reward?

Stuke. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bates. Think of the means then.

Stuke. He's gone to Beverley's—Wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief—A dagger would be useful.

Bates. He sleeps no more.

Stuke. Consider the reward. When the deed's done I have other business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bates. Think it already done—and so, farewell. [Exit.]

Stuke. Why farewell, Lewson, then; and farewell to my fears. This night secures me—I'll wait the event within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Street.—Stage darkened.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Beo. How like an outcast do I wander! Loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation! The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees, by the glimmering lamp, my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me. Whither am I going? My home lies there; all that is dear on earth it holds too

yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—I'll enter it no more—VWho passes there? 'Tis Lewson—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Beverley! well met. I have been busy in your affairs.

Bev. So I have heard, sir: and now I must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks.—Late as it is I go to Bates.—Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

Bev. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble at. VWhere is this boasted spirit, this high demeanour, that was to call me to account? You say I have wronged my sister—Now say as much. But, first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment. [*Draws.*]

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bev. The coward's stale acquittance! who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, "What mean you? I understand you not."

Lew. Coward and calumny? Vhence are those words? But I forgive and pity you.

Bev. Your pity had been kinder to my fame: But you have traduced it—told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wronged my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false! Show me the man that dares accuse me.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence.—Imprudent man! who in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him! But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander or ingratitude: the life you thirst for shall be employed to serve you.—You know me not.

Bev. Yes; for the slanderer of my fame—who, under show of friendship, arraigns me of injustice; buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? VWho told you so?

Bev. The world—'Tis talked of every where.—It pleased you to add threats too—You were to call me to account—VWhy, do it now then; I should be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely: I see him and his aims.

Bev. VWhat aims? I'll not conceal it—'twas Stukely that accused you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy—Perhaps of two—He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

Bev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good night—I go to serve you—Forget what's past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles—To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy. [*Exit.*]

Bev. [*Pausing*] How vile and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the con-

sciousness of guilt, than the world's just re-proofs! But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad. [*Stands musing.*]

Enter BATES and JARVIS.

Jar. This way the noise was; and yonder's my poor master.

Bates. I heard him at high words with Lewson.—

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bates. Go to him, and lead him home.—I'll not be seen by him. [*Exit.*]

Bev. [*Starting*] VWhat fellow's that? [*Seeing Jarvis*] Art thou a murderer, friend? Come, lead the way—I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate too—Jarvis! to bed, old man—the cold will chill thee.

Jar. VWhy are you wandering at this late hour? Your sword drawn too? For heaven's sake sheath it, sir—the sight distracts me.

Bev. VWhose voice was that? [*Wildly.*]

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir: Let me entreat you to give the sword to me.

Bev. Ay, take it—quickly take it—Perhaps I am not so cursed, but heaven may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am blessed.

Bev. Continue so, and leave me—my sorrows are contagious. No one is bless'd that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir.

Bev. And now thou hast found me, leave me,—My thoughts are wild, and will not be disturbed.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturbed.

Bev. VWho sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress.—Alas, sir, forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her! The streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wise, and leave me then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts—These stones shall be my resting-place. [*Throws himself on the Ground*] Here shall my soul brood o'er its miseries; till, with the fiends of hell and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. Let patience, not despair, possess you—Rise, I beseech you—There's not a moment of your absence that my poor mistress does not mourn for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? [*Starting up*] It is too much—My brain can't hold it.—Oh, Jarvis, how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve!

Jar. Appease his mind, good heaven, and give him resignation! Alas, sir, could beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how would your parents' blessed spirits grieve for you, even in heaven!—Let me conjure you, by their honoured memories—by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your manhood and struggle with these griefs!

Bev. Thou virtuous, good, old man! Thy tears and thy entreaties have reached my heart, through all its miseries.

Jar. Be but resigned, sir, and happiness may yet be yours. Hark! I hear voices—Come this way: we may reach home unnoticed.
Bev. Unnoticed didst thou say? Alas! I read no looks but of those wretches I have made at home. Oh, had I listened to thy honest warnings, no earthly blessing had been wanting to me; but I have warred against the power that blest me, and now am sentenced to the hell I merit.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—STUKELY'S Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY and DAWSON.

Stuke. Come hither, Dawson; my limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete.—Tell me thy thoughts; is Bates determined, or does he waver?

Daw. At first he seemed irresolute!—wished the employment had been mine; and muttered curses on his coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

Stuke. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No; we walked together, and, sheltered by the darkness, saw Beverley and Lewson in warm debate; but soon they cooled, and then I left them to hasten hither; but not till 'twas resolved Lewson should die.

Stuke. Thy words have given me life.—That quarrel too was fortunate; for, if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverley.

Daw. You misconceive me—Lewson and he were friends.

Stuke. But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson falls he falls by Beverley—Ask me no question, but do as I direct. This writ [*Takes out a Pocket-book*] for some days past I have treasured here, till a convenient time called for its use—That time is come; take it, and give it to an officer—It must be served this instant.

[*Gives a Paper.*]

Daw. On Beverley?

Stuke. Look at it.—It is for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison then?

Stuke. I ask obedience, not replies. This night a gaol must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet.—Wait at his door, and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar!—He has no means of payment.

Stuke. Dull and insensible!—If Lewson dies, who was it killed him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him: and I, that knew of Beverley's intents, arrested him in friendship—A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly; and will about it.

Stuke. Haste, then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. Till then, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. Now tell thy tale, fond wife! And, Lewson, if again thou canst insult me!

Not avarice now, but vengeance, fires my breast;

And one short hour must make me curs'd or bless'd.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—STUKELY'S Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY, BATES, and DAWSON.

Bates. Poor Lewson!—But I told you

enough last night. The thought of him is horrible to me.

Stuke. In the street did you say? and no one near him.

Bates. By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart, while he was reaching at the bell.

Stuke. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bates. The repetition pleases you, I see—I told you he fell without a groan.

Stuke. What heard you of him this morning?

Bates. That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house.—The sight terrified me.

Stuke. Away with terrors, till his ghost rise and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have lodged safe in prison.

Bates. Must he be murdered too?

Stuke. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lewson fall?

Bates. The clock struck twelve as I turned to leave him—'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought, ringing for his death.

Stuke. The time was lucky for us—Beverley was arrested at one, you say? [*To Dawson.*]

Daw. Exactly.

Stuke. Good. We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you of them last night, but your thoughts were too busy.—'Tis well you have a heart of stone; the tale would melt it else.

Stuke. Out with it then.

Daw. I traced him to his lodgings; and pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open while the officers seized him. 'Twas a damned deed!—but no matter—I followed my instructions.

Stuke. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery, called you a villain, acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stuke. And the women—

Daw. For a few minutes astonishment kept them silent. They looked wildly at one another, while the tears streamed down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitterness of despair, they cursed me, and the monster that had employed me.

Stuke. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. Till the scene changed, and then I melted. I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shrieked, and would have followed him; but we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainted, the sister raving, and both, with all the eloquence of misery, endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment; and, had the officers been moved like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steeled by custom. The sighs of beauty, and the pangs of affection, were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms, and lodged him in prison, with only Jarvis to comfort him.

Stuke. There let him lie, till we have further business with him—But how to proceed will require time and thought.—Come along with

me; the room within is fitted for privacy—
But no compassion, sir. [*To Dawson*].—Vve
want leisure for't—This way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—BEVERLEY'S Lodgings.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. B. No news of Lewson yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows
not what has happened.

Mrs. B. The clock strikes eight—I'll wait no
longer. Oh, what a night was last night! I
would not pass another such to purchase worlds
by it—My poor Beverley too! VVhat must he
have felt?—The very thought distracts me!—
To have him torn at midnight from me! A
loathsome prison his habitation! A cold, damp
room his lodging! The bleak winds, perhaps,
blowing upon his pillow! No fond wife to lull
him to his rest! and no reflections but to
wound and tear him!—'Tis too horrible!—I
wanted love for him, or they had not forced
him from me.—They should have parted soul
and body first—I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so.—All that we
could we did; and Jarvis did the rest—The
faithful creature will give him comfort. See
where he comes! His looks are cheerful too!

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. B. Are tears then cheerful! Alas, he
weeps! Speak to him, Charlotte.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam; and
tears will come before my words—But don't
you weep; [*To Mrs. Beverley*] I have a tale
of joy for you.

Mrs. B. Say but he's well, and I have joy
enough.

Jar. All shall be well—I have news for him,
that will make his poor heart bound again—
Fie upon old age!—How childish it makes
me!—I have a tale of joy for you, and my
tears drown it.

Mrs. B. VVhat is it, Jarvis?

Jar. Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. B. My uncle!—Oh, heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam—I
met him in the street, inquiring for your lodg-
ings—I should not rejoice, perhaps—but he was
old, and my poor master a prisoner—Now he
shall live again—Oh, 'tis a brave fortune! and
'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Like a man dreaming of death and
horrors—VVhen they led him to his cell, he
flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay
speechless till day-break. I spoke to him, but
he would not hear me; and when I persisted,
he raised his hand at me, and knit his brow
so—I thought he would have struck me. I
bid him be of comfort—Be gone, old wretch,
says he—My wife! my child! my sister! I have
undone them all, and will know no comfort!
Then, falling upon his knees, he imprecated
curses upon himself.

Mrs. B. This is too horrible! But we have
staid too long. Let us haste to comfort him,
or die with him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Prison.

BEVERLEY is discovered sitting.

Bev. VVhy there's an end then; I have judged

deliberately, and the result is death! How the
self-murderer's account may stand I know not.
But this I know—the load of hateful life op-
presses me too much—The horrors of my soul
are more than I can bear—[*Offers to kneel.*]
Father of mercy!—I cannot pray—Despair has
laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me
for perdition—Conscience! conscience! thy
clamours are too loud!—Here's that shall si-
lence thee. [*Takes a Phial out of his Pocket,*
and looks at it] Thou art most friendly to
the miserable. Come then, thou cordial for
sick minds—Come to my heart. [*Drinks*] Oh,
that the grave would bury memory as well as
body! For if the soul sees and feels the suf-
ferings of those dear ones it leaves behind,
the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment
it deeper—I'll think no more on't—Reflection
comes too late—Once there was a time for't
—but 'now 'tis past.—VVho's there?

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better
looks—VVhy do you turn so from me? I have
brought comfort with me. And see who comes
to give it welcome!

Bev. My wife and sister! VVhy 'tis but one
 pang more then, and farewell, world! [*Aside.*]

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. B. VVhere is he? [*Runs and em-
braces him*] Oh, I have him! I have him!
And now they shall never part us more—I
have news, love, to make you happy for ever
—Alas, he hears us not!—Speak to me, love.
I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. This is a sad place!

Mrs. B. VVe come to take you from it—
to tell you the world goes well again—that
Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the
means to help them—Your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle!—No, do not say so!—Oh,
I am sick at heart!

Mrs. B. Indeed!—I meant to bring you
comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives then—If you would
bring me comfort, tell me he lives!

Mrs. B. And if I did—I have no power to
raise the dead—He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir—But bear it
patiently—pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well—[*Pausing*] VVhy fame
says I am rich then?

Mrs. B. And truly so—VVhy do you look
so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But
has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir—He could not leave it
from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Mrs. B. VVhy are you disturbed so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. B. Not an old man's death. Yet, if
it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart. For I have
a tale to tell that shall turn you into stone; or,
if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel
down and curse me.

Mrs. B. Alas! and why are we to curse
you?—I'll bless you for ever.

Bev. No; I have deserved no blessings. The

world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Mrs. B. Impossible!

Bev. That devil, Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—Sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then!

Bev. Liberty and life—Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs. B. Then hear me, heaven! [*Kneels*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! Take from his memory the sense of what is past, and cure him of despair! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he is happy! These hands shall toil for his support! These eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him! And every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done, to cheer and comfort him!—So hear me!—So reward me! [*Rises.*]

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses. For I have done a deed to make life horrible to you—

Mrs. B. What deed?

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam—This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter STUKELY.

Bev. Why is this villain here!

Stuke. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam, is his discharge, [*Giving a Paper to Mrs. Beverley.*] The arrest last night was meant in friendship, but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stuke. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

Mrs. B. His hands from blood!—whose blood?

Stuke. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! Yet what of Lewson? Speak quickly.

Stuke. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer?—And who is murdered? Not Lewson?—Say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

Stuke. In pity, so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice, to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. Oh, horrible!

Bev. Silence, I charge you—Proceed, sir.

Stuke. No; justice may stop the tale—and there's an evidence.

Enter BATES.

Bates. The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Charlotte*] There's one without inquiring for you.—Go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stuke. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the streets last night. [*To Beverley.*]

Mrs. B. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did—

Mrs. B. 'Tis false, old man—They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say—Oh! I am sick! sick!—Reach a chair. [*He sits down.*]

Mrs. B. If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

Enter DAWSON.

Stuke. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I—We have a witness too you little think of—without there!

Stuke. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter LEWSON and CHARLOTTE.

Stuke. Lewson! O villains! villains!

[*To Bates and Dawson.*]

Mrs. B. Risen from the dead! Why, this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is it his ghost? [*To Stukely*] That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle's this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it—My minutes are but few.

Mrs. B. Alas! Why so? You shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper! [*Pointing to Stukely*] The tale is short—I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it—I kept aloof to give it credit—

Char. And gave me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you—But vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest by Dawson followed the supposed murder—And now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruined by sharpeners and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Lew. How does my friend? [*To Beverley.*]

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. B. 'Tis Lewson, love—Why do you look so at him?

Bev. They told me he was murdered.

[*Wildly.*]

Mrs. B. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand—The room turns round.

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—And, for your lives, see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here—and her. [*Pointing to his Head and Heart*] And now it tears me.

Mrs. B. You feel convulsed too—What is it disturbs you?

Bev. A furnace rages in this heart—Down, restless flames! [*Laying his Hand on his Heart*] Down to your native hell—There you shall rack me—Oh! for a pause from pain!—

Where's my wife?—Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. B. Alas! for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. B. No—do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it—Had Jarvis staid this morning all had been well. But, pressed by shame—pent in a prison—tormented with my pangs for you—driven to despair and madness—I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and—swallowed poison.

Lew. Oh, fatal deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Bev. Ay, most accursed—And now I go to my account. Bend me, and let me kneel. [*Kneels.*] I'll pray for you too. Thou power that madest me, hear me! If for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sittest, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, oh! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy!

[*They lift him to the Chair.*

Mrs. B. Restore him, heaven! Oh, save him! save him! or let me die too.

Bev. No; live, I charge you.—We have a little one.—Though I have left him, you will not leave him.—To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him.—Is not this Charlotte?—We have lived in love, though I have wronged you.—Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you! Oh, my poor brother!

Bev. Oh! for a few short moments to tell you how my heart bleeds for you—That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom-pang is for your miseries! Support her, heaven!—And now I go—Oh, mercy! mercy!

[*Dies.*

Lew. How is it, madam?

Char. Her grief is speechless.

Lew. Remove her from this sight—lead and support her—Some ministering angel bring her peace! [*Charlotte leads her off.*] And thou, poor, breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it prayed for! Save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn, that want of prudence is want of virtue.

[*Exit.*

THOMAS OTWAY,

Was not more remarkable for moving the tender passions, than for the variety of fortune to which he himself was subjected. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Humphrey Otway, rector of Wolbeding, in Sussex, and was born at Trotton in that county, the 5d of March in the year 1657. He received his education at Wickham school, near Winchester, and became a commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1669. But on his quitting the university, in 1674, and coming to London, he turned player. His success as an actor was but indifferent, having made only one attempt in Mrs. Behn's tragedy of *The Fort'd Marriage*; or, *Jealous Bridegroom*; he was more valued for the sprightliness of his conversation and the sententious of his wit; which gained him the friendship of the Earl of Plymouth, who procured him a cornet's commission in the troops which then served in Flanders. At his return from Flanders he gave up his commission and had recourse to writing for the stage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature seems to have fitted him for. In comedy he has been deemed licentious; which, however, was no great objection to those who lived in the profligate days of Charles II. But in tragedy few of our English poets ever equalled him; and perhaps none ever excelled him in touching the passions, particularly that of love. There is generally something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, and there is amazing energy in his expression. But though Otway possessed, in so eminent a degree, the rare talent of writing to the heart, yet he was not very favourably regarded by some of his contemporary poets; nor was he always successful in his dramatic compositions. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, in regard to his circumstances, but generally changing for the worse, he at last died wretchedly in a house, known by the sign of a Bull, on Tower Hill, April 12, 1685. whether he had retired to avoid the pressure of his creditors. Some have said, that downright hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, of which he had been some time in want, the first mouthful choked him, and instantly put a period to his days.

VENICE PRESERVED.

ACTED at the Duke's Theatre, 1682. This interesting tragedy is borrowed, with respect to the plan of it at least, from a little book that relates the circumstances of the Spanish conspiracy at Venice, i. e. the Abbé de St. Real's *Histoire de la Conjuration du Marquis de Badamar*. The speech of Renault to the conspirators is translated word for word from this author. It has been remarked, that though, on the whole, the incidents of Otway's piece are interesting, and the catastrophe affecting, there is not one truly valuable character in the whole drama, except that of Belvidera. To this, however, we cannot entirely subscribe. The character of Pierre is nobly drawn. His public services had been returned with ingratitude, and he was a greatly injured character; but was justly punished for taking a treasurable mode of redressing his wrongs. The scene lies in Venice. By comparing this with *The Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play; that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue, but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast. Mr. Dryden says, "the motions which are studied are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion." Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his *Venice Preserved*; but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression; but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF VENICE.

PIRULL.

ANTONIO.

BEDAMAR.

JAFFIER.

PIERRE.

RENAULT.

SPINOSA.

BELVIDERA.

AQUILINA.

Officers, Guards,
Executioner, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street in VENICE.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Be gone and leave me.

Jaf. Not hear me! By my suffering but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance
throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear
me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er

Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me
wrong.

You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came
home

From travel, with such hopes as made you
look'd on,

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd
you;

Courted, and sought to raise you to your
merits:

My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have us'd
me

To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:

Childless you had been 'else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskillful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety: enter'd first yourself;
Th' affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was, by a wave, wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my
prize.

I brought her, gave her to your despairing
arms:

Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd
me,

Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief
you stole her,

At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.

May all your joys in her prove false, like mine;
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous; still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd
in vain:

Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's
beauty:

May he live to prove more gentle than his
grandsire,
And happier than his father.

Pri. Father live

To bait thee for his bread, and dia your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by heav'n!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she too with thee:

For, living here, you're but my curst remem-
brancers.

I once was happy.

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know
my soul

Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive

My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat
me.

Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety;
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with con-
tunely,

And court my fortune where she would be
kinder?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart, that awes me, is too much my
master:

Three years are past, since first our vows were
plighted,

During which time, the world must bear me
witness,

I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your
nature)

The world might see I lov'd her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.

There's not a wretch, that lives on common
charity,

But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd, but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the
ripening;

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy ball,

Those pageants of thy folly:

Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife

To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:

Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;

Drudge to feed loathsome life: get brats and starve—

Home, home, I say.— [Exit.

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are baleful to my eyes,
Fill'd and dam'd up with gaping creditors,
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring.

I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My friend, good morning!
How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

Jaf. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd
starving quality,
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.

Pier. Why, powerful villainy first set it up,
For its own ease and safety. Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want
practice,

Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his
brother
Himself; none would be paid or hang'd for
murder.

Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontrol'd above their betters.

Jaf. Then honesty is but a notion?

Pier. Nothing else;
Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to most, too, has least share in't.
'Tis a ragged virtue: Honesty! no more on't.

Jaf. Sure thou art honest!

Pier. So, indeed, men think me;
But they're mistaken, Jaffier: I'm a rogue
As well as they;
A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're con-
tracted;

I steal from no man; would not cut a throat
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch
beneath me;

Yet, Jaffier, for all this I'm a villain.

Jaf. A villain!

Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain;
To see the sufferings of my fellow creatures,
And own myself a man: to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a show
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from
fetters;

Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide
of power,

Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis our charter.

Jaf. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good;
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pier. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace,
For the foundation's lost of common good;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up, 'tenslave us deeper.
Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right, oh, Jaffier! then might'st thou.
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaf. Curs'd be the cause, though I thy friend
be part on't:

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge—
Jaf. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy and welcome ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruined!

Jaf. That I long since knew;
I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:

Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;

There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings interm'd and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaf. Now thank heaven—

Pier. Thank heaven! for what?

Jaf. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse
fate of Venice,

Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are
false;

Where there's no truth, no trust; where in-
nocence

Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch

That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers,
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms
she lean'd,

Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her.
Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity.
I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues: they
pleas'd me.

Jaf. I thank thee for this story, from my soul;
Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have

done me;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness:
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows.

Pier. Burn,
First, burn and level Venice to thy ruin.
What! starve, like beggars' brats, in frosty

weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou or thy cause shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee:
Command my heart, thou'rt every way its master.

Jaf. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs
run mad;

Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow:
Revenge, the attribute of gods; they stamp'd it,
With their great image, on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee:
And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember,
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die—damn first—What! be decently interr'd
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil!

Jaf. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little—

Jaf. Swear! By sea and air; by earth, by
heav'n, and hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears.

Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator.

Pier. A dog.

Jaf. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaf. With all my heart.

No more; where shall we meet at night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation;
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischief—

Jaf. Farewell.

Pier. At twelve.

Jaf. At any hour; my plagues
Will keep me waking. [Exit Pierre.]

Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'st me, what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's
on me?

Is this just dealing, nature?—Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor Belvidera!

Bel. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile! as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul.

Jaf. As when our loves

Were in their spring! Has then our fortune
chang'd?

Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found
thee?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where
can I complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love
decaying,

When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth!
Beats not my heart, as 'twould alarm thine
To a new charge of bliss?—I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious
faith?

Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with't:
Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big
thought;

I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
O! lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's
fraught;

Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these
limbs,

Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are
strangers,

For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our
heads;

Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love thee, even in madness
love thee;

Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with
sorrow,

Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the
morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you heav'ns! and wonder
how you made her:
Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine!
Like gaudy ships th' obsequious billows fall,
And rise again to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you;
I, in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,
That had by chance pack'd up his choicest
treasure
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that;
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn and trust my fate no more,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.**Enter JAFFIER.*

Jaf. I'm here; and thus, the shades of night
around me,

I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell. Nay surely 'tis so with me!—
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.
Sure I'm so curs'd that, though of heaven
forsaken,

No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell, hell! why sleep'st thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?

Jaf. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he that asks the
question?

Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest
creatures,

And ne'er betray their masters: too mean fawn
On any that they love not. Well met, friend:
Jaffier!

Jaf. The same.

Pier. Where's Belvidera?—

Jaf. For a day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, till I see further
What fortune will do for me. Pr'ythee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera—

Pier. Not of her!

Jaf. Oh, no!

Pier. Not name her! May be I wish her well.

Jaf. Whom well?

Pier. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.

I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done?

Jaf. Y' are merry, Pierre.

Pier. I am so:

Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile:
We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pious;
Marriage is chargeable. [*Gives him a Purse.*]

Jaf. I but half wish'd
To see the devil, and he's here already. Well!
What must this buy? Rebellion, murder,
treason?

Tell me, which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we'd no qualms
like these,
But entertain'd each other's thoughts like men
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting? What new
miracles

Have happen'd? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?

Jaf. Kind heav'n, let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, aches, rack his bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart.
Oh! let him live, till life become his burden:
Let him groan under't long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease but late.

Pier. Nay, couldst thou not
As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?

Jaf. But curses stick not: could I kill with
cursing,

By heaven I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted. Senators should rot
Like dogs on dunghills. Oh! for a curse
To kill with!

Pier. Daggers, daggers are much better.

Jaf. Ha!

Pier. Daggers.

Jaf. But where are they?

Pier. Oh! a thousand

May be dispos'd of, in honest hands, in Venice.

Jaf. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pier. But yet a heart, half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the meaning,
Jaffier.

Jaf. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend will stick one here!

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not cherish'd
T' a nobler purpose, I would be thy friend;
But thou hast better friends; friends whom thy
wrongs

Have made thy friends; friends worthy to be
call'd so.

I'll trust thee with a secret: There are spirits
This hour at work.—But as thou art a man,
Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter;
And when I've told thee that which only gods,
And men like gods, are privy to, then swear
No chance or change shall wrest it from
thy bosom.

Jaf. When thou wouldst bind me, is there
need of oaths?

For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to thee.
Is coward, fool, or villain in my face?

If I seem none of these, I dare believe

Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause,

For I am fit for honour's toughest task,

Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;

And for a villainous, inglorious enterprise,

I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine

Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond
of, Jaffier;

For it is founded on the noblest basis;

Our liberties, our natural inheritance.

There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't;

We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and
pray for't;

Openly act a deed the world shall gaze

With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaf. For liberty!

Pier. For liberty, my friend.

Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequester'd fortunes heal'd again:
I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs
That press me now, and bend my spirit
downward;

All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pull'd
From wisdom's seat: those baleful, unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmo-
nious.

Jaf. What can I do?

Pier. Canst thou not kill a senator?

Jaf. Were there one wise or honest, I could
kill him,

For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had; and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear then!

Jaf. I do, by all those glittering stars,
And yon great ruling planet of the night;
By all good pow'rs above, and ill below;
By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock
my heart.

A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead thee.
But be a man! for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when it's wildest—

Jaf. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest
my fears

Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and show it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies
Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaf. Revenge—revenge—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—AQUILINA'S HOUSE.

Enter RENAUT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition? the
worst ground

A wretch can build on! It's, indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to heav'n.
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest
shake us.

Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, good morrow, for by this time
I think the scale of night has turn'd the balance,
And weighs up morning! Has the clock struck
twelve?

Ren. Yes! clocks will go as they are set;
but man,

Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain:
I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance: 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mix'd, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can
frighten.

Ren. What's then the cause that I am
here alone?

Why are we not together?

Enter ELLIOTT.

O, sir, welcome!

You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been
behind-hand.

In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef, and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.

Ell. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. How!

*Enter BEDAMAR, the Ambassador; THEO-
DORE, BRAMVEIL, DURAND, BRABE, REVIL-
LIDO, MEZZANA, TERNON, and RETROSI,
Conspirators.*

Bed. At difference; fie!

Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high
calling,

Men separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly as in one great jewel,
To adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smil'd on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Bed. Renault, thy hand.

Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.

Bed. Elliot, thou once hadst virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bent with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy nation's glory
To hug the foe that offers brave alliance.
One more embrace, my friends—we'll all
embrace.

United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters not it already?

Ell. Would 'twere tumbling.

Bed. Nay, it shall down; this night we seal
its ruin.

Enter PIERRE.

Oh, Pierre, thou art welcome.
Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st
Lovely dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars!
The poets that first feign'd a god of war,
Sure prophesied of thee.

Pier. Friend, was not Brutus

(I mean that Brutus, who in open senate
Stab'd the first Caesar that usurp'd the world),
A gallant man?

Ren. Yes, and Cataline too;

Though story wrong his fame: for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.

Bed. And ours as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.

Pier. Then to what we aim at.
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth; fate
seems to have set
The business up, and given it to our care;

I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.

All. All.

We'll die with Bedamar.

Bed. O men

Matchless! as will your glory be hereafter:
The game is for a matchless prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Pier. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world:
This wretched state has starv'd them in its
service;

And, by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolved
To serve your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for th' alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied
diligence

Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
After this night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.

Pier. How lovelily the Adriatic whore,
Dress'd in her flames, will shine! Devouring
flames!

Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.

Bed. Now if any

Amongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told: the general doom is seal'd;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touch'd
my weakness,

I have a friend; hear it! such a friend,
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you:
He knows the very business of this hour;
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it;
We've chang'd a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd!

Pier. No—I've nobly dealt with you;
I've brought my all into the public stock:
I've but one friend, and him I'll share amongst
you;

Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless: as my
tongue

Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFIER, with a Dagger.

Bed. His presence bears the show of manly
virtue.

Jaf. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and by heav'n it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united
To restore justice, and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Int'd this breast; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the cur'd assembled senate:
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? here's
A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaf. Nay—by heaven I'll do this.

Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces;
You fear me villain, and, indeed, it's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with
councils.

I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me
To push on mischief. Oh! did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre, I must embrace him.

My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.

Jaf. Still I see

The cause delights ye not. Your friends survey me
As I were dangerous—But I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can
pay for.

My Belvidera. Ho; my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder's next?

Jaf. Let me entreat you,

As I have henceforth hopes to call you friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend that
owns me,

Withdraw awhile, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but Bedamar, Renault, Jaffier, and Pierre.*

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead
us?

Jaf. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Bel. Who,

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where
art thou?

Jaf. Indeed 'tis late.

Bel. Alas! where am I? whither is't you
lead me?

Methinks I read distraction in your face,
Something less gentle than the fate you tell me.
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs
cold!

Heav'n's guard my love, and bless his heart
with patience.

Jaf. That I have patience, let our fate bear
witness,

Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I
(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'st of the race of man)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Bel. Part! must we part? Oh, am I then
forsaken?

Why drag you from me? Whither are you
going?

My dear! my life! my love!

Jaf. Oh, friends!

Bel. Speak to me.

Jaf. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care
Relieve her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.

Ren. Rise, madam, and command amongst
your servants.

Jaf. To you, sirs, and your honours, I be-
queath her;

And with her this; when I prove unworthy—
[*Gives a Dagger.*

You know the rest—Then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.

Bel. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it
cheaply.

O! thou unkind one;
Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you;
Look on me, tell me, speak, thou fair deceiver.
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, prythee don't, in poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad heart that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me, yet recall me—

[*Exeunt Renault, Bedamar, and Belvidera.*]

Jaf. Oh! my eyes,
Look not that way, but turn yourselves awhile
Into my heart, and be wean'd altogether.
My friend where art thou?

Pier. Here, my honour's brother.

Jaf. Is Belvidera gone?

Pier. Renault has led her
Back to her own apartment; but, by heav'n,
Thou must not see her more, till our work's over.

Jaf. No!

Pier. Not for your life.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I would pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee, till my eye-strings crack'd with
love;

Then, swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting turtle to thy breast;
On thy soft bosom hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away;
Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false ambition more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold! betray'd to
shame!

Inevitable ruin has enclos'd me!
He that should guard my virtue has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh, that I could hate him!
Where shall I go? Oh, whither, whither,
wander?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
When these poor arms are ready to receive her?
There was a time—

Bel. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her cries, and sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when, if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look'd but sad—there was indeed a time,
When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eas'd her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her till he found the cause.

Jaf. Oh, Portia, Portia! What a soul was
thine!

Bel. That Portia was a woman; and when
Brutus,
Big with the fate of Rome, (heav'n guard thy
safety!)

Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind;
She let him see her blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart
Fit to partake his troubles as his love.
Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower,

Thou gav'st last night in parting with me; strike it
Here to my heart; and as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure, as Cato's daughter's.

Jaf. Oh! Belvidera!

Bel. Why was I last night deliver'd to a
villain?

Jaf. Ha! a villain?

Bel. Yes, to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches?
Why, I in this band, and in that a dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful ceremonies?
To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart.
Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?

For such I know I am; that's all my value.

But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of the slaves;
Straight to the senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaf. Is this the Roman virtue; this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Bel. No:

For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaf. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then if thou shouldst betray me!—

Bel. Shall I swear!

Jaf. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature, with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast:
I've bound myself, by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human—

Bel. Speak!

Jaf. To kill thy father—

Bel. My father!

Jaf. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damn'd.

Bel. Oh!

Jaf. Have a care, and shrink not even in
thought:

For if thou dost—

Bel. I know it; thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butcher'd in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroy'd?

And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd slaves, bravoos, and common
stabbers,

Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains! join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaf. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've en-
gaged

With men of souls; fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature

Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashion.

Bel. VVhat's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me?

VVas that well done? Oh! I could tell a story, VVould rouse thy lion heart out of its den, And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaf. Speak on, I charge thee.

Bel. O my love! If e'er Thy Belvidera's peace deserv'd thy care, Remove me from this place. Last night, last night!

Jaf. Distract me not, but give me all the truth.

Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone, Left in the pow'r of that old son of mischief; No sooner was I lain on my sad bed, But that vile wretch approach'd me, loose, unbutton'd,

Ready for violation: Then my heart

Throbb'd with its fears: Oh, how I wept and sigh'd,

And shrunk and trembled! wish'd in vain for him That should protect me! Thou, alas! wert gone.

Jaf. Patience, sweet heav'n, till I make vengeance sure.

Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou gav'st him,

And with upbraiding smiles, he said, Behold it: This is the pledge of a false husband's love: And in my arms then press'd, and would have clasp'd me;

But with my cries, I scar'd his coward heart, Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell. These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy honour,

Thy love, all stak'd, and all will go to ruin.

Jaf. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close.

Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs Wwere all forgot, and treat him like a friend, As no complaint were made. No more; retire, Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour; I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love,

Bel. Oh! should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt

In anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaf. Return no more! I would not live without thee

Another night, to purchase the creation.

Bel. VVhen shall we meet again?

Jaf. Anon, at twelve

I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms: Come like a travell'd dove, and bring thee peace.

Bel. Indeed!

Jaf. By all our loves.

Bel. 'Tis hard to part:

But sure no falsehood ever look'd so fairly. Farewell; remember twelve. [*Exit.*]

Jaf. Let heav'n forget me, When I remember not thy truth, thy love.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffier.

Jaf. VVho calls?

Pier. A friend, that could have wish'd T have found thee otherwise employed. VVhat hunt

A wife, on the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband Of all bounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,

Never be wean'd from caudles and confections? What feminine tales hast thou been list'ning to,

Of unair'd shirts, catarrhs and tooth-ach, got By thin-sol'd shoes? Damnation! that a fellow,

Chosen to be a sharex in the destruction

Of a whole people, should sneak thus into corners To ease his fulsome lusts, and fool his mind.

Jaf. May not a man then trifle out an hour With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pier. Not in a cause like ours.

Jaf. Then, friend, our cause Is in a damn'd condition: for I'll tell thee,

That cankerworm, call'd lechery, has touch'd it; 'Tis tainted vilely. VVouldst thou think it? Renault

(That mortify'd, old, wither'd, winter rogue) He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:

Faith! she has some temptation, that's the truth on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his trust.

Jaf. 'Twas something late, though, To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.

Pier. VVas she in bed?

Jaf. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets, White as her bosom, Pierre, dish'd neatly up,

Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste. Oh! how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,

When the rank fit was on him!

Pier. Patience guide me! He's us'd no violence?

Jaf. No, no; out on't, violence! Play'd with her neck; brush'd her with his grey beard;

But not a jot of violence.

Pier. Damn him.

Jaf. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on't. All hitherto is well, and I believe

Myself no monster yet: Sure it is near the hour VVe all should meet for our concluding orders:

VVill the ambassador be here in person?

Pier. No, he has sent commission to that villain, Renault,

To give the executing charge: I'd have thee be a man, if possible,

And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge Ne'er comes too late.

Jaf. Fear not, I am cool as patience.

Pier. He's yonder, coming this way through the hall;

His thoughts seem full.

Jaf. Prythee retire, and leave me VVith him alone: I'll put him to some trial;

See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pier. Be careful, then. [*Exit.*]

Jaf. Nay, never doubt, but trust me. What! be a devil, take a damning oath

For shedding native blood! Can there be a sin In merciful repentance? Oh, this villain!

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse and peevish: VVhat a slave is man

To let his rebel passions master him! Dispatch the tool her husband—that were well.

VVho's there?

Jaf. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally, The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge,

is very well.

Jaf. Sir, are you sure of that? Stands she in perfect health? Beats her pulse even;

Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaf. Oh, women have fantastic constitutions, Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,

And never fix'd. VVas it not boldly done, Even at first sight, to trust the thing I lov'd

(A tempting treasure too) with youth so fierce

And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaf. Curs'd be he that doubts
Thy virtue! I have try'd it, and declare,
Were I to choose a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping: for I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Jaf. Ay, know thee. There's no falsehood
in thee:

Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace.
Now wouldst thou cut my throat, or I cut thine.

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaf. You lie, sir.

Ren. How!

Jaf. No more,

'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

*Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELLIOTT, REVILLI-
DO, DURAND, BROMVEIL, and the rest
of the Conspirators.*

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed, and I am aged;
Full of decay and natural infirmities:

Re-enter PIERRE.

We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-
morrow.

Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou shouldst
have strok'd him,

And not have gall'd him.

Jaf. Damn him, let him chew on't.

Heav'n! where am I? beset with curs'd fiends,
That wait to damn me! What a devil's nian,
When he forgets his nature—hush, my heart.

Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assem-
bled all?

To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Deck'd in your honours. Are the soldiers ready?

Pier. All, all.

Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand
must possess
St. Mark's; you, captain, know your charge
already,

'Tis to secure the ducal palace: You,
Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheathe your swords in every breast you
meet.

Jaf. Oh! reverend cruelty! damn'd bloody
villain!

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets;
This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the ars'nal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon (if it dare resist)
Batter to ruin. But above all I charge you,
Shed blood enough; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition; if there live a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaf. Merciless, horrid slave—Ay, blood
enough!

Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou
charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell,
till fate

Join us again, or separate us for ever.

First let's embrace. Heav'n knows who next
shall thus

Wing ye together; but lets all remember,
We wear no common cause upon our swords:
Let each man think that on his single virtue
Depends the good and fame of all the rest;
Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.

You droop, sir.

Jaf. No; with most profound attention

I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And show me where's my peace, for I have
lost it. [Exit.]

Ren. Without the least remorse then, let's
resolve

With fire and sword to exterminate these tyrants;
Under whose weight this wretched country la-
bours,

The means are only in our hands to crown them.

Pier. And may those pow'rs above that are
propitious

To gallant minds, record this cause and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we
wish for,

Should there, my friends, be found among us one
False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance were enough for such a villain?

Ell. Death here without repentance, hell
hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if as here I stand,
Listed by fate among her darling sons,
Though I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; could I have such
a friend

Join'd in this cause, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop
from me,

If I'd not hazard all my future peace,

And stab him to the heart before you. Who,
Who would do less? Wouldst thou not,

Pierre, the same?

Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this
hard question.

As if it were started only for my sake!

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?

Ren. No; but I fear your late commended
friend

Is little Jess. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. He left the room just now, in strange
disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I ob-
serv'd him;

During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention
To a confusion which he could not smother,
His looks grew full of sadness and surprise,
All which betray'd a wavering spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctance and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety, must be done
With speedy execution; he remains
Yet in our power: I, for my own part, wear
A dagger—

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it—

Pier. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away; we're yet all friends,

No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood among us.
Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search
 the house,
 Pull him from the dark hole where he sits
 brooding
 O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share
 of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? Who's he'll
 shed the blood

That's dear to me? is't you, or you, or you, sir?
 What, not one speak! how you stand gaping all
 On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!
 Yet not a word! Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;
 Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.

[*To Renault.*]

Ren. A coward! [*Handles his Sword.*]

Pier. Put up thy sword, old man;
 Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this breach;
 I am too hot, we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship can-
 not be so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Ren. And I.

Omnes. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest sword.

Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by heav'n I'll
 to the senate,

And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.

Why peep your coward swords half out their
 shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
 You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

Ren. Go to the senate, and betray us! baste!
 Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die
 Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pier. That's rank falsehood.

Fear'st not thou death! Fie, there's a knavish itch
 In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
 Had Jaffier's wife prov'd kind, he'd still been
 true.

Faugh, how that stinks! thou die, thou kill my
 friend!

Or thou! or thou! with that lean wither'd face.
 Away, disperse all to your several charges,
 And meet to-morrow where your honour calls
 you.

I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much
 thirst for,

And you shall see him venture for you fairly—
 Hence! hence, I say. [*Exit Renault, angrily.*]

Spin. I fear we've been to blame,
 And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urg'd against the man
 you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our swords, and crush them
 with your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found
 The way to melt, and cast me as you will.
 Whence rose all this discord?

Oh, what a dangerous precipice have we
 'scap'd!

How near a fall was all we'd long been building!
 What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
 If one, the bravest and the best of men,
 Had fall'n a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
 Butcher'd by those, whose cause he came to
 cherish!

Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
 And to your loves, me better recommend,
 That I've preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my
 friend. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA.

Jaf. Where dost thou lead me? Every step
 I move,

Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
 Of a rack'd friend. Oh, my charming ruin!
 Where are we wandering?

Bel. To eternal honour.

To do a deed shall chronicle thy name
 Among the glorious legends of those few
 That have sav'd sinking nations. Thy renown
 Shall be the future song of all the virgins,
 Who by thy piety have been preserv'd
 From horrid violation. Every street

Shall be adorn'd with statues to thy honour;
 And at thy feet this great inscription written,
 Remember him that propp'd the fall of Venice.

Jaf. Rather, remember him, who, after all
 The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
 In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
 Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
 To sacrifice the bosom that reliev'd him.

Why wilt thou damn me?

Bel. Oh, inconstant man!

How will you promise; how will you deceive!
 Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,
 Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou
 lov'st me,

And let thy dagger do its bloody office.
 Or if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,
 Till I'm a victim to the hateful lust
 Of that infernal devil.

Last night, my love!

Jaf. Name it not again:

It shows a beastly image to my fancy,
 Will wake me into madness.

Destruction, swift destruction, fall on my coward
 head.

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the senate,
 And tell the dismal'st story ever utter'd:
 Tell 'em what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
 Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour.
 Save thy poor country, save the reverend blood
 Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn
 Must else see shed.

Jaf. Oh! think what then may prove my lot:
 By all heav'n's powers, prophetic truth dwells
 in thee;

For every word thou speak'st, strikes through
 my heart;

Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,
 And lead me to the place where I'm to say
 This bitter lesson; where I must betray
 My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
 Must I betray my friend? Ah! take me quickly:
 Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Bel-
 videra?

Jaf. No; thou'st my soul itself; wealth,
 friendship, honour,
 All present joys, and earnest of all future,
 Are summ'd in thee.

Come, lead me forward, now, like a tame lamb
 To sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal garlands

Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the wanton skips and
 plays,
 Trots by th' enticing, flatt'ring priestess' side,
 And much transported with its little pride,
 Forgets his dear companions of the plain;
 Till, by her bound, he's on the altar lain,
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in
 the pain.

Enter Officer and six Guards.

Offi. Stand! who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Offi. But what friends are you?

Bel. Friends to the senate, and the state of
 Venice.

Offi. My orders are to seize on all I find
 At this late hour, and bring 'em to the council,
 Who are now sitting.

Jaf. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
 Now the lot's cast, and, fate, do what thou
 wilt. [*Exeunt guarded.*]

SCENE II.—*The Senate-house, where appear
 sitting the DUKE of VENICE, PRIULI, and
 other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
 Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
 What have you to inform us of, concerns
 The state of Venice, honour, or its safety?

Pri. Could words express the story I've to
 tell you,

Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
 That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
 We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
 And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
 On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heav'n:
 Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come
 Ere Venice be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand
 Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
 Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,
 To massacre us all, our wives and children,
 Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
 To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;
 The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en
 this moment,

And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
 I had this warning; but, if we are men,
 Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
 That may inform the world, in after ages,
 Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.

[*A Noise without.*]

Room, room, make room for some prisoners—

Enter Officer and Guards.

Duke. Speak, there. What disturbance?

Offi. Two prisoners have the guards seiz'd
 in the street,

Who say, they comel't inform this reverend senate
 About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER and Officer.

All Sen. Give 'em entrance—Well, who are
 you?

Jaf. A villain,
 Would every man, that hears me,
 Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a plot has been
 contriv'd
 Against this state; and you're a share in't too.
 If you are a villain, to redeem your honour

Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

Jaf. Think not, that I to save my life came
 hither;

I know its value better; but in pity
 To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
 Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
 The sworn and covenant'd foe of Venice:

But use me as my dealings may deserve,
 And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates,
 Give him the tortures.

Jaf. That you dare not do;
 Your fear won't let you, not the longing itch
 To hear a story which you dread the truth of:
 Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get
 from me.

Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings; boys
 are whipt

Into confessions: but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
 Again, by heav'n I'll shut these lips for ever.
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your
 wheels,

Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at.
Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaf. For myself full pardon,
 Besides the lives of two-and-twenty friends,
 Whose names are here enroll'd—Nay, let their
 crimes

Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
 And sacred promise of this reverend council,
 That, in a full assembly of the senate
 The thing I ask be ratify'd. Swear this,
 And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaf. By all the hopes
 Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
 Swear.—Ye swear?

All Sen. We swear.

Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
 May you, and your posterity be bless'd,
 Or curs'd for ever.

All Sen. Else be curs'd for ever.

Jaf. Then here's the list, and with't the full
 disclose

Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers a Paper.*]
 Now, fate, thou hast caught me.

Duke. Give order that all diligent search
 be made

To seize these men, their characters are public;
 The paper intimates their rendezvous
 To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtesan,
 Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.
 You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
 To be our prisoner.

Jaf. Would the chains of death
 Had bound me safe, ere I had known this minute.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaf. Sir, if possible,
 Lead me where my own thoughts themselves
 may lose me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
 Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
 Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee?

(*Exit guarded.*)

Offi. [*Without*] More traitors; room, room,
 room, make room, there.

Duke. How's this? guards!
 Where are our guards? Shut up the gates,
 the treason's
 Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lords, more traitors,
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation;
Furnish'd with arms and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELLIOTT,
REVILLIDO, and other Conspirators, in
Fetters.*

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves), of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
On those, that bring you conquest home, and
honours?

Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Ant. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the trophies I've deserv'd
for fighting

Your battles with confederated powers?

When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow
you;

And brought the fleets of Spain to your own
harbours;

When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in
your palace,

And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Ve-
netians

The task of honour, and the way to greatness?
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears

To stipulate the terms of su'd-for peace?

And this my recompense! if I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's
base

And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jaffier?

[*Conspirators murmur.*]

Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.

His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Enter JAFFIER, guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pier. My friend too bound! nay then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man whose welfare's so much
mine,

They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants,
Jaffier,

Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?

Jaf. To thee, I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair-hopes, which morning was t' have
crown'd,

Has this curs'd tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then all's over:

Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.

No more! Farewell!

Duke. Say; will you make confession

Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

Pier. Curs'd be your senate: curs'd your
constitution:

The curse of growing factions and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pier. Death! honourable death!

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you
can give,

No shameful bonds, but honourable death.

Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard
your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for
judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me
to my straw:

It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To do the senate service.

Jaf. Hold, one moment.

Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of
the senate?

Presumptuous rebel—on— [*Strikes Jaffier.*]

Jaf. By heav'n, you stir not!

I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me:

But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining monk art thou? what
holy cheat,

That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And canst't thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not:
Leave, hypocrite.

Jaf. Not know me, Pierre?

Pier. No, I know thee not! What art thou?

Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd
friend!

Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most
hardly.

Pier. Thou, Jaffier! thou, my once lov'd,
valu'd friend!

By heav'n's thou liest; the man so call'd, my
friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:

But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless
coward,

Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaf. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears
I have not.

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st
thou call thyself

That once lov'd, valu'd friend of mine,

And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence
these chains?

Whence the vile death which I may meet this
moment?

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou
false one?

Jaf. All's true; yet grant one thing, and
I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions
The counsel have propos'd: thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe
And carry up and down this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,

Burthensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false
as thou art!

No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men, like thee, are fit to live in't.

Jaf. By all that's just—

Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaf. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not
leave thee,

Till, to thyself, at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaf. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet, and kiss 'em, though they spurn me;
Till wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not—

Jaf. VVhat?

Pier. A traitor?

Jaf. Yes.

Pier. A villain?

Jaf. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life?

Jaf. All, all and more, much more: my faults
are numberless.

Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on
terms like thine;

Base, as thou art false—

Jaf. No; 'tis to me that's granted:

The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd
thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
VVere unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Giv'n with a worthless pledge, thou since hast
stol'n:

So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those pow'rs which thou hast
violated,

Never, from this curs'd hour to bold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our
years

Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaf. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre!

Pier. No more.

Jaf. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I
throw thee from me;

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch
thee.

Jaf. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver;

And here's the portion he has left me:

[*Holds the Dagger up.*]

This dagger. VVell remember'd! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this, and Belvidera together.
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no
further:

No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
VVhere it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each
other.

So now for thinking—A blow, call'd a traitor,
villain,

Coward, dishonourable coward; fough!

Oh! for a long sound sleep, and so forget it.
Down, busy devil!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me and my miseries together?
VVhere's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,
Not daring to look up to that dear face
Which us'd to smile, ev'n on my faults; but,
down,

Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaf. Mercy! kind heav'n has surely endless
stores,

Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted:
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawl'd on earth.

My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoic'd in,
Has us'd me like a slave, shamefully us'd me:
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.

Bel. VVhat has he done?

Jaf. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
VVith eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
As at his feet I kneel'd and su'd for mercy,
VVith a reproachful hand he dash'd a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera! by heav'n, he struck me!
Buffeted, call'd me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? Am I a villain? Tell me:
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so!
Damnation! Coward!

Bel. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier;

And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
VVhat will they do to-morrow?

Jaf. Ah!

Bel. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the
agonies

Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'er, by a vile, butchering villain;
VVhat will thy heart do then? Oh! sure 'twill
stream,

Like my eyes now.

Jaf. VVhat means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow! Broken limbs and bowels!

Bel. The faithless senators, 'tis they've de-
creed it:

They say, according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:
Declare their promis'd mercy all has forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
VVarrants are pass'd for public death to-
morrow.

Jaf. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!

Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing

To force confession from their dying pangs.

Oh! do not look so terribly upon me!

How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!

What means my love?

Jaf. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—
Strong temptations

Wake in my heart.

Bel. For what?

Jaf. No more, but leave me.

Bel. Why?

Jaf. Oh! by heav'n, I love thee with that fondness,

I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these curs'd hands: Are they not cold
upon thee?

[*Pulls the Dagger half out of his Bosom, and puts it back again.*]

Bel. No, everlasting comfort's in thy arms.

To lean thou on thy breast, is softer ease

Than downy pillows, deck'd with leaves of roses.

Jaf. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns
'tis fill'd with:

Fly, ere they gall thee. There's a lurking serpent,
Ready to leap and sting thee to the heart:

Art thou not terrified?

Bel. No.

Jaf. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast
brought me.

Bel. Hah!

Jaf. Where's my friend? my friend, thou
smiling mischief!

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou shouldst
have fled

When thy guilt first had cause; for dire rev'enge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!

Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears
Already; see, they've fix'd him on the wheel.

And now they tear him—Murder! Perjur'd
senate!

Murder—Oh!—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast
done this!

Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! Oh, thou bewitching
creature!

[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*]

Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little
trembler,

Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe:
'Tis thy own citadel—Hah—yet stand off.

Heav'n must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy.

I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Bel. What means the lord

Of me, my life, and love? What's in thy bosom,
Thou grasp'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?

[*Draws the Dagger and offers to stab her.*]

Jaf. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,

To be thy portion if I e'er prov'd false.

On such condition, was my truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*]

Bel. Oh! Mercy!

Jaf. Nay, no struggling.

Bel. Now then, kill me.

[*Leaps on his Neck, and kisses him.*]

Jaf. I am, I am a coward; witness heav'n,

Witness it, earth, and every being witness:

'Tis but one blow! yet by immortal love,

I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[*He throws away the Dagger and embraces her.*]

The seal of Providence is sure upon thee:

And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders.

Oh! thou wert either born to save or damn me.

By all the power that's giv'n me o'er my soul,

By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,

By the victorious love that still waits on thee,

Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,

Or all our future quiet's lost for ever.

Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,

Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,

Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,

Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy
softness;

Nor till thy prayers are granted, set him free,

But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in PRIULI's House.

Enter PRIULI.

Pri. Why, cruel heav'n, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour

And deathless infamy is fallen upon me.

Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.

But then, my only child, my daughter wedded;

There my best blood runs foul, and a disease

Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory.

Enter BELVIDERA, in a long mourning Veil.

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,

That for three years has left an only child

Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,

And cruel ruin!—oh—

Pri. What child of sorrow

Art thou, that comes wrapt in weeds of sadness,

And mov'st as if thy steps were tow'rd's a grave?

Bel. A wretch who from the very top of
happiness

Am fall'n into the lowest depths of misery,

And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Pri. What wouldst thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness.

[*Throws up her Veil.*]

By the kind, tender names of child and father,

Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.

Pri. My daughter!

Bel. Yes, your daughter.

Pri. Don't talk thus.

Bel. Yes, I must; and you must hear too.

I have a husband.

Pri. Damn him.

Bel. Oh! do not curse him;

He would not speak so hard a word towards you

On any terms, howe'er he deals with me.

Pri. Ha! what means my child?

Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,

Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,

To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.

Pri. Kill thee!

Bel. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his faith

And covenant against your state and senate,

He gave me up a hostage for his truth:

With me a dagger and a dire commission,

Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this
bosom.

I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love

T'attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and bless'd me with success!
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends
For promis'd mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.

Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the gods
With his poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.

Pri. Heav'n's!

Bel. If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By heav'n I will.

Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed, a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.

Bel. Go and remember,
Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world.
Bend down ye heav'n's, and shutting round
this earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life— [Meeting him.]

Jaf. My plague— [Turning from her.]

Bel. Nay, then I see my ruin.
If I must die!

Jaf. Nor let the thoughts of death perplex
thy fancy;

But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bel. I will, when I've done weeping—

Jaf. Fie, no more on't—
How long is't since that miserable day
We wedded first!

Bel. Oh! h h!

Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Bel. Heav'n knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow—

Jaf. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Bel. But was't a miserable day?

Jaf. A curs'd one.

Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you've often
sworn,

In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn
you bless'd it.

Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.

Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too?

Jaf. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I dote with too much fondness.

Bel. Still so kind?

Still then do you love me?

Jaf. Man ne'er was blest

Since the first pair met, as I have been.

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?

Jaf. No. I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three years, we've liv'd together.

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.

Jaf. Did I not say, I came to bless thee?

Bel. You did.

Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous heav'n:

Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand; let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning:
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her
virtue,

To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Bel. How! Parting, parting!

Jaf. Yes, for ever parting;

I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.

Bel. O! call back

Your cruel blessing; stay with me and curse me.

Jaf. Now hold, heart, or never.

Bel. By all the tender days we've liv'd together,
Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.

Jaf. Oh! h h!

Bel. By these arms, that now cling round
thy neck,

By these poor streaming eyes—

Jaf. Murder! unhold me:

By th' immortal destiny that doom'd me.

[*Draws the Dagger.*]

To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall—

Hark, the dismal bell [Passing-bell tolls.]
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;

For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me:
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell, for ever.

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me,
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at
parting?

Oh! my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

[*Going out, looks back at him.*]

Jaf. Yet stay:

We have a child, as yet a tender infant:
Be a kind mother to him when I'm gone;
Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story;
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate
May do his future fortune, or his name.

Now—nearer yet— [Approaching each other.]
Oh! that my arms were rivetted

Thus round thee ever! But my friend! my oath!
This and no more. [Kisses her.]

Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of.
I'll giv' him truly.

Jaf. So now farewell.

Bel. For ever?

Jaf. Heav'n knows for ever; all good angels
guard thee. [Exit.]

Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of me this
moment.

Curs'd be my days, and doubly curs'd my nights.

Oh! give me daggers, fire, or water:
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown,
the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh! there's all quiet, here all rage and fury:
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick, substantial sleep; Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Scaffold, and a Wheel prepared for the Execution of PIERRE.*

Enter Officer, PIERRE, Guards, Executioner, and a great Rabble.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer.

Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Pr'ythee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaf. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er

Suffer'd the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.

Offi. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaf. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffier; they've all died like men too,

Worthy their character.

Jaf. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh, Jaffier!

Jaf. Speak aloud thy burthen'd soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pier. Friend! Couldst thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows. Heav'n knows, I want a friend.

Jaf. And I a kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue. Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.

Jaf. Yes, I will live:

But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaf. I will, by heav'n.

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble, And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee?

Jaf. No; I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaf. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this weakness. [Weeps.]

Jaf. Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before; And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,

That must have vent: Though I'm a villain, tell me.

Pier. See'st thou that engine?

[Pointing to the Wheel.]

Jaf. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nation's quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest

Be expos'd a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaf. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaf. Fitting!

Pier. Yes; is't fitting?

Jaf. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble, to preserve my memory From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Offi. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier!

Though thou'st betray'd me, do me some way justice.

Jaf. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;

I have a wife, and she shall bleed: my child too, Yield up his little throat, and all

T' appease thee— [Going away, Pierre holds him.]

Pier. No—this—no more. [Whispers Jaffier]

Jaf. Ha! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaf. I'll do it.

Pier. Remember.

Offi. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[He and Jaffier ascend the Scaffold.]

Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour; Keep off the rabble, that I may have room

To entertain my fate, and die with decency.

Come. Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.

You'll think on't.

[To Jaffier.]

Jaf. Twon't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going. Now—

[Executioner having bound him.]

Jaf. Have at thee,

Thou honest heart, then—here— [Stabs him.]

And this is well too. [Stabs himself.]

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done nobly—VVe have deceiv'd the senate.

Jaf. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha—oh! oh!

[Dies.]

Jaf. Now, ye curs'd rulers,

Thus of the blood y've shed, I make libation And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,

And all your race. Be henceforth peace a stranger Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste

Your generation—Oh, poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her,

A token that with my dying breath I bless'd her,

And the dear little infant left behind me.

I'm sick—I'm quiet. [Dies. Scene shuts upon them.]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at PRIULI'S.*

Soft Music. Enter BELVIDERA, distracted, led by two of her Women; PRIULI and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying heav'n.

Bel. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come to bed,

Pr'ythee, my love. The winds; hark how they whistle;

And the rain beats: Oh! how the weather shrinks me!

You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed, Choose then; I say you shall not go, you shall not;

Whip your ill nature; get you gone then. Oh! Are you return'd? See, father, here he's come

again:

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Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one,
Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?
Jaffier, where art thou? father, why do you
do thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me: He's here
somewhere.

Stand off, I say: What gone? Remember't,
tyrant:

I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.
I'll do't—'ll do't.

Enter
Pri. News, what news?

[Officer whispers Priuli.]

Offi. Most sad, sir;
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stab'd Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter!

Bel. Ha! look there!

My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad
vision:

On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanish'd—

Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the
den up!

You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier,
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: Oh!

My love! my dear! my blessing! help me!
help me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the
bottom.

Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell—
[Dies. The Curtain falls slowly to Music.]

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA;

On, *The Unhappy Marriage*. Tragedy by Thomas Otway. Acted at the Duke's Theatre 1680. The plot is founded on the history of Brandon, in a novel called *English Adventures*, published in 1667. The language is truly poetical, tender, and sentimental, the circumstances are affecting and the catastrophe is distressful. Yet there is somewhat improbable in the particular on which all the distresses are founded; and we must own that we incline to the opinion of that person, who, on first seeing it, exclaimed, "Oh! what an infinite deal of mischief would a farthing rushlight have prevented!" We cannot avoid remarking, says the *Biographia Dramatica*, that the compassion of the audience has commonly appeared misplaced; it lighting in general on the whining, irresolute Castalio, instead of falling, where it ought to do, on the more spirited and open-hearted Polydore, who, in consequence of concealments on the side of his brother, which he could not have any reason to expect, and by which he is really injured, is tempted in his love and resentment to an act which involves him in greater horror and distress than any of the other characters can undergo, from the more bloody effects it produces. This partiality has, however, always appeared to us to arise from some strokes of libertinism thrown into the early parts of Polydore's character, which give an air of looseness to it, and prejudice the audience against him through the whole play. As Dr. Johnson observes, "it is one of the few pieces that keep possession of the stage, and has pleased for almost a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Of this play nothing new can easily be said. It is a domestic tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression. But if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed." Voltaire, who (from his egregious vanity) seldom spoke of an English author but in a strain of ridicule, has sarcastically, yet not without some appearance of truth, observed of the impetuous Chamont: "There is a brother of Monimia, a soldier of fortune, who, because he and his sister are cherished and maintained by this worthy family, abuses them all round. 'Do me justice, you old Pui,' says he to the father, 'or, damme, I'll set your house on fire.'—'My dear boy,' says the accommodating old gentleman, 'you shall have justice.'"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CASTALIO.	POLYDORE.	ERNESTO.	CHAMON	FLORELLA.
ACASTO.	CHAPLAIN.	PAGE.	SERINA.	MONIMIA.

SCENE.—*Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and Page.

Cas. POLYDORE, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger:
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to havelodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

Pol. But then—

Cas. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice
leap'd.

To save Castalio.—'Twas a godlike act!

Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh! my heart danc'd, to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

Cas. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine. What is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home!

Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cas. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should taste it.
I own, I have duty very pow'ful in me:
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?

Cas. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?

What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to heav'n.
And should I chance to touch it near, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

Cas. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.

Pol. That's kindly said.—You know our father's ward,

The fair Monimia:—is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Cas. Suppose I should?

Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?

Cas. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly
Twist friends and brothers, as we two are.

Cas. Is love a fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be—

What, if I love her?

Cas. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim;
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.

Pol. You will?

Cas. I will.

Pol. No more; I've done.

Cas. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done.

But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

Cas. No;

Not with my Polydore:—though I must own
My nature obstinate, and void of suff'rance;
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you will break this friendship!

Cas. Not for crowns.

Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy.
Unjust Castalio!

Cas. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?

Pol. You love Monimia.

Cas. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,

If I'm your rival?

Cas. No;—sure we're such friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I dote upon Monimia.

Cas. Love her still;

Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cas. No matter

Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?

Cas. Wed her!

No—were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride
could waste,

She should not cheat me of my freedom.—Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,

And take a wife to mortify withal.

Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so

To propagate his family and name.

You would not have yours die, and buried
with you?

Cas. Mere vanity, and silly dotage, all:—

No, let me live at large, and when I die—

Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?

Cas. My friend,

If he survives me; if not, my king,

Who may bestow't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cas. By yon heaven, I love

My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;

And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.

Pol. And, by that heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.

Whose shall Monimia be?

Cas. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last
night?

Cas. I was; and should have met her here
again.

The opportunity shall now be thine;
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.

Pol. By heaven, I will not.

Cas. It'll prove thy fortune, Polydore, to
conquer

(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion),
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stille mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride;
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

[*Exeunt Castalio and Polydore.*]

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore
this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure some ill fate's upon me:
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.—
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his plaything to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio; I must chide you, sir.

Page. Why, madam, have I done you any
wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been
kinder;

Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money
for you.

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.

Mon. Tell me, Cordelio (for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets),
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. O madam! very wickedly they have
talk'd!

But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipp'd, that tell their masters'
secrets.

Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be
known;

For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;

For he was never half so kind as you are.
 What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how thou'st heard
 Castalio and his brother use my name.

Page. With all the tenderness of love,
 You were the subject of their last discourse.
 At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
 But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
 And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
 At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd—

Mon. What, good Cordeho?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest
 hopes;

I would not be the argument of strife.
 But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,
 And make a mock'ry of my easy love!
 W'ent they together?

Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.
 Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him,
 Where he alone might meet you,
 And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to
 be made

A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
 W'as not Castalio very loath to yield it?
 Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
 That heighten'd the debate?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.
 Castalio play'd with love, and smiling show'd
 The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
 He said, no woman's smiles should buy his
 freedom:

And marriage is a mortifying thing. [*Exit.*]

Mon. Then I am ruin'd! If Castalio's false,
 Where is there faith and honour to be found?
 Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
 The weak, protect and take me to your care.
 O, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
 Why was I made with all my sex's fondness,
 Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
 I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
 Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Re-enter CASTALIO and POLYDORE.

He comes.

Cas. Madam, my brother begs he may have
 leave

To tell you something that concerns you nearly.
 I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My lord Castalio!

Cas. Madam!

Mon. Have you purpos'd
 To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
 Why am I left with Polydore alone?

Cas. He best can tell you. Business of
 importance

Calls me away: I must attend my father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cas. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise: the time has been,
 When business might have stay'd, and I been
 heard.

Cas. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
 Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
 That I must go. [*Exit.*]

Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
 Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,
 And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
 Or dying men an hour of added life;

If softest wishes, and a heart more true
 Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
 Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not
 hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such beauty, and be
 silent?

Desire first taught us words. Man, when
 created,

At first alone long wander'd up and down
 Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts:
 But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
 Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes and fir'd his heart,
 Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Mon. The first created pair indeed were
 bless'd;

They were the only objects of each other,
 Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
 But in this peopled world of beauty, where
 There's roving room, where you may court,
 and ruin

A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus
 Eternally admiring, fix, and gaze
 On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
 Darts through my soul.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my
 undoing?

I must confess indeed, I owe you more
 Than ever I can hope, or think, to pay.
 There always was a friendship 'twixt our
 families;

And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,
 Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,
 Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
 A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make
 me happy.

Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;
 And those who taught it first were hypocrites.
 Come, these soft, tender limbs were made for
 yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees, by heav'n's blest
 pow'r I swear, [*Kneels.*]

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
 But rather wander through the world a beggar,
 And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
 For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
 My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
 W'as never in the right; y're always false,
 Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more
 Fantastic than your appetites; you think
 Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.
 To-day y're nice, to-morrow not so free;
 Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then
 glad;

Now pleas'd, now not: and all, you know
 not why!

Mon. Indeed, my lord,

I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all;
 And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
 Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
 As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
 And lay all nature's riches at my feet;
 I'd rather run a savage in the woods,
 Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and
 deform'd,

So I might still enjoy my honour safe,
 From the destroying wiles of faithless men. [*Exit.*]

Pol. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd man?
 I'll yet possess my love, it shall be so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon.*

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and Attendants.

Acas. To-day has been a day of glorious sport:
 When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
 Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,
 So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted
 Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,
 Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
 As if he already had me for his prey!
 Till brandishing my well-poss'd javelin high,
 With this bold executing arm I struck
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Cas. The actions of your life were always wondrous.

Acas. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;

It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
 Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
 If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
 Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Cas. Your lordship's wrongs have been
 So great, that you with justice may complain;
 But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
 Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair:
 Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
 Her worth would cease, and half the world
 grow idle.

Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I,
 Not loiter out my life at home, and know
 No further than one prospect gives me leave.

Acas. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
 Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
 And scorn a proud, ill-manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My lord, my father!

Acas. Blessings on my child!

My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news;
 The young Chamont, whom you've so often
 wish'd for,
 Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acas. By my soul,
 And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
 Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best lov'd man!
 Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards
 Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune!
 Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you!

Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
 That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!

Cham. O my sister, let me hold thee
 Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
 These many days; by night I've often seen thee
 In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
 With fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.

Another sister! sure, it must be so;
 Though I remember well I had but one:
 But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
 And tells me, she has claim and interest there.

Acas. Young soldier, you've not only studied war,

Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
 And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Cham. Is she your daughter? then my heart told true,

And I'm at least her brother by adoption;
 For you have made yourself to me a father,
 And by that patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,
 Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:
 Is Chamont so? no, sure, he's more than man;
 Something that's near divine, and truth dwells
 in him.

Acas. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
 The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
 Let there be joy through all the house this day!
 In every room let plenty flow at large!
 It is the birth-day of my royal master!
 You have not visited the court, Chamont,
 Since your return?

Cham. I have no business there;
 I have not slavish temperance enough
 To attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
 Bear an ill office done me to my face,
 And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acas. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*

Cas. I'd serve my prince.

Acas. Who'd serve him?

Cas. I would, my lord.

Pol. And I; both would.

Acas. Away!

He needs not any servants such as you.
 Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
 He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
 So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath!
 So just, that, were he but a private man,
 He could not do a wrong! How would you
 serve him?

Cas. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,

And serve him with my person in his wars:
 Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,
 As every true-born, loyal subject ought.

Acas. Let me embrace ye both! now, by the souls

Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy!
 For this, be ever blest my marriage day!
 Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
 And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
 That gave ye birth!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd.

Acas. Go you and give 'em welcome and reception.

[*Exeunt Castalio and Polydore.*

Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance,

In something that concerns my peace and honour.
Acas. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd!

So freely, friendly, we convers'd together.
 Whatever it be, with confidence impart it;
 Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor
your justice,
Your bounty shown to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

Acas. Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates
my nature.

Cham. VVhen our dear parents dy'd, they
dy'd together;

One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Her to my love; my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and
embrac'd me;

Then press'd me close, and, as she observ'd
my tears,

Kiss'd them away; said she, "Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever show'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia: watch her youth;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend."

Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acas. It spraks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend heav'n rais'd was you;
you took her up,
An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And provid'd another parent.

Acas. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acas. Then why this argument?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and
you'll bear it.

Acas. Go on.

Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly;
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
VVhere pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind
hand)

Pay over price.

Acas. I cannot guess your drift;

Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness

May make her pay her debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acas. Then first charge her; and if th' of-
fence be found

VVithin my reach, though it should touch my
nature,

In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [Exit.

Cham. I thank you, from my soul.

Mon. Alas, my brother! VVhat have I done?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me?

Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then; I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me
rough,

I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will show myself a
brother,

A tender, honest, and a loving brother.

You've not forgot our father?

Mon. I never shall.

Cham. Then you'll remember too he was
a man

That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And pri'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once:
Though kept in darkness from the world, and
hidden,

He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.

This was the only portion that he left us;

And I more glory in't than if possess'd

Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.

'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely;

Now if, by any chance, Monimia,

You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,

How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge envy,

Malice, and all the practices of hell,

To censure all the actions of my past

Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I

Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,

A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat

Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my
limbs:

My bed shook under me, the curtains started,

And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd

The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;

Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand

A wanton lover, who by turns caress'd thee

VVith all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.

I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment

Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me;

Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, O dire
omen!

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,

Just where that famous tale was interwoven,

How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!

Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,

I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;

Labour not to be justify'd too fast:

Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale,

VVhat follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.

Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,

And meditating on the last night's vision,

I spy'd a wrinkled bag, with age grown double

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;

Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd

and red:

Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd

wither'd,

And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd

The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,

VVhich serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;

So there was nothing of a piece about her.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd

VVith diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white,

yellow,

And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;

Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten

To save a sister! At that word I started!

Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day

They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts

Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale,

Monimia,

As in it bore great circumstance of truth;

Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

Mon. Ha!

[fail you?

Cham. VVhat, alter'd? does your courage

Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game?

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their love's most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too they have both
undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio—

Cham. But Castalio!

Mon. Still will you cross the line of my
discourse.

Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By gen'rous love and honourable vows,
Which be this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou
still preserv'd

Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchaste, may heaven re-
ject my prayers;

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer
to me

Than all the comforts ever yet bless'd man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee, let no more Castalio sooth thee;
Avoid it, as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet,
as great ones,

When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow
easy. *[Exit.]*

Mon. Yes, I will try him, torture him severely;
For, O Castalio, thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes! and now, for once, O love, stand
neuter.

Whilst a hard part's perform'd; for I must tempt,
Wound his soft nature, though my heart
aches for't.

Re-enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me here alone.

Re-enter POLYDORE, with Page, at the Door.

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my
brother thoroughly;
Pass not one circumstance without remark.

[Apart to Page, and exit.]

Cas. When thou art from me, every place
is desert,

And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn:
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Mon. O the bewitching tongues of faithless
men!

'Tis thus the false hyena snakes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den:
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all;
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's
hearts,

And all that pity you are made your prey.

Cas. What means my love? Oh, how have
I deserv'd

This language from the sovereign of my joys?
Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky:
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most
forsworn!

Attempt no further to delude my faith;
My heart is fix'd, and you shall shak't no more.

Cas. Who told you so? What hell-bred
villain durst

Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms
I'm here,

Th' unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Cas. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.

For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right
above me.

Mon. And was your love so very tame to
shrink?

Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cas. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Mon. Could you then, did you, can you
own it too?

'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!

And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cas. Is this Monimia? Surely no! till now
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

Mon. When love ill-plac'd, would find a
means to break—

Cas. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lordlike creature
made,

Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:

A lofty aspect given him for command;

Easily soften'd when he would betray.

Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd province ruin'd and waste.

If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,

I find that desolation's settled there,

And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cas. Who can hear this and bear an equal
mind?

Since you will drive me from you, I must go:
But, O Monimia! when thou hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would choose,
Shall ever dote as I have done.

Mon. Castalio, stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.

These little quarrels love must needs forgive.

Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,

And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cas. Where am I? Surely Paradise is round
me!

Sweets planted by the hand of heaven grow
here,

And every sense is full of thy perfection.

Sure, framing thee, heaven took unusual care;
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter POLYDORE and Page.

Pol. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been
mortal foes:

Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd;
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so
haughtily.

They scorn'd submission, though love all the
while

The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh, 'twas wondrous pretty!
For of a sudden all the storm was past:
A gentle calm of love succeeded it:
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd; Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first prefer'd to be your page.

Pol. Boy, go to your chamber, and prepare
your lute. [*Exit Page.*]

Happy Castalio! now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best hopes, I will;
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surpris'd
Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er
told!

Pol. The matter?

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale,
His speech forsook him, life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO and Attendants.

Acas. Support me, give me air, I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore!
Your brother—where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,

I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house!
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acas. Not to be found? then where are all
my friends?

'Tis well—

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepar'd to meet him; and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends
about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Angels preserve my dearest father's life!
Oh! may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!
Acas. Thank you, Castalio: give me both
your hands.

So now, methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!

Acas. My heart's darling!

Ser. Let my knees

Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
Till wake and weep, till heaven restore my father.

Acas. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs
are answer'd.

For thou'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness;
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near
thee.

Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky
omen!

Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too.

Acas. May't thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acas. In all thy wishes.

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this fair ome
mine:

I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acas. What says Serina? Canst thou love
a soldier?

One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learn'd to treat e'en foes with
kindness,

To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise
himself?

Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd
to joy;

And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good
fortune

Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.

Acas. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and
possess her,

And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.

Chamont, you told me of some doubts that
press'd you:

Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?

Cham. My lord, I would not lose that
satisfaction,

For any blessing I could wish for:
As to my fears, already I have lost them:
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acas. I thank you.

My friends, 'tis late:

Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.

Cas. Would you but rest, it might restore
you quite.

Acas. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.

Good night, my friends! Heav'n guard you all!
Good night!

To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

Cham. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour:

'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a soldier;

And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me.

Cham. Have you had long dependance on this family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's

Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,

Nor I gravely whimsical: he has good nature.
His sons too are civil to me, because

I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no man's business but my own;

So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*]
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did; and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why, didst thou love him?

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides, he was my patron's friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very notion:

If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cham. Then, pr'ythee, tell me;

Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?

Chap. Love your sister?

Cham. Ay, love her.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care; for this may lay

A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:

What shall I give thee for't? thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine —

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. By the reverenc'd soul

Of that great honest man that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,

And, if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!

May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. With thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you—

Cham. It never shall. [*was busy,*]

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house

When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove I met them.

Cham. What, met them in the grove together?

Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there,

Receiv'd their marriage vows, and join'd their hands.

Cham. How! married?

Chap. Yes, sir.

Cham. Then my soul's at peace:

But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be, I was too cautious

To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause

I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,

Huddled i'the dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd pair. Farewell!

Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [*Exeunt*]

Re-enter CASTALIO, with MONIMIA.

Cas. Young Chamont and the chaplain!
sure 'tis they!

No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look

Seems no good boding omen to our bliss;
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down,

Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart was breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done:
The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;

For, at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,

As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,

Tears down'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.

What should that mean?

Cas. Oh, thou art tender all!

Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!

Re-enter POLYDOR, unobserved.

But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?

The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;

To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:

You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cas. No more, my blessing.

What shall be the sign?

When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom from him.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;

And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for, if you should,

'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cas. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss

Of souls, that by intelligence converse.

Away, my love! first take this kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past. [*Exit Monimia.*]

My brother wand'ring too so late this way!

Pol. Castalio!

Cas. My Polydore, how dost thou?

How does our father? is he well recover'd?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest:

He's still as gay as if his life was young.

But how does fair Monimia?

Cas. Doubtless well:

A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?

Cas. She's not woman else:

Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?

Cas. No; she has still avoided me:

I wish I'd never meddled with the matter;
And would enjoin thee, Polydore—

Pol. To what?

Cas. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

Pol. What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit
my post

In fight, and like a coward run away.

No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.

Cas. But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em:

What are they? Came ye to her window here
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;

Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,

But can discern your purpose to abuse me:
Quit your pretences to her.

You say you've reasons: why are they conceal'd?

Cas. To-morrow I may tell you.

Pol. Why not now?

Cas. It is a matter of such consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.

But prythee cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.

Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did I not see you part this very moment?

Cas. It seems you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the office.

Cas. Prythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is, henceforward making leagues
with you.

Cas. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.

[Exit.]

Pol. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment:
But to his chamber's gone to wait awhile,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh, for a means now how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In every thing we do or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Re-enter Page.

Page. My lord!

Pol. Come hither, boy!

Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.

Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou shouldst not be
employ'd.

Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up awhile:

Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:

If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone

To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow.

But do not leave him till he's in his bed;

Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond

To do him little offices of service.

Perhaps at last it may offend him; then

Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:

Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord: he has been
always kind

To me; would often set me on his knee,

Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be
thy wishes. [Exit Page.]

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief.

I heard the sign she order'd him to give.

"Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
But speak not the least word, for if you should,

It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd."

Blest heav'n's, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,

Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia! [Gives the Sign.]

Flo. [At the Window] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Flo. My lord Castalio?

Pol. The same.

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Flo. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long, that at each little noise

The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be
open'd. [Florella withdraws.]

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss!

[Exit into the House.]

Re-enter CASTALIO and Page.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely
morning:

Pray let us hunt.

Cas. Go, you're an idle prattler:

I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go,
leave me;

I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cas. No, my kind boy.

Good night: commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!

You never heard the last new song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,

Of my lord and my lady, you know who,
that were caught

Together, you know where. My lord, indeed
it is.

Cas. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.
 What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

[*Aside.*

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?

Cas. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. O dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms;

But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Cas. Well, leave me; I'm weary.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cas. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not. But I know what I know.

Cas. What dost thou know?—'Sdeath! what can all this mean?

[*Aside.*

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Cas. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cas. That's a wonder! pry'three tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will you give me the horse, then?

Cas. I will, my child.

Page. It is my lady Monimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you: she'll give me no more playthings then. I heard her say so, as she lay abed, man.

Cas. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes; and I sung her the song you made too; and she did so sigh, and look with her eyes!

Cas. Hark! what's that noise?

Take this; be gone, and leave me.
 You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit Page.*

Surely it was a noise, hist!—only fancy;
 For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd.
 'Tis now, that guided by my love, I go
 To take possession of Monimia's arms.
 Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.

[*Knocks.*

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps!
 Her wishes could not brook so long delay,
 And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.

[*Knocks.*

Once more—

Flo. [At the Window] VWho's there,
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

Cas. 'Tis I.

Flo. Who are you? what's your name?

Cas. Suppose the lord Castalio.

Flo. I know you not.

The lord Castalio has no business here.

Cas. Ha! have a care! what can this mean?
 Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee, to Monimia fly:
 Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

Flo. Whoe'er you are, you may repent this outrage:

My lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!

Cas. She must! tell her she shall! go, I'm in haste,

And bring her tidings from the state of love.

Flo. Sure the man's mad!

Cas. Or this will make me so.

Obey me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,
 I'll scale the window and come in by force,
 Let the sad consequence be what it will!

This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!

Flo. My lady's answer is, you may depart.

She says she knows you: you are Polydore,
 Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
 To affront and do her violence again.

Cas. I'll not believe't.

Flo. You may, sir.

Cas. Curses blast thee!

Flo. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning! and I hope
 May cure the raging fever in your blood!
 Good night.

Cas. And farewell all that's just in woman!
 This is contriv'd, a study'd trick, to abuse
 My easy nature, and torment my mind!
 'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it!
 Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
 And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;
 Till when, be this detested place my bed;

[*Lies down.*

Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
 Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.
 Faithless Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ern. Either

My sense has been deluded, or this way
 I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
 And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander
 now.

Cas. VWho's there?

Ern. Castalio!—My lord, why in this posture,
 Stretch'd on the ground? your honest, true
 old servant,

Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.

Rise, I beseech you.

Cas. Oh, leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
 And not the reason know of your disorders.
 Remember how, when young, I in my arms
 Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your
 pleasures,

And sought an early share in your affection.
 Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cas. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. VWhy?

Cas. Because my thoughts
 Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art
 past them.

Ern. I hate the sex.

Cas. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto! [*Rises.*
 I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman!
 Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
 What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
 Who was't betray'd the capitol? A woman!
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
 Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes? VWoman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
 Woman, to man first as a blessing given;
 When innocence and love were in their prime,
 Happy awhile in Paradise they lay;
 But quickly woman long'd to go astray:
 Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
 And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love:
 To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Wish'd morning's come! And now
 upon the plains,

And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine—
Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA and FLORELLA.

Mon. I come!
I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every mora begin
Like this: and, with our days, our loves renew!

Cas. Oh—

Mon. Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

Cas. 'Tis here—'tis in my head—'tis in my heart—

'Tis every where: it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts:
They're useless all—I'm not that pliant tool;
I know my charter better—I am man,
Obstinate man, and will not be enslav'd!

Mon. You shall not fear't; indeed my nature's easy:

I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will; for that shall be my law;—
Indeed I will not.

Cas. Nay, you shall not, madam;
By yon bright heaven, you shall not: all the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures;
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio!—

Cas. Away!—Last night! last night!—

Mon. It was our wedding night.

Cas. No more!—Forget it!

Mon. Why! do you then repent?

Cas. I do.

Mon. O heaven!
And will you leave me thus?—Help! help!
Florella!

[Castalio drags her to the Door, breaks from her, and exit.]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd, cruel man!
Castalio!—Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change—the sun and stars grow dark,

Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then! Sun, lose thy light!
And stars, drop dead with sorrow to the earth,
For my Castalio's false!
False as the wind, the waters, or the weather!
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey!
I feel him in my breast; he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood!
Must I be long in pain?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!

Mon. Why e'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair!

Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes
to cheer thee!

Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.

Mon. My brother!

Cham. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

Mon. O Castalio!

Cham. Ha!

Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
Till I know all!—There's meaning in that name:—

I know he is thy husband; therefore trust me
With all the following truth.

Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature:
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

Mon. Truly I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,

And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so,
would you?

Cham. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful
dealing?

I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds
no further;

For every probing pains me to the heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and
must be prohd.

Where's your new husband? Still that thought
disturbs you—

What! only answer me with tears?—Castalio!—

Nay, now they stream:—

Cruel, unkind Castalio!—Is't not so?

Mon. I cannot speak;—grief flows so fast
upon me,

It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.

Oh!—

Cham. My Monimia! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name!

Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cham. I have no friend but thee. We must
[confide
in one another.—Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are! and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep
your fury

Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a dear friend—from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm.—But has Castalio
wrong'd thee?

Has he already wasted all his love?

What has he done?—quickly! for I'm all
trembling

With expectation of a horrid tale!

Mon. Oh! could you think it?

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me!

Cham. Ha!

Mon. Indeed I do: he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me.
Just as we met, and I, with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh then —

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.

Cham. How!

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me, like a slave, upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.

Cham. How! did he

Dash thee disdainfully away, with scorn?

Mon. He did.

Cham. What! throw thee from him?

Mon. Yes, indeed he did!

Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd.
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!

Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind
as he is!

Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be
calm?

Keep my disgrace conceal'd?

Alas, I love him still; and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods, where'er he goes!

Enter ACASO.

Acas. Sure some ill fate is tow'rd's me; in
my house

I only meet with oddness and disorder.

Just this very moment

I met Castalio too—

Cham. Then you met a villain.

Acas. Ha!

Cham. Yes, a villain!

Acas. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acaso's fame.
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaint-
ance:—

Villain to thee.

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

Acas. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old
friend

Was ne'er thy father! Nothing of him's in thee!
What have I done, in my unhappy age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy!
But I could put thee in remembrance —

Cham. Do.

Acas. I scorn it.

Cham. No, I'll calmly bear the story;
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most.—Ha! is not that good old Acaso?
What have I done?—Can you forgive this folly?

Acas. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion—Pray, my lord, forgive
me. [Kneels.]

Acas. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge
a wrong.

Cham. I know it well—but for this thought
of mine,

Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

Acas. I will; but henceforth pr'ythee be more
kind. [Raises him.]

Whence came the cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame;
For you've been my father—
You've been her father too.

[Takes Monimia by the Hand.]

Acas. Forbear the prologue,
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful, loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she
flourish'd;

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acas. You talk to me in parables, Chamont:
You may have known that I'm no wordy man.
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them when they want good
sense:

But honesty

Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.

Cham. Your son—

Acas. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Cham. I hope so too; but—

Acas. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,

Once more, Castalio—

Acas. Still Castalio!

Cham. Yes;

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia!

Acas. Ha! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acas. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest heaven, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acas. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not; by the gods,
You dare not. All your family combin'd
In one damn'd falsehood, to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acas. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him. I say my sister's
wrong'd:

Monimia, my sister, born as high

And noble as Castalio.—Do her justice,

Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood

Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.

I'll do't.—Hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him
manners.

Acas. You shall have justice.

Cham. Nay, I will have justice!

Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?

My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat

The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve

Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio. [Exit.]

Acas. Farewell, proud boy.—

Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acas. You are my daughter.

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to
own me.

Acas. When you'll complain to me, I'll
prove a father. [Exit.]

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever! Who on
earth

Is there so wretched as Monimia?

First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;

I've lost Acaso now; his parting frowns

May well instruct me rage is in his heart.
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
Thrust out, a naked wand'rer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me? My cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder!
I would not be the cause of one man's death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear, unkind Castalio. *[Sits down.]*

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.
What mean these sighs, and why thus beats
thy heart?

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow; 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Mon. My lord!

Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment
made;

I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?

Will you be ne'er my friend again?

Pol. What means my love?

Mon. Away! what meant my lord
Last night?

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?

Mon. Was it well done
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance—
You said you were Castalio.

Pol. By those eyes,
It was the same: I spent my time much better.

Mon. Ha!—have a care!

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear you're on a rock will wreck
your quiet,

And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my mem-
ory.

Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my life; on that soft
bosom

Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods and
angels,

By the honour of your name, that's most con-
cern'd,

To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?

Pol. Within thy arms.

Mon. 'Tis done. *[Faints.]*

Pol. She faints!—no help!—who waits?—
A curse

Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence!
Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon;
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia!—she breathes!—Monimia!

Mon. Well—

Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
O let the sun, to these unhappy eyes,
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. O Polydore! if all

The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man
that's rich,

As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his wife!

Pol. What says Monimia?

Mon. I am Castalio's wife!

Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife?

Mon. Yesterday's sun

Saw it perform'd!

Pol. My brother's wife?

Mon. As surely as we both

Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

Pol. Oh! thou mayst yet be happy!

Mon. Couldst thou be

Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?

Pol. It may be yet a secret.—I'll go try

To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee!

Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me:
heap a load

Of added sins upon my wretched head!

Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms?—Curs'd
thought!

Oh! when shall I be mad indeed! *[Exit.]*

Pol. Then thus I'll go—

Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam:
I'll find some place where adds nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous; where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls: there I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation.
Desire shall languish like a with'ring flower,
Horror shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's
charms. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

CASTALIO discovered lying on the Ground.
Soft Music.

Cas. See where the deer trot after one another:
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh
herbage,

Calm harbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion:—if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster!

Once in a season too they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave;
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASO.

Acas. Castalio! Castalio!

Cas. Who's there

So wretched but to name Castalio?

Acas. I hope my message may succeed.

Cas. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's
nourish'd.

Acas. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.

Cas. Sure my lord but mocks me:
Go see Monimia?

Acas. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me that you have
wrong'd her.

Cas. Who has complain'd?

Acas. Her brother to my face proclaim'd
her wrong'd,

And in such terms they've warm'd me.

Cas. What terms? Her brother! Heaven!
Where learn'd he that?
What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

Acas. No, not much:

But—

Cas. Speak, what said he?

Acas. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Cas. Shame on the ill-manner'd brute!
Your age secur'd him; he durst not else have said

Acas. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have
justice.

Cas. Justice! to give her justice would un-
do her.

Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Wish'd do have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. Where is the hero, famous and re-
nown'd

For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acas. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek
Castalio?

Cham. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.
Cas. The slave is here.

Cham. I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from
hence.

Cas. Then you are Chamont?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.

Cas. I've heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

Acas. By this good sword, who first pre-
sumes to violence,
Makes me his foe. [*Draws and interposes.*

Cas. Sir, in my younger years with care
you taught me
That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour:
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for
safety,
Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd

With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

Cas. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee? By the fury in
my heart,

Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

Acas. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies; the remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms—

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cas. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious
traitor!

Cas. Ha! set me free.

Cham. Come both.

Cas. Sir, if you'd have me think you did
not take

This opportunity to show your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then I am Castalio's friend. [*Exit.*

Acas. Would I'd been absent when this
boist'rous brave

Came to disturb thee thus. I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment—But, Monimia—

Cas. Damn her!

Acas. Don't curse her.

Cas. Did I?

Acas. Yes.

Cas. I'm sorry for't.

Acas. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's
but small,

It might be pardon'd.

Cas. No.

Acas. What has she done?

Cas. That she's my wife, may heaven and
you forgive me!

Acas. Be reconcil'd then.

Cas. No.

Acas. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.

Cas. Why will you urge a thing my na-
ture starts at?

Acas. Pr'ythee forgive her.

Cas. Lightnings first shall blast me!

I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Acas. Did you but know the agonies she feels—
She flies with fury over all the house;
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
"Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!"
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted!

Cas. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner.

Acas. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend
thy purpose!

Cas. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man: my heart will not forget her.

Acas. Delay not then; but haste and cheer
thy love.

Cas. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms
about her!

In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace;

Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! Oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room;
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wish's lord, comely as the rising day.
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Who talks of dying, with a voice so sweet
That life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.

Where art thou?

Cas. Here, my love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cas. Have I been in a dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could
drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours;
We might be happy.

Cas. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, im-
plores thee?

For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet pry'thee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.

Cas. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks. Have not I
wrong'd thee?

Cas. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.

Cas. My better angel, then do thou inform me
What danger threatens me, and where it lies;
Why wert thou (pry'thee smile, and tell me why),
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that
speaks

Wonderful change, and horror from within me?

Cas. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but
remember,

Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this:
We ne'er must meet again—

Cas. Ne'er meet again?

Mon. No, never.

Cas. Where's the power
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance: I serv'd
A long and faithful slavery for thee;
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought
blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all; but now let this
content you:

Heaven has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd

(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio),
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy face no more.

Cas. Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone
already.

Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes

but speak,

I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's
breaking.

Mon. Ah! poor Castalio! [*Exit.*]

Cas. What means all this? Why all this
stir to plague

A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his
condition?

We've little knowledge, and that makes us
cowards,

Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cas. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cas. My brother Polydore?

Pol. My name is Polydore.

Cas. Canst thou inform me—

Pol. Of what?

Cas. Of my Monimia?

Pol. No. Good day!

Cas. In haste!

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

Pol. Indeed! and so to me does my Castalio.

Cas. Do I?

Pol. Thou dost.

Cas. Alas, I've wondrous reason!

I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cas. I'll tell thee, Polydore; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;

For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?

Cas. Why dost thou ask me that? Does
this appear

Like a false friendship, when, with open arms
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?

Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!

Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

Cas. Dost thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than life;
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd
together.

Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cas. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this morning, this
disorder?

Cas. O Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my friend

Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me.

Cas. Oh, much too oft. Our destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy love!
Thou, like a friend, a constant, generous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles
before thee,

And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cas. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

Pol. Ah! Castalio, was that well done?

Cas. No; to conceal't from thee was much
a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cas. How my heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus: after this day I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!
This witness, heaven.

Cas. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why!
What means this, brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch,
Farewell!

Cas. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cas. Oh! think a little what thy heart is
doing:

How, from our infancy, we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together.
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts.
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb we embrac'd; and will
thou now,

For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to Monimia; in her arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.

Cas. What arts?

Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband? there's
a question!

Is she not a—

Cas. What?

Pol. Where? I think that word needs no
explaining.

Cas. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee;
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

Pol. It seems I lie then!

Cas. Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conq'ring sword, but dare to
whisper

What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of
liars.

My friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn the evasion!

Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born
villain

That said I lied!

Cas. A base-born villain!

Pol. Yes! thou never cam'st

From old Acasto's loins: the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother; and, instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me

Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he!

Cas. Thou art my brother still.

Pol. Thou liest!

Cas. Nay, then—
Yet I am calm.

[*Draws.*

Pol. A coward's always so.

Cas. Ah!—ah!—that stings home! Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!

Cas. This to thy heart, then, though my
mother bore thee!

[*They fight; Polydore drops his Sword,
and runs on Castalio's.*

Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.

Cas. What have I done? my sword is in
thy breast.

Pol. So would I have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend!

Cas. Ye gods! we're taught that all your
works are justice:

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the heav'ns, 'tis Polydore
has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

Cas. By thee?

Pol. By me, last night, the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage
and incest.

Cas. Now, where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here! who calls me?

Methought I heard a voice

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's blood!

Cas. Ay, brother's blood!

Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?

Pol. Oh! let me charge thee, by th' eternal
justice,

Hurt not her tender life!

Cas. Not kill her?

Mon. That task myself have finish'd: I shall die
Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong
thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cas. Tell me that story,

And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy:

But, ignorant of that,

Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadst undone me in successful love,

I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst all the night, midst our triumphant joys;

The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

[*Dies.*

Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,

And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cas. O, I'm the unhappy wretch, whose
cursed fate

Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:
Why then thus kind to me!

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' grave, and
quite forgotten,

May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride!

But none can ever love thee like Monimia.

When I am dead, as presently I shall be
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already),
Speak well of me: and if thou find ill tongues
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy
love. [Dies.]

Enter CHAMONT and ACASTO.

Cham. Gape, earth, and swallow me to
quick destruction,
If I forgive your house!
Ye've overpower'd me now!
But, hear me, heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of
death!

My sister, my Monimia, breathless!—Now,
Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!
Strike bolts through me, and through the curs'd
Castalio!

Cas. Stand off! thou hot-brain'd, boisterous,
noisy ruffian!

And leave me to my sorrows.

Cham. By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cas. Vanish, I charge thee! or—

Cham. Thou canst not kill me!
That would be kindness, and against thy nature!
Acas. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt
not pull

More sorrows on thy aged father's head!
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.

Cas. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd
thee:

Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me, and curse—

Cham. What?

Acas. Have patience.

Cas. Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires! for curs'd
As I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[Stabs himself.
Chamont, to thee my birthright I bequeath:—
Comfort my mourning father—heal his griefs;

[*Acaso faints into the Arms of a Servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him—
And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina—
Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love—Farewell! I now am—
nothing. [Dies.]

Cham. Take care of good Acaso, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have
plagu'd us.

'Tis thus that heav'n its empire does maintain:
It may afflict; but man must not complain.

[Exit.]

PHILIPS.

AMBROSE PHILIPS was descended from a very ancient and considerable family of that name in Leicestershire. He was born about the year 1671, and received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge. During his stay at the university he wrote his *Pastorals*, which acquired him at this time a high reputation. He also, in 1700 published a *Misc of John Williams*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of York, in the reigns of King James and Charles I. in which are related some remarkable occurrences in those times, both in church and state; with an appendix, giving an account of his benefactions to St. John's College. When he quitted the university, and came to London, he became a constant attendant at, and one of the wits of, Button's coffee-house, where he obtained the friendship and intimacy of many of the celebrated geniuses of that age, more particularly of Sir Richard Steele, who, in the first volume of his *Tatler*, has inserted a little poem of Mr. Philips's, which he calls a *Winter Piece*, dated from Copenhagen, and addressed to the Earl of Dorset, on which he bestows the highest encomiums; and, indeed, so much justice is there in these his commendations that even Pope himself, who had a fixed aversion for the author, while he affected to despise his other works, used always to except this from the number. Sir R. Steele intended to produce Mr. Philips's *Pastorals* with a critical comparison of them, in favour of Philips, with Pope's; but Pope artfully took the task upon himself, and, in a paper in *The Guardian*, by drawing the like comparison, and giving a like preference, but on principles of criticism apparently fallacious tried to point out the absurdity of such a judgment. A quarrel ensued; Pope was too much for Philips in wit; and Philips would have been too much for Pope in *faty-suffs*, if he had made his appearance at Button's, where a rod had been hung up for him by Philips. Pope wisely avoided the *argumentum baculum*. Mr. Philips's circumstances were in general, through his life, not only easy, but rather affluent, in consequence of his being connected, by his political principles with persons of great rank and consequence. He was, soon after the accession of King George I, put into the commission of the peace; and, in 1717, appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery, and, on his friend Dr. Boulter's being made primate of Ireland, he accompanied that prelate across St. George's Channel, where he had considerable preferments bestowed on him, and was elected a member of the House of Commons there, as representative for the county of Armagh. In Sept. 1734, he was appointed register of the Prerogative Court in Dublin. At length, having purchased an annuity for life of four hundred pounds, he came over to England some time in the year 1743, but did not long enjoy his fortune, being struck with a palsy, of which he died June 18, 1749, in his 78th year, at his lodgings near Vauxhall.

THE DISTRESS MOTHER.

ACTED at Drury Lane, 1719. This play is little more than a translation from the *Andromaque* of Racine. It is, however, very well translated, the poetry pleasing, and the incidents of the story so affecting that although it is, like all the French tragedies, rather too heavy and declamatory, yet it never fails bringing tears into the eyes of a sensible audience; and will, perhaps, ever continue to be a stock play on the lists of the theatres. The original author, however, has deviated from history and Philips likewise followed his example in making Hermione kill herself on the body of Pyrrhus, who had been slain by her instigation; whereas, on the contrary, she not only survived, but became wife to Orestes. How far the *licentia poetica* will authorize such oppositions to well-known facts of history, is, however, a point concerning which we have not time at present to enter into a disquisition. Dr. Johnson observes, that such a work requires no uncommon powers; but that the friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest. Before the appearance of the play, a whole *Spectator*, none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise; while it yet continued to

be acted, another *Spectator* was written, to tell what impression it made upon Sir Roger de Coverley; and on the first night a select audience, says Pope, was called together to applaud it.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PYRRHUS.
PHOENIX.

ORESTES.
PYLADES.

ANDROMACHE.
CEPHISA.

HERMIONE.
CLEONE.

*Attendants on Pyrrhus
and Orestes, etc.*

SCENE.—A great Hall in the Court of PYRRHUS, at BUTHROTOS, the capital City of EPIRUS.

A C T I.

SCENE. I.

Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, and Attendants.

Ores. O PYLADES! what's life without a friend!
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort! on this fatal shore!
Even in the court of Pyrrhus? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
O, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

[*Embraces.*]

Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers that barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here! e'er since the unhappy day
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Ores. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd
my soul

In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, to which your life's involv'd;
And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
I fear'd to what extremities the black despair
That prey'd upon your mind, might have be-
tray'd you,

And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your prayers, and take the life you
loath'd.

But now with joy I see you!—The retinue,
And numerous followers that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

Ores. Alas! my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserv'd!
I come in search of an inhuman fair;
And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince! I thought
you cur'd

Of your un pity'd, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your
freedom:

Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more:
Prince, you deceiv'd me.

Ores. I deceiv'd myself.

Do not upbraid the unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
Thou saw'st it, in its birth, and in its progress;
And when at last the hoary king, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,

His lovely daughter, to the bappy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragg'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, press'd with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me like a banish'd man,
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathising friendship?

Ores. Thou miracle of truth! But hear me on.

When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to the vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, and all her charms, to Pyrrhus;
Thou may'st remember, I abhor'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed; and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts;
And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And every idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's
son.

Ores. But see the strange perverseness of
my stars,

Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus;
That now, forgetful of the promise giv'n,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings—great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Ores. Your tale confirms what I have heard;
and hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find

Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!

Ores. Resentments! O my friend, too soon I found

They grew not out of hatred. I am betray'd:
I practise on myself, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece;
And here I come, their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.

Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: will he then be away'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Ores. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall: Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!
But tell me, Pylades, how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd
from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child, confin'd
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats,
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man so various?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Vved her he bates, and punish her he loves.

Ores. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd
charms?

Pol. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn

Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears;
Still threatens to be gone, yet still she stays,
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes,

Ores. Ah, were those wishes from her heart,
my friend,

I'd fly in transport—

Pyl. Hear! The king approaches

To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all her kings, require
That Hector's son be given into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see: he comes!

Ores. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw

Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet.

[Exit Pylades.]

Enter PYRRHUS, PHOENIX, and Attendants.

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son,
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their state with widows and with
orphans;

For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove?
Who knows

But he may brave us in our ports, and fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply then with the Grecians' just demands;
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd

Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death? What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot. And who shall wrest
them from me?

Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize.
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Ores. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.

Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.

Ores. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength
of Troy;

Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies.

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confus'd in dust; all mix'd in one wide ruin!
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months
deferr'd?

Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then
been just.

My fury then was without bounds; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still?

And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
An infant's blood? No, prince; go bid the
Greeks

Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Ores. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son.
The Greeks do now but urge their former sen-
tence:

Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword; the father, whom the
Greeks

May seek e'en here. Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born
to wage

Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them. Let them come;
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, re-
member,

Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Ores. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in
Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on
Greece?

Ores. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself.
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, though not her father's slave.
I may, in time, give proofs that I'm a lover;
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's
daughter:

I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The
Greeks,

No doubt, expect your quick return.

[*Exit Orestes and Attendant.*]

Phoe. Sir, do you send your rival to the
princess?

Pyr. I am told that he has lov'd her long.
Phoe. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew;
And she be wrought to listen to his passion?

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phoenix; let them love
their fill:

Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta; all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I then be re-
liev'd!

Phoe. But, sir—

Pyr. I shall another time, good Phoenix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts: for see,
Andromache appears. [*Exit Phoenix.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?

Andro. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,

I go to weep a few sad moments with him.

I have not yet to-day embrac'd my child;

I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam, should the threats of
Greece prevail,

You'll have occasion for your tears indeed.

Andro. Alas! what threats? What can alarm
the Greeks?

There are no Trojans left.

Pyr. Their hate to Ilector

Can never die: the terror of his name

Still shakes their souls, and makes them dread
his son.

Andro. A mighty honour for victorious
Greece,

To fear an infant, a poor friendless child!

Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself

The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life,

And send no less than Agamemnon's son

To fetch him hence.

Andro. And, sir, do you comply

With such demands? This blow is aim'd at me.

How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?

But, cruel men! they will not have him live

To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.

I promis'd to myself in him a son,

In him a friend, a husband, and a father.

But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow,

And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears; I must not see
you weep;

And know, I have rejected their demands.

The Greeks already threaten me with war;

But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,

And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;

Should they prepare a second ten years' siege,

And lay my towers and palaces in dust;

I am determin'd to defend your son,

And rather die myself than give him up.

But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,

Will you refuse me a propitious smile?

Flated of Greece, and press'd on every side,

Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,

Let me not combat with your cruelties,

And count Andromache amongst my foes.

Andro. Consider, sir, how this will sound
in Greece!

How can so great a soul betray such weakness?

Let not men say, so generous a design

Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andro. How can Andromache, a captive
queen,

O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burden to herself,

Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms

Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd

To weep for ever? Talk of it no more.

To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;

To succour the distress'd; to give the son

To an afflicted mother; to repel

Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;

Unbri'd by love, unterrify'd by threats,

To pity, to protect him: these are cares,

These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure
for ever?

Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,

My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,

And carry'd havoc through your royal kindred;

But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd

Old Priam's vanquish'd house! and all the woes

I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns; and now
Our common foes shall teach us to unite.

Andro. Where does the captive not behold
a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus. Give me but to hope,
I'll free your son, I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
What would I not achieve? Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire, and your son shall reign.

Andro. Such dreams of greatness suit not
my condition:
His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, oh never, must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not
guard!

Sir, all I wish for is some quiet exile,
Where far from Greece remov'd, and far from
you,

I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you
know, I cannot.

You know my heart is yours; my soul hangs
on you;

You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport
hear

The vows which you neglect.

Andro. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has
made

Your sire immortal. Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'tis very well! I find
Your will must be obey'd; imperious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind;
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it; my disorder'd soul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage.
I have been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him; nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andro. Then he must die! alas, my son
must die!

He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam, visit this unhappy son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go;
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think, that his life depends on your resolves.

[*Exeunt Pyrrhus and Attendants.*]

Andro. I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child; if he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,

Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.

Yes, my Asryanax, we'll go together!

Together to the realms of night we'll go!

There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll show,
And point him out among the shades below.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Her. Well, I'll be rul'd, Cleone; I will see him:
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cle. And why forbid him?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?
The man whose sufferings you so late lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself. I blush to think
How I have us'd him, and would shun his
presence.

What will be my confusion when he sees me,
Neglected and forsaken, like himself?

Will he not say, is this the scornful maid,
The proud Hermione, that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
Her insolence at last is well repaid.
I cannot bear the thought.

Cle. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows to well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover
comes not

To offer insults, but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still delay
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
With their embassy return to Greece.

Cle. What would you more? Orestes comes
in time

To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him; you have told me so.

Her. Hate him! My injur'd honour bids
me hate him.

The ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart! the man I lov'd so dearly;
The man I doated on. O, my Cleone!
How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cle. Then give him over, madam. Quit
his court,

And with Orestes—

Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage; to meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cle. Do you then wait new insults, new
affronts?

To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you, for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress?
I fear

To search out my own thoughts, and sound
my heart.

Be blind to what thou seest: believe me cur'd:
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd:
Think that my injur'd soul is set against him;

And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cle. Why would you loiter here then?

Her. Let us fly!

Let us be gone! I leave him to his captive!
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us be gone! But what if he repent?
What, if the perjurd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What, if he renew
His former vows? But, oh, the faithless man!
He slights me; drives me to extremities. However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves:
I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son;
The second embassy shall claim the mother;
I will redouble all my griefs upon her.

Cle. Ah, madam! whither does your rage transport you?

Andromache, alas! is innocent.

A woman plung'd in sorrow, dead to love;
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so too! he had not then—

Betray'd my easy faith. But I, alas!
Discover'd all the fondness of my soul;
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere.
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cle. Well might you speak without reserve, to one

Engag'd to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour, too, was an excuse to mine:
With other eyes he saw me then. Cleone,
Thou may'st remember, every thing conspir'd
To favour him: my father's wrongs aveng'd;
The Greeks triumphant; fleets of Trojan spoils;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame,
His eager love; all, all conspir'd against me.
But I have done; I'll think no more of Pyrrhus:
Orestes wants not merit, and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him;
And if I've power o'er my own heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes—

Her. Alas! I did not think

He was so near! I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?

Is it a compliment of form, or love?

Ores. Madam, you know my weakness.

'Tis my fate

To love unpitied; to desire to see you;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks through my repeated oaths,
And every time I visit you I'm perjurd.
Even now I find my wounds all bleed afresh;
I blush to own it, but I know no cure:
I call the gods to witness, I have tried
Whatever man could do (but tried in vain),
To wear you from my mind. Through stormy
seas,

And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful tale?

It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember
The kings you represent: shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion?
Discharge your embassy. 'Tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.

Ores. My embassy

Is at an end; for Pyrrhus has refus'd

To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! [*Aside.*

Ores. I now prepare for Greece; but ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you.
What do I say? I do already hear it!
My doom is fix'd: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?

What have I done? wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus;
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shar'd your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? never wish'd
To see Orestes?

Ores. Wish'd to see Orestes!

O joy! O ecstasy! My soul's entranc'd!
O charming princess! O transcendent maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks!—I never was unhappy.
Am I Orestes?

Her. You are Orestes:

The same, unalter'd, generous, faithful lover;
The prince whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love.

Ores. Ay, there it is!—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart.

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you.

Ores. No.

I should be blest, I should be lov'd as he is!
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts
another.

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?

Has Pyrrhus said—(Oh, I shall go distracted!)
Has Pyrrhus told you so? or is it you
Who think thus meanly of me?—Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you.

Ores. Madam, go on;

Insult me still; I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves
or hates?—

Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;
Let them lay waste his country, rase his towns,
Destroy his fleets, his palaces—himself!
Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

Ores. To hasten his destruction, come yourself;

And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Mean while he weds Andromache.

Ores. Ah, princess!

What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece,

If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!

Ores. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion; every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay,
your silence;

Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would
conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet:
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Ores. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father

First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recall me.
Tell this proud king that Menelaus scorns
To watch his daughter with a foe of Greece:
Bid him resign Astyanax or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

[*Exeunt Hermione and Cleone.*]

Ores. Then is Orestes blest! my griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!
Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his captive queen,
Will thank me, if I take her rival hence.
He looks not on the princess with my eyes.
Surprising happiness! unlook'd-for joy!
Never let love despair. The prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas, and ye propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
I long to view the sails unfur'd!—But see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyrr. I was in pain to find you, prince.

My warm,

Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear
You argue for my good. I was to blame.
I since have pois'd your reasons: and I thank
My good allies: their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinc'd me, that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroy'd.
I shall deliver up Astyanax,
And you yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Ores. If you approve it, sir; and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be pleas'd.

Pyrr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determin'd to espouse Hermione.

You come in time to grace our nuptial rites:
In you the kings of Greece will all be present,
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador and brother's son.

Go, prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Ores. Oh, change of fortune! Oh, undone

Orestes! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Pyrr. Well, Phoenix! am I still a slave to love?
What think'st thou now? Am I myself again?

Phoe. 'Tis as it should be; this discovers

Pyrrhus;

Shows all the hero: now you are yourself—
The son, the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you, and the world confess
Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a second time!

Pyrr. Nay, Phoenix, now I but begin to
triumph;

I never was a conqueror till now.
Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdu'd than love. Oh, Phoenix!
What ruin have I shunn'd? The Greeks, enrag'd,
Hung o'er me like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head; while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!

Phoe. O, my royal master!

The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyrr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she
treated me!

When I permitted her to see her son,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes;

I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On Hector's name: and when I spoke in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her son,
She kiss'd the boy, and call'd again on Hector.
Does she then think that I preserve the boy,
To sooth and keep alive her flame for Hector?
Phoe. No doubt she does; and thinks you fa-
vour'd in it;

But let her go, for an ungrateful woman!

Pyrr. I know the thoughts of her proud
stubborn heart:

Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage; and when it threatens
loudest,

Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
But we shall change our parts, and she shall find
I can be deaf like her, and steel my heart.
She's Hector's widow; I, Achilles' son!
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phoe. My royal master, talk of her no more;
I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time
to see her;

'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
And not rely upon a rival's care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyrr. But tell me, Phoenix,
Dost thou not think the proud Andromache
Will be enrag'd, when I shall wed the princess?

Phoe. Why does Andromache still haunt
your thoughts?

What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd?
Let her name perish—think of her no more.

Pyrr. No, Phoenix, I have been too gentle
with her;

I have check'd my wrath, and stifled my re-
sentment:

She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return. I'll brave her to her face:

I'll give my anger its free course against her.
Thou shalt see, Phoenix, how I'll break her pride.

Phoe. Oh, go not, sir! There's ruin in her
eyes!

You do not know your strength. You'll fall
before her,

Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyrr. That were indeed a most unmanly
weakness!

Thou dost not know me, Phoenix.

Phoe. Ah, my prince!

You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyrr. Canst thou then think I love this
woman still?

One who repays my passion with disdain!
A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn;
She and her darling son within my power;
Her life a forfeit to the Greeks: yet I
Preserve her son, would take her to my throne,
Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!

Phoe. You have it in your power to be
reveng'd.

Pyrr. Yes, and I'll show my power! I'll give
her cause

To hate me! her Astyanax shall die.

What tears will then be shed! How will she then
In bitterness of heart reproach my name!

Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse
Hermione—'twill stab her to the heart!

Phoe. Alas, you threaten like a lover still!

Pyr. Phoenix, excuse this struggle of my soul;
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phoc. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan princess,
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness.
But come—a long farewell to Hector's widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly!
And, while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PYLADES and ORESTES.

Pyl. For heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruffled mind,
And moderate your rage!

Ores. No, Pylades,
This is no time for counsel. I am deaf.
Talk not of reason. I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.

I'll bear her off, or perish in th' attempt.
I'll force her from his arms—by heaven, I will!
Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend—we'll force her hence:

But still consider we are in Epirus.
The court, the guards, Hermione herself,
The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.
Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here?

Ores. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did;
My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Ores. It must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper.
He tells me that he weds Hermione,
And will to-morrow take her from my hand!
My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to blame.

Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps you'll find it tortur'd like your own.

Ores. No, Pylades! 'tis all design. His pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.
The fair Hermione, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
Ah, cruel gods! I thought her all my own!
She was consenting to return to Sparta:
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.
She heard my sighs, she pitied my complaints,
She prais'd my constancy. The least indifference
From this proud king, had made Orestes happy!

Pyl. So your fond heart believes!
Think not to force her hence;
But fly yourself from her destructive charms.

Ores. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the thought! She must be mine!
Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resign Hermione. By force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships.
Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape?

Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher,
And blot his embassy?

Ores. O, Pylades!
My grief weighs heavy on me—'twill distract me!
The gods have set me as their mark, to empty
Their quivers on me. Leave me to myself.
Mine be the danger, mine the enterprize.
All I request of thee, is to return,
And in my place convey Astyanax
(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.
Go, Pylades—

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!
Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
No danger can deter a friend. Lead on!
Draw up the Greeks, summon your num'rous train;

The ships are ready, and the wind sits fair:
There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves
Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,
Each avenue and outlet of the court.
This very night we'll carry her on board.

Ores. Thou art too good! I trespass on thy friendship:

But, oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,
Except thyself: one, just about to lose
The treasure of his soul: whom all mankind
Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.
When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind. But now, remember,
To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;

Let not Hermione suspect. No more—
I see her coming, sir.

Ores. Away, my friend;
I am advis'd; my all depends upon it.
[*Exit Pylades.*]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Madam, your orders are obey'd; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told;
And, further, I am inform'd, that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Ores. And are you, madam, willing to comply?
Her. What can I do? alas! my faith is promis'd:

Can I refuse what is not mine to give?
A princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet you see how far I had comply'd,
And made my duty yield to your entreaties.

Ores. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.

All have a right to please themselves in love.
I blame you not. 'Tis true, I hop'd—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.
But, madam, I shall spare you further pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Her. Cleone, couldst thou think he'd be so calm?

Cle. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He is to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind
in Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear?
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? The Greeks?

Did he not lead their harass'd troops to conquest,
When they despair'd, when they retir'd from
Troy,

And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he is above constraint;
He acts unforc'd; and where he weds, he loves.

Cle. Oh, that Orestes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but
Orestes?

Pyrrhus is mine again! Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone, I am wild with joy!
Pyrrhus, the bold, the brave, the godlike Pyrrhus!
Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles. Oh, Cleone—

Cle. Madam, conceal your joy—I see An-
dromache—

She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows
to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my
heart!

Let us retire—Her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andro. Ah, madam! whither, whither do
you fly?

Where can your eyes behold a sight more
pleasing

Than Hector's widow; suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won—
The only man I sought to please, is gone;
Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.

But, oh, I have a son! And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
But heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son,
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
When every hour she trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire?
Let me go hide him in some desert isle:

You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief;
But it would ill become me to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will:
'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself.
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

[Exit with Cleone.]

Andro. Didst thou not mind with what
disdain she spoke?

Youth and prosperity have made her vain;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you I'd take her
counsel;

I'll speak my own distress: one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the
Greeks—

See, where he comes. Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess? Did you not
inform me

Hermione was here? [To Phoenix.]

Phoe. I thought so, sir.

Andro. Thou seest what mighty power my
eyes have on him!

[To Cephisa.]

Pyr. What says she, Phoenix?

Andro. I, have no hope left!

Phoe. Let us be gone—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For heaven's sake, madam, break this
sullen silence.

Andro. My child's already promis'd. [Apart.]

Ceph. But not given, [Apart.]

Andro. No, no!—My tears are vain!—His
doom is fix'd! [Apart.]

Pyr. See if she deigns to cast one look upon us.
Proud woman!

Andro. I provoke him by my presence.

Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy

The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andro. Ah, sir, recall those words!—What
have you said?

If you give up my son, oh, give up me!

You, who so many times have sworn me
friendship,

Oh, heavens! will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phoenix will answer you—my word
is pass'd.

Andro. You, who would brave so many
dangers for me.

Pyr. I was your lover then, I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spar'd his life;
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now 'tis too late.

Andro. Oh, sir, excuse

The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No, in your heart you curse me! you
disdain

My gen'rous flame, and scorn to be oblig'd.
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phoenix, and appease the Greeks.

Andro. Then let me die, and let me go to
Hector.

Ceph. But, madam—

Andro. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears.

[To Cephisa.]

Behold, how low you have reduc'd a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes,
My kindred fall in war, my father slain,
My husband dragg'd in his own blood, my son
Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hop'd I should not find his son less noble.
I thought the brave were still the more com-
passionate.

Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!

If he must die—

Pyr. Phoenix, withdraw awhile.

[Exit Phoenix.]

Rise, madam. Yet you may preserve your son.
I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself.

I thought my hatred fix'd before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me while I speak!

And see if you discover in my looks
 An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
 Why will you force me to desert your cause?
 In your son's name I beg we may be friends!
 Think, oh think,
 ('Tis the last time) you both may yet be happy!
 I know the ties I break, the foes I arm;
 I wrong Hermione; I send her hence;
 And with her diadem I bind your brows.
 Consider well; for 'tis of moment to you.
 Choose to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the temple. There you'll find your son;
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

[Exit.]

Ceph. I told you, madam, that, in spite of
 Greece,

You would o'errule the malice of your fortune.

Andro. Alas, Cephisa, what have I obtain'd?

Only a poor short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith
 to Hector;

To be reluctant still would be a crime.

He would himself persuade you to comply

Andro. How! wouldst thou give me Pyr-
 rhus for a husband?

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of
 your dead husband,

That you should sacrifice his son? Consider,
 Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne;
 Turns all his power against the foes of Troy,
 Remembers not Achilles was his father,
 Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.

Andro. But how can I forget it? how can I
 Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour,
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, and vilely dragg'd,
 A bloody corpse, about the walls of Troy?
 Can I forget the good old king, his father,
 Slain in my presence—at the altar slain;
 Which vainly for protection he embrac'd?
 Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
 When a whole people fell? Methinks I see
 Pyrrhus, enrag'd and breathing vengeance, enter
 Amidst the glare of burning palaces:

I see him hew his passage through my brothers,
 And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
 Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd!
 This is the courtship I receiv'd from Pyrrhus;
 And this the husband thou wouldst give me! No,
 We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
 Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.—
 Why do you tremble, madam?

Andro. O Cephisa!

Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
 How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
 The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord!
 But, oh! while I deliberate, he dies.
 No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee:
 Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!
 Do you go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

Andro. Tell him I love my son to such
 excess—

But dost thou think he means the child shall die?
 Can love rejected turn to so much rage?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here. Resolve
 on something.

Andro. Well then, assure him—

Ceph. Madam, of your love?

Andro. Alas, thou know'st that is not in my
 power.

Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!
 Oh, my Astyanax! at what a price
 Thy mother buys thee!—Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve?

Andro. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together
 To the sad monument which I have rais'd
 To Hector's shade; where, in their sacred urn,
 The ashes of my hero lie enclos'd,
 The dear remains which I have sav'd from Troy;
 There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
 With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade;
 Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears;
 My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:
 Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
 And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Cle. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
 This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
 After such wrongs and insults, much surprise me!
 You, who before could not command your rage,
 When Pyrrhus look'd but kindly on his captive;
 How can you bear unmov'd, that he should
 wed her,

And seat her on a throne which you should fill?
 I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul!

Twere better, madam—

Her. Have you call'd Orestes?

Cle. Madam, I have; his love is too impatient
 Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
 His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage:
 His ardour's still the same.—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Ah, madam, is it true? does then Orestes
 At length attend you by your own commands?
 What can I do?

Her. Orestes, do you love me?

Ores. What means that question, princess?
 Do I love you?

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
 My farewell, my return—all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe
 them all.

Ores. It shall be done. My soul has caught
 th' alarm.

We'll spirit up the Greeks; I'll lead them on:
 Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
 Let us return; let us not lose a moment,
 But urge the fate of this devoted land:
 Let us depart.

Her. No, prince, let us stay here!

I will have vengeance here; I will not carry
 This load of infamy to Greece, not trust
 The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
 Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.

If you avenge me, let it be this instant;
 My rage brooks no delay; haste to the temple,
 Haste, prince, and sacrifice him.

Ores. Whom?

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Ores. Pyrrhus! Did you say Pyrrhus?

Her. You demur.—

Oh, fly! be gone! give me not time to think.
 Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws.
 Let me not hear him justified—away!

Ores. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.
 Madam, your love has made him criminal.

You shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too:

But let our hatred be profess'd and open:
Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;
Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt
him down

By conquest. Should I turn base assassin,
'Twould sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have not I been dishonour'd, set at nought,
Expos'd to public scorn?—And will you suffer
The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd
him.

The gods alone can tell how once I lov'd him.
Yes, the false, perjur'd man, I once did love him;
And, spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse—who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs?

Ores. First let me tear him piecemeal. He
shall die.

But, madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death:
Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus;
Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.
It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour, he weds Andromache;
The temple shines with pomp, the golden throne
Is now prepar'd, the joyful rites begin;
My shame is public—Oh, be speedy, prince!
My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long!
Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy.
Now is the time; assemble all your Greeks;
Mine shall assist them; let their fury loose:
Already they regard him as a foe.
Be gone, Orestes! kill the faithless tyrant;
My love shall recompense the glorious deed.

Ores. Consider, madam—

Her. You but mock my rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boasted constancy! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge.
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour!

Ores. Hear me but speak!—You know I'll
die to serve you!

Her. I'll go myself; I'll stab him at the altar;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite.
Better to die with him, than live with you!

Ores. That were to make him blest, and
me more wretched.

Madam, he dies by me. Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? My rival too!
Ere you meridian sun declines, he dies;
And you shall say that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince; strike home! and leave the
rest to me.

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

[*Exit Orestes.*
Cle. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content
to perish.

I was to blame to trust it with another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him.
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim!—Haste, Cléone,

Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me!

Cle. I shall obey your orders.—But I see
The king approach,—Who could expect him
here?

Her. O fly, Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit Cleone.*]

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd
princess.

Your distant looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Nor form excuses while his heart condemns him.
Discharge your anger on this perjur'd man!
For I abhor my crime, and should be pleas'd
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: no terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere: you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero should be bold, above all laws;
Be bravely false, and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shows a daring mind!
And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid!
To court me—to reject me—to return—
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave—
To lay proud Troy in ashes; then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus!

Pyr. Madam, go on! Give your resentment
birth,

And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I
upbraid your falsehood;

Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injur'd virgins lavish on your sex;
I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to sooth her pride;
But, sir, I would not overcharge her joys.
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your
slaughters,

Your great achievements in her father's palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so
bravely,

And in her sight slew half her royal kindred!

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past
deeds!

I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far; I shed
Too much of blood: but, madam, Helen's
daughter

Should not object those ills the mother caus'd.
However, I'm pleas'd to find you hate me;
I was too forward to accuse myself;
The man who ne'er was lov'd, can ne'er be false.
Obedience to a father brought you hither;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you:
But our desires were different ways inclin'd;
And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you then! perfidious man?
For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;
Forsook my father's house; conceal'd my wrongs,
When most provok'd; would not return to
Sparta,

In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart.
I lov'd you when inconstant; and even now,
Inhuman king! that you pronounce my death

My heart still doubts if I should love or hate you—
But, oh, since you resolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow,
That I may not be here to grace your triumph!
This is the last request I e'er shall make you.
See, if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an
answer!

Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian; hence! be gone!
And bear to her those vows that once were mine:
Go, in defiance to the avenging gods!
Be gone! the priest expects you at the altar;
But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither. [*Exit.*]

Enter PHOENIX.

Phoe. Sir, did you mind her threats? your
life's in danger:

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
The Greeks that swarm about the court, all
hate you;

Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge: besides, Orestes
Still loves her to distraction. Sir, I beg—

Pyr. How, Phoenix, should I fear a wo-
man's threats?

A nobler passion takes up all my thoughts:
I must prepare to meet Andromache.

Do thou place all my guards about her son:
If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. [*Exit.*]

Phoe. Oh, Pyrrhus! oh, what pity 'tis, the gods,
Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
Form'd thee for empire and consummate
greatness,

Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!
[*Flourish.*]

But see, the queen,
Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her son from danger.
[*Exit.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and
move a queen.

Your sorrows are dispers'd, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andro. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er
your son;

Decks him with princely robes, with guards
surrounds him.

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andro. Pyrrhus is nobly minded; and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax:

'Tis a vain thought. However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul
perplex me.

For heaven's sake, madam, let me know your
griefs.

If you distrust my faith—

Andro. That were to wrong thee.

Oh, my Cephisa! This gay, borrow'd air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings, to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns; I still am Hector's widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise
giv'n to Pyrrhus,

Blow up his rage again, and blast your hopes?
Andro. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known
thy mistress.

Couldst thou believe I would be false to Hector?
Fall off from such a husband! Break his rest,

And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?
Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,
Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts
pursue;

But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then Astyanax be doom'd to die,
And you to linger out a life in bondage?

Andro. Know then the secret purpose of
my soul:

Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.

This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows.
This will secure a father to my child:

That done, I have no further use for life;
This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

Cephisa, thou

Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind
you!

Andro. No, my Cephisa, I must have thee live.
I must commit into thy faithful hands

All that is dear and precious to my soul.

Live, and supply my absence to my child;

All that remains of Troy; a future progeny

Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,

In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

Tell him my soul repos'd itself on him,

When I resign'd my son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!
Is there aught more, before you go for ever?

Andro. Oh, my Cephisa! my swoln heart
is full!

I have a thousand farewells to my son—

But tears break in! Grief interrupts my speech!

My soul o'erflows in fondness! Let him know

I died to save him—and would die again.

Season his mind with early hints of glory;

Make him acquainted with his ancestors;

Trace out their shining story in his thoughts;

Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father;

And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.

He must be taught to stifle his resentments,

And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.

Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,

He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,

Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear I never shall outlive you!

Andro. No more; thy tears, Cephisa, will
betray me;

Assume a cheerful look. But still remember—
[*Flourish within.*]

Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,

Proclaims th' appointed hour, and calls us hence:

Hector, I come once more a queen, to join thee!

Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,

Pleas'd with the sacred life's enlivening sound,

Through gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds,

And dress'd in fatal pomp magnificently bleeds.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

• *Enter HERMIONE.*

Her. What have I done? Where am I?
Where is Pyrrhus?

Ye gods! what mean these horrors? I'm alone

My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it

Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?

What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?

The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my grief, and mitigate his falsehood?
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he then live? Shall the base traitor live
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!
Alas! my orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas
To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Oh, Cleone, help me!

What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?

What say'st thou? Answer me. Where is the king?

Cle. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fix'd
On the fair captive; while through shouting

crowds

She pass'd along with a dejected air,
And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief? some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not con-
founded?

Did he not—Oh, be quick, and tell me all!

Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he march'd on,
Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes,
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough! he dies! the traitor! Where's Orestes?

Cle. He's in the temple, with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determin'd?

Cle. Madam, I fear—

Her. How? Is Orestes false?

Does he betray me, too?

Cle. A thousand doubts

Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse;
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly;
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles,
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states,
Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch! 'tis false! he basely fears

To cope with dangers, and encounter death!
'Tis that he fears. Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspir'd;
For her confederate nations fought, and kings
were slain;

Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
Against a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me!

Cle. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause
to Greece.

Her. No; I'll avenge myself; I'll to the temple;
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;
I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me!
They must not wed! they must not live! they
shall not!

Let me be gone; I have no time to lose;
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
O Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed.

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Madam, 'tis done: your orders are obey'd:

The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?

Ores. Even now he gasps in death.

Our Greeks, all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the temple and dispers'd themselves
On every side the altar: I was there:
Pyrrhus observ'd me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive.
Receive, said he, my crown; receive my faith;
Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a father to your son,
I'll scourge his foes: henceforward he be styl'd
The Trojan king: I swear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows.
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome! our Greeks enrag'd cry'd out
"Revenge! revenge!" broke through the throng-
ing-press,

And rush'd tumultuous on the unguarded king.
Pyrrhus awhile oppos'd their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side
With manly fierceness; till oppress'd by
numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with
wounds,

He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.
Haste, madam, let us fly! haste to our ships!
They lie unmoor'd: our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done?

Ores. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete
Had Pyrrhus fall'n by me; and had he known
Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace! Go tell thy
horrid tale

To savages, and howl it out in deserts.
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make thy accomplice of thy
crimes?

Hence, to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul ex-
ploits!

My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed.
Be gone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy
madness

To assassinate so great, so brave a man?

Who set thee on?

Ores. Oh, grant me patience, heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy
him?

Her. What if, transported by my boundless
passion,

I could not bear to see him wed another,
Were you t' obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts:
My heart, though full of rage, was free from
malice;

And all my anger was excess of love.
 Why did you take me at my word? You saw
 The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave:
 You should have question'd me a thousand times,
 Yet still have doubted, and have question'd on,
 Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Ores. Hear me but speak. Heaven knows,
 against my will—

Her. Why did you not return? Why not
 consult me

A second time? and, undetermin'd still,
 Again return, and still find new delays?
 What had your rash officious Greeks, dire
 bloodhounds!

To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
 To bring on me the vengeful foes that haunt you?
 Are these the fruits of your detested love?
 Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence
 Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and destroys
 Both him and me. He might have lov'd me still,
 Had you ne'er interpos'd. Avaunt! be gone!
 And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
 My friends, my country, Greece, and all
 mankind:

But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee!

[*Exit.*

Ores. Am I awake? where am I? Soft,
 my soul;

Be not too rash. Was that Hermione?
 Why should her anger thunder against me?
 Was not this blood shed all by her command?
 I am indeed a most outrageous monster!
 A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
 And all to please a false ungrateful woman.
 Henceforward let the laws of nature cease;
 And let the pale that severs right and wrong,
 Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
 Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
 Are not in safety while Orestes lives.
 Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd;
 Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
 A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
 And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter PYLADES, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death
 to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,
 And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
 The people arm and muster in the streets:
 Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
 The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, sir.

Ores. You may depart,
 My friends: Hermione and I remain.
 Her cruelty has quite undone me. Go.

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! she's no more.

Ores. Hermione no more! O, all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
 With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
 Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought
 the temple;

In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus:
 She startled at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
 Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire amaze,
 She rais'd her eyes to heaven with such a look
 As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods;
 Then plung'd a poniard deep within her breast,
 And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Ores. I thank you, gods: I never could expect
 To be so wretched! You have been industrious
 To finish your decrees; to make Orestes

A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
 I'm singled out to bear the wrath of heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
 The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
 Are vain, and may be fatal.

Ores. True, my friend:
 And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
 My fate's accomplish'd; I shall die content.
 Oh, bear me hence. Blow winds!

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Ores. The murder'd lovers wait me. Hark!
 they call.

Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine;
 One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
 His raving will return with his misfortunes.

Ores. I am dizzy! Clouds! Quite lost in
 utter darkness!

Guide me, some friendly pilot! through the storm.
 I shiver! Oh, I freeze! So—light returns;
 'Tis the grey dawn. See, Pylades! behold,
 I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!

The crimson billows! Oh, my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir? Repose yourself on me.

Ores. Pyrrhus, what wouldst thou? How
 he glares!

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds?
 Have at thee.

It is Hermione that strikes. Confusion!
 She catches Pyrrhus in her arms. Oh, save me!
 How terrible she looks! She knits her brow;
 She frowns me dead; she frights me into madness.

Where am I? Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!
 Help to support him. How he pants for breath!

Ores. This is most kind, my Pylades. Oh, why,
 Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well: he settles into reason.

Ores. Who talks of reason? Better to have
 none,

Than not enough. Run, some one, tell my Greeks
 I will not have them touch the king. Now, now!
 I blaze again! See there: look where they come;
 A shoal of furies. How they swarm about me!
 My terror! Hide me! Oh, their snaky locks!
 Hark, how they hiss! See, see their flaming brands!
 Now they let drive at me! How they grin,
 And shake their iron whips! My ears! what
 yelling!

And see, Hermione! she sets them on.
 Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
 Oh, I am stung to death! Dispatch me soon!
 There—take my heart, Hermione! Tear it out!
 Disjoin me! kill me! Oh, my tortur'd soul!

Pyl. Kind heaven, restore him to his wonted
 calm!

Oft have I seen him rave, but never thus.
 Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off.
 Our time is short: should his strong rage return,
 'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
 Away, my friends! I hear the portal open.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHOENIX, attended by Guards.

Phoe. All, all are fled! Orestes is not here!
 Triumphant villains! The base, giddy rabble,
 Whose hands should all have been employ'd
 with fire,

To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying
 princess:

And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
 Oh, 'tis too plain! this sacrilegious murder
 Was authoriz'd. The ambassador's escape

Declares his guilt. Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deeds! Where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection? See, the queen.

*A Flourish of Trumpets. Enter ANDROMACHE
and CEPHISA with Attendants.*

Andro. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time
will come

When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on
Pyrrhus?

Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man, whose single valour made you triumph.

[A dead March behind.]

Is my child there?

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus;
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andro. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life,
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,
E'en in the prime of life! thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas! then will your sorrows never end?

Andro. Oh, never, never!—While I live,
my tears

Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.
Give present orders for the funeral pomp.

[To Phoenix.]

Let him be rob'd in all his regal state;
Place round him every shining mark of honour;
And let the pile that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[Exit Phoenix. A Flourish of Trumpets.]

Ceph. The sound proclaims th' arrival of
the prince,

The guards conduct him from the citadel.

Andro. With open arms I'll meet him!—
O Cephisa!

A springing joy, mix'd with a soft concern,
A pleasure, which no language can express,
An ecstasy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my
sorrow,

Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.
Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair.

When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with
grief,

By unforeseen expedients bring relief. *[Exeunt.]*

ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, son of John Rowe, Esq. sergeant at law, was born at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire, anno 1673. His education was begun at a private seminary in Highgate, from whence he was removed to Westminster school, where he was perfected in classical literature under Doctor Busby. His father, designing him for his own profession, entered him, at sixteen years of age, a student of the Middle Temple. He soon made considerable progress in the law, and might have cut a figure in that profession, if the love of poetry and the *belles lettres* had not so much attracted his attention. At the age of twenty-five he wrote his first tragedy, *The Ambitious Step-mother*, the great success of which made him entirely lay aside all thoughts of the law. Dr. Johnson demands: "Whence then has Rowe his reputation? From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding." Being a great admirer of Shakspeare, he gave the public an edition of his plays, to which he prefixed an account of that great man's life. But the most considerable of Mr. Rowe's performances, was a translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which he just lived to finish, but not to publish; for it did not appear in print till ten years after his death. His attachment to the Muses, however, did not entirely unfit him for business; for when the Duke of Queensberry was secretary of state, he made Mr. Rowe his under-secretary for public affairs; but, after the Duke's death, the avenues to his preferment being stopped, he passed his time in retirement during the rest of Queen Anne's reign. On the accession of George I, he was made poet laureat, and one of the land-surveyors of the customs in the port of London. He was also Clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and the Lord Chancellor Parker made him his secretary for the presentations; but he did not long enjoy these promotions, for he died Dec. 6. 1718 in the 45th year of his age.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

ACTED at Lincoln's Inn Fields 1703. This, as Dr. Johnson observes, is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them; for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires. The character of Lothario seems to have been expanded by Richardson into Lovelace; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. Lothario, with gaiety which can not be hatred, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectators kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once esteem and detestation, to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to loose at last the hero in the villain. In the year 1699 Mr. Powell played Lothario, and his dresser Warren performed the dead Lothario, unknown to Powell. About the middle of the distressful scene, Powell called aloud for his man, who answered him as loudly from the bier on the stage, "Here, Sir!" Powell ignorant of the part his man was acting, repeated immediately, "Come here this moment, you rascal! or I'll break all the bones in your skin." Warren knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off, with all his sables about him, which unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged it after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he drew down Calista, and overwhelmed her with the table, lamp, book, bones, together with all the lumber of the chancel-house. He lugged, till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape; and the play, at once, ended with immoderate fits of laughter.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SCIOLTO
ALAMONT.
HORATIO.

LOTHARIO.
ROSSANO.
CALISTA.

LAVINIA.
LUCILLA.
Servants to Sciolto etc.

SCENE.—SCIOLTO's Palace and the Garden, with some Part of the Street near it, in GENOA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden belonging to SCIOLOTTO'S Palace.**Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.*

Alt. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes.

This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,

And made their court to factions by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!

Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee—
Forget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of heav'n!

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and with a parent's fondness,
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

Alt. By heav'n, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,

That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em:
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him e'en a grave.
Undone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst thou didst,
And didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness),
By sentence of the cruel law forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,

The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter SCIOLOTTO; he runs to ALTAMONT, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine;

That kindly grants what nature had deny'd me,
And makes me father of a son like thee.

Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Show ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wondrous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. O, noble youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,

Ev'n from that day of sorrow when I saw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;

[*Embraces Hor.*]

All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.

Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought
of Altamont,

One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow

To bear me to her feet. For, oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son?

Alt. When, at your intercession,
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking.

With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief:
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away! it is the co'nage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband!

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did;

Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,

To make this honourable fool her husband;
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;

Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her haughty,
insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,

That virtue thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then I'll tell thee:

Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,

Where charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.

I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour press'd her;
Till, with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again?

Loth. Too soon I saw her:
For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with trans-
port,

No more I sigh'd and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady?

Loth. With uneasy fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and, sigh'd and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you?

Loth. None; but pretending sudden pain
and illness,
Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urg'd and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning and
distraction,

With all the subtleties and pow'ful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull, nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful
subject,

Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,

Never to load it with the marriage chain:
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend;
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply?

Loth. At first her rage was dumb, and
wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and
loud:

Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me villain! monster! base betrayer!

At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since, else why this message,

To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd.

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord? Have you
put off

All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood.
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learn'd to rail.

Luc. I've learn'd to weep:
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then ever and anon she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!

Loth. Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall dote upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and
youth,

For wealth or titles, to perfidious man?
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profess'd betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?

I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad
lines, [Giving a Letter.

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness
gives her.

Loth. [Reads] Your cruelty — Obedience
to my father — give my hand to Allamont.

By heav'n, 'tis well! such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul
hates. [Aside.]

But to go on—

—*wish—heart—honour—too faithless—
weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost
Calista.*

Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful
willow,

For she has giv'n her hand to Altamont:

Yet tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to
Calista,

The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And though you love her not, yet swear you do;
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*Lothario putting up the Letter hastily,
drops it as he goes out. Enter Lothario
and Rossario one Way, Lucilla
another.*

•
Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont.
Profess'd and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the Letter.*
Ha! To Lothario!—'Sdeath! Calista's name!

[*Opens it and reads.*
*Your cruelty has at length determin'd me;
and I have resolv'd this morning to yield
a perfect obedience to my father, and to
give my hand to Altamont, in spite of my
weakness for the false Lothario. I could
almost wish I had that heart and that honour
to bestow with it, which you have robbed
me of:—*

Damnation! to the rest—

*But, oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I
should again be undone by the too faithless,
yet too lovely Lothario. This is the last
weakness of my pen, and to-morrow shall
be the last in which I will indulge my eyes.
Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind
enough to let me see you; it shall be the
last trouble you shall meet with from the
lost*

CALISTA.

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curse his age:
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,

And never grace the public with his virtues.—
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought—

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!

Trust me it joys my heart that I have found you.
Inquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.

Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my
friend,

Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord?

Hor. Ha! said'st thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make
me suffer.

Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your
eyes

Severely rais'd to heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sick-
ness quite;

These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you
from me?

Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide
from all,

But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee
pain?

Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo't not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your
wishes.

He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his
marriage,

Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.
Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art
innocent:

Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my lord!

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles

The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the heav'n they hope for is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Luc. Can there be such, and have they peace
of mind?

Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfy'd with you;
You take up all her room as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely
stranger,

Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men would
adore 'em,

And all the business of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease!
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my
thoughts,

But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Luc. Why do you follow still that wand'-
ring fire,

That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas, for pity!

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from
shame;

For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! Oh, insupportable!

Luc. Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful
creature!

By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you
Never to see this faithless man again;
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life

I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that:

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs.
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm
my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but
pity me)

A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet and sigh to be forgiv'n,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

[*Exit Lucilla.*]

Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Be gone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the seasons with suspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th'unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty love! Shall that fair face
profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness?
I swear it sha'not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill suited to each other: join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me
bless it,

Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of
happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;

If still to love thee with unwear'd constancy,
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLOTO, HORATIO, and LAVINIA.

Sci. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know
no pause,

But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music, let the master touch
The sprightly string and softly-breathing flute,
Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion;
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

[*Music.*
Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think and to be wretched.
Oh grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy,
[*Pointing to Altamont and Calista.*

Completely blest, and I have life enough!
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on
revelling,

I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd! perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; though damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
With such smooth looks and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguild her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her
wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden of SCIOLOTO's Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my
thoughts;

The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of
mischief,

Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I know him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—

Re-enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Ha! he's here!

Seeing him.

Loth. Damnation! He again!—This second
time

To-day he has cross'd me like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs
my friend

To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue,
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd should
hide him,

Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am
Lothario?

As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's dis-
pleasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun
the light;

Just are their thoughts, and open are their
tempers,

Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not
a purpose

Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free
spirit,

When but this very morning I surpris'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee like
a thief,

A pilferer, deserv'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave! villain!

[*Offers to draw; Rossano holds him.*

Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my
vengeance, know

I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,

Or any common benefit of nature.

Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd?

Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,

And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stew,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think so still,

Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall boot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,

You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof—

Hor. 'Tis false!

You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,

Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,

And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, sir; another word, and then farewell.

Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expense, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,

And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant—

Loth. By the joys

Which my soul yet has uncontrol'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,

That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,

Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,

Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,

That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of this forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;

Or something worse: an injur'd husband's vengeance

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;

A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now learn humanity,

[*Offers to strike him; Rossano interposes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*

Ross. Hold, this goes no further here.

Loth. Oh, Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, sir, have ta'en th' alarm;

You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence.

Loth. This wo't brook delay;

Vest of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh, my better stars! to-morrow

Exert your influence; shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love as well as arms must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that

He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool—

What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.

Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just.
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter Sciolto and Calista.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!

Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art

Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
 When every heart was cheer'd and mirth
 went round,
 Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish
 Sat on thy brow.

Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
 Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,
 Yielded the native freedom of her will
 To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
 To gratify a father's stern command?

Sci. Dost thou complain?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
 If in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
 A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
 For, oh! that sorrow which has drawn your
 anger,

Is the sad native of Calista's breast.

Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
 That was thy mother; by her wondrous goodness,
 Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
 I swear, some sullen thought that shuns the light,
 Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
 But mark me well, though by yon heaven I
 love thee

As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
 Yet shouldst thou (which the pow'rs above forbid)
 E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
 I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
 Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
 Which once divided, never join again.
 To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband;
 Consider well his worth; reward his love;
 Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[*Exit*]

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
 Through ev'ry state of life the slaves of man!
 In all the dear delightful days of youth
 A rigid father dictates to our wills,
 And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
 To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
 Proud with opinion of superior reason,
 He holds domestic business and devotion
 All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
 Like cloister'd idiots, from the world's ac-
 quaintance,

And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

[*She sits down.*]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss.
 Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
 To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
 Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
 And never waken the tempestuous passions.
 By heav'n she weeps!—Forgive me, fair Calista,

[*She starts up.*]

If I presume on privilege of friendship,
 To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes
 in tears.

Cal. To steal unlook'd for, on my private
 sorrow,
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
 But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!
 For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
 I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend
 of Altamont!

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd
 by heav'n,
 Each interwoven with the other's fate?
 Then who can give his friendship but to one?
 Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious
 rulers,
 May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
 But minds will still look back to their own choice.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will
 the same,
 To have one common object for their wishes,
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
 The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
 And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy
 friendship,
 Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
 Alas! what needeth that?

Hor. Oh! rather say,
 I came to tell her how she might be happy;
 To sooth the secret anguish of her soul;
 To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
 And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say, thou, to whom this paradise is
 known,
 Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way
 to it;
 For, oh! 'tis sure, I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—
 Angels
 Are happier than mankind, because they're
 better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
 With whips and stings. The blest know none
 of this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
 Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking
 world,

That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
 As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy
 words,

Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,
 As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
 Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
 And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what wouldst thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista!—Thus they join
 Two names, which heav'n decreed should never
 meet.

Hence have the talkers of this populous city
 A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
 Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
 Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
 When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
 Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
 To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
 Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature
 That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong
 me much;

For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
 Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.

I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way to save your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak
at length

Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?

Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.

By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curs'd Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution—

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd
slave!

That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of
heav'n

Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper; nay, you must not fly—This paper,

[*Holding her.*

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame.

Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper?
What contrivance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter;
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex.—Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the scroll!

Hor. Behold! Can this be forg'd?
See where Calista's name—

[*Showing the Letter near.*

Cal. To atoms thus, [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charm-
ing bride,

Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes?
Disorder'd!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? and could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find
from thee!

Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch
shall dare

To offer at an injury like that?

Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.

But mark me well; while thy divided heart,
Dotes on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,

No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more

Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,

To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,

With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,

Free from the marriage chain, and from that
tyrant, man. [*Exit.*

Alt. She's gone; and as she went, ten thou-
sand fires

Shot from her angry eyes; as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.

Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks;

As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating with thee,

And thou wert doubtful which should get the
better?

Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen

That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;
Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep;

I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,

That thou, my friend Horatio, thou hast
wrong'd her.

Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her
eyes been fed

From that rich stream which warms her heart,
and number'd

For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd

thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?

What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,

Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,

Replete with blessings, giving wealth and
honour?

Hor. It had been better thou hadst liv'd a
beggar,

And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,

Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart,

She has charm'd thee, like a siren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend,
To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship
Does churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've
been to thee?

I shad'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Would he have us'd me thus? One fortune
fed us;

For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: would he have
left me

Thus for a woman, and a vile one, too?

Alt. Thou canst not, darst not mean it!
Speak again,

Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg'd
I must avow, I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd
thee well;

A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my
vengeance.

I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more.

[*Going out.*]

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*]

Alt. Let go my arm.

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou wouldst live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison —

Alt. Off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted, stain'd —

Alt. Madness and raging!

But hence —

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate —

Alt. I pry thee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth thy keeping —

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the false-
hood! [*Strikes him.*]

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow! thou hast us'd me well —
[*Draws.*]

Alt. This to thy heart —

Hor. Yet hold — By heav'n his father's in his
face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with
tenderness,

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself; for by much-wrong'd love,
I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold — thou know'st I dare.

[*They fight.*]

Enter LAVINIA, who runs between their
Swords.

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible?

Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from
yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safeguard;
none but this,

No pow'r on earth, could save thee from my fury.

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And show'd thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe
to goodness,

Could kindle such a discord?

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas
base ingratitude,

'Twas such a sin to friendship, as heav'n's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous
wickedness,

Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,

With barb'rous, bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not
make thee

The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;

Therefore thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,

No more to know this hospitable roof.

He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.

We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.

[*He is going, Lavinia holds him.*]

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay;

Alt. It cannot, sha'n't be — you must not

Lav. Look kindly, then. [*hold me.*]

Alt. Each minute that I stay,

Is a new injury to fair Calista.

From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly;

Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,

Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[*Breaks from Lavinia, and exits.*]

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.

It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,

This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give

To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh,
Horatio!

A brother and a husband were my treasure,

'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia

Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.

One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me,

If thou shouldst prove unkind to me, as Altamont,

Whom shall I find to pity my distress,

To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,

And give her where to lay her wretched head?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy
soft complainings?

Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,

Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.

Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee

Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish
me ever,

And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?

Hor. But for the love I owe the good Sciolto,

From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,

To some more honest, distant clime I'd go.

Nor would I be beholden to my country,

For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

Lav. And I would follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have

Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee,
And all that I would keep should be Horatio.
So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live:
Gold and his gains no more employ his mind;
But driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the
rest behind. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the god
of love

Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false
endearments,

To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous trans-
port—

Cal. Oh, let me hear no more; I cannot
bear it;

'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the
fair deceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth,
have heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has giv'n herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with
a crime,

Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Scio'to's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?

Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst bless'd me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I
would live

A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will
have way,

And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter ALTAMONT behind.

Alt. Ha! do I live and wake? *[Aside.]*

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had
I been!

Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curs'd;

For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,

My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me
With stern Scio'to vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs—

Alt. Behold him here— *[Coming forward.]*

Cal. Ah! *[Starting.]*

Alt. The wretch! whom thou hast made.
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.

[Drawing.]

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat una-
wares, 'tis true:

But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field,
We've long been foes; this moment ends our
quarrel;

Earth, heav'n, and fair Calista, judge the combat!

[They fight; Lothario falls.]

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!

Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce, ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;

Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.

Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my
thoughts,

Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

[Dies.]

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with
shame,

Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

*[She catches up Lothario's sword,
and offers to kill herself; Alta-
mont runs to her, and wrests it
from her.]*

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me;
yet still,

Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be
forgiven?

Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!

If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,

I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. [Within] What, ho! my son!

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall—

Ha! death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou hadst a difference with thy friend,
The cause thou gav'st me for it, was a damn'd one.
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?

Answer me quick—

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And guess my shame! my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—

[Offers to kill Calista; Altamont holds him.

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorn'd
thy love,

Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched, as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,

Ev'n thee, thou venerable, good, old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear
your triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce up-
braiding,

Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me?
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence from my sight! thy father cannot
bear thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;

Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more curs'd than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardships, shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace. [Exit.

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[Exit Servants, with Lothario's Body.

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virgi-
nius did?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what
should I do?

But thou hast ty'd my hand.—I wo'not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha'not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont! what a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope
This daughter would have bless'd my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were
like you.

While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd awhile, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
Oh, damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:

Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [Exit.

Sci. By heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone;
But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword

To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. *[Exit.]*
Alt. There is a heavy weight upon my senses;
 A dismal, sullen stillness, that succeeds
 The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
 After the tumult and the noise of life.
 Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,
 For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
 She kindles not with anger or revenge;
 Love was th' informing, active fire within:
 Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
 And longs to mingle with its kindred earth. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room hung with black; on one Side* **LOTHARIO'S Body on a Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.**

CALISTA is discovered on a Couch, in black; her Hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft Music she rises and comes forward.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
 Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
 Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness,
 Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
 Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
 To tell me something;—for instruction then—
 He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
 And penitence.—Is it become an art then?
 A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gowmen
 Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;

[Throwing away the Book.]

I have more real anguish in my heart,
 Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
 What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
 Fie! this is pageantry;—they look uncouthly.
 But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em
 Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
 The farce their miserable relics play?
 But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
 Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,
 That dear, perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
 And those dead eyes!
 Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
 In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
 And watch the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,

Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
 And yet distraction and tumultuous jars,
 Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
 Amidst the gen'ral wreck, see where she stands,

[Pointing to Calista.]
 Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
 Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul,
 Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
 That he might see thou art not lost so far,
 But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
 In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
 My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
 And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet;
 Thou wert the very darling of my age:
 I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
 That all the blessings I could gather for thee,

By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to heav'n,
 Were little for my fondness to bestow;
 Why didst thou turn to folly then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn
 from yours,

A poor, imperfect copy of my father;
 It was because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst
 been a cherubim;

But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
 Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
 Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and
 sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly
 thought?

'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
 The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
 That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
 Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
 But when the trial comes they stand aghast;
 Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?

How thy account may stand, and what to
 answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
 Where foul offence and shame have laid all
 waste;

Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
 And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that
 spirit

That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
 Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
 And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
 Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
 And write the meaning with your poniard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guess'd—seest thou this trembling
 hand?

[Holding up a Dagger.]
 Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning
 sinews

Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.
 At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;
 It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,

[Giving the Dagger.]
 And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.
 It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

[She offers to kill herself; Sciolto catches hold of her arm.]

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
 The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
 Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
 I've held the balance with an iron hand,
 And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
 To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
 The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
 My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! is it possible? and is there yet
 Some little, dear remain of love and tenderness
 For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took
 in thee,

What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
 Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
 How have I stood and fed my eyes upon thee,
 Then, lifting up my hands and wond'ring
 bless'd thee;

By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts with-
 in me;

I could curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,

For making me thy father and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this
goodness.

Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou
must die.—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Come then,

Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friends
expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heartstrings—Oh,
my daughter! [*Exit.*]

Cal. Now think, thou curs'd Calista, now
behold

The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect
natures,

How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r:
Cheap recompense! here twould not be receiv'd;
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred deep pollution.
And see, another injur'd wretch appears,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house
of death!

And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight
darkness,

And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh, take me in, a fellow mourner, with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd
Altamont!

Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've
done thee;

But know I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely

Dost thou accuse me! O, forbid me not
To mourn thy loss,

To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud, disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,

That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair!
For now the measure of your woes is full.

The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke indeed.

Hor. Not long ago, he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.

I heard which way he took, and straight pur-
su'd him;

But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.

Too late we brought him aid, and drove them
back;

Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou pa-
tient earth?

Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring, heavenly host of stars,

Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,

And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;

Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*]

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

*Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported
by Servants.*

Cal. Oh, my heart!

Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.

My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your sufferings,

I call you once again by that dear name?

Will you forget my shame, and those wide
wounds?

Lift up your hand and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode!

Sci. Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd
and lost.

But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the
anguish,

And smarted with the pain. Then rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,

And save thee from the malice of posterity;

And may'st thou find with heav'n the same
forgiveness,

As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon
my soul,

And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;

But pity me—Had I but early known

Thy wondrous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both—Now 'tis too late;

And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, heav'n!

[*Dies.*]

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object,
Altamont!

Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.
To thee and brave Horatio I bequeath

My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,

And love my memory as thou hast his;

For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious heav'n!

Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
 For virtue and for filial piety,
 Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
 But multiply thy mercies on his head.
 Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
 And peace in all his ways—

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon
 his youth,

And bends him, like a drooping flow'r, to earth.
 By such examples are we taught to prove
 The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
 Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide
 The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.
 If you would have the nuptial union last,
 Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

HUGHES.

THIS amiable man, and elegant author, was the son of a citizen of London, and was born at Marlborough, in Wiltshire, on the 9th of Jan. 1677, but received the rudiments of his education in private schools at London. Even in the very earliest parts of life his genius seemed to show itself equally inclined to each of the three sister arts, music, poetry, and design, in all which he made a very considerable progress. To his excellence in these qualifications, his contemporary and friend, Sir Richard Steele, bears the following extraordinary testimonial: "He may (says that author) be the emulation of more persons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hands, or heart, were always employed in something worthy imitation. His pencil, his bow, or his pen, each of which he used in a masterly manner, were always directed to raise and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more cheerful prosecution of what is noble and virtuous." Such is the evidence borne to his talents by a writer of the first rank; yet he seems, for the most part, to have pursued these and other polite studies little further than by the way of agreeable amusements, under frequent confinement, occasioned by indisposition and a valetudinarian state of health. Mr. Hughes had, for some time, an employment in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to two or three commissions under the great seal for the purchase of lands, in order to the better securing the docks and harbours at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Harwich. In the year 1717, the Lord Chancellor Cowper, to whom our author had not long been known, thought proper, without any previous solicitation, to nominate him his secretary for the commissions of the peace, and to distinguish him with singular marks of his favour and affection; and, upon his Lordship's laying down the great seal, he was, at the particular recommendation of this his patron, and with the ready concurrence of his successor the Earl of Macclesfield, continued in the same employment, which he held till the time of his decease, the 17th, of Feb. 1719, being the very night on which his celebrated tragedy of *The Siege of Damascus* made its first appearance on the stage; when, after a life mostly spent in pain and sickness, he was carried off by a consumption having but barely completed his 42d year, and at a period in which he had just arrived at an agreeable competence, and was advancing, with rapid steps, towards the pinnacle of fame and fortune. He was privately buried in the vault under the chancel of St Andrew's church, in Holborn.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

ACTED at Drury Lane 1719. It is generally allowed, that the characters in this tragedy are finely varied and distinguished; that the sentiments are just and well adapted to the characters; that it abounds with beautiful descriptions, apt allusions to the manners and opinions of the times wherein the scene is laid, and with noble morals; that the diction is pure, unaffected and sublime, without any meteors of style or ambitious ornaments; and that the plot is conducted in a simple and clear manner. When it was offered to the managers of Drury Lane House, in the year 1718, they refused to act it, unless the author made an alteration in the character of Phocyas, who, in the original, had been prevailed upon to profess himself a Mahometan; pretending that he could not be a hero, if he changed his religion, and that the audience would not bear the sight of him after it, in how lively a manner soever his remorse and repentance might be described. The author (being then in a very languishing condition) finding, if he did not comply, his relations would probably loose the benefit of the play, consented, though with reluctance, to new-model the character of Phocyas. The story on which this play is founded, is amply detailed in Mr. Gibbon's *History*, vol. V. p. 510. where we find the real name of Phocyas to have been Jonas. That author says, "Instead of a base renegade, Phocyas serves the Arabs as an honourable ally; instead of prompting their pursuit, he flies to the succour of his countrymen, and, after killing Caled and Daran, is himself mortally wounded, and expires in the presence of Eudocia, who professes her resolution to take the veil at Constantinople."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CHRISTIANS.
 EUMENES.
 HERBIS.
 PHOCYAS.
 ARTAMON.

SERGIUS.
 EUDOCIA.
*Officers, Soldiers,
 Citizens, and At-
 tendants.*

SARACENS.
 CALED.
 ABUDAH.
 DARAN.
 SERAJABIL.

RAPHAN.
*Officers, Sol-
 diers, and
 Attendants.*

SCENE.—*The City of DAMASCUS, in SYRIA, and the Saracen Camp before it; and, in the last Act, a Valley adjacent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The City.*

Enter EUMENES, followed by a Crowd of People.

Eum. I'll hear no more. Be gone!
 Or stop your clam'rous mouths, that still are open
 To bawl sedition and consume our corn.
 If you will follow me, send home your women,
 And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,

As brave men should.—Pity your wives and children!

Yes, I do pity them, heav'n knows I do,
 E'en more than you; nor will I yield them up,
 Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians.—
 Herbis, what news?

Enter HERBIS.

Her. News!—we're betray'd, deserted;
 The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens

Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of
death.

What will you next?

Eum. I've sent a fresh recruit.

The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose
deeds,

In early youth, assert his noble race;

A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

Her. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. I fear it too:

And though I brav'd it to the trembling crowd,
I've caught th' infection, and I dread 't event.
Would I had treated!—but 'tis now too late.—

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

Come, Herbia.

A great Shout. Re-enter HERBIS.

Her. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driv'n
it back.

The gate once more is ours.

*Flourish. Re-enter EUMENES, with PHOCYAS,
ARTAMON, etc.*

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the
people's thanks.

Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchang'd,
I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.

[*Exit Artamon.*

Pho. What means Eumenes?

Eum. Phocyas, I would try,
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They'll yet withdraw their pow'rs.

Pho. On terms of peace!

What peace can you expect from bands of
robbers?

What terms from slaves but slavery?—You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starv'd, amidst their stony deserts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing
eyes,

Our fruitful vales, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of
plenty,

For barren sands and native poverty,
Till driv'n away by force.

Eum. What can we do?

Our people in despair; our soldiers harass'd
With daily toil and constant nightly watch;
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians num'rous, cruel, flush'd with
conquest.

Her. Besides, you know what frenzy fires
their minds,

Of their new faith, and drives them on to
danger.

Eum. True:—they pretend the gates of
Paradise

Stand ever open to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.

Pho. Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low,

To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker: proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders then but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?

Eum. No—let us first

Believe th' occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst;
Then if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deal to peace, at our return
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain before the City. A Pros-
pect of Tents at a distance.*

Enter CALED, ABUDAH, and DARAN.

Daran. To treat, my chiefs!—What! are
we merchants then,

That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No: we were sent to fight the calph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.

Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat?—I am for war and plunder.

Caled. Why, so am I; and but to save the
lives

Of mussulmans, not Christians, I would treat.
I hate these Christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promis'd only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

Abu. Yet Daran's loath to trust that heaven
for pay;

This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him
more.

Caled. Check not his zeal, Abudah.

Abu. No; I praise it.

Yet I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but
wherefore?

For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And heaven is better serv'd.—But see, they come!

[*Trumpets.*

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, and ARTAMON.

Caled. Well, Christians, we are met—and
war awhile,

At your request, has still'd his angry voice,
To hear what you will purpose.

Eum. We come to know,

After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest?

Her. Or rather to know first—for yet we
know not—

Why on your heads you call our pointed
arrows,

In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

Caled. Is that a question now? you had
our summons,

When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in its wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.

You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

Her. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us?

Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

Abu. Then, Christians, hear,
And heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs I avenge, but to establish right,
Our swords were drawn: for such is heaven's
command

Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.

Eum. Now, in the name of heaven, what
faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save;
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and
slaughter?

Her. Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud, and justify oppression!

Eum. Where are your priests! What doctors
of your law
Have you e'er sent to instruct us in its precepts,
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us through the wilds of error,
To these new tracts of truth?—This would be
friendship,

And well might claim our thanks.
Caled. Friendship like this
With scorn had been receiv'd: your numerous
vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion, and her angel guards,
Like outcasts from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives, rebellious to your own great prophet,
Who mildly taught you?—Therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword, to govern you by force.

Eum. O, solemn truths! though from an
impious tongue! [*Aside.*
That we're unworthy of our holy faith,
To heaven, with grief and conscious shame,
we own.

But what are you that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own?
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers?

Caled. Christians, no.

Eum. Then say,
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim, e'en
You tread this ground? [now,

Her. What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their
dens

To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?

Caled. Blasphemer, know, your fields and
towns are ours;

Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratified the grant.

Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To soothe his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!

Caled. Was is for this you sent to ask a parley,
To affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge
For such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and, this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be Christians still;
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.

Eum. No: should we grant you aid, we
must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearls and gems, we'll send your
caliph;

Two, Caled, shall he thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turban spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier
A scymitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.

Caled. This, and much more, even all your
shining wealth,
Will soon be ours. Behold our march
O'er half your land, like flame through fields
of harvest;

And, last, view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,
That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
Then think, and then resolve.

Her. Presumptuous men!
What though you yet can boast successful guilt,
Is conquest only yours? Or dare you hope
That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
Like some proud river that has left its banks,
Nor ever know repulse?

Eum. Have you forgot!
Not twice seven years are past, since e'en your
prophet,

Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
Was by the tribe of Corish forc'd to fly,
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
From Mecca to Medina?

Abu. No—forgot!
We well remember how Medina screen'd
That holy head, preserv'd for better days,
And ripening years of glory.

Daran. Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time, in offering terms despis'd,
To these idolaters?—Words are but air,
Blows would plead better.

Caled. Daran, thou say'st true.
Christians, here end our truce. Behold, once
more

The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be
sheath'd,

But in the bowels of Damascus.

Eum. That,
Or speedy vengeance and destruction, due
To the proud menacers, as heaven sees fit!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden.**Enter EUDOCIA.*

Eud. All's hush'd around!—No more the shout of soldiers,
And clash of arms, tumultuous, fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has roll'd
O'er our affrighted heads, and, in the heavens,
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter PHOCYAS.

O no—my hero comes with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.

Pho. Where is the treasure of my soul?—

Eudocia,

Behold me here impatient, like the miser,
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts, with trembling joy and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!

How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, Phocyas,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!

Pho. Not yet, *Eudocia*; 'tis decreed by heaven,
I must do more to merit thy esteem.
Peace, like a frightened dove, has wing'd her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And through them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.

Eud. False, flattering hope!

Vanish'd so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
Return and tell me we must still be wretched!

Pho. Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
Be chas'd, like fiends, before the morning light,
And all be calm again,

Eud. Is the truce ended?

Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to danger?

Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself
has charms.

Dismiss thy fears: the lucky hour comes on
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.

Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learn'd
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolv'd; the citizens

And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.

O, my *Eudocia*! if I now succeed—
Did I say, if?—I must, I will; the cause,

Is love, 'tis liberty, it is *Eudocia*!—
What then shall hinder,

But I may boldly ask thee of *Eumenes*,
Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?

Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—
Methinks

I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour;
And now I see thee crown'd with palm and olive;
The soldiers bring thee back, with songs of triumph,

And loud applauding shouts; thy rescu'd country
Resounds thy praise; our emperor, *Heraclius*,
Decrees thee honours for a city sav'd;

And pillars rise of monumental brass,
Inscrib'd—"To Phocyas, the deliverer."

Pho. The honours and rewards, which thou
hast nam'd,

Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!—Thou art my all,
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms;
My service is all thine, to thee devoted;
And thou alone canst make a'en conquest
pleasing.

Eud. O, do not wrong thy merit, nor re-
strain it

To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleas'd
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my *Phocyas*!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.

Pho. Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all
goodness,

If, in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee.

Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm call'd.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Eud. Then go—and heaven with all its an-
gels guard thee.

Pho. Farewell!—for thee once more I draw
the sword.

Now to the field, to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—*Eudocia's* eyes!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.**Enter EUMENES and HERBIS.*

Her. Still I must say 'twas wrong, 'twas
wrong, *Eumenes*;

And mark th' event!

Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain t'oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint—

Her. His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business 'tis to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength;
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprise?—
You should not have consented.

Eum. You forget.

'Twas not my voice alone, you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspir'd them, and that soul was
Phocyas!

Her. I had indeed forgot, and ask your
pardon.

I took you for *Eumenes*, and I thought
That, in Damascus, you had chief command.

Eum. What dost thou mean?

Her. Nay, who's forgetful now?

You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that press'd you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

Eum. O I could curse the giddy changeful
slaves,

But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul.—If we are beaten!—

Her. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more. *[Aside.]*

True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that? Shall you, or I?—Are you the governor? Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?

Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I

Must stoop beneath a beardless, rising hero! And in Heraclius' court it shall be said, Damascus, nay, perhaps the empire too, Ow'd its deliverance to a boy.—Why be it, So that he now return with victory; 'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it. Yet I could wish I needed less his service. Were Eutyches returned—

Her. That, that's my torture. *[Aside.]*

I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes His merit at this time might raise his fortunes; But Phocyas—curse upon his froward virtues!—Is reaping all this field of fame alone, Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.

Eum. See Artamon, with hasty strides returning.

He comes alone! Oh! friend, thy fears were just. What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

Enter ARTAMON.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!

Eum. Joy!—is't possible?
Dost thou bring news of victory?

Art. The sun

Is set in blood, and from the western skies Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

Her. Is Phocyas safe?

Art. He is, and crown'd with triumph.

Her. My fears indeed were just.

[Aside. Shout, Flourish.]

Eum. What noise is that?

Her. The people worshipping their new divinity:

Shortly they'll build him temples.

Eum. Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

Art. At first the foe
Seem'd much surpris'd; but taking soon the alarm,

Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.

The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
His head unarm'd, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near,
He rais'd his arm, and shook a pond'rous lance:
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the techir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle join'd, and through the barbarous host
"Fight, fight, and paradise," was all the cry.
At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas—
But what are words, to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform?—Their chief un-
bors'd,

The Saracens soon broke their ranks, and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose,
The slaughter had been double. But, behold,
The hero comes!

Enter PHOCYAS, EUMENES meeting him.

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas!

Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.

The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.

How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.

Her. In spite of envy I must praise him too. *[Aside.]*

Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.

Fortune is fickle, and may change: besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine,
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected succours.

Pho. What!—to be coop'd whole months
within our walls?

To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.

Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.

Eum. Urge him no more:—

I'll think of thy late warning;

And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

[Aside to Her.]

Enter a Messenger, with a Letter.

Pho. *[Looking on it]* 'Tis to Eumenes.

Eum. Ha! from Eutyches.

[Reads] The emperor, awaken'd with the danger

That threatens his dominions, and the loss
At Aiznadin, has drain'd his garrisons
To raise a second army. In a few hours
We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,
And will inform you further!—

Her. Heaven, I thank thee!

'Twas even beyond my hopes. *[Aside.]*

Eum. But where is Sergius?

Mes. The letter, fastened to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.

Eum. I fear he's taken.—

O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!

You all are sharers in this news; the storm
Is blowing o'er that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin. — Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret,
To tell your joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.

[Exeunt Herbis and Artamon.]

Pho. And may succeeding days prove yet
more happy!

Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Through all our streets; our city calls thee father:
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?

Eum. The blessings heaven bestows are
freely sent,

And should be freely shar'd.

Pho. True—Generous minds

Redoubled feel the pleasure they impart.

For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
By hazards, gladly sought and greatly prosper'd,

Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.

Eum. I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own:
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.

Pho. Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?

Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls, with mimic voice, through woods
and labyrinths,

Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps,
Through rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won
the dame,

May we not then expect the dower she brings?

Eum. Well—ask that dowry; say, can Damascus pay it?

Her riches shall be tax'd; name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall
grace thee;

Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.

Pho. And can Eumenes think I would be
brib'd

By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?
What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripp'd by her own sons?—Forgive me
If the thought glows on my cheeks! I know
'Twas mention'd but to prove how much I scorn it.

Yes, Eumenes,
I have ambition—yet the vast reward
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,
Is in thy gift alone—It is Eudocia.

Eum. Eudocia! Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
Thou must not think of her.

Pho. Not think of her!
Impossible.—She's ever present to me!
My life, my soul! She animates my being,
And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank—

Eum. Forbear—What need a herald,
To tell me who thou art?—Yet once again—
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.
My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches!

Pho. And has she then consented to that
choice?

Eum. Has she consented?—What is her
consent?

Is she not mine?

Pho. She is—and in that title,
Ev'n kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor!—And yet,
Eumenes,

Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
Which ev'n the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?

Eum. Who has told thee so?

I'd force her to be happy.

Pho. That thou canst not.

What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?

Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then I'll
learn from thee

To be a very tame, obedient father.

Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches.

'Twas this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?

Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas
Eudocia.

I have serv'd thee in serving her; thou know'st it.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words—I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.

Eum. Oh, no—say on, that thou hast sav'd
Damascus;

Is it not so?—Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!

Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast
freed us?

'Tis true thou'st fought a skirmish—What of
that?

Had Eutyches been present—

Pho. Eutyches!

Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifle?
Oh, let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd Eudocia.

Eum. That will be seen ere long.—But since
I find

Thou arrogantly wouldst usurp dominion,
Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this
moment,

Thou here hast no command. Farewell!—So
stay,

Or hence and join the foe; thou hast thy
choice. *[Exit]*

Pho. Spurn'd and degraded!—Proud, un-
grateful man!

Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toss'd into the air, to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well—Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible! Oh, rather let me walk,
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in
silence. *[Exit]*

SCENE II.—The Garden.

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like
guilty lovers?

But 'twill not long be so. What joy 'twill be
To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me
bless'd!

Sure he'll be here. See the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hov'ring shade! Come, Pho-
cyas, come;

This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now methinks I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter PHOCYAS.

He hears me. Oh, my Phocyas!—What, no
answer!

Art thou not he? or art some shadow?—Speak.

Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing,

Eud. What dost thou mean? For now I know thee, Phocyas.

Pho. And never can be thine!

It will have vent—Oh, barb'rous, curs'd—but hold—

I had forgot—it was Eudocia's father!

Oh, could I too forget how he has us'd me!

Eud. I fear to ask thee.

Pho. Dost thou fear?—Alas, Then thou wilt pity me. Oh, gen'rous maid! Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,

And chok'd my voice; now I can speak to thee. And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffer'd; It is the death of honour!—Yet that's little; 'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee!

Eud. Hast thou not conquer'd? What are all these shouts,

This voice of gen'ral joy, heard far around?

What are these fires, that cast their glimm'ring light

Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs?

Pho. O name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!

It is indeed a night of gen'ral joy!

But not to me! Eudocia, I am come

To take a last farewell of thee for ever.

Eud. A last farewell!

Pho. Yes.—How wilt thou hereafter Look on a wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd, Stripp'd of command, like a base, beaten coward? Thy cruel father—I have told too much; I should not but for this have felt the wounds I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed! But I have done—and now thou hast my story, Is there a creature so accur'd as Phocyas?

Eud. And can it be? Is this then thy reward? O Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.

For is it not for me thou hast borne this?

What else could be thy crime? Wert thou a traitor,

Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe—

Pho. Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave; Nay, I am dar'd to it, with mocking scorn. My crime indeed was asking thee; that only has cancell'd all, if I had any merit!

The city now is safe, my service slighted,

And I discarded like a useless thing;

Nay, bid be gone—and if I like that better,

Seek out new friends, and join yon barb'rous host!

Eud. Hold—let me think awhile.

[*Walks aside.*]

Though my heart bleed,

I would not have him see these dropping tears. And wilt thou go then, Phocyas?

Pho. To my grave.

Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?

Eud. Art thou sure

Thou hast been us'd thus? art thou quite undone?

Pho. Yes, very sure. What dost thou mean?

Eud. That then it is a time for me—O, heav'n! that I

Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!

To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Gives her Hand*]

And show, without a blush, how much I love. We must not part!

Pho. Then I am rich again! [*Embraces her.*]
O no, we will not part! Confirm it, heav'n!

Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit, With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs, Till I have weary'd out thy father's scorn:

Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches—

Eud. Why wilt thou name him?

Pho. Now, ev'n now he's coming!

Just hov'ring o'er thee, like a bird of prey:

Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all—

'Twas this that wrung my heart, and rack'd my brain,

Ev'n to distraction!—vows thee to his bed; Nay, threaten'd force, if thou refuse obedience.

Eud. Force! threaten'd force!—my father—where is nature?

Is that too banish'd from his heart?—O then I have no father—How have I serv'd this?

[*Weeps.*]

No home, but am henceforth an outcast orphan; For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,

Ere give my hand to that detested contract.

O save me, Phocyas! thou hast sav'd my father.

Must I yet call him so, this cruel father?

How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?

Pho. See how we're join'd in exile! How our fate

Conspires to warn us both to leave this city! Thou know'st the emperor is now at Antioch;

I have an uncle there, who when the Persian, As now the Saracen, had nigh o'errun

The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,

And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia, Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with justice.

Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this place.

See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought

In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage To share thy exile now through ev'ry danger.

Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt, With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.

Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this night.

The gates I can command, and will provide The means of our escape. Some five hours hence, 'Twill then be turn'd of midnight, we may meet In the piazza of Honoria's convent.

Eud. I know it well; the place is most secure, And near adjoining to this garden wall.

There thou shalt find me.—Oh, protect us, heav'n!

Pho. Fear not; thy innocence will be our guard:

Some pitying angel will attend thy steps, Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,

Till thou art safe! Oh, I have suffer'd nothing, Thus gaining thee, and this great gen'rous proof,

How bless'd I am in my Eudocia's love!

My only joy, farewell!

Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas!

I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—CALED's Tent.

Enter CALED and Attendants. SERGIUS held by Two Guards, bound with Cords.

Ser. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Caled. Mercy! what's that?—Look yonder on the field

Of our late fight! Go, talk of mercy there.

Will the dead hear thy voice?

Ser. Oh, spare me yet.

Caled. Thou wretch!—Spare thee? to what?
To live in torture?

Are not thy limbs all bruise'd, thy bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess? And wouldst thou drag,
Like a crush'd serpent, a vile, mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!

Ser. Oh! I have told thee all—When first
pursu'd,

I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls,

Caled. Hast thou told all?

Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee:
Behold I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates!
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again!

Ser. Oh, bloody Saracens!

[*Exit Sergius, dragged away by
the Guards.*]

Enter ABUDAH.

Caled. Abudah, welcome!

Abu. Oh, *Caled*, what an evening was the last!

Caled. Name it no more; remembrance
sickens with it,

And therefore sleep is banish'd from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?

Abu. I have walk'd

The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of pray'r,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

Caled. Thou know'st th' important news
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unpar'd to 'scape our
vengeance.

Abu. Great captain of the armies of the
faithful!

I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit;
Yet hear me, *Caled*, hear and weigh my doubts,
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood, Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of Thaal fled,
So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;
The feather'd flights err'd through the boundless
air,

Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate th' unspotted law
We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause.
But much I fear infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the Christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of paradise,
I fear may soon—but oh, avert it, heav'n!
Fall ev'n a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

Caled. No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal
deceives thee.

Our prophet only chides our sluggish valour.
Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
Ev'n to the gates of Mecca's holy city?

Till Mahomet himself there stopp'd their en-
trance,

A jav'lin in his hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the foe; they fought again and conquer'd.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.

Abu. Well—be it then resolv'd. Th' indul-
gent hour

Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.

And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its champion
How has this city rais'd its drooping head!
As if some charm prevail'd where'er he fought;
Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble
weapons

Forget their wonted triumph—were he absent—

Caled. I would have sought him out in the
last action,

To single fight, and put that charm to proof,
Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.
But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose arm is then the
stronger.

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a Christian
captive

Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom.

Caled. Bring forth the slave.—O thou keen
vulture, death!

Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels!
Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.

[*Exit Daran.*]

Re-enter DARAN, with PROCYAS.

Whence, and what art thou?—Of Damascus?

—*Daran*,

Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen
thing,

That seems to lower defiance on our anger?

Daran. Marching in circuit, with the horse
thou gav'st me,

To observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And ere he could retreat, my horsemen seiz'd him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal giv'n at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know
more,

Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

Caled. Have I not seen thy face?

Abu. He hears thee not;

His eyes are fix'd on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.

[*Apart to Caled.*]

Caled. A lion in the toils! We soon shall
tame him.

Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'scape.

Pho. Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet? Think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

Caled. Ha! Phocyas?

Abu. Phocyas!—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again,

Caled. This is indeed a prize! [*Aside.*]
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd
heaps

There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,

Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
 Call'd from the bridge of death to thee to follow,
 What now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
 Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome.

Pho. Yes,
 Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—VWell I know
 What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
 How should the author of distress and ruin
 Be mov'd to pity? That's a human passion.
 No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
 I read my doom. Where are your racks,
 your tortures?

I'm ready—lead me to them; I can bear
 The worst ofills from you. You're not my friends,
 My countrymen.—Yet were you men, I could
 Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
 Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!

Abu. Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
 Presages good accruing to our cause
 By this event. [*Apart to Caled.*]

Caled. I tell thee then thou wrong'st us,
 To think our hearts thus steel'd, or our ears deaf
 To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
 The secret woes that throb within thy breast.
 Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
 And mute attention shall await thy words.

Pho. This is not then the palace in Damascus!
 If you will hear, then indeed have wrong'd you.
 How can this be?—VWhen he, for whom I've
 fought,

Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
 You seem surpris'd.—It was ingratitude
 That drove me out, an exile, not a foe.

Abu. Is it possible?
 Are these thy Christian friends?

Caled. 'Tis well—we thank thee:
 They help us to subdue themselves—But who
 VWas the companion of thy flight?—A woman,
 So Daran said—

Pho. 'Tis there I am most wretched—
 Oh, I am torn from all my soul held dear,
 And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
 That woman—'twas for her—How shall I
 speak it?

Eudocia, oh, farewell!—I'll tell you then,
 As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me:
 I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
 And long in secret woo'd her; not unwelcome
 To her my visits; but I fear'd her father;
 VWho oft had press'd her to detested nuptials,
 And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
 Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
 Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
 And service yielded at his greatest need:
 VWhen, as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain,
 He mock'd my service and forbade my love,
 Degraded me from the command I bore,
 And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
 How has his curse prevail'd!—The generous maid
 VWas won by my distress to leave the city;
 And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.

Abu. My soul is mov'd—Thou wert a man,
 Oh, prophet!

Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow
 For injur'd worth, though in an enemy! [*Aside.*]

Pho. Now—since you've heard my story,
 set me free,
 That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
 From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
 Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my
 ransom;

Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
 In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.

Caled. No—there's one way, a better, and
 but one,

To save thyself, and make some reparation
 For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

Pho. O, name it quickly, and my soul will
 bless thee!

Caled. Embrace our faith, and share with
 us our fortunes.

Pho. Then I am lost again!
Caled. VWhat! when we offer,

Not freedom only, but to raise thee high,
 To greatness, conquest, glory, heav'nly bliss?

Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
 Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
 To present times, to ev'ry future age
 A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
 And know I now disdain it.

Caled. As thou wilt.
 The time's too precious to be wasted longer
 In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom

—farewell.

Abu. Hear me, *Caled*: grant him some short
 space;

Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
 Try him, at least. [*Apart to Caled.*]

Caled. VWell—be it so then. Daran,
 Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour
 to live:

If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
 If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.

[*Exeunt Caled and Abudah. Daran*
waits at a distance.]

Pho. "Farewell, and think of death!" VWas
 it not so?

Do murderers then preach morality?—
 But how to think of what the living know not,
 And the dead cannot, or else may not tell!

VWhat art thou, oh, thou great mysterious terror!
 The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
 Sword, fire, and all thy ever open gates,
 That day and night stand ready to receive us.

But what's beyond them?—VWho will draw
 that veil?

Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time,
 The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
 It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
 And when we have reach'd it, in that very
 instant,

'Tis past the thinking of! Oh! if it be
 The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
 VWhen soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
 And there's no more to fear.

Daran. Suppose I now
 Dispatch him?—Right—VWhat need to stay
 for orders?

I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare, I'll do.

[*Aside.*
 Your jewels, Christian—You'll not need these
 trifles. [*Searches him.*]

Pho. I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's
 too busy

To lose a thought on thee.

Re-enter ABUDAH.
Abu. VWhat's this?—Forbear!

Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
 [*Takes the Jewels from Daran, and*
lays them on a Table.]

Daran. Deny'd my booty! curses on his head!
 VWas not the founder of our law a robber?

Why, 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be Pagan,
Than starve with a new faith. [*Aside.*]

Abu. What dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.

[*Exit Daran.*]
Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not?

Pho. I know
Thy name, Abudah, and thy office here,
The second in command. What more thou art,
Indeed I cannot tell.

Abu. True; for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.

Pho. Is't possible? —
Thou speak'st me fair.

Abu. What dost thou think of life?
Pho. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard condition, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.

Abu. Art thou resolv'd?

Pho. I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.

Abu. Think again.

Caled by me once more renews that offer.

Pho. Thou say'st thou art my friend: why
dost thou try

To shake the settled temper of my breast?
My soul has just discharg'd her cumb'rous train
Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
The painful road of life—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.

Abu. The gen'ral knows thee brave, and 'tis
for that

He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.

Pho. He knows me brave!—Why does he
then thus treat me?

No, he believes I am so poor of soul,
That, barely for the privilege to live,
I would be bought his slave. But go, tell him
The little space of life, his scorn bequeath'd me,
Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.

Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands?—The light divine, whose
beams

Pierc'd through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
And there illumin'd the great Mahomet,
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
Arise, salute with joy the guest from heav'n,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.

Pho. But whither must I follow?—Answer that.
Is she a guest from heav'n? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders, vouch her boast-
ed mission?

Abu. What wonders?—Turn thy eye to
Mecca! mark

How far from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
Her glory dawn'd!—then look how swift its
course,

As when the sun-beams, shooting through a
cloud,

Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to show that heav'n
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?

Pho. Dost thou ask why is this?—Oh, why
indeed?

Where is the man can read heav'n's secret
counsels?

Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here?

Abu. I'll tell thee: thy good angel
Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
From swift destruction: know, ere day shall
dawn,

Damascus will in blood lament its fall!

We've heard what army is design'd to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.

Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—
so Caled

Charg'd me to say, and more—that he invites
thee;

Thou know'st the terms—to share with him
the conquest.

Pho. Conquest! Revenge!—Hold, let me
think—Oh, horror!

Revenge! Oh, what revenge? Bleed on, my
wounds,

For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse
Than all that I can suffer?—But, Eudocia—

Where will she, then?—Shield her, ye pity-
ing pow'rs,

And let me die in peace!

Abu. Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!

Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.

Pho. Ha! safe—but how? A wretched cap-
tive too?

Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall
be thine.

Pho. Then I am lost indeed.

Abu. The time draws near, and I must
quickly leave thee;

But first reflect, that in this fatal night

Slaughter and rapine may be loos'd abroad;
And while they roam with unextinguish'd rage,
Should she thou lov'st—(well may'st thou start)

—be made,

Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust,

Or brutal fury—

Pho. Oh! this pulls my heart-strings! [*Falls.*]
Earth open—save me, save me from that thought.

Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black
despair;

Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwreck'd
yet;

Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?

Pho. [*Rises.*] Ha! Who, what art thou?

[*Raves.*]
My friend? that's well; but hold—are all friends
honest?

What's to be done?—Hush, hark! what voice
is that?

Abu. There is no voice; 'tis yet the dead
of night;

The guards without keep silent watch around us.

Pho. Again it calls—'tis she—O, lead me to her!

Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagin'd
sounds.

Pho. Sure 'twas Eudocia's voice, cry'd out,
Forbear!

What shall I do?—Oh, heav'n!

Abu. Heav'n shows thee what.

Nay, now it is too late; see Caled comes,
With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there—

Pho. [*Rises.*] What do I see?

Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains!—Is there no more?—Oh, save her,
save her!

[*Exeunt Phocyas and Abudah.*]

Re-enter CALED and DARAN.

Daran. Behold, on thy approach, they shift
their ground.

Caled. 'Tis as thou say'st; he trilles with
my mercy.

Daran. Speak, shall I fetch his head?

Caled. No, stay you here,
I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou.

[*To an Officer.*]

But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames, till he behold
That slave, that woman idol he adores,
Or giv'n a prize to some brave Mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death, as for a boon, perhaps we'll grant it.

[*Exit Raphan.*]

Daran. The captains wait thy orders.

Caled. Are the troops
Ready to march?

Daran. They are.

Caled. Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet
curse him!

Daran. But who commands the trusty
bands of Mecca?
Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.

Caled. 'Tis true; thou, *Daran*, well deserv'st
that charge;

I've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these Christian dogs.

Daran. Thou dost me right.

Caled. And therefore I'll reward it.
Behat command now thine. And here, this sabre,
Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Caabar's prosp'rous fight, shall aid thy arm.

Daran. Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll
better thank thee.

[*Takes the Scimitar.*]

Caled. Myself will lead the troops of the
black standard,
And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

Daran. But why do we not move? 'twill
soon be day.

Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm
with action.

Caled. Then haste and tell Abudah—O, thou'rt
welcome!

Re-enter ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stub-
born captive?

Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.

Caled. But is he ours?

Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he held his root, till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.

Caled. Say how?

Abu. Oft he inclin'd, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for awhile he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to heaven;

Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
"Renounce my faith! Never."—I answer'd, "No,
That now he should not do it."

Caled. How?

Abu. Yet hear;

For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temp'rate thoughts.
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him,
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.

Caled. What, no more?

Then he's a Christian still!

Abu. Have patience yet;

For if by him we can surprise the city—

Caled. Say'st thou?

Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.
I shall command some chosen, faithful bands;
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd; nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

Caled. This is something.

And yet I do not like this half ally.
Is he not still a Christian?—But no matter—
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate:
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear all!—Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide;
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that
blow,

And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A great Square in the City be-
fore the Governor's Palace.*

*Enter ABUDAH, Saracen Captains and Sol-
diers; with EUMENES, HERBIS, and other
Christians, unarmed.*

Eum. It must be so—farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!—Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!

Her. We've been betray'd by riot and debauch.
Curse on the traitor guard.

Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep too?

Abu. Christians, complain no more,
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice?—Know, the doom from heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

Art. All's lost!—Ha!—Who are these?

Eum. All's lost indeed.
Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our safety.

Thou com'st too late to bring us news.

Art. Oh!—no.

The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forc'd the gate, and—but he's here.

[*A Cry without, Fly, fly, they follow—Quarter, mercy, quarter!*]

Caled. [*Without*] No quarter! Kill, I say.
Are they not Christians!
More blood! our prophet asks it.

Enter CALED and DABAN.

What, Abudah!

Well met!—But wherefore are the looks of peace?

Why sleeps thy sword?

Abu. Caled, our task is over.
Behold the chiefs! they have resign'd the palace.

Caled. And sworn to obey our law?

Abu. No.

Caled. Then fall on.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven by me has spar'd

The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gain'd a bloodless conquest.

Caled. I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say.

Abu. Nay, then I swear ye shall not.

Caled. Ha!—Who am I?

Abu. The general—and I know
What reverence is your due.

[*Caled gives Signs to his Men to fall on.*
Nay, he who stirs,

First makes his way through me. My honour's
pledg'd;

Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop*] I know
thee, Caled,

Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and
faithful;

But yet remember I'm a Mussulman;
Nay more, thou know'st, companion of the
prophet;

And what we vow is sacred.

Caled. Thou'rt a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith.
Curse on thy new allies!

Abu. No more—this strife
But ill befits the servants of the caliph,
And casts reproach—Christians, withdraw
awhile:

I pledge my life to answer the conditions—
[*Exeunt Eumenes, Herbis, etc.*]

Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me Christian—What! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if—

Caled. What terms are yielded?

Abu. Leave to depart to all that will; an oath
First given no more to aid the war against us,
An unnolesled march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;
Besides some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.

Caled. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equip'd an army!

Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will choose to stay,

Receive our law, or pay th'accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scatter'd fugitives?—Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces ev'n court subjection.

Caled. Well—be it on thy head, if worse
befall!

This once I yield—but see it thus proclaim'd
Through all Damascus, that who will depart,
Must leave the place this instant—Pass, move
on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Outside of a Nunnery.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning
light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly
gloom.

Within, without, all, all are foes—Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!

[*After a Pause.*]

This place has holy charms! rapine and murder.
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to devotion—VWorld, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms, and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*]

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice
This way?—A woman's too!—and seem'd com-
plaining!

Hark!—No—O torture! Whithers shall I turn me?
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more— [*Going out, he meets her.*]

Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?

Sure 'tis a friendly voice!

Pho. 'Tis she—O rapture!

Eud. Is't possible—my Phocyas!

Pho. My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

Eud. Do I yet see thee?

Yet hear thee speak? O how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know
not mercy?

Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our
last parting.

But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks I'm rais'd to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change;
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
And turn'd them friends.

Eud. Amazement! Friends!

O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me through this dark maze of providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.

Pho. Inquire no more—thou shalt know all
hereafter—

Let me conduct thee hence.

Eud. O whither next?

To what far distant home?—But 'tis enough
That, favour'd thus of heaven, thou art my guide.
And as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of the story?
Where is my father?

Pho. Thou heavenly maid!

Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, even sav'd
'Thy father's threaten'd life: nay, sav'd Damascus

From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
O didst thou know to what deadly gulfs
Of horror and despair I have been driven
This night, ere my perplex'd, bewild'rd soul
Could find its way!—thou saidst that thou wouldst
chide?

I fear thou wilt: indeed I have done that,
I could have wish'd t'avoid—but for a cause
So lovely, so belov'd—

Eud. What dost thou mean?
I'll not indulge a thought that thou couldst do
One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of heaven:
Thou couldst not save thy life by means glorious.

Pho. Alas thou know'st me not—I'm man,
frail man,

To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect?
To save my life! O no, well was it risk'd
For thee! had it been lost, 'twere not too much,
And thou art safe:—O what wouldst thou have said,
If I had risk'd my soul to save Eudocia?

Eud. Ha, speak—Oh no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake?—Alas! I tremble too!
Thou couldst not, hast not sworn to Mahomet?

Pho. No—I should first have dy'd—nay,
given up thee.

Eud. O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus?
And yet another deadly fear succeeds!
How came these wretches hither? Who reviv'd
Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?
For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the
Christian cause,

These batter'd walls were rocks impregnable,
Their towers of adamant. But, oh, I fear
Some act of thine—

Pho. No more—I'll tell the all;
I found the wakeful foe in midnight council,
Resolv'd ere day to make a fresh attack,
Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—
Could my rack'd soul bear that, and think of thee?
Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpless prey
To some fierce ruffian's violating arms?
O, had the world been mine, in that extreme
I should have given whole provinces away;
Nay, all—and thought it little for my ransom!

Eud. For this then—Oh, thou hast betray'd
the city!

Distrustful of the righteous powers above,
That still protect the chaste and innocent!
And to avert a feign'd, uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!

Pho. No, the sword,
Which threaten'd to have fill'd the streets with
blood,

I sheath'd in peace; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

Eud. Safe! free! O no—life, freedom, every
good,

Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means!
Yet sure it cannot be! are these the terms
On which we meet?—No, we can never meet
On terms like these; the hand of death itself
Could not have torn us from each other's arms,
Like this dire act!

But, alas!

'Tis thou hast blasted all my joys for ever,
And cut down hope, like a poor, short-liv'd flower,
Never to grow again!

Pho. Cruel Eudocia!
If in my heart's dear anguish I've been forc'd
Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?

Think of the cause—

Eud. The cause! there is no cause—
Not universal nature could afford
A cause for this. What where dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,
If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumph of a godlike breast,
Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?

Pho. No more—Thou waken'st in my tor-
tur'd heart

The cruel, conscious worm, that stings to madness!
Oh, I'm undone! I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

Eud. Poor wretch!—I pity thee!—but art
thou Phocyas,

The man I lov'd?—I could have dy'd with thee
Ere thou didst this: then we had gone together,
A glorious pair, and soar'd above the stars:
But never, never

Will I be made the curs'd reward of treason,
To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
And to ensure thy everlasting woe.

Pho. What league?—'tis ended—I renounce
it—thus— [Kneels.

I bend to heaven and thee—O thou divine,
Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.

Eud. No—we must part.

Then do not think

Thy loss in me is worth one drooping tear:
But if thou wouldst be reconcil'd to heaven,
First sacrifice to heaven that fatal passion
Which caus'd thy fall; forget the lost Eudocia.
Canst thou forget her?—Oh! the killing torture,
To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorc'd us!
Farewell for—still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell— [Exit.

Pho. [Raving] For ever!

Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
O hear, all gracious heaven! wilt thou at once
Forgive: and, oh, inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An open Place in the City.

Enter CALED and DARAN, meeting.

Caled. Soldier, what news? thou look'st as
thou wert angry.

Daran. And, durst I say it so, my chief, I am;
I've spoke—if it offends, my head is thine;
Take it, and I am silent.

Caled. No, say on.

I know thee honest, and perhaps I uess
What knits thy brows in frowns—

Daran. Is this, my leader,
A conquer'd city?—View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

Caled. The vale of palms?

Daran. Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there disguis'd,
Just now I've view'd their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.

Caled. What hast thou seen?

Daran. Why, all Damascus:—All its souls,
its life,

Its heart blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
Grosses enrich'd with gems, arras and silks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre!

Caled. How?

Daran. 'Tis true.

The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.

Caled. So forward too! curse on this foolish treaty!

Daran. Forward—it looks as if they had been forewarn'd.

By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants

Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighb'ring countries.

Caled. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd!

Daran. And shall we not pursue them—Robbers! thieves!

That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due?

Caled. The caliph shall know this—he shall, Abudah,

This is thy coward bargain—I renounce it [*Aside.*
Daran. We'll stop their march, and search.

Daran. And strip—

Caled. And kill.

Daran. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Christian friend.

Caled. If possible,

He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah:
By the seven heavens, his soul's a Christian too!
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with treachery.

Daran. I knew my general would not suffer this,

Therefore I've troops prepar'd without the gate;
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil, Phocyas,
Will know it soon—I met him near the gate:
My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of ill.

Caled. No more; away

With thy cold fears—we'll march this very instant,

And quickly make this thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts
for blood. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harness lying up and down amongst them. The Prospect terminating with Palm Trees and Hills at a Distance.*

Enter EUMENES, with Officers and Attendants.

Eum. [*Entering.*] Sleep on—and angels be thy guard!—soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile;
Let none approach the tent—Are out-guards plac'd

On yonder hills? [*To an Officer.*

Off. They are.

Eum. [*Striking his Breast.*] Damascus, O—
Still art thou here!—Let me entreat you, friends,
To keep strict order; I have no command,
And can but now advise you.

Off. You are still

Our head and leader.

We're all prepar'd to follow you.

Eum. I thank you.

The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And, till to-morrow's dawn, this is our home:
Meanwhile, each, as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot.

Off. Sir, I have mark'd

The camp's extent: 'tis stretch'd quite through
the valley.

I think that more than half the city's here.

Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleas'd,

My honest countrymen, I observe your numbers:
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'Tis said,
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd
His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet be then flourish'd in prosperity.

Alas! what's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray!

Hear me, all gracious heaven,
Let me wear out my small remains of life,
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or, in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O
heaven,

Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!—

Enter HERBIS.

Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

Her. On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.

Eum. And is it worth a look?

Her. No—I've forgot it.

All our possessions are a grasp of air:
We're cheated, whilst we think we hold them fast:
And when they're gone, we know that they
were nothing:

But I've a deeper wound.

Eum. Poor, good old man!

'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter ARTAMON.

What, Artamon! art thou here, too?

Art. Yes, sir.

I never boasted much,

Yet, I've some honour, and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.

Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.

Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer, hope, is ready with his song,
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to heaven.—See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.

Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving
wealth?

See, too, where our own Pharphar winds his
stream

Through the long vale, as if to follow us;
And kindly offers his cool wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why, this is plenty.

Enter EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?

Eud. Rest is not there,

Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.

Oh, no!—we're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.

Eum. Thou art not well.

Eud. I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.

Eum. Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

Eud. O, say not so!

You have lost nothing; no—you have preserv'd
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To heaven and to your country.

Ruin is yonder, in Damascus, now
The seat abhor'd of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.

Eum. Heroic maid!

Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee!

Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet for-
given me.

Eum. Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is,
thee only,

I think, heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis, too—we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet, were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!—I meant not to provoke thy tears.

Eud. O, why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are bless'd in innocence,
And why was he not one? [*Aside.*]

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Where is Eumenes?

Eum. What means thy breathless haste?

Offi. I fear thee's danger:

For, as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar
Thick clouds of dust, and, on a nearer view,
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.

Her. I saw them too,
Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs,
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?

Offi. With utmost speed.

Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire awhile, Eudocia,
Till I return. [*Exit Eudocia.*]
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 Offi. Arm! arm! we're ruin'd!

The foe is in the camp.

Eum. So soon?

2 Offi. They've quitted

Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.

Eum. Villains!

Sure Calad knows not of this treachery!
Come on—we can fight still. We'll make them
know

What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Let the fools fight at distance—Here's
the harvest.

Reap, reap, my countrymen!—Ay, there—first
clear

Those further tents—

[*Looking between the Tents.*]

What's here? a woman!—fair
She seems, and well attir'd!—It shall be so.
She's my first prize, and then— [*Exit.*]

Re-enter DARAN, with EUDOCIA.

Eud. [*Struggling*] Mercy! O, spare me!
spare me!

Heaven, hear my cries!

Daran. Woman, thy cries are vain:
No help is near.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Villain, thou liest! take that,
To loose thy hold—

[*Pushing at Daran with his Spear, who falls.*]
Eudocia!

Eud. Phocyas! O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that heaven has heard my prayers?
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden
outrage?

Pho. Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
Thou seest 'tis death t'approach thee without awe,
And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

Eud. Whence are these alarms?

Pho. Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd
by treaty,

Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed—But, oh!
Thou know'st, Eudocia, I'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee;
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present,
If thou wouldst leave this place.

Eud. No—I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have
wrong'd:

And yet, alas!

For this last act how would I thank thee,
Phocyas!—

I've nothing now but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks!—But 'tis some comfort yet,
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part—

Pho. For ever!

'Tis then resolv'd—It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute that doom.

Eud. What dost thou mean?

Pho. [*Kneeling*] Thus at thy feet—

Eud. O, rise!

Pho. Never—Nowhere I'll lay my burden down;
I've tried its weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accur'd, cast off
By heaven and thee—

Eud. Forbear.

O cruel man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark—thou didst, when last we
parted,

The pangs, the strugglings of my suffering soul;
That nothing but the hand of heaven itself
Could ever drive me from thee!—Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? or canst thou have a thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

Pho. [*Rises*] Have a care!

I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false pity!
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.

[Shows a Dagger.

Thy cruelty is mercy now.—Farewell!
And death is now but a release from torment!

Eud. Hold—stay thee yet!—O, madness of despair!

And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulf,

When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,

Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse?

O think, if then—

Pho. No—thought's my deadliest foe;
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!

Eud. O, fatal error!—Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,

Perhaps, in forms more frightful.
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then! How start,

And shudder, and shrink back! yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?

Pho. I thank thee!

For now I'm quite undone—I gave up all
For thee before; but this, this bosom friend,

My last reserve—There—
[Throws away the Dagger.

Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, deny'd the food of life,

And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will fate do with me?

Eud. Oh! [Turns away, weeping.
Pho. Thou weep'st!

Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,

Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort?

[Here they both continue silent for some Time.
Still thou art silent!

Hear then this last,
This only pray'r!—Heav'n will consent to this.

Let me but follow thee, where'er thou go'st,
But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,

To guide and govern my returning steps,
Till long contrition, and unwearied duty,

Shall expiate my guilt.
Eud. No more—This shakes

My firmest thoughts, and if— [A Cry is heard.
What shrieks of death!

I fear a treach'rous foe have now
Begun a fatal harvest!—Haste,

Prevent—O, wouldst thou see me more with
comfort,

Fly, save them, save the threaten'd lives of Christians,

My father and his friends!—I dare not stay—
Heav'n be my guide, to shun this gath'ring ruin!

[Exit.

Enter CALED.

Caled. So, slaughter, do thy work! These hands
look well.

[Looks on his Hands.

Phocyas! Thou'rt met—But whether thou art here
[Comes forward.

A friend or foe, I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

Pho. Hold, pass no further.

Caled. Say'st thou, not pass?

Pho. No—on thy life no further.

Caled. What, dost thou frown too?—Sure,
thou know'st me not!

Pho. Not know thee?—Yes, too well I know
thee now,

O murd'rous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Diddst thou not promise—

Caled. Promise!—Insolence!

'Tis well, 'tis well; for now I know thee too.
Perfidious, mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!

False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!

Pho. That's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it through my ear!

A villain! Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.

Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—

Thou canst not—O thou robber!—Give me then
Revenge or death! The last I well deserve—

That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurs'd be thou, and curs'd thy

prophet!

Caled. Hear'st thou this, Mahomet?—Blaspheming mouth!

For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.

Go—speed thee thither—
[Pushes at him with his Lance, which

Phocyas puts by, and kills him.

Pho. Go thou first thyself.

Caled. [Falls] O dog! thou gnaw'st my
heart!—

False Mahomet!
Is this then my reward?—O!— [Dies.

Pho. Thanks to the gods, I have reveng'd my
country! [Exit.

Several Parties of Christians and Saracens
pass over the further End of the Stage,

fighting. The former are beaten. At last
EUMENES rallies them, and makes a stand;

then enter ABUDAH, attended.

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheathe the bloody
sword.

Eum. Abudah! is this well?
Abu. No—I must own

You've cause.—O Mussulmans, look here! Behold
Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war

Is thrown to earth!
Eum. Ha! Caled?

Abu. Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has heaven chastis'd us in thy fall,

And thee for violated faith! Farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!

Eum. This thirst of blood
In his own blood is quench'd.

Abu. Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first

O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults.—
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!

A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord, the caliph, is no more!

Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your caliph lives,

Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead

His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas!—foreknowledge sure of this event

Guided his choice! Obey me then, your chief.
For you, O Christians; know, with speed I came,

On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.

Your goods shall be untouched, your persons safe.
Nor shall our troops henceforth, on pain of death,

Molest your march.—If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn

A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us ev'n wish thee ours.

Abu. O Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame,

If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!—Now, Eumenes,
Friends, as we may be, let us part in peace.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Re-enter ARTAMON and EUDOCIA.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?

Art. Heaven knows.

I left him just preparing to engage:
When, doubtful of th' event, he bade me haste
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.

Eud. My flight! but whither?
O no—if he is lost—

Art. I hope not so.

The noise is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
We soon shall know;—here's one that can
inform us.

Re-enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well;—what says thy tongue?

1 Off. The foe's withdrawn. Abudah has been here,

And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'd—

Art. Hold—first thank heaven for that!

Eud. Where is Eumenes?

1 Off. I left him well: by his command I came
To search you out: and let you know this news.
I've more; but that—

Art. Is bad, perhaps, so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let's know it;
'Tis but life's checker'd lot.

1 Off. Eumenes mourns
A friend's friendly fall—Herbis is slain—
A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him;
'Th' effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
When on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desp'rate
valour

He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.

Art. See where Eumenes comes! What's this? He seems

To lead some wounded friend—Alas! 'tis—

[*They withdraw to one side of the Stage.*]

Re-enter EUMENES, leading in PHOCYAS, with an Arrow in his Breast.

Eum. Give me thy wound! O, I could bear it for thee!

This goodness melts my heart. What, in a moment

Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
T' exchange forgiveness thus!

Pho. Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little further;
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*]

Eum. Look, look here, Eudocia!

Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!

Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—Oh, what
cruel hand—

Pho. No, 'twas a kind one.—Spare thy tears,
Eudocia!

For mine are tears of joy.—

Eud. Is't possible?

Pho. 'Tis done—the powers supreme have
heard my prayer,
And prosper'd me with some fair deed this day:
I've fought once more, and for my friends,
my country.

By me the treach'rous chiefs are slain: awhile
I stopp'd the foe, till, warn'd by me before,
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came.
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er—'tis thus that heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me.

Eud. What shall I say to thee, to give thee
comfort?

Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me—O Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Through passion's mists; my soul now gazes
on thee,

And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I—but there it smarts.

Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers! and help his pious sorrow!

Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give
these help.

See! yonder is my tent: we'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd;
Perhaps it is not mortal.

Pho. No! not mortal!
No flatt'ry now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I'd not lose this death.

Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you,
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors and defend my fame.

For know, soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows through the wound.

Eud. What dost thou say?
O, touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul:
How shall I give them words? Oh, till this hour
I scarce have tasted woe!—this is indeed
To part—but, oh!—

Pho. No more—death is now painful!
But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask—
(For still methinks all your concerns are mine),
Whither have you design'd to bend your
journey?

Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,
If heaven indulge my wish; there I've resolv'd
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days—I hope not many.

Eud. There will I dedicate myself to heaven.
O, Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
Consents to this my vow. My vital flame
There, like a taper on the holy altar,
Shall waste away; till heav'n, relenting, hears
Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
As if inspir'd, springs in my breast, and tells me
That thy repenting frailty is forgiv'n,
And we shall meet again to part no more.

Pho. [*Plucks out the Arrow*] Then all is done
—'twas the last pang—at length—
I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing.

[*Dies.*]

Eum. O Phocyas! Phocyas!

Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
 Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!
 As for a son—so let me call thee now.
 A much-wrong'd friend, and an unhappy hero!

A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can show;
 Tears vainly flow for errors learn'd too late,
 When timely caution should prevent our fate.
 [Exeunt.]

COMEDY.

HYPOCRITE.
 BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.
 BUSY BODY.
 PROVOKED HUSBAND.
 SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT.
 JEALOUS WIFE.
 DOUBLE DEALER.
 WAY OF THE WORLD.
 FASHIONABLE LOVER.
 WEST INDIAN.
 RECRUITING OFFICER.
 CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

GOOD NATURED MAN.
 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.
 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.
 CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.
 MAN OF THE WORLD.
 NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.
 CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.
 A SCHOOL FOR GROWN CHILDREN.
 THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.
 RIVALS.
 SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
 CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

A NATIVE of Ireland, and for some time one of the most successful writers for the stage. He was probably born about the year 1755, having been appointed one of the pages of Lord Chesterfield, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1746. He was once an officer of marines, but left the service with circumstances which do not reflect credit on him as a man. These circumstances not attacking the reputation of his writings, our readers will assist us in covering them with the charitable veil of oblivion; and we shall stand excused in the eyes of the feeling world for declining to conclude his Biography.

THE HYPOCRITE,

COMEDY by Isaac Bickerstaff. Acted at Drury Lane 1768. The general plot of this comedy is borrowed from the *Tartuffe* of Molière, and the principal character in it, viz. that of Doctor Cantwell, is a close copy from that great original. The conduct of the piece, however, is so greatly altered as to render it perfectly English, and the coquet Charlotte: is truly original and most elegantly spirited. The author has strongly pointed out the mischiefs and ruin which were frequently brought into the most noble and valuable families by the self-interested machinations of those skulking and pernicious vipers, those wolves in sheep's clothing, who at the troublesome and unsettled period in which this piece was first written, (by Cibber 1718) covering their private views beneath the mask of public zeal and sanctity, acted the part of the great serpent of old, first tempting to sin, and then betraying to punishment. It is an alteration of Cibber's *Nonjuror*. Scarcely any thing more than the character of Mawworm was written by the present author, who introduced it for the sake of Weston's comic talents. Few plays have had the advantage of better acting, and, in consequence, few had a greater share of success. It is one of the most valuable characteristics of this play, that while it severely satirizes hypocrisy, fanaticism (as in Mawworm), and outrageous pretensions to sanctity, it carefully distinguishes between these and rational piety. The play met with great success in the representation, taking a run of eighteen nights; the subject itself being its protection, and its enemies not daring to show any more at that time than a few smiles of silent contempt. The consequence, however, was what the author foresaw; that is to say, the stirring up a party against him, who would scarcely suffer any thing he wrote afterwards to meet with fair play, and making him the constant butt of *Mist's Journal*, and all the Jacobite faction. Nor do we think it by any means an improbable surmise, that the enmity and inveteracy of his antagonist Mr. Pope, and the set of wits who were connected with him, might have their original foundation traced from the appearance of this play.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN LAMBERT.	COLONEL LAMBERT.	SEYWARD.	OLD LADY LAMBERT.	CHARLOTTE.
DOCTOR CANTWELL.	DARNLEY.	MAWORM.	YOUNG LADY LAMBERT.	BETTY.

SCENE.—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in SIR JOHN LAMBERT'S House.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT and COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. PRAY consider, sir.

Sir J. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. L. I do not dispute your authority, sir: but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister? has not she received them?—Mr. Darnley's

birth and fortune are well known to you; and I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you I do not like his character; he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. L. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you please to inquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Oh, you go to church! you go to church!—Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. L. Well but, dear sir—

Sir J. Colonel, you are an Atheist.

Col. L. Pardon me, sir, I am none: it is a character I abhor; and next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.¹⁾

Sir J. Oh, you do so; an enthusiast!—this is the fashionable phrase, the bye-word, the nick-name, that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col. L. Say, canting, sir.

Sir J. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Col. L. So says the charitable doctor Cantwell; you have taken him into your house, and in return he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Do not abuse the doctor, colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers.—He holds up the glass to your enormities, shows you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. L. I always respect piety and virtue, sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be such as make much noise about their valour; so, I apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal much in grimace.

Sir J. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. L. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know, by what authority the doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function.²⁾ It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. That is no business of yours, sir.—But, I am better informed.—However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. L. Zeal!

Sir J. Why, colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. L. I own I cannot see with temper, sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and show an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this.

Sir J. Colonel, let me hear no more; I see you are too hardened to be converted now:

but since you think it your duty, as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for yours. If you think fit to amend them, so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. L. Well, sir, may I ask you, without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister?

Sir J. Are they not flagrant? would you have me marry my daughter to a Pagan?³⁾

Col. L. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir J. I am glad to hear it.

Col. L. That's kind indeed, sir.

Sir J. May be not, sir; for I will not be at home when he comes: and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I'll go out this moment.

Col. L. Nay, dear sir—

Sir J. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him either, tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister.—In short, I have another man in my head for her. *[Exit.]*

Col. L. Another man! It would be worth one's while to know him: pray heaven this canting hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope for from my father is a castle in the air.—My sister may be ruined too—here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sister, good morrow; I want to speak with you.

Char. Pr'ythee then, dear brother, don't put on that wise, politic face, as if your regiment was going to be disbanded, or sent to the West Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. L. Come, come, a truce with your railleury: what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Char. Well, then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. L. Why it is, and it is not, upon that subject.

Char. Oh, I love a riddle dearly—Come—let's hear it.

Col. L. Nay, pshaw! if you will be serious, say so.

Char. O lard, sir! I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features, totally disengaged and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you think fit. *[Leans on him awkwardly.]*

Col. L. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—Pr'ythee, stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Char. Are you serious?

1) A religious sect, possessing much less of the charity of christians than any other of the numerous list of them with which the world is over-run; their prayers and sermons, contrary to the church of England, are all extempore. *Masworn* shows them in their most zealous, *Cantwell* in their most unfavourable light.

2) The greater part of the preachers as well as auditors of this sect are tailors, cobblers, and others, who have had a call as they call it.

3) The intolerance of the Methodists, is carried to such a degree, that, even in their sermons, they most charitably condemn every person of any other persuasion than theirs, to the most horrible of all the burning fires of Tartarus; and, as they affect a very sanctified way of living themselves, all persons visiting that devil's hot-house the theatre, playing at cards, reading novels, etc., must meet with some still more terrible punishment, if possible.

Col. L. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Char. I am glad on't, with all my heart.

Col. L. How! glad!

Char. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? no, sir, if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour inderd, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too—Oh! I like it mightily.

Col. L. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley—but my father's consent might have clapped a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Char. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and have not I twenty thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. L. Yes, sister; but with all your charms, you have had them in your hands almost these four years.

Char. Pshaw! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? but if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlicked lout—a comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise for a wager.

Col. L. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Char. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. L. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Char. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother.

Col. L. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised.

Char. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. L. Why how now, sister?

Char. Why sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. L. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Char. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you; I make no more of you than a sister: I can say any thing to you.

Col. L. I should have been better pleased, if you had not owned it to me—it's a hateful character.

Char. Ay, it's no matter for that, it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of.

Col. L. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you.

Char. Well, but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. L. Not I, really; but I imagined you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Char. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet—are you sure he is gone out?

Col. L. You are very impatient to know, methinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Char. O lud!¹⁾ O lud! prythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeased to hear there were two people about it? besides, to be a little serious, Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col. L. Oh, your servant, madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concerned enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending; ha! ha!

Char. Concerned! why, did I say that?—look you, I'll deny it all to him—well, if ever I'm serious with him again—

Col. L. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. My dear colonel, your servant.

Col. L. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have pressed your affair—I touched upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself obliged to your friendship, let my success be what it will—Madam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray?

Char. [Reading]²⁾ “Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—”

Darn. Pray, madam, what is't?

Char. “Favours to none, to all she smiles extends—”

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Char. “O! she rejects, but never once offends.”

Col. L. Have a care: she has dipped into her own character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn. I beg your pardon, madam.

Char. “Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
[Um—um—
And like the sun they shine on all alike.”

Darn. That is something like indeed.

Col. L. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what? pray what do you mean?

Col. L. Have a little patience: I'll tell you immediately.

Char. “If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all.”
Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Char. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion and her power?

Darn. So that you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her.

Char. Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrendered to her discre-

¹⁾ This word *lud* is a corruption of *Lord*! we find such in all languages, where people think to cheat the devil by substituting a word something similar to the oath in its original form, and believe, if they do not swear in the exact word, that the sin is entirely atoned for. There are many other examples of this sort in English, where the most abominable oaths are softened down into a pretty little word, which seems to fit many a pretty little mouth, if we may judge from the frequency of their application by the female sex, though it must be confessed that they are totally ignorant of their meaning.

²⁾ Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Canto II. v. 8.

tion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed!

Darn. There we differ, madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Char. Oh, d'y'e hear him, brother? the creature reasons with me; nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well, my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Char. Am I not a vain, silly creature, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Char. Laud!¹⁾ how can you love a body so then? but I don't think you love me though—do you?

Darn. Yes, faith, I do; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Char. Poor man! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would indeed.—Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable—

Char. O lud! he's civil—

Darn. Come, come, you have good sense; use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Char. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing of you, not I.

Darn. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Char. Ah, laud! now you have spoiled all again:—besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of?

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. L. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you.—In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister; and in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he name him?

Col. L. No; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable!—what can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. L. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Darn. He! he can't be such a villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. L. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason; what interest, can he have to oppose me?

Col. L. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be?

Char. You are a strange dunce, brother—you know no more of love than I do of a regiment—You shall see now how I'll comfort him—Poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Char. Olud! how sentimental he is! well,

his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give is insupportable.—

Enter BETTY.

Betty, is the tea ready?

Bet. Yes, madam.

Char. Mr. Darnley, your servant.

[*Exit Char. and Betty.*]

Col. L. So; you have made a fine piece of work on't, indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me if I speak a little freely; I own the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. L. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had she any real concern for me, the apprehensions of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to some degree of seriousness.

Col. L. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Darn. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. L. No, no; she's giddy, but not capable of so studied a falsehood.

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. L. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. L. You should have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. L. No—if you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Darn. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. L. Ay, marry,¹⁾ sir—ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now; Lord! how you could love her!

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Col. L. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. L. I dare say she is not. She's of so soft, so sweet a disposition—

Darn. Prythee, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. L. Want of fortune, Frank: she was poor and beautiful—he, rich and amorous—she made him happy, and he her—

Darn. A lady—

Col. L. And a jointure—now she's the only one in the family that has power with our precise doctor; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from any thing that is against your interest. By the way, you must know I have some shrewd suspicion that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love!

Col. L. You shall judge by the symptoms—but hush!—here he comes with my grandmother—step this way, and I'll tell you.

[*Exeunt.*]

1) Lord.

1) By the Virgin Mary.

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL, OLD LADY LAMBERT, and SEYWARD.

Dr. C. Charles, step up into my study; bring down a dozen more of those manuals of devotion, with the last hymns I composed; and, when he calls, give them to M. Mawworm; and, do you hear, if any one inquires for me, say I am gone to Newgate¹⁾, and the Marshalsea²⁾, to distribute alms.

[*Exit Seyward.*]

Old Lady L. Well but, worthy doctor, why will you go the prisons yourself—cannot you send the money?—ugly distempers are often caught there—have a care of your health; let us keep one good man, at least, amongst us.

Dr. C. Alas, madam, I am not a good man; I am a guilty, wicked sinner, full of iniquity; the greatest villain that ever breathed; every instant of my life is clouded with stains; it is one continued series of crimes and defilements; you do not know what I am capable of; you indeed take me for a good man; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady L. Have you then stumbled? alas! if it be so, who shall walk upright? what horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-accrimination?

Dr. C. None, madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous; yet am I sure, that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations? do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth? am I not often hasty, and surprised into wrath? nay, the instance is recent; for last night, being snarled at and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady L. Oh! worthy, humble soul! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I want to suffer; I ought to be mortified; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family; I am pampered too much here, live too much at my ease.

Old Lady L. Good doctor!

Dr. C. Alas, madam! it is not you that should shed tears; it is I ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady L. I pure! who, I? no, no; sinful, sinful—but do not talk of quitting our family; what will become of us—for friendship—for charity—

Dr. C. Enough; say no more, madam; I submit; while I can do good, it is my duty.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT and DARNLEY.

Col. L. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady L. Grandson, how do you?

Darn. Good day to you, doctor!

Dr. C. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant; I hope you and the good colonel

will stay and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, no; it is too early; the sun has not risen upon them; but, I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. C. I warrant, they would go to a play now!

Old Lady L. Would they—I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady L. Me, sir! see me at a play! you may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps—

Darn. Well but, madam—

Old Lady L. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit murder?

Dr. C. No, sir, no; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast; but a playhouse is the devil's hot-bed—

Col. L. And yet, doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren—as in case of a benefit—

Dr. C. The charity covereth the sin: and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort of the righteous.

Col. L. Ha, ha, ha!

Dr. C. Reprobate! reprobate!

Col. L. What is that you mutter, sirrah?

Old Lady L. Oh heavens!

Darn. Let him go, colonel.

Col. L. A canting hypocrite!

Dr. C. Very well, sir; your father shall know my treatment.

[*Exit.*]
Old Lady L. Let me run out of the house; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. O grandson! grandson!

[*Exit.*]
Darn. Was there ever such an insolent rascal!

Col. L. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he? whence comes he?—what is his original?—how has he so ingratiated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. L. Oh, sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that's just gone out. You know, she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where it seems she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint; and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Hah! here's your sister again.

Re-enter CHARLOTTE and DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Char. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. L. What's the matter?

Char. Nothing; pray be quiet.—I don't want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

1) London being formerly encompassed by a wall, had gates resembling the one at Temple-Bar; besides their use as a Postern, they were employed as places of confinement; hence the prisons of Newgate, Ludgate, etc.

2) The Marshalsea is a jail of great antiquity, situated near St. George's church in the Borough of Southwark.

Col. L. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. C. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who, being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. C. So, for what I have done, madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Char. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority, to insult me; or, if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your function? does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Dr. C. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady?

Char. I'll send him none by you.

Dr. C. I shall inform him so. [Exit.

Char. A saucy puppy!

Col. L. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Char. Nothing.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, madam.

Char. Nay, no great matter—but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room—a fastening my garter, and this impudent cur comes bounce in upon me—

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. L. Yet, 'egad, I cannot help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure she must make—ha! ha!

Char. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Char. What does he say, brother?

Col. L. Why, he wants to have me speak to you; and I would have him do it himself.

Char. Ay, come, do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte! my heart is bursting—

Char. Well, well; out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us—nay, what's worse perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you.—

Char. Well—O lud! one looks so silly though when one is so serious—O dear,—in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. L. I warrant you; try again.

Char. O lud—well—if one must be teased, then—why, he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is't possible!—thus—

Col. L. Buz—not a syllable; she has done very well. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll hold¹⁾ six to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenced.

Char. Now am I on tiptoe²⁾ to know what dd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Char. He's in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find.

Col. L. 'Sdeath!³⁾ here he comes.

Char. Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Enter Sir John Lambert hastily; and, look-

ing sternly at Darnley, takes Charlotte under his arm, and carries her off. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Antichamber at Sir J. LAMBERT'S.

Enter SEYWARD, with a writing in his hand.

Sey. 'Tis so—I have long suspected where his zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune. But then, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children!—I shudder at the villany! What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited!—Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wronged; wronged in the tenderest point: for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling, unless she marries with the doctor's consent: which is intended; by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to marry the doctor himself. Now, 'twere but an honest part, to let Charlotte know the snare that's laid for her. This deed's not signed, and may be yet prevented. It shall be so.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, LADY LAMBERT, and CHARLOTTE.

Sir. J. Oh! Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Sey. Sir, I'll wait on him. [Exit.

Char. A pretty, well-bred fellow, that.

Sir J. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding.

Char. He's always clean too.

Sir J. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph—well bred and clean, forsooth. Would not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady L. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continued round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously, and marry.

Char. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Um—That I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Char. And, of all the world, sir, that's the only man, I'll positively marry.

Lady L. You have great courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frightened out of my wits.

Char. Lord! madam, he'll make nothing of it, depend upon it. [Aside.

Sir J. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say—first, in his public character, is religious, zealous, and charitable.

Char. Very well, sir.

Sir J. In his private character, sober.

Char. I should hate a sot.

Sir J. Chaste.

Char. A hem!

Sir J. What is it you sneer at, madam? [Stifling a laugh.

1) Hold, lay, or bet a wager are synonymous.

2) To be in great expectation.

3) God's death; meaning "by the death of Christ!"

You want one of your fine gentleman rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Char. No, no, sir: I am very well satisfied.—I—I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir J. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years—he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanity will have no charms for him.

Char. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes? Does he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis? Has he six prancing ponies? Does he wear the prince's uniform, and subscribe to Brookes's?¹⁾

Sir J. Was there ever so profligate a creature? What will this age come to!

Lady L. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir J. Right.

Lady L. It is not how he looks, but how he loves, is the point.

Sir J. Good again.

Lady L. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir J. Admirable! go on, my dear.

Lady L. Do you think a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five-and-twenty?

Sir J. Mark that!

Char. Ay, but when two five-and-twenties come together—dear papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicsome.

Sir J. Frolicsome! Why, you sensual idiot, what have frolics to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you.—Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school.—Frolicsome! as if marriage was only a license for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face.—Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Char. Lord, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do, is as consistent with mine.—Your wise people may talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all; and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. O horrible! My poor sister has ruined her: leaving her fortune in her own hands, has turned her brain. In short, Charlotte, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation: therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall

first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for, in one word, the good and pious doctor Cantwell's the man I have decreed for your husband.

Char. Ho! ho! ho!

Sir J. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth—no more—give me a serious answer.

Char. I ask your pardon, sir; I should not have smiled indeed, could I suppose it possible that you were serious.

Sir J. You'll find me so.

Char. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objection to the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Name it.

Char. Why, sir, we know nothing of his fortune; he's not worth a groat.

Sir J. That's more than you know, madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Char. How, sir?

Sir J. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, if you are at leisure, the doctor desires to speak with you, upon business of importance.

Sir J. Where is he?

Sey. In his own chamber, sir.

Sir J. I will come to him immediately.—*[Exit Seyward.]*—Daughter, I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I am no more your father.

[Exit.]

Char. O madam! I am at my wit's end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father, but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady L. Here's your brother.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. Madam, your most obedient—Vell, sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you?

Char. Even our agreeable doctor.

Col. L. You are not serious?

Lady L. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir.

Col. L. Confusion! what would the cormorant devour the whole family? Your ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady L. Fie, fie, colonel.

Col. L. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady L. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but, I must own, his behaviour to me of late, both in private and before company, has been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. L. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried?

Char. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman to be so tergiversant.

Col. L. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the

¹⁾ One of the famous gambling-houses of that time, called *Belles*.

country be used to make the maids lock up the turkey-cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady L. Oh! ridiculous!

Col. L. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Char. I tell you so, impudent—

Lady L. Fie, Charlotte; he only jests with you.

Char. How can you be such a monster, to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits? You don't know perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. L. What do you mean?

Lady L. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. L. Nay then, 'tis time indeed his eyes were opened; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in your power.

Lady L. What is't you propose?

Col. L. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare it, and leave me to make my advantage.

Lady L. I should be loth to do a wrong thing—

Char. Dear madam, it is the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady L. I'll think of it.

Col. L. Pray do, madam; but in the mean time I must leave you—poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna¹) and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Char. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grandmother. [*Exit Colonel Lambert.*]

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady L. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham-court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident happened to the family since I was here last.

Lady L. Accident! did your ladyship say?

Old Lady L. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof, that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady L. Indeed, madam, you astonish me!

Old Lady L. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you. Miss Charlotte; I see you have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Char. Wear it for, madam! it's the fashion.

Old Lady L. In short, I have been at my linen draper's to-day, and have bought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of—for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady L. Indecent, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady L. Yes, daughter-in-law, doctor Cantwell complains to me that he can't sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so; and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Char. Yes, indeed, I believe he does, better

¹) Smyrna coffee-house.

than any one in this house. But you may tell the doctor from me, madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb¹), a puppy, and deserves to have his bones broke.

Old Lady L. Fie, Charlotte, fie! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Char. Grateful return, madam!—how can you be so partial to that hypocrite?—The doctor is one of those who start at a feather. —Poor good man! yet he has his vices of the graver sort—

Old Lady L. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precept, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches.—Virtuous man! —Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he weaned me from temporal connections! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary: and, I thank heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me; and mind, it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Char. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much obliged to the doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady L. Well, child, I have nothing more to say to you at present; heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady L. But pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady L. No, daughter, I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady L. Your ladyship's time is your own.

Char. Ay, here's that abominable doctor. —This fellow puts me beyond my patience.

[*Exeunt Lady L. and Char.*]

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT and DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Sir J. Oh, madam, madam! I'm glad you're here to join me in solicitations to the doctor. —Here is my mother, friend, my mother; a pious woman; you will hear her, more worthy to advise you than I am.

Dr. C. Alas! the dear good lady, I will kiss her hand!—but what advice can she give me? The riches of this world, sir, have no charms for me; I am not dazzled with their false glare; and was I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should fall into wicked hands, who would not lay it out as I would do, for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady L. What's the matter, son?

Dr. C. Nothing, madam; nothing.—But you were witness how the worthy colonel treated me this morning.—Not that I speak it on my own account—for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. O the villain! the villain!

¹) Coxcomb and Puppy, appellations much used by the fair sex, to signify their disapprobation of a gentleman, from his rudeness, for instance, in addressing every other female in the company but herself, and such-like misdemeanours. The gentleman thus denominated the affected and over-dressed of their own sex. There are an immense number of other terms to express this idea; they will appear in the course of these sheets.

Dr. C. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady L. Ah! your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister too, has been here this moment, abusing this good man.

Dr. C. O sir, 'tis plain; 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour: and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches.

Old Lady L. See; if the good man does not wipe his eyes!

Dr. C. Oh heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick—but I'll remove this eyesore—here, Charles!

Enter SEYWARD.

Sir J. For goodness sake—

Dr. C. Bring me that writing, I gave you to lay up this morning.

Sir J. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be signed this moment. [*Exit Seyward.*]

Dr. C. Not for the world, sir John—every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions—I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir J. But consider, doctor—shall my wicked son then be heir to my lands, before repentance has entitled him to favour—No, let him depend upon you, whom he has wronged; perhaps, in time he may reflect on his father's justice, and be reconciled to your rewarded virtues.—If heaven should at last reclaim him, in you I know he still would find a fond forgiving father.

Dr. C. The imagination of so blest an hour, softens me to a tenderness I cannot support!

Old Lady L. Oh! the dear good man.

Sir J. With regard to my daughter, doctor, you know she is not wronged by it; because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady L. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. C. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distress: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her—Maids must be gently dealt with—and might I humbly advise—

Sir J. Any thing you will: you shall govern me and her.

Dr. C. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest awhile.

Sir J. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear, from their own sex, what sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. C. Then, with your permission, sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my lady.

Sir J. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it. [*Exit.*]

Dr. C. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Enter SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and

would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady L. Oh pray, doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWWORM.

—How do you do, M. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing ¹⁾—I'm but deadly poorish indeed; the world and I can't agree—I got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thanks you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. C. Hush, friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this. [*offers a purse to Mawworm.*]

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given to her. [*takes it.*]

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—I'm a breaking my heart—I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady L. Why if you think it a sin, indeed—pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brickdust, and the like.

Old Lady L. Well, you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already; I does them extrumperry, ²⁾ because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils indeed—but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men; and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady L. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got upon Kennington-common, the last review day; but the boys threw brickbats ³⁾ at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this, doctor? throw brickbats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so—says I, I does nothing clandestinely ⁴⁾; I stands here contagious ⁵⁾ to his majesty's guards, and I charge you upon your apparels ⁶⁾ not to mislist ⁷⁾ me.

Old Lady L. And had it no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses ⁸⁾; but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an exscesance further into the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off; and that sheep shall

1) Asking. 2) Extempore. 3) Large stones.

4) Clandestinely. 5) Contagious. 6) At your peril.

7) Mislead. 8) The plural of post, according to the pronunciation of the common people of London.

become a shepherd: nay, if it be only as it were a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady L. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. C. Yes, madam; but there is the matter, and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint—ill I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I used to go, every Sunday evening, to the Three Hats at Islington! it's a public-house! maybe, your ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady L. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated¹⁾ one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter-platter, in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's-fields: I bought this waist-coat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady L. But how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting²⁾ them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady L. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady L. Merciful!

Maw. And between you and me, doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. C. Thus it is, madam; I am constantly told, though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me; because we have words now and then; but as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door? I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor³⁾ to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed: [*going, returns*] Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*Exit.*]

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door.

Enter SEYWARD.

Dr. C. Charles, you may lay those papers by again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Sey. I'll take care, sir. [*Exit Dr. Cant. and old Lady Lambert*].—Occasion for them this afternoon!—Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber.—What's the matter with me? the thought of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within; I'll knock again.

Enter BETTY.

Is your lady busy?

Bet. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Sey. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure? I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Who's that?

Bet. She's here.—Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to speak with you.

Char. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me.—[*Exit Betty*].—How could the blind wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? you have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward?

Sey. Not lately, madam.

Char. But do you so violently admire him now?

Sey. The critics say he has his beauties, madam; but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Char. Ovid—Oh, he is ravishing!

Sey. So art thou, to madness! [*Aside.*]

Char. Lord! how could one do, to learn Greek!—Were you a great while about it?

Sey. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Char. That's cruel, now; then you think one could not be mistress of it in a month or two?

Sey. Not easily, madam.

Char. They tell me, it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world—I fancy I could soon learn it. I know two words of it already.

Sey. Pray, madam, what are they?

Char. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—*Zoe kai psuche*.

Sey. I hope you know the English of them, madam.

Char. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it—I'm sure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray, what is it?

Sey. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress; and then indeed they have a softness in them; as thus—*Zoe kai psuche*!—my life! my soul!

Char. Oh the impudent young rogue! how his eyes spoke too! what the deuce can he want with me! [*Aside.*]

Sey. I have startled her!—she muses!

Char. It always run in my head that this fellow had something in him above his con-

1) Instigated. 2) Exhorting. 3) Benefactor.

dition; I'll know immediately. [*Aside*] Well, but your business with me, Mr. Seyward? you have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Sey. I never durst own it, madam.

Char. Why; what's the matter?

Sey. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Char. Oh, I love melancholy stories of all things:—pray how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward?

Sey. With doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, madam?

Char. Ay.

Sey. He's no uncle of mine, madam.

Char. You surprise me! not your uncle?

Sey. No, madam; but that's not the only character the doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Char. Lord! I am concerned for you.

Sey. So you would, madam, if you knew all.

Char. I am already; but if there are any further particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Sey. You treat me with so kind, so gentle a hand, that I will unbosom myself to you.—My father, madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the north; his name Trueman—but dying while I was yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependant on my mother; a woman really pious and well-meaning, but—In short, madam, doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon became her's. She died, madam, when I was but eight years old; and then I was, indeed, left an orphan.

Char. Melancholy!

Sey. She left doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor; but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me: and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad; and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Char. A seminary! Oh, heavens! but why have you not strove to do yourself justice?

Sey. Thrown so young into his power, as I was—unknown and friendless, but through his means, to whom could I apply for succour? nay, madam, I will confess, that on my return to England, I was first tainted with his enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him, as others; till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do), he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours—And I believe I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one of the wickedest impostors that ever practised upon credulity.

Char. But how has the wretch dared to treat you?

Sey. In his ill and insolent humours, madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me, that I am the object of his charity; and I own, madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror.

Char. Indeed, you can't tell how I pity you; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the hands of this monster, I will.

Sey. Once more, madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Char. Lord! the poor unfortunate boy loves me too—what shall I do with him? [*Aside*]—Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have in your hand?—Is it relative to—

Sey. Another instance of the conscience and gratitude which animate our worthy doctor.

Char. You frighten me! pray, what is the purport of it? Is it neither signed nor sealed—

Sey. No, madam; therefore to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you; your father gave it to the doctor first, to show his counsel¹⁾; who having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Char. But what is it?

Sey. It grants to doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate.—For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure—But your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Char. I am confounded!—What will become of us! my father now I find was serious—Oh, this insinuating hypocrite!—Let me see—ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Sey. Any thing to serve you— [*Bell rings.*]

Char. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, sir, step in: say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple²⁾; there I shall have time to talk further with you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A Dressing-Room, with Table and Chairs.

Enter CHARLOTTE, with BETTY, taking off her cloak, etc.

Char. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Bet. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said he would call again, and bid his servant stay below to give him notice when you came home.

Char. You don't know what he wanted?

Bet. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Char. Well, go and lay up those things—*[Exit Betty]* Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous of;

¹⁾ Lawyer.

²⁾ The Temple takes its name from having been founded by the knight Templars. In the 13th century, here were frequently entertained the king, the pope's nuncio, foreign ambassadors, and other great personages. The professors of the common law purchased the building at the suppression of the knight Templars, and they were then first converted into inns, where the students keep their terms.

if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—here he comes.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Char. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear.

Char. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, madam! Is there any thing particular in them?

Char. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Darn. Might I not say you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Char. And might I not as well say I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Darn. Do you know any thing that should make me grave?

Char. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly show it to.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you won't justify.

Char. Oh, then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that neither; perhaps I am wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Char. You don't know now perhaps that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Char. Now we come to the point.—Tomorrow morning then I give you my word, to let you know it all; till then, there is a necessity for its being a secret; and I insist upon your believing it.

Darn. But pray, madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time? that is not in my power to confine; and sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Char. Don't press me; for, positively, I will not.

Darn. VVill not—can not had been a kinder term—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Char. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day; and, if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour.—Come, come, there's nothing shows so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as your imagine; and since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave; and this despicable frame that follows you, durst show no signs of life but what you vouchsafe to give it.

Char. You are in the right: go on—suspect

me still—believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself.—VVhy do you trouble me with your complaints? if you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now, like a king in a tragedy.

Darn. Is this the end of all then? and are those tender protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when, with a kind reluctance, you gave me something more than hope—what all—Oh, Charlotte! all come to this?

Char. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle and I shall conquer it.—So, you are not gone, I see.

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?

Char. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much—my heart can bear no more—VVhat, am I rooted here?

Enter SEYWARD.

Char. At last I am relieved—Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done?

Sey. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely finished.

Char. VVhere's the original?

Sey. This is it, madam.

Char. Very well; that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room—now I feel for him. [*Exit.*]

Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray, Mr. Charles, what business have you with that lady?

Sey. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Sey. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret, and a lady's too—you'll excuse me, sir! [*Exit.*]

Darn. 'Sdeath! to be laughed at by every body—I shall run distracted—this young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him—this is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me—but what?—Oh! I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. VVhat, in raptures!

Darn. P'rythee—I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. L. What, is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is.

Col. L. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retired this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there—the doctor's nephew.

Col. L. Why, you are not jealous of the doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. L. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion, for a modish lover.

Col. L. Come, come! make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Constitution hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly easy.

Darn. Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed!—I have a thousand things—but you shall find me there. [*Exit.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD.

Col. L. How now, sister; what have you

done to Darnley? the poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Char. Pshaw! you know him well enough! I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow—you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Sey. Madam, you may depend upon me; I have my full instructions. *[Exit.]*

Col. L. O, ho! here's the business then; and it seems Darnley was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha!—and, pry'three, what is the mighty secret that is transacting between Seyward and you?

Char. That's what he would have known, indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. L. Pray take your own time, dear madam; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Char. Well, but hold; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley too, on some conditions; 'tis true, I did design to have surprised you—but now my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. L. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction—but here comes my lady.

Enter LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. Away, away, colonel and Charlotte; both of you away this instant.

Char. What's the matter, madam?

Lady L. I am going to put the doctor to his trial, that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to-day, colonel, and am convinced it ought not to be delayed an instant; so just now I told the doctor, in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently: but must I play a traitorous part now, and instead of persuading you to the doctor, persuade the doctor against you?

Char. Dear madam, why not? one moment's truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shows the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady L. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—but, as I live, here he comes!

Char. Come then, brother, you and I will be comode, and steal off. *[Exit Charlotte and Col. L. who listens.]*

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Dr. C. Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's command; how happy am I that you think me worthy—

Lady L. Please to sit, sir.

Dr. C. Well but, dear lady, ha! you can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you: and how stands your precious health? is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you.

Lady L. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. C. Ah! don't say so; don't say so; you merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady L. Indeed, you overrate me.

Dr. C. I speak it from my heart: indeed, indeed, indeed I do.

Lady L. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. C. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not hurt you for the world: no, it would be the whole business of my life—

Lady L. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. C. Ah! thou heavenly woman!

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! Here it disputes the prize with nature; that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady L. But our business, sir, is upon another subject; sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady L. Well, sir, pray be sincere, and open your heart to me.

Dr. C. Open my heart! can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts?

Lady L. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed, I mean you cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do: you are above the low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so; and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other men's, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas! madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears, and penance, to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you, then, madam.

Lady L. Hold, sir! suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him?

Dr. C. You cannot be so cruel!

Lady L. Nor will, on this condition; that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. Villain! monster! perfidious and ungrateful traitor! your hypocrisy, your false zeal, is discovered; and I am sent here, by the hand of insulted heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Dr. C. Ha!

Lady L. O, unthinking colonel!

Col. L. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Dr. C. I have nothing to say to you, colonel,

nor for you—but you shall have my prayers.
Col. L. Why, you profligate hypocrite! do you think to carry off your villany with that sanctified air?

Dr. C. I know not what you mean, sir; I have been in discourse here with my good lady, by permission of your worthy father.

Col. L. Dog! did my father desire you to talk of love to my lady?

Dr. C. Call me not dog, colonel: I hope we are both brother Christians.—Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love: for, alas! I am but a man; yet if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot control, be sinful—

Lady L. Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up sir John; manage with him as you will at present: I will withdraw, for I have an after-game to play, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power. [Exit.]

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT.

Sir J. What uproar is this?

Col. L. Nothing, sir, nothing; only a little broil of the good doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindnesses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. C. Why, why, sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O, be not angry, good colonel: but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Horrible, wicked, creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. C. Alas, sir, I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself hereabouts; and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, sir, on which I was to entertain her; and I might speak of my love for your daughter with more warmth than, perhaps, I ought; which the colonel overhearing, he might possibly imagine I was addressing my lady herself; for I will not suspect, no, heaven forbid, I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir J. Now, vile detractor of all virtue! is your outrageous malice confounded? what he tells you is true; he has been talking to my lady by my consent, and what he said was by my orders—Good man! be not concerned; for I see through their vile design—Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have attempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Dr. C. Oh, sir John! for my sake—I will throw myself at the colonel's feet; nay, if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir J. What, mute, defenceless, hardened in thy malice?

Col. L. I sorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow (however cunningly he may have devised this gloss), that you are deceived—what I tell you, sir, is true—these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the men-

tion of my sister's name! directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Villain! this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever.

Dr. C. Hold, good sir John; I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator—on my account this must not be—I grant it possible, your son loves me not; but you must grant it too as possible, he might mistake me; to accuse me then, was but the error of his virtue; you ought to love him, thank him, for his watchful care.

Sir J. O miracle of charity!

Dr. C. Come, come; such breaches must not be betwixt so good a son and father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a reconciliation.

Sir J. Hear this, preverse and reprobate! Oh! couldst thou wrong such more than mortal virtue?

Col. L. Wrong him! the hardened impudence of this painted charity—

Sir J. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. L. No, sir, though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet, on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it—but, sir, I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [Exit.]

Sir J. Come, my friend, we'll go this instant and sign the settlement: for that wretch ought to be punished, who I now see is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Dr. C. And do you think I take your estate with such view?—No, sir—I receive it that I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by showing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries; the return of good for evil!

Sir J. O, my dear friend! my stay and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded.

Dr. C. The will of heaven be done in all things.

Sir J. Poor, dear, man!

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Parlour at SIR JOHN LAMBERT'S.

Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD.

Char. You were a witness, then?

Sey. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Char. And all passed without the least suspicion?

Sey. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the doctor received it with such seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Char. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligations to you.—You saw with what friendly warmth my brother heard your story; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Sey. What I have done, my duty bound me to; but pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Char. Freely.

Sey. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret, stronger, motive than barely duty?

Char. Yes.—But have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive?

Sey. Pray, pardon me; I see already I have gone too far.

Char. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again: then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall therefore always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Sey. Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Char. Ay; but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Sey. I see my folly, madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Char. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all, and the very first, sure, that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.

Enter LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us?—The tyranny of this subtle hypocrite is insupportable. He has so fortified himself in sir John's opinion, by this last misconduct of your brother, that I begin to lose my power with him.

Char. Pray explain, madam,

Lady L. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the doctor shall this minute come, and be his own advocate.

Char. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake. I'm sure, he knows I shall bait him.

Lady L. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me.—Therefore I come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Char. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady L. But I think I hear the doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct. [Exit.]

Char. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Char. Let him come in.

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Your servant, sir—Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room.—[*exit Betty.*—] Sir, there's a seat—What can the ugly cur say to me?—he seems a little puzzled.

Dr. C. Look ye, young lady, I am afraid,

notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Char. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. C. I'm afraid too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Char. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing.

Dr. C. Which opinion is immoveable.

Char. No rock so firm.

Dr. C. I am afraid then it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Char. I would die rather than consent to it,

Dr. C. In other words, you hate me.

Char. Most transcendently.

Dr. C. Well, there is sincerity at least in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue, though I must say I never could perceive in you but very little.

Char. Oh, fie! you flatter me.

Dr. C. No, I speak it with sorrow, because you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now? are we to preserve temper?

Char. Oh! never fear me, sir, I shall not fly out, being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. C. Well then, young lady, be assured so far am I from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Char. Why, I can't see, sir, how heaven can be any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. C. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Char. So I hear, indeed!—but pray, doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes?

Dr. C. I sought it not; but he would crowd it among other obligations. He is good natured; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Char. I don't understand you.

Dr. C. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right?

Char. Once in your life, perhaps, you may.

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Char. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Char. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Char. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.—

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Char. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Char. How! two thousand pounds?

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Char. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Char. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Char. Pretty good security! On one proviso though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Char. That you immediately tell my father, that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of my malice.

Char. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!

Dr. C. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Char. No doubt on't.

Dr. C. Farewell, and think me your friend.

[Exit.]

Char. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Char. Desire him to walk in. [Exit Servant.]

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is a happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Char. I should have been as well pleased now, to have been thanked, as reproached, for my good nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally mean that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Char. Well, but were you not silly now?

Darn. Come, you shall not be serious: you can't be more agreeable.

Char. Oh! but I am serious.

Darn. Then I'll be so.—Do you forgive me all?

Char. What?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte?

Char. O Lord; but you have told me nothing of poor Seyward!

Darn. Must you needs know that, before you answer me.

Char. Lord! you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular: you shall answer nothing—Give me but your hand only.

Char. Pshaw! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is then.

Char. Lord! there, there; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Char. Oh, my glove! my glove! my glove! you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make such a rout with one's hand, what would you do if you had one's heart?

Darn. That's impossible to tell.—But you were asking me of Seyward, madam?

Char. Oh, ay! that's true. Well, now you are very good again.—Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. There is not much to tell—only this: we met the attorney-general, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the doctor's proceedings.—The attorney-general seems very clear in his opinion, that, as the doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was entrusted with her whole affairs, the Court of Equity¹⁾ will oblige him to be accountable.

Char. If Seyward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word I will.

Char. And show him to all the women of taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow, too.

Darn. I will, indeed!—but bear me—

Char. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love.

¹⁾ Early in the history of the English jurisprudence, the administration of justice, by the ordinary courts, appears to have been incomplete. To supply this defect the Courts of Equity have obtained their establishment; assuming the power of enforcing the principles upon which the ordinary courts also decide, when the powers of those courts, or their modes of proceeding, are insufficient for that purpose; of preventing those principles, as literally enforced by the ordinary courts, from producing decisions contrary to their spirit, and becoming instruments of actual injustice in particular cases; and of deciding on principles of universal justice, where the interference of a court of judicature is necessary to prevent a wrong, in matters wherein the positive law is silent. The courts of equity also administer to the ends of justice, by removing impediments to the fair decision of a question in other courts; by providing for the safety of property in dispute, pending a legislation; by restraining the assertion of doubtful rights, in a manner productive of irreparable damage; by preventing injury to a third person from the doubtful title of others; by putting a bound to vexatious and oppressive litigations, and preventing unnecessary multiplicity of suits; by compelling, without pronouncing any judgment on the subject, a discovery which may enable other courts to give their judgment; and by preserving testimony, when in danger of being lost before the matter to which it relates can be made the subject of judicial investigation.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte.

Char. Lord! I had forgot, he is to teach me Greek, too.

Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long, Charlotte, do you think you can find new evasions for what I say unto you?

Char. Lord! you are horrid silly; but since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce—poor Darnley, I forgive you.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT, unobserved.

Darn. That's kind, however.—But, to complete my joy, be kinder yet—and—

Char. Oh! I can't! I can't!—Lord! did you never ride a horse-match?

Darn. Was ever so wild a question!

Char. Because, if you have, it runs in my head you galloped a mile beyond the winning-post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now, I understand you. But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question?

Char. Oh! there's a thousand points to be adjusted before that's answered.

Col. L. [*advances*] Name them this moment; for, positively, this is the last time of asking!

Char. Pshaw! who sent for you?

Col. L. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Char. Lord! mind your own business; can't you!

Col. L. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now!—do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever?

Char. This is mighty pretty!

Col. L. You'll say so on Thursday ae'nnight for (let affairs take what turn they will in the family), that's positively your wedding-day—Nay, you shan't stir.

Char. Was ever such assurance!

Darn. Upon my life, madam, I'm out of countenance! I don't know how to behave myself.

Char. No, no; let him go on only—this is beyond whatever was known, sure!

Col. L. Ha! ha! if I was to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out of countenanced figures you would make! humming and hawing¹⁾ upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money. Come, come, I know what's proper on both sides; you shall leave it to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte would name her own terms to me.

Col. L. Have you a mind to any thing particular, madam?

Char. Why, sure! what do you think I'm only to be filled out as you please, and sweetened and cipped up like a dish of tea?

Col. L. Why pray, madam, when your

1) The bans of marriage, when the parties have no licenses, are given out in the following words: "I publish the bans of marriage between—of—and—of—any one knowing any just cause or impediment why these should not be joined together in holy matrimony are now to declare it; and this is the first time of asking;" and so on to the second and third, which is the last time.

2) Hum and ha interjections, used as verbs.

tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it?—but you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Char. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. L. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Char. That then would complete it.

Col. L. Perfectly.

Char. Why then take it, Darnley. Now I presume you are in high triumph, sir.

Col. L. No, sister; now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Char. And now I beg we may separate; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the doctor, suspicion of a confederacy, and make him set some engine at work that we are not aware of.

Col. L. It's a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley; say, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Char. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother—or stay, Darnley; if you please, you may come along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Parlor at Sir JOHN LAMBERT'S.*

Enter DARNLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Char. But really, will you stand to the agreement though, that I have made with the doctor?

Darn. Why not? you shall not break your word upon my account, though he might be a villain you gave it to. Suppose I should talk with sir John myself?—'tis true, he has slighted me of late.

Char. No matter—here he comes—this may open another scene of action to that I believe my brother's preparing for.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY LAMBERT.

Sir J. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir J. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir J. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, while I think you an ill liver; and consequently the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man—

Darn. Well but, sir, come to the point. Suppose the doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest?

Sir J. But why do you suppose, sir, he will give up his interest?

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, sir.

Sir J. My daughter!

Darn. I appeal to her.

Char. And I appeal even to yourself, sir—Has not the doctor, just now in the garden, spoke in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain; because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir J. What senseless insinuation have you got into your head now?

Char. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Char. But now, sir, only for argument's sake, suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good nature, nor conscience; or in short that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained to give me to Mr. Darnley, for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. It is impious to suppose it.

Char. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir J. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Char. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley, without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. What, do you brave me, madam?

Char. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Sir J. I am confounded. These tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady L. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask one question. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood?

Sir J. Never.

Lady L. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir J. To what extravagance would you drive me!

Lady L. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but, knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But suppose I should be able to let you see his villainy, make him repeat his odious love to me in your own hearing, at once throw off the mask, and show the barefaced traitor?

Sir J. Is it possible?

Lady L. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts; make me but a witness of this

fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

Lady L. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Be it so.

Lady L. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave; and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the doctor to me directly.

Char. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing. [Exeunt Darnley and Charlotte.]

Lady L. Now, sir, you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure; therefore, be sure keep close and still; and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Fear not; I will conform myself—Yet, he not angry, my love, if, in a case like this, I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assure me of the contrary.

Lady L. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady L. Now, my dear, remember your promise to have patience.

Sir J. Rely upon't.

Lady L. To your post then.

[*Sir John goes behind the screen.*]

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL, with a book.

Dr. C. Madam, your woman tells me, that, being here and alone, you desired to speak with me.

Lady L. I did, sir—but that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door—another surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Dr. C. I have taken care, madam.

Lady L. But I am afraid I interrupt your meditation.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren.

Lady L. Ah, doctor, what have you done to me? the trouble of my mind since our last unfortunate conference is not to be expressed. You indeed discovered to me what, perhaps, for my own peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. C. Whither, madam, would you lead me?

Lady L. I have been uneasy too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happened, but I was really so shocked, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing: only, had I joined in your defence against the colonel, it would have been evident that I was his enemy, and I have uscs for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my own prudent part: and I knew your credit with sir John needed no support.

Dr. C. Let me presume then to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence and pure necessity.

Lady L. And perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for sir John, in order to obviate any ill constructions that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint; and I now dare tell you—but no—I won't—

Dr. C. But why, madam? let me beseech you—

Lady L. No—besides—what need you ask me—

Dr. C. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot sure think kindly of me!

Lady L. Well, well, I would have you imagine so.

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice; a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady L. Methinks, this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. C. Tears—then I must believe you—but indeed you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I pressed sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady L. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess the reason why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady L. But now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence—

Dr. C. It is a vain fear.

Lady L. Call it not vain; my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady L. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband, sir John.

Dr. C. Alas, poor man! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose any where.

Sir J. [Comes forward.] No, caitiff, I'm to be led no further.

Dr. C. Ah! woman.

Sir J. Is this your sanctity? this your doctrine? these your meditations?

Dr. C. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against me?

Sir J. Your brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold: no more canting; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady L. Now, heaven be praised.

Dr. C. It seems you wanted an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch! but why do I reproach you! Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my sight; leave my house:

of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of the law, and punish you as you deserve?

Dr. C. Well; but first let me ask you, sir, who is it you menace? consider your own condition, and where you are?

Sir J. What would the villain drive at? leave me. I forgive you: but once more I tell you, seek some other place; out of my house. This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Dr. C. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, sir; this house is mine; and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me.

Sir J. O heavens! 'tis true: whither shall I fly to hide me from the world?

Lady L. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir J. I know not—but here it seems I am a trespasser—the master of the house has warned me hence—and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady L. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him by open course of law maintain it.

Dr. C. Ha! Here! Seyward! [Exit.

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT and MAWORM.

Sir J. Who is this fellow? what do you want, man?

Maw. My lady, come up.

Old Lady L. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be.

Old Lady L. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the Rev. Mr. Scruple's, about an affair of simony; and called to take up the doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. The doctor's a villain, madam; I have detected him; detected him in the horrible design of seducing my wife.

Maw. It's impossible.

Sir J. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say, it's impossible. He has been locked up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night, and I never found her the worse for him.

Old Lady L. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. What is your ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady L. The doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. 'Slife, 'y madam!

Old Lady L. Oh, he swears! he swears! years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither; aren't you ashamed of yourself? have you no commensuration²⁾ on your poor soul?—Ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. 'Sdeath! and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Why would you bring this idiot, madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despised.

1) God's life. 2) Commiseration.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh dear papa, I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir J. VVho! when! what is it?

Char. The doctor, sir, and Seyward, were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid poor Seyward is killed.

Sir J. How?

Char. Oh, there he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Enter CANTWELL, DARNLEY, SEYWARD, and Servants.

Darn. Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villany beyond example.

Sir J. VVhat means this outrage?

Lady L. I tremble.

Sey. Don't be alarmed, madam—there is no mischief done: what was intended, the doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see you.

Maw. So you ought: but this good man is ashamed of nothing.

Dr. C. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Sey. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circumstantially this—The doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appeared in great disorder; told me here was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said, his dependance was upon me; and at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced sir John of several large sums, under pretence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own.—This stung him, and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and, disengaging myself from his hold, with a home-blow, I struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung about the chimney: but in the instant he reached one, I seized upon his wrist; and as we grappled, the pistol, firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family.

Old Lady L. 'This is a lie, young man; I see the devil standing at your elbow.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork, pushing him on.

Dr. C. VVell, what have you more against me?

Darn. More, sir, I hope is needless—but if sir John is yet unsatisfied.

Sir J. Oh! I have seen too much.

Dr. C. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Let him go.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT and Attendants.

Col. L. Hold, sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Dr. C. VVho, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. L. VVithin there!

Enter Tipstaff.

Tip. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. C. VVhat if it be, sir?

Tip. Then, sir, I have my lord chief justice's warrant against you.

Dr. C. Against me?

Tip. Yes, sir, for a cheat and impostor.

Old Lady L. VVhat does he say?

Sir J. Dear son, what is this?

Col. L. Only some action of the doctor's, sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness; and I think it my duty to make the public acquainted with: he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, he must take the consequence.

Dr. C. VVell, but say; let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance I am still master here; and if I am forced to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. There! there! indeed, he slings me to the heart! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me!

Char. No, sir!—be comforted.—Even there too his wicked hopes must leave him; for know, the fatal deed which you intended to sign is here, even yet unsealed and innocent!

Sir J. VVhat mean you?

Char. I mean, sir, that this deed by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me; and that in concert we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it; which, in your impatience to execute, passed unsuspected for the original. Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Dr. C. Come, sir; lead me where you please.

[Exit.]

Col. L. Secure your prisoner.

Old Lady L. I don't know what to make of all this.

Maw. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing—Come away, my lady, and let us see after the good dear doctor. Ay, do laugh, you'll go to the devil for all that.—Come, my lady, you go first.

[Exit Mawworm and old Lady Lambert.]

Char. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banished it for ever! this was beyond yourself surprising.

Col. L. Sister—

Char. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

Col. L. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Sey. And mine, to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Oh, my child! for my deliverance I can only reward you here.—For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest deed shall in every article be ratified.—And for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance—

Char. Nay now, my dear sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you go from one extreme to another.—VVhat, because a worthless wretch has imposed upon you, under the fallacious show of austere grimace, will you needs have it every body is like him, confound the good with the bad, and conclude there are no truly religious in the world?—Leave, my dear sir, such rash consequences to fools and liber-

tiqes.—Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard if possible against doing honour to hypocrisy—But, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life, greater or more valuable than that of the truly devout—nor any thing more noble or more beautiful, than the fervor of a sincere piety. [Exeunt.]

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

This lady was daughter of one Mr. Freeman, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire. It is not decided whether she was born in Ireland or England; but it must have been in the year 1680. Be it as it may, we find her left to the wide world, by the death of her parents, before she had completed her twelfth year. There is a romantic story told of her having been met on her journey to London on foot, whither she went to avoid the tyranny of her stepmother, by a young gentleman from the university of Cambridge, (the afterwards well-known Anthony Hammond), who was so extremely struck with her youth and beauty, and so affected with the distress which her circumstances naturally declared in her countenance, that he fell instantly in love with her; and, inquiring into the particulars of her story, soon prevailed on her inexperienced innocence to seize on the protection he offered her, and go with him to Cambridge, where, equipping her in boy's clothes, he introduced her to his intimates at college as a relation, who was come down to see the university, and pass some time with him there. If this story is true, it must have happened when she was extremely young; Whincop, as well as the other writers, acknowledging that she was married in her sixteenth year, to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. But that gentleman not living with her above a twelvemonth, her wit and beauty soon procured her a second husband, whose name was Carol, and who was an officer in the army; but he having the misfortune to be killed in a duel, within about a year and a half after their marriage, she became a second time a widow. Such an attachment she seems to have had to the theatre, that she even became herself a performer. In 1706 and performing the part of Alexander the Great, in *Lee's Rival Queens*, at Windsor, where the court then was, she wounded the heart of one Mr. Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to Her Majesty, who soon married her; and after passing several years happily together, she died at his house in Spring-Gardens, Charing Cross, on the first of December 1733. — That Mrs. Centlivre was perfectly acquainted with life, and closely read the minds and manners of mankind, no one, we think, can doubt who reads her comedies; but what appears to us the most extraordinary is, when we consider her history, the disadvantages she must have laboured under, by being so early left to bustle with the world, and that ill the education she could have had, must have been owing to her own application and assiduity; when, we say, we consider her as an absolutely self-cultivated genius, it is astonishing to find the traces of so much reading and learning as we meet with in many of her pieces; since, for the drawing of the various characters she has presented us with, she must have perfectly well understood the French, Dutch, and Spanish languages, all the provincial dialects of her own, and somewhat even of the Latin, since all these she occasionally makes use of, and whenever she does so, it is constantly with the utmost propriety and the greatest accuracy.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE,

Was produced at Lincoln's-inn Fields in the year 1718. Mrs. Centlivre was indebted to Mr. Motley for two scenes of this comedy. Notwithstanding this piece has been accused by some for its numerous violations of all rule, nature, or probability, the business is so extremely active, in the course of the whole, that we are not stopped by ennui at any one scene of the play; but laughingly get on to the very end. It does not very materially tend to correct any particular vice; but seems to invite us for once to lay aside all our gravity, and open our hearts to playful gaiety and cheerfulness.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

COLONEL FEIGNWELL.
SIR PHILIP MODELOVE.
PERIWINKLE.
TRADELOVE.

OBADIAH PRIM.
FREEMAN.
SIMON PURE.
SACKBUT.

ANNE LOVELY.
MRS. PRIM.
BETTY.

*Stockbrokers,
Gentlemen,
Travellers,
Coachman, etc.*

SCENE.—A Tavern.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—COLONEL FEIGNWELL and FREEMAN
are discovered over a Bottle.

Free. COME, colonel, his majesty's health.—You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wish some of the beauties of Bath¹⁾ han't snapt your heart.

1) The seasons, in England, are generally managed by the great people, so as to produce their different pleasures; for instance, London is overflowing in the Spring, till the month of June; then all the families whirl off to Brighton, Weymouth, or other watering-places till the summer is passed. In autumn the gentlemen shoot away their time at their country-seats, while their ladies are employed yawning over the last novels, *rusticating*; Winter comes to enliven them once more and then the quiet good-natured people of Bath, are pestered with their *rounding* and disturbance, till the Spring sends them off to London again. This, of course, means in War-time.

Col. F. Why, faith²⁾, Freeman, there is something in't: I have seen a lady at Bath, who has kindled such a flame in me, that all the waters there can't quench.

Free. Is she not to be had, colonel?

Col. F. That's a difficult question to answer; however, I resolve to try; perhaps you may be able to serve me; you merchants know one another.—The lady told me herself she was under the charge of four persons.

Free. Odsol³⁾ 'tis miss Ann Lovely.

Col. F. The same—do you know her?

Free. Know her! ay—Faith, colonel, your condition is more desperate than you imagine: why, she is the talk and pity of the whole

2) In faith.

3) From God.

town: and it is the opinion of the learned, that she must die a maid.

Col. F. Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman, I hope?

Free. For aught I know—but it had been as well for her, had nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this house served her father; he is a very honest fellow, and may be of use to you: we'll send for him to take a glass with us: he'll give you her whole history, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. F. But may one trust him?

Free. With your life: I have obligations enough upon him, to make him do any thing; I serve him with wine.

Col. F. Nay, I know him very well myself. *[Rings.]* I once used to frequent a club that was kept here.

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Gentlemen, d'ye call?

Free. Ay, send up your master.

Draw. Yes, sir.

Col. F. Do you know any of this lady's guardian's, Freeman?

Free. I know two of them very well.

Enter SACKBUT.

Free. Here comes one will give you an account of them all.—Mr. Sackbut, we sent for you to take a glass with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle, that as long as the master is in company, one may be sure of good wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good wine as you send in.—Colonel, your most humble servant; you are welcome to town.

Col. F. I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. I am as glad to see you as I should a hundred tun of French claret, custom free.—My service to you, sir. *[Drinks.]* You don't look so merry as you used to do; aren't you well, colonel?

Free. He has got a woman in his head, landlord: can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my power, I shan't scruple to serve my friend.

Col. F. 'Tis one perquisite of your calling.

Sack. Ay, at t'other end of the town, where you officers use, women are good forcers of trade: a well-customed house, a handsome bar-keeper, with clean obliging drawers, soon get the master an estate; but our citizens seldom do any thing but cheat within the walls.—But as to the lady, colonel, point you at particulars? or have you a good 'Champaign stomach? Are you in full pay, or reduced, colonel?

Col. F. Reduced, reduced, landlord!

Free. To the miserable condition of a lover!

Sack. Pish! that's perferable to half-pay: a woman's resolution may break before the peace: push her home, colonel, there's no parlying with the fair sex.

Col. F. Were the lady her own mistress, I have some reasons to believe I should soon command in chief.

Free. You know miss Lovely, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor Nancy: I have carried her to school many a frosty morning. Alas! if she's the woman, I pity you, colo-

nel: her father, my old master, was the most whimsical, out-of-the-way temper'd man, I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last will and testament.—This was his only child: and I have heard him wish her dead a thousand times. He died worth thirty thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided she married with the consent of her guardians; but that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the care of four men, as opposite to each other as the four elements: each has his quarterly rule, and three months in the year she is obliged to be subject to each of their humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from Bath.

Col. F. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, sir, the last quarter was her beau guardian's.—She appears in all public places during his reign.

Col. F. She visited a lady who boarded in the same house with me: I liked her person, and found an opportunity to tell her so. She replied, she had no objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile contradictions I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the caprice of four persons, who never yet agreed in any one thing, and she was obliged to please them all.

Sack. 'Tis most true, sir: I'll give you a short description of the men, and leave you to judge of the poor lady's condition. One is a kind of virtuoso, a silly half-witted fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every thing antique and foreign; and wears his clothes of the fashion of the last century, dotes upon travellers, and believes more of sir John Mandeville¹⁾ than he does of the Bible.

Col. F. That must be a rare odd fellow.

Sack. Another is a change-broker: a fellow that will out-lie the devil for the advantage of stock, and cheat his father that got him in a bargain: he is a great stickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a sword.

Free. He is a great admirer of the Dutch management, and swears they understand trade better than any nation under the sun.

Sack. The third is an old beau, that has May in his fancy and dress, but December in his face and his heels: he admires all new fashions, and those must be French; loves operas, balls, masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day²⁾.

Col. F. These are pretty opposite one to another, truly; and the fourth, what is he, landlord?

Sack. A very rigid quaker, whose quarter began this day.—I saw miss Lovely go in, not above two hours ago.—Sir Philip set her

1) *The Voïage and Travaille of Sir John Mandeville, knight, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and marvels of Inde; and it is well known that this bold seeker, and fearless assessor, of incredible adventures, left England in 1354; visited Tartary about half a century after Marco Polo; religiously declined marrying the Souldan of Egypt's daughter, because he would not renounce Christianity, and, after wandering 34 years through the realms of Inde, and being long reported dead, returned to publish his adventures, scrupulously qualifying his most astounding relations with some such words as these:—thai sayne, or men sayne. but I have not sene it.*

2) The king's birth day, at which time all the great people pay their court.

down. What think you now, colonel, is not the poor lady to be pitied?

Col. F. Ay, and rescued too, landlord.

Free. In my opinion that's impossible.

Col. F. There is nothing impossible to a lover. What would not a man attempt for a fine woman and thirty thousand pounds? Besides, my honour is at stake: I promised to deliver her, and she bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, faith!

Free. If it depended upon knight-errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the damsel; but to have avarice, impertinence, hypocrisy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

Col. F. My fancy tells me I shall come off with glory. I resolve to try, however.—Do you know all the guardians, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Very well; they all use my house.

Col. F. And will you assist me, if occasion requires?

Sack. In every thing I can, colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him.

Col. F. First I'll attack my beau guardian: where lives he?

Sack. Faith, somewhere about St. James's; though to say in what street I cannot; but any chairman will tell you where sir Philip Modelove lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the Park at eleven every day; at least I never pass through at that hour without seeing him there.—But what do you intend?

Col. F. To address him in his own way, and find what he designs to do with the lady.

Free. And what then?

Col. F. Nay, that I can't tell; but I shall take my measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad undertaking, in my mind; but here's to your success, colonel.

[Drinks.]

Col. F. 'Tis something out of the way, I confess; but fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.

Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea,
But the first vent'ring lovers bolder were.

The path of love's dark and dangerous way,
Without a landmark or one friendly star.

And he that runs the risk deserves the fair.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment in PRIM'S HOUSE.

Enter MISS LOVELY and her maid BETTY.

Betty. Bless me, madam! why do you fret and tease yourself so? This is giving them the advantage, with a witness.

Miss L. Must I be condemned all my life to the preposterous humours of other people, and pointed at by every boy in town!—Oh! I could tear my flesh and curse the hour I was born.—Isn't it monstrously ridiculous that they should desire to impose their quaking dress upon me at these years? When I was a child, no matter what they made me wear; but now—

Betty. I would resolve against it, madam; I'd see 'em hanged before I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.

Miss L. Then I must never expect one moment's ease: she has rung such a peal in my ears already, that I shan't have the right use of them this month.—What can I do?

Betty. What can you not do, if you will but give your mind to it? Marry, madam.

Miss L. What! and have my fortune go to build churches and hospitals?

Betty. Why, let it go.—If the colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, madam; and I assure you a colonel's lady is no despicable thing.

Miss L. So you would advise me to give up my own fortune, and throw myself upon the colonel's!

Betty. I would advise you to make yourself easy, madam.

Miss L. That's not the way, I'm sure. No, no, girl, there are certain ingredients to be mingled with matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the woman has fortune enough to make the man happy, if he has either honour or good manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but a slovenly figure in a house, where poverty keeps the door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a maid, do you, madam?

Miss L. Or have it in my power to make the man I love master of my fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the colonel so well as I thought you did, madam, or you would not take such a resolution.

Miss L. It is because I do like him, Betty, that I do take such a resolution.

Betty. Why, do you expect, madam, the colonel can work miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the consent of all your guardians?

Miss L. Or he must not marry me at all; and so I told him; and he did not seem displeased with the news.—He promised to set me free; and I, on that condition, promised to make him master of that freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted castles, ladies delivered from the chains of magic, giants killed, and monsters overcome; so that I shall be the less surprised if the colonel shall conjure you out of the power of your four guardians: if he does, I am sure he deserves your fortune.

Miss L. And shall have it, girl, if it were ten times as much.—For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that I do love the colonel above all the men I ever saw:—There's something so jantée in a soldier, a kind of *je ne sais quoi* air, that makes them more agreeable than all the rest of mankind.—They command regard, as who shall say, We are your defenders; we preserve your beauties from the insults of rude and unpolished foes, and ought to be preferred before those lazy indolent mortals, who, by dropping into their father's estates, set up their coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our affections.

Betty. Nay, madam, I confess that the army has engrossed all the prettiest fellows—A laced coat and a feather have irresistible charms.

Miss L. But the colonel has all the beauties of the mind as well as the body.—O all ye powers that favour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou god of love, if thou be'st aught but name, assist my Feignwell!

Point all thy darts to aid his just design,
And make his plots as prevalent as thine.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

SIR PHILIP MODELOVE discovered upon a Bench, with a Woman masked.

Sir P. Well but, my dear, are you really constant to your keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, sir.—Hey-day! who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

Sir P. Ha! a stranger, by his equipage keeping so close at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality.—Positively French, by his dancing air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.

Sir P. He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

Enter COLONEL.

Wom. It will be to no purpose if he does.

Sir P. Are you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. F. You must be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any thing to so fine a gentleman, madam.

[Takes out his Watch.

Wom. I never mind the outside of a man. Col. F. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

Sir P. I am positively of your mind, sir; for creatures of her function seldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

Wom. Coxcombs! [Aside, and exit.

Sir P. Pray what says your watch? mine is down.

[Pulling out his Watch.

Col. F. I want thirty-six minutes of twelve, sir.

[Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff-box.

Sir P. May I presume, sir.

Col. F. Sir, you honour me.

[Presenting the Box.

Sir P. He speaks good English—though he must be a foreigner. [Aside]—This snuff is extremely good—and the box prodigious fine: the work is French, I presume, sir.

Col. F. I bought it in Paris, sir.—I do think the workmanship pretty neat.

Sir P. Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine, sir. Pray, sir, if I may take the liberty of inquiring—what country is so happy to claim the birth of the finest gentleman in the universe? France, I presume.

Col. F. Then you don't think me an Englishman?

Sir P. No, upon my soul, don't I.

Col. F. I am sorry for't.

Sir P. Impossible you should wish to be an Englishman! Pardon me, sir, this island could not produce a person of such alertness.

Col. F. As this mirror shows you, sir. [Puts up a pocket-glass to Sir Philip's Face] I know not how to distinguish you, sir: but your mien and address speak you right honourable.

Sir P. Thus great souls judge of others by themselves—I am only adorned with knight-hood: that's all, I assure you, sir; my name is Sir Philip Modelove.

Col. F. Of French extraction?

Sir P. My father was French.

Col. F. One may plainly perceive it—There is a certain gaiety peculiar to my nation (for I will own myself a Frenchman) which distinguishes us every where.—A person of your figure would be a vast addition to a coronet.

Sir P. I must own I had the offer of a

barony about five years ago, but I abhorred the fatigue which must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either party.

Col. F. You are perfectly in the right, sir Philip—a fine person should not embark himself in the slovenly concern of politics: dress and pleasure are objects proper for the soul of a fine gentleman.

Sir P. And love—

Col. F. Oh! that's included under the article of pleasure.

Sir P. Parbleu! c'est un homme d'esprit. May I crave your name, sir?

Col. F. My name is La Feignwell, sir, at your service.

Sir P. The La Feignwells are French, I know; though the name is become very numerous in Great Britain of late years—I was sure you was French the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the supposition of your being an Englishman: this island produces few such ornaments.

Col. F. Are you married, sir Philip?

Sir P. No; nor do I believe I shall ever enter into that honourable state: I have an absolute tendre for the whole sex.

Col. F. That's more than they have for you, I dare swear. [Aside] I find I was very much mistaken—I imagined you had been married to that young lady whom I saw in the chariot with you this morning in Gracechurch-street.

Sir P. Who, Nancy Lovely? I am a piece of a guardian to that lady: You must know her father, I thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old fellows—that, upon my soul, I am in pain for the poor girl: she must certainly lead apes,¹⁾ ha, ha!

Col. F. That's a pity, sir Philip. If the lady would give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curse.

Sir P. As to the lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any rate, I believe; but here's the mischief: he who marries miss Lovely, must have the consent of us all four—or not a penny of her portion.—For my part, I shall never approve of any but a man of figure—and the rest are not only averse to cleanliness, but have each a peculiar taste to gratify.—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all men I ever saw.

Col. F. And I her to all women—

Sir P. I assure you, Mr. Feignwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, especially among such wretches; but resolve never to agree to the choice of any one of them—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any proposal of mine yet.

Col. F. I wish I had leave to try them, sir Philip.

Sir P. With all my soul, sir; I can refuse a person of your appearance nothing.

Col. F. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir P. But do you really like matrimony?

Col. F. I believe I could with that lady.

Sir P. The only point in which we differ.—But you are master of so many qualifications, that I can excuse one fault: for I must think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my hand.

1) The inevitable fate of all young ladies dying old maids, according to the English proverb, is, that they shall lead apes in hell.

Col. F. I wish you'd give me your consent to marry Miss Lovely under your hand, sir Philip.

Sir P. I'll do't, if you'll step into St. James's Coffee-house, where we may have pen and ink—though I can't foresee what advantage my consent will be to you, without you can find a way to get the rest of the guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however. She is now at a quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you saw us in Gracechurch-street.—I assure you she has an odd ragoût of guardians, as you will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! Pierre, Jacque, Renno.—Where are you all, scoundrels?—Order the chariot to St. James's Coffee-house.

Col. F. Le Noir, Le Brun, Le Blanc—Mortbleu, où sont ces coquins là? Allons, monsieur le Chevalier.

Sir P. Ah! Pardonnez moi, monsieur.

Col. F. Not one step upon my soul, sir Philip.

Sir P. The best bred man in Europe, positively. [Exit.

SCENE II.—OBADIAH PRIM'S HOUSE.

Enter MISS LOVELY and MRS. PRIM.

Mrs. P. Then thou wilt not obey me: and thou dost really think those falls become thee?

Miss L. I do, indeed.

Mrs. P. Now will I be judged by all sober people, if I don't look more like a modest woman than thou dost, Anne.

Miss L. More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. P. Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Modelove will undo thee.—Satan so fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianship, that thou becomest a stumbling-block to the upright.

Miss L. Pray who are they? Are the pinched cap and formal hood the emblems of sanctity? Does your virtue consist in your dress, Mrs. Prim?

Mrs. P. It doth not consist in cut hair, spotted face,¹⁾ and a bare neck.—Oh the wickedness of the generation! the primitive women knew not the abomination of hooped petticoats.

Miss L. No; nor the abomination of cant neither. Don't tell me, Mrs. Prim, don't.—I know you have as much pride, vanity, self-conceit, and ambition among you, couched under that formal habit and sanctified countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the world begins to see your prudery.

Mrs. P. Prudery! What! do they invent new words as well as new fashions? Ah! poor fantastic age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded Anne, which dost thou think most resembleth the saint, and which the sinner, thy dress or mine? Thy naked bosom allureth the eye of the bystander—encourageth the frailty of human nature—and corrupteth the soul with evil longings.

Miss L. And pray who corrupted your son Tobias with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the saint a sinner.

Mrs. P. Well, well, spit thy malice. I confess satan did buffet my son Tobias, and my

servant Tabitha: the evil spirit was at that time too strong, and they both became subject to its workings—not from any outward provocation—but from an inward call: he was not tainted with the rottenness of the fashions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenness of beauty.

Miss L. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs. P. Tabitha is one of the faithful: he fell not with a stranger.

Miss L. So! then you hold wenching no crime, provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.—You are an excellent casuist, truly!

Enter OBADIAH PRIM.

Obad. Not stripped of thy vanity yet, Anne! Why dost thou not make her put it off, Sarah?

Mrs. P. She will not do it.

Obad. Verily thy naked bosom troubleth my outward man: I pray thee hide it, Anne: put on a handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

Miss L. I hate handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold weather, Mr. Prim.

Mrs. P. I have seen thee wear a handkerchief, nay, and a mask to boot,¹⁾ in the middle of July.

Miss L. Ay, to keep the sun from scorching me.

Obad. If thou couldst not bear the sunbeams, how dost thou think man can bear thy beams? Those breasts inflame desire: let them be hid, I say.

Miss L. Let me be quiet, I say.—Must I be tormented thus for ever?—Sure no woman's condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, folly, avarice, and hypocrisy are, by turns, my constant companions—I cannot think my father meant this tyranny! No, you usurp an authority which he never intended you should take.

Obad. Hark thee, dost thou call good counsel tyranny? Do I or my wife tyrannise, when we desire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire?

Miss L. I wish I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Obad. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd play sure.—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no, thou wouldst rather have a husband, Anne.—Thou wantest a gilt coach, with six lazy fellows behind, to flant it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the land—who pamper themselves with the fatness thereof; but I will take care that none shall squander away thy father's estate; thou shalt marry none such, Anne.

Miss L. Would you marry me to one of your own canting sect?

Obad. Yea, verily, no one else shall ever get my consent, I do assure thee, Anne.

Miss L. And I do assure thee, Obadiah, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a convent.

Mrs. P. O wickedness!

Miss L. O stupidity!

Obad. O blindness of heart!

Miss L. Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me—lest I betray your sanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity?—What were the emotions of your spirit—when you squeez'd Mary by the hand last night in the pantry.—When she told you, you bussed so filthily? Ah! you had no aversion to naked bosoms, when you begged her to show you a

¹⁾ The fashions of the times in which that piece was written. Addison, in his Spectator No. 81, gives a very witty account of the ladies showing the political party to which they belonged, by the manner in which they wore these patches.

¹⁾ To boot, signifies, besides.

little, little, little bit of her delicious bosom—
Don't you remember those words, Mr. Prim?

Mrs. P. What does she say, Obadiah?

Obad. She talketh unintelligibly, Sarah.—
Which way did she hear this? This should
not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones:
—Verily it troubleth me. [Aside.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call sir
Philip, is below, and such another with him:
shall I send them up?

Obad. Yea.

[Exit Servant.]

*Enter SIR PHILIP MODELVE and COLONEL
FEIGNWELL.*

Sir P. How dost thou do, friend Prim?
Odsó! my she friend here too! What, are you
documenting miss Nancy? Reading her a lec-
ture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye!

Mrs. P. I am sure thou didst never read
her any lecture that was good.—My flesh so
riseth at these wicked ones, that prudence ad-
viseth me to withdraw from their sight. [Exit.]

Col. F. Oh, that I could find means to speak
with her! How charming she appears! I wish
I could get this letter into her hand. [Aside.]

Sir P. Well, miss, I hope thou hast got
the better of them.

Miss L. The difficulties of my life are not
to be surmounted, sir Philip.—I hate the im-
pertinence of him as much as the stupidity of
the other. [Aside.]

Obad. Verily, Philip, thou wilt spoil this
maiden.

Sir P. I find we still differ in opinion; but
that we may none of us spoil her, pr'ythee,
Prim, let us consent to marry her.—I have
sent for our brother guardians to meet me
here about this very thing.—Madam, will you
give me leave to recommend a husband to you?
—Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind,
you can have no objection to.

[Presents the Colonel to her; she
looks another Way.]

Miss L. Heaven deliver me from the formal
and the fantastic fool!

Col. F. A fine woman—a fine horse, and
fine equipage, are the finest things in the uni-
verse: and if I am so happy to possess you,
madam, I shall become the envy of mankind,
as much as you outshine your whole sex.

[As he takes her Hand to kiss it, he en-
deavours to put a Letter into it; she
lets it drop—Prim takes it up.]

Miss L. I have no ambition to appear con-
spicuously ridiculous, sir. [Turning from him.]

Col. F. So fail the hopes of Feignwell.

Miss L. Ha! Feignwell! 'tis he! What have
I done? Prim has the letter, and it will be
discover'd. [Aside.]

Obad. Friend, I know not thy name, so
cannot call thee by it; but thou seest thy letter
is unwelcome to the maiden; she will not read it.

Miss L. Nor shall you; [Snatches the Letter]
I'll tear it in a thousand pieces, and scatter it,
as I will the hopes of all those that any of you
shall recommend to me. [Tears the Letter.]

Sir P. Ha! Right woman, 'faith!

Col. F. Excellent woman! [Aside.]

Obad. Friend, thy garb savoureth too much
of the vanity of the age for my approbation;

nothing that resembleth Philip Modelove shall
I love; mark that—therefore, friend Philip,
bring no more of thy own apes under my roof.

Sir P. I am so entirely a stranger to the
monsters of thy breed, that I shall bring none
of them I am sure.

Col. F. I am likely to have a pretty task
by the time I have gone through them all;
but she's a city worth taking, and 'egad I'll
carry on the siege: if I can but blow up the
out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the
town. [Aside.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Trade-
love demand to see thee. [To Sir Philip.]

Sir P. Bid them come up. [Exit Servant.]

Miss L. Deliver me from such an inundation
of noise and nonsense. Oh, Feignwell! whatever
thy contrivance be, prosper it, heaven. [Exit.]

Sir P. Sic transit gloria mundi!

Enter PERIWINKLE and TRADELOVE.

These are my brother guardians, Mr. Feign-
well.—
Pr'ythee observe the creatures.

[Aside to Colonel Feignwell.]

Trade. Well, sir Philip, I obey your summons.

Per. Pray what have you to offer for the
good of miss Lovely, sir Philip?

Sir P. First I desire to know what you
intend to do with that lady? Must she be sent
to the Indies for a venture—or live an old maid,
and then be entered amongst your curiosities,
and shown for a monster, Mr. Periwinkle?

Col. F. Humph, curiosities; that must be
the virtuosos. [Aside.]

Per. Why what would you do with her?

Sir P. I would recommend this gentleman
to her for a husband, sir—a person whom I
have pick'd out from the whole race of mankind.

Obad. I would advise thee to shuffle him
again with the rest of mankind; for I like him not.

Col. F. Pray, sir, without offence to your
formality, what may be your objections?

Obad. Thy person, thy manners, thy dress,
thy acquaintance,—thy every thing, friend.

Sir P. You are most particularly obliging,
friend. Ha, ha.

Trade. What business do you follow,
pray, sir?

Col. F. Humph, by that question he must
be the broker. [Aside] Business, sir! the bu-
siness of a gentleman.

Trade. That is as much as to say, you dress
fine, feed high, lie with every woman you like,
and pay your surgeon's bills better than your
tailor's or your butcher's.

Col. F. The court is much obliged to you,
sir, for your character of a gentleman.

Trade. The court, sir! What would the
court do without us citizens?

Sir P. Without your wives and daughters,
you mean, Mr. Tradelove.

Per. Have you ever travelled, sir?

Col. F. That question must not be answer'd
now. [Aside] In books I have, sir.

Per. In books! That's fine travelling indeed!
—Sir Philip, when you present a person I
like, he shall have my consent to marry miss
Lovely; till when, your servant. [Exit.]

Col. F. I'll make you like me before I have
done with you, or I am mistaken. [Aside.]

Trade. And when you can convince me that a beau is more useful to my country than a merchant, you shall have mine; till then you must excuse me. *[Exit]*

Col. F. So much for trade—I'll fit you too. *[Aside.]*

Sir P. In my opinion this is very inhuman treatment, as to the lady, Mr. Prim.

Obad. Thy opinion and mine happen to differ as much as our occupations, friend: business requireth my presence, and folly thine; and so I must bid thee farewell. *[Exit.]*

Sir P. Here's breeding for you, Mr. Feignwell!—'Gad take me.

Half my estate I'd give to see 'em bit.

Col. F. I hope to bite you all, if my plot hit. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Tavern.

COLONEL FEIGNWELL is discovered in an Egyptian Dress, with SACKBUT.

Sack. A lucky beginning, colonel—you have got the old beau's consent.

Col. F. Ay, he's a reasonable creature; but the other three will require some pains. Shall I pass upon him, think you? 'Egad, in my mind, I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the ark.

Sack. Pass upon him! ay, ay, if you have assurance enough.

Col. F. I have no apprehension from that quarter; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller—Can you lie with a good grace?

Col. F. As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd and king commanded: so don't you fear that part: if he don't know me again, I am safe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my debts would come as sure: I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of most singular taste: he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. F. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord; our ancestors drank sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. F. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the conveyance, sir. *[Exit.]*

Col. F. Now, if I should cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a grand coup d'éclat.—Odso! here comes Periwinkle.—Ah! deuce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip and spoil all.

Enter SACKBUT with Wine, and PERIWINKLE following.

Sack. Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you: he is a man of a curious taste himself.

Col. F. The gentleman has it in his face and garb; sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your inquiring disposition; the oddness of your

habit pleases me extremely: 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. F. 'Tis very antique, sir:—this habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemaeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. *[Aside.]*

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

Col. F. For my part I value none of the modern fashions a fig-leaf.

Per. No more don't I, sir: I had rather be the jest of a fool than his favourite—I am laughed at here for my singularity.—This coat, you must know, sir, was formerly wore by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant of Lambeth.

Col. F. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, sir—John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory: he was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, sir—Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why you have it in your blood.—My humble service to you, sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. *[Drinks.]*

Col. F. Give me a glass, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine: Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials—Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive!—Oh! how proud he'd be of such a nephew!

Sack. Oh pox! that would have spoil'd the jest. *[Aside.]*

Per. A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

Col. F. I have some, sir, which are not yet come ashore; as an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. F. It is, sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that country: I took it from the breast of a female mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our women retain part of their idolatry to this day; for many an ape lies on a lady's breast, ha, ha!—

Sack. A smart old thief. *[Aside.]*

Col. F. Two tusks of an hippopotamus, two pair of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, sir, have you never a crocodile?

Col. F. Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to show it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet.—Look ye, sir, do you see this little vial?

Per. Pray you what is it?

Col. F. This is call'd poluflosboio.

Per. Poluflosboio!—It has a rumbling sound.

Col. F. Right, sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature—This water was part of those waves which bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sail'd to meet Anthony.

Per. Well, of all that travelled, none had a taste like you.

Col. F. But here's the wonder of the world.

—This, sir, is called zona, or moros musphonon; the virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. Moros musphonon! What in the name of wisdom can that be?—to me it seems a plain belt.

Col. F. This girdle has carried me all the world over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. F. I mean as I say, sir.—Whenever I am girded with this I am invisible; and by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the great mogul, the grand signior, and king George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You must pardon me, sir, I can't believe it.

Col. F. If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

Col. F. No, no, you shan't stir a foot; I'll only make you invisible.

Sack. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, sir; I am not afraid of the devil nor all his tricks.—'Shud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. F. There, sir, put it on.—Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. [*They turn about*] Is it on, sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*]

Sack. Heaven protect me! where is he?

Per. Why here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle!—'Egad, look to't, you had best, sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. F. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. F. Take off the girdle, sir.

Sack. Ah, sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. [*He takes it off.*]

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't.—Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself? [*Embraces him.*]

Col. F. With all my heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the door.

Col. F. You know how to turn the screw, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Yes, yes—Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full east. [*They turn; the Colonel sinks through the Trap-door.*]

Col. F. 'Tis done; now turn. [*They turn.*]

Per. Ha! mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones.—This must be a conjurer, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He's the devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sack. At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid!

Col. F. Are you satisfied?

[*From under the Stage.*]

Per. Yes, sir, yes—How hollow his voice sounds!

1) Corrupted from God's blood.

Sack. Your's seem'd just the same—'Faith, I wish this girdle were mine, I'd sell wine no more. Harkye, Mr. Periwinkle, [*Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again*] if he would sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. F. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am sorry for't, sir, because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. F. By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of four men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind: and the first of the four that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle—Till I have found this jewel, I shall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can this rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. F. Yes, sir; he call'd it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

Per. Pish! women are no rarities; women are the very gewgaws of the creation; playthings for boys, who when they write man they ought to throw aside.

Sack. A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies! [*Aside.*]

Per. What woman is there, dress'd in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a foretop as the cockatoo?

Col. F. I must humour him. [*Aside*] Such a skin as the lizard? [*bird?*]

Per. Such a shining breast as the humming-

Col. F. Such a shape as the antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. F. No; that must be allow'd.—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them; for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh-fly.

Per. Pray, sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. F. Why, sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

Sack. He hits it off admirably; and 't'other swallows it like sack and sugar. [*Aside*] Certainly this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

Per. By the description it should—'Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours. [*Aside*] And you are to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, sir?

Col. F. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman—her name is Anne Lovely.

Col. F. Excellent!—He said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know any thing of my ward.

Col. F. Your ward?

Per. To be plain with you, sir, I am one of those four guardians.

Col. F. Are you indeed, sir? I am transported to find that the man who is to possess this moros musphonon is a person of so curious a taste—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is yours.

Per. If I live till the boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. F. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. Staytape, the tailor, inquires for you, colonel.

Col. F. Who do you speak to, you son of a whore?

Per. Ha! colonel.

Col. F. Confound the blundering dog! *[Aside.]*

Draw. Why to colonel—

Sack. Get you out, you rascal.

[Kicks him out, and goes after him.]

Draw. What the devil is the matter?

Col. F. This dog has ruin'd all my schemes, I see by Periwinkle's looks. *[Aside.]*

Per. How finely I should have been choused—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before—it was pure ignorance, 'faith it was—Pray—hem—hem! Pray, colonel, what post had this learned Egyptian in your regiment?

Col. F. A pox of your sneer. *[Aside.]* I don't understand you, sir.

Per. No, that's strange! I understand you, colonel—An Egyptian of Grand Cairo! ha, ha, ha!—I am sorry such a well-invented tale should do you no more service—We old fellows can see as far into a millstone as them that pick it!—I am not to be trick'd out of my trust—mark that.

Col. F. The devil! I must carry it off; I wish I were fairly out. *[Aside.]* Lookye, sir, you may make what jest you please—but the stars will be obey'd, sir; and depend upon't I shall have the lady, and you none of the girdle.—Now for Mr. Freeman's part of the plot. *[Aside. Exit.]*

Per. The stars! ha, ha!—No star has favour'd you, it seems—The girdle! ha, ha, ha! none of your legerdemain tricks can pass upon me—Why what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up—His pagod, polufosboio, his zonos, moros musphonons, and the devil knows what—But I'll take care—Ha, gone!—Ay, 'twas time to sneak off. Sobo! the house!

Enter SACKBUT.

Where is this trickster? Send for a constable; I'll have this rascal before the lord mayor; I'll Grand Cairo him, with a pox to him—I believe you had a hand in putting this imposture upon me, Sackbut.

Sack. Who, I, Mr. Periwinkle? I scorn it. I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpose to send for a constable to appre-

hend him, and endeavoured to stop him when he went out—But the rogue made but one step from the stairs to the door, call'd a coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the devil, as Mr. Freeman can witness, who is at the bar, and desires to speak with you; he is this minute come to town.

Per. Send him in. *[Exit Sackbut.]* What a scheme this rogue has laid! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded!

Enter FREEMAN, booted and spurred.

Mr. Freeman, I had like to have been imposed on by the veriest rascal—

Free. I am sorry to hear it—The dog flew for't: he had not 'scap'd me, had I been aware of him; Sackbut struck at him, but miss'd his blow, or he had done his business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. Sackbut has told me the whole story, Mr. Periwinkle; but now I have something to tell you of much more importance to yourself—I happen'd to lie one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, I paid him a visit, and, to my great surprise, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free. Dying, in all appearance; the servants weeping, the room in darkness; the 'pothecary, shaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over; and then there are small hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his will—he always told me he would make me his heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolved to give you notice. I should think it would not be amiss if you went down to-morrow morning.

Per. It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great estate, and the land very good—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say; I'll think upon it. In the mean time, I give you many thanks for your civility, Mr. Freeman, and should be glad of your company to dine with me.

Free. I am obliged to be at Jonathan's Coffee-house at two, and now it is half an hour after one; if I dispatch my business, I'll wait on you; I know your hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and so your humble servant. *[Exit]*

Re-enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL and SACKBUT.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! I have done your business, colonel; he has swallow'd the bait.

Col. F. I overheard all, though I am a little in the dark. I am to personate a highwayman, I suppose—that's a project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his consent, he may fright me out of my life when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the end.

Free. No, no; I have a plot for you without danger; but first we must manage Trade-love—Has the tailor brought your clothes?

Sack. Yes, pox take the thief.

Free. Well, well, no matter; I warrant we have him yet—But now you must put on the Dutch merchant.

Col. F. The deuce of this trading plot—I wish he had been an old soldier, that I might

1) Masons in preparing the larger stones for building, pick them, as they call it, into different shapes. The instrument they use is pointed, or peaked, hence the word.

have attack'd him in my own way, heard him fight over all the battles of the late war—But for trade, by Jupiter, I shall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, colonel: Mr. Freeman will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do: the coffee-house will instruct you.

Col. F. I must venture however—But I have a further plot in my head upon Tradelove, which you must assist me in, Freeman; you are in credit with him, I heard you say.

Free. I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, colonel.

Col. F. Come along then.—Now for the Dutchman—Honest Ptolemy, by your leave.

Now must bob-wig and business come in play;
A thirty thousand pound girl leads the way.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—JONATHAN'S COFFEE-HOUSE [*In Change Alley. A Crowd of People, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands; a Bar, Waiters, etc.*]

Enter TRADELOVE and Stock-jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.

1 *Stock.* South-sea at seven-eighths; who buys?

Trade. Harkye, Gabriel, you'll pay the difference of that stock we transacted for to-day?

Gab. Ay, Mr. Tradelove, here's a note for the money.

Trade. I would fain bite the spark in the brown coat: he comes very often into the alley, but never employs a broker.

Re-enter COLONEL FRIGNWELL and FREEMAN.

Trade. Mr. Freeman, your servant! Who is that gentleman?

Free. A Dutch merchant just come to England; but, harkye, Mr. Tradelove—I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French king's death did, if you are expeditions. [*Showing him a Letter*] Read there: I received it just now from one that belongs to the emperor's minister.

Trade. [*Reads*] Sir,—*As I have many obligations to you, I cannot miss any opportunity to show my gratitude: this moment my lord has receiv'd a private express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their siege from before Cagliari. If this proves of any advantage to you, it will answer both the ends and wishes of, sir, your most obliged humble servant,* HENRICUS DUSSELDORP.

P. S. In two or three hours the news will be public.

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

[*Aside to Freeman.*]
Free. You may—I never knew this person send me a false piece of news in my life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you: 'egad, 'tis rare news.—Who sells South-sea for next week?

Stock. [*All together*] I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.
1 *Stock.* I'll sell five thousand for next week, at five-eighths.

2 *Stock.* I'll sell ten thousand, at five-eighths, for the same time.

Trade. Nay, nay; hold, hold; not all together, gentlemen: I'll be no bull¹; I'll buy no

1) Bull and Bear are the names given to persons per-

more than I can take: will you sell ten thousand pounds at a half, for any day next week, except Saturday?

1 *Stock.* I'll sell it you, Mr. Tradelove.
[*Freeman whispers to one of the Gentlemen.*]

1 *Gent.* The Spaniards rais'd the siege of Cagliari! I don't believe one word of it. [*Aside.*]

2 *Gent.* Rais'd the siege! as much as you have rais'd the Monument.²)

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, sir.

2 *Gent.* What will you lay on't?

Free. What you please.

1 *Gent.* Why I have a brother upon the spot, in the emperor's service: I am certain if there were any such thing, I should have had a letter.

2 *Gent.* I'll bold you fifty pounds 'tis false.
Free. 'Tis done.³)

2 *Gent.* I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you.

Trade. I'll lay any man a brace of thousands the siege is rais'd.

Free. The Dutch merchant is your man to take in. [*Aside to Tradelove.*]

Trade. Does he not know the news?

Free. Not a syllable; if he did he would bet a hundred thousand pounds as soon as one penny—he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers. [*To Tradelove.*]

Trade. Say you so?—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible—Are you from Holland, sir?

Col. F. Ya, mynheer.

Trade. Had you the news before you came away?

Col. F. What believe you, mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the siege of Cagliari.

Col. F. VVhat duyvel's news is dat? 'Tis niet waer, mynheer—'tis no true, sir.

Trade. 'Tis so true, mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand pounds on it.

Col. F. Two duysend pound, mynheer, 'tis gadaen—dis gentleman sal hold de gelt.

[*Gives Freeman Money.*]

Trade. With all my heart—this binds the wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, mynheer; the siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. F. Ik gelay't niet, mynheer Freeman, Ik sal ye dubbeld bonden, if you please.

Free. I am let into the secret, therefore won't win your money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have snapp'd the Dutchman, 'faith, ha, ha! this is no ill day's work.—Pray may I crave your name, mynheer?

forming nominal business in the stocks; a sort of gambling which seems to be very much in vogue at the present day in France.

a) It would be rather a difficult task to raise the Monument in London, here alluded to. It is a fluted column of the Doric order: the diameter at the base is 15 feet, and the height of the shaft 150 feet; the cone at the top, with its urn, comprehend 44 feet; and the height of the massy pedestal is 40 feet. Within the column is a flight of 345 steps of black marble, and the iron balcony at the top commands of course a very extensive prospect of the metropolis and the adjacent country. It is situated about 300 yards north of London-bridge, and was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, in memory of the great fire, which, in 1666, broke out at a house distant 301 feet (the height of the column) eastward from this spot, and destroyed nearly all the buildings of the metropolis from the Tower to the Temple Church.

5) Meaning, to accept the wager.

Col. F. Myn naem, mynheer? myn naem is Jan Van Timtamtirelereletta Heer Van Feignwell.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long name; I shall never remember it—Myn Heer Van, Tim, Tim, Tim—What the devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed: I know the gentleman, and will pass my word for twice the sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. F. You'll hear of me sooner than you wish, old gentleman, I fancy. [*Aside*] You'll come to Sackbut's, Freeman?

[*Aside to Freeman:*
Free. Immediately [*Aside to the Colonel.*

Trade. Mr. Freeman, I give you many thanks for your kindness—

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside.*

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I am engag'd at Sackbut's: adieu. [*Exit.*

Trade. Sir, your humble servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon 'Change with my news. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Tavern.

Enter FREEMAN and COLONEL FEIGNWELL.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old fellow swallowed the bait as greedily as a gudgeon.

Col. F. I have him, 'faith, ha, ha, ha! His two thousand pounds secure—If he would keep his money, he must part with the lady, ha ha!

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Joy, joy, colonel! the luckiest accident in the world.

Col. F. What say'st thou?

Sack. This letter does your business.

Col. F. [*Reads*] *To Obadiah Prim, hosier, near the building call'd the Monument, in London.*

Free. A letter to Prim! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the letters our post-woman brought, as I always do, to see what letters are directed to my house (for she can't read, you must know), I spy'd this, directed to Prim, so paid for it among the rest. I have given the old jade a pint of wine, on purpose to delay time, till you see if the letter be of any service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it by mistake.—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project.—Read, read, colonel.

Col. F. [*Reads*] *Friend Prim, there is arrived from Pennsylvania one Simon Pure, a leader of the faithful, who hath sojourned with us eleven days, and hath been of great comfort to the brethren.—He intendeth for the quarterly meeting in London; I have recommended him to thy house. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy wife cherish him, for he's of a weakly constitution—he will depart from us the third day; which is all from thy friend in the faith,*

AMINADAB HOLDFAST.

Ha, ha! excellent! I understand you, landlord: I am to personate this Simon Pure, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the hint?

Col. F. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the best contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you—

Col. F. No, no, the quakers never ride post: and suppose, Freeman, you should wait at the

Bristol coach, that if you see any such person, you might contrive to give me notice—

Free. I will.

[*Bell rings.*

Sack. Coming, coming!

[*Exit.*

Free. Thou must dispatch Periwinkle first—Remember his uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is an old bachelor of seventy-five—that he has seven hundred a year, most in abbey-land—that he was once in love with your mother; shrewdly suspected by some to be your father.—That you have been thirty years his steward—and ten years his gentleman—remember to improve these hints.

Col. F. Never fear; let me alone for that—but what's the steward's name?

Free. His name is Pillage.

Col. F. Enough—Now for the country put.

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Zounds! Mr. Freeman, yonder is Trade—love in the damned'st passion in the world.—He swears you are in the house—he says you told him you were to dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha! he has found himself bit already.

Col. F. The devil! he must not see me in this dress now.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet.

Free. Very well—make you haste out, colonel, and let me alone to deal with him: where is he?

Sack. In the King's-head.

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in—and now, Mr. Pillage, success attend you. [*Exit Sackbut.*

Col. F. Mr. Proteus rather—

From changing shape, and imitating Jove, I draw the happy omens of my love.

I'm not the first young brother of the blade, Who made his fortune in a masquerade.

[*Exit.*

Enter TRADELOVE.

Free. Zounds! Mr. Tradelove, we're bit it seems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr. Freeman! I'm ruin'd.—Pox on your news.

Free. Pox on the rascal that sent it me.—

Trade. Sent it you! Why Gabriel Skinfint has been at the minister's, and spoke with him; and he has assured him 'tis every syllable false; he received no such express.

Free. I know it: I this minute parted with my friend, who protested he never sent me any such letter.—Some roguish stock-jobber has done it on purpose to make me lose my money, that's certain: I wish I knew who he was; I'd make him repent it—I have lost three hundred pounds by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred pounds to what I have lost? There's two thousand pounds to that Dutchman with a cursed long name, besides the stock I bought: the devil! I could tear my flesh—I must never show my face upon 'Change more;—for, by my soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it! What can I serve you in? Shall I speak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment?

Trade. Time! Ad's heart! I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concerned that I was the occasion, and wish I could be an instrument of retrieving your misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adso, a thought comes into my head, that well improv'd, may be of service.

Trade. Ah! there's no thought can be of any service to me, without paying the money or running away.

Free. How do ye know? What do you think of my proposing miss Lovely to him? He is a single man—and I heard him say he had a mind to marry an English woman—nay, more than that, he said somebody told him you had a pretty ward—he wished you had betted her instead of your money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hanged before he'd take her instead of the money: the Dutch are too covetous for that; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your consent, if he'll forgive you the wager: It is not your business to tell him that your consent will signify nothing.

Trade. That's right, as you say; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him.—He has promised to meet me here an hour hence; I'll feel his pulse, and let you know: If I find it feasible, I'll send for you; if not, you are at liberty to take what measures you please.

Trade. You must extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire disposal of her, and that she can't marry without my consent—and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable consideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a lie at a pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. Freeman, I'll make you whole again. I'll pay the three hundred pounds you lost with all my soul.

Free. Well, I'll use my best endeavours.—Where will you be?

Trade. At home: pray heaven you prosper!—If I were but the sole trustee now, I should not fear it.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—he has it.

SCENE III.—PERIWINKLE'S House.

Enter PERIWINKLE on one side, and a Footman on the other.

Foot. A gentleman from Coventry inquires for you, sir.

Per. From my uncle, I warrant you: bring him up.—This will save me the trouble, as well as the expense of a journey.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. F. Is your name Periwinkle, sir?

Per. It is, sir.

Col. F. I am sorry for the message I bring.—My old master, whom I served these forty years, claims the sorrow due from a faithful servant to an indulgent master. [*Weeps.*]

Per. By this I understand, sir, my uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is dead,

Col. F. He is, sir, and has left you heir to seven hundred a year, in as good abbey-land as ever paid Peter-pence to Rome.—I wish you long to enjoy it¹⁾, but my tears will flow

¹⁾ A graceless young dog who had wasted a great deal of

when I think of my benefactor.—[*Weeps*]
Ah! he was a good man—he has not left many of his fellows, the poor lament him sorely.

Per. I pray, sir, what office bore you?

Col. F. I was his steward, sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much respect: your name is—

Col. F. Pillage, sir.

Per. Ay, Pillage, I do remember he called you Pillage.—Pray, Mr. Pillage, when did my uncle die.

Col. F. Monday last, at four in the morning. About two he signed his will, and gave it into my hands, and strictly charg'd me to leave Coventry the moment he expired; and deliver it to you with what speed I could: I have obeyed him, sir, and there is the will.

[*Gives it to Periwinkle.*]

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the commons.²⁾

Col. F. There are two things which he forgot to insert, but charged me to tell you, that he desired you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the will, which is to remove his corpse, and bury him by his father at St. Pauls, Covent-garden, and to give all his servants mourning.

Per. That will be a considerable charge; a pox of all modern fashions. [*Aside*] Well! it shall be done, Mr. Pillage, I will agree with one of death's fashion-monger's, called an undertaker, to go down, and bring up the body.

Col. F. I hope, sir, I shall have the honour to serve you in the same station I did your worthy uncle: I have not many years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the family, where I was brought up.—[*Weeps*]
—He was a kind and tender master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. Pillage, you shall hold your place, and every thing else which you held under my uncle.—You make me weep to see you so concern'd. [*Weeps*] He lived to a good old age, and we are all mortal.

Col. F. We are so, sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this lease: You'll find, sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will—I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had signed it before he died.

[*Gives him a Paper.*]

Per. A lease! for what?

Col. F. I rented a hundred a year farm of sir Toby upon lease, which lease expires at Lady-day next. I desire to renew for twenty years—that's all, sir.

Per. Let me see [*Looks over the Lease*]
Very well—Let me see what he says in his will about it. [*Lays the Lease upon the Table, and looks on the Will*] Ho, here it is—*The farm lying—now in possession of Sa-*

his father's property, was called, with two of his brothers, to his father's bedside, just as the old gentleman was at the point of death. The father addressing himself to the eldest, told him he had left him 10,000 pounds in his will; his answer was; "God bless you, my dear father, and send you health and strength to enjoy it yourself." The second brother, 10,000, and the same answer. Then the father told the youngest, that since he had been such a spendthrift, he would never come to any good; and so he had left him a shilling to buy a halter, for him to be hanged with; to which the son answered like his brothers, "God bless you, my dear father, and send you health and strength to enjoy it yourself."

²⁾ Doctor's Commons, where all business relative to wills, divorces, etc. is performed.

muel Pillage—*suffer him to renew his lease—at the same rent.*—Very well, Mr. Pillage, I see my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will.—Give me the lease.—[*Colonel gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the Table*] Pray you step to the door, and call for pen and ink, Mr. Pillage.

Col. F. I have a pen and ink in my pocket, sir, [*Pulls out an Ink-horn*] I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your profession.—[*He looks upon the Pen while the Colonel changes the Lease and lays down the Contract*] I doubt this is but a sorry pen, though it may serve to write my name. [*Writes.*]

Col. F. Little does he think what he signs.

[*Aside.*]

Per. There is your lease, Mr. Pillage. [*Gives him the Paper*] Now I must desire you to make what haste you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll send down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. F. You have paid me already, I thank you, sir.

[*Aside.*]

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. F. I would rather not: there are some of my neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the town this afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you. I will give orders about mourning. [*Exit Colonel*] Seven hundred a year! I wish he had died seventeen years ago:—What a valuable collection of rarities might I have had by this time?—I might have travelled over all the known parts of the globe, and made my own closet rival the Vatican at Rome—Odso, I have a good mind to begin my travels now—let me see—I am but sixty? My father, grandfather, and great grandfather reached ninety odd;—I have almost forty years good:—Let me consider! what will seven hundred a year amount to in—ay; in thirty years, I say but thirty—thirty times seven, is seven times thirty—that is—just twenty-one thousand pounds—'tis a great deal of money—I may very well reserve sixteen hundred of it for a collection of such rarities as will make my name famous to posterity—I would not die like other mortals, forgotten in a year or two, as my uncle will be—No,

With nature's curious works I'll raise my fame,
That men till doomsday may repeat my name.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A Tavern.

FREEMAN and TRADELOVE discovered over a Bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan, Van, Tim, Tam, Tam,—I shall never think of that Dutchman's name—

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelereletta Heer Van Feignwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Feignwell: I never heard such a confounded name in my life—here's his health, I say.

Free. With all my heart.

Trade. Faith I never expected to have found so generous a thing in a Dutchman.

Free. As soon as I told him your circum-

stances, he replied, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world—and immediately made this proposal himself.—Let him take what time he will for the payment, said he; or if he'll give me his word, I'll forgive him the debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. Freeman, I can but thank you.—Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. Tradelove, I was very much concerned, because I was the occasion, though very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. Freeman.

Enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL, dressed as a Dutch Merchant.

Col. F. Ha, mynheer Tradelove, Ik been sorry voor your troubles—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben—

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation, sir.

Free. But you understand upon what condition, Mr. Tradelove; miss Lovely.

Col. F. Ya, de frow sal al te regt setten, mynheer.

Trade. With all my heart, mynheer; you shall have my consent to marry her freely—

Free. Well then, as I am a party concerned between you, mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelereletta Heer Van Feignwell shall give you a discharge of your wager under his own hand,—and you shall give him your consent to marry miss Lovely under yours,—that is the way to avoid all manner of disputes hereafter.

Col. F. Ya, weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. Freeman: I'll give it under mine this minute.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Col. F. And so Ik sal. [*Does the same.*]

Free. So ho, the house!

Enter Drawer.

Bid your master come up—I'll see there be witnesses enough to the bargain. [*Aside.*]

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Do you call, gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. Sackbut, we shall want your hand here.—

Trade. There, mynheer, there's my consent as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own name, for I know not how to spell it: I have left a blank for it.

[*Gives the Colonel a Paper.*]

Col. F. Ya Ik sal dat well doen—

Free. Now, Mr. Sackbut, you and I will witness it. [*They write.*]

Col. F. Daer, mynheer Tradelove, is your discharge. [*Gives him a Paper.*]

Trade. Be pleased to witness this receipt too, gentlemen.

[*Freeman and Sackbut put their Hands.*]

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. F. Well, mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most myn voorsprach to de frow syn.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the lady.—

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my brother guardians.

Col. F. Wat voor de duyvel heb you meer guardians.

Trade. Only three, mynheer.

Col. F. What donder heb ye myn betrocken, mynheer?—Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude eaven met you geweest syn.

Sack. But Mr. Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, sir.

Free. And he shall use his interest, I promise you, mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the lady.

Col. F. Well, dat is waer—Maer ye must first sprek'n of myn to de frow, and to oudere gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the best way—and then I and the Heer Feiggwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this moment, upon honour—Your most obedient humble servant.—My speaking will do you little good, mynheer: ha, ha! we have bit you, faith: ha, ha!

Well—my debts discharged, and as for Nan, He has my consent—to get her if he can. [*Exit.*]

Col. F. Ha, ha, ha! this was a master-piece of contrivance, Freeman.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our side!—But come, pursue the fickle goddess, while she's in the mood—Now for the quaker.

Col. F. That's the hardest task.

Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,
A soldier makes the simplest puritan.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in PRIM's House.*

Enter MRS. PRIM and MISS LOVELY, in Quaker's Dresses, meeting.

Mrs. P. So, now I like thee, Anne: art thou not better without thy monstrous hoop-coat and patches?—If heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, would it not fright thee, Anne?

Miss L. If it should turn you inside outward, and show all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twould fright me worse!

Mrs. P. My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne: I lay no baits.

Miss L. If you did, you'd catch no fish.

Mrs. P. Well, well, make thy jests—but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have catch'd as many fish (as thou call'st them) in my time, as ever thou didst with all thy fool-traps about thee.

Miss L. Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinched cap.

Mrs. P. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances—Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Miss L. Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray, no more of those freedoms, madam—I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself—How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy woman you. [*Bursts into tears.*]

Enter TRADELOVE.

Trade. What in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

Miss L. Done to me! I admire I keep my senses among you;—but I will rid myself of

your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had:—I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs. P. Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins; Anne—Yea, for thy manifold sins.

Miss L. Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me—No, I'll wear what I please—go when and where I please—and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct—I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, miss Lovely—'tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

Enter PERIWINKLE and OBADIAH PRIM, with a Letter in his Hand.

Per. I have bought some black stockings of your husband, Mrs. Prim, but he tells me the Glover's trade belongs to you? therefore I pray you look me out five or six dozen of mourning gloves, such as are given at funerals, and send them to my house.

Obad. My friend Periwinkle has got a good windfall to-day—seven hundred a year.

Mrs. P. I wish thee joy of it, neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir Toby dead then?

Per. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. P. Yea, I will, neighbour.

Obad. This letter recommendeth a speaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol: peradventure he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception—

[*Gives her the Letter.*]

Mrs. P. I will obey thee. [*Exit.*]
Obad. What art thou in the dumps?) for, Anne?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

Obad. Why truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou wouldst, neighbour.

Per. Well said, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband—

Sir P. What must it be a whale, or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? ha, ha, ha!

Per. He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with full perukes and empty skulls,—nor yet any of our trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.—No, he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity—*one* who has searched into the profundity of nature! When heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Miss L. The benefit of mankind! What would you anatomize me?

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot—ha, ha! but I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

) To be in a bad humour.

Miss L. And would send me for a venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir P. A Dutchman! ha, ha! there's a husband for a fine lady.—Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen—ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll teach you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs. 'Tis the merchant makes the belle.—How would the ladies sparkle in the box, without the merchant? The Indian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch holland! How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant.

Obad. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world.—The merchant is a very great friend to satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the pope.

Per. Right; I say knowledge makes the man.

Obad. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge—it is the knowledge of truth—Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Miss L. Ah, study your country's good, Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects.—Rid you of your homebred monsters, before you fetch any from abroad.—I dare swear you have maggot-gots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies.

Sir P. By my soul, miss Nancy's a wit.

Obad. That is more than she can say of thee, friend.—Lookye, 'tis in vain to talk, when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

Miss L. Provided he be of the faithful—VVas there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! [*Aside.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no husband of your choosing, nor shall you lord it over me long.—I'll try the power of an English senate—Orphans have been redressed and wills set aside—and none did ever deserve their pity more.—O Feignwell! where are thy promises to free me from those vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than be imagined!

A harder task than what the poets tell

Of yore, the fair Andromeda befell;

She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*Whispers to Obad.*] The woman is mad.

Sir P. So are you all, in my opinion. [*Exit.*]

Serv. One Simon Pure inquireth for thee.

[*Exit.*]

Obad. Friend Tradelove, business requireth my presence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you—Pox take him for an unmannerly dog—However, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and I'll introduce him too for all you.

Enter COLONEL in a Quaker's Habit.

Obad. Friend Pure thou art welcome: how is it with friend Holdfast, and all friends in Bristol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keepfaith?

Col. F. A goodly company! [*Aside.*] They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

Obad. Friend Holdfast writes me word, that thou camest lately from Pennsylvania: how do all friends there?

Col. F. VVhat the devil shall I say? I know just as much of Pennsylvania as I do of Bristol. [*Aside.*]

Obad. Do they thrive?

Col. F. Yea, friend, the blessing of their good works fall upon them.

Enter MRS. PRIM and MISS LOVELY.

Obad. Sarah, know our friend Pure.

Mrs. P. Thou art welcome. [*He salutes her.*]

Col. F. Here comes the sum of all my wishes.—How charming she appears even in that disguise! [*Aside.*]

Obad. VVhy dost thou consider the maiden so attentively, friend.

Col. F. I will tell thee: About four days ago I saw a vision—This very maiden, but in vain attire, standing on a precipice, and heard a voice which called me by my name—and bid me put forth my hand and save her from the pit.—I did so, and methought the damsel grew unto my side.

Mrs. P. VVhat can that portend?

Obad. The damsel's conversion—I am persuaded.

Miss L. That's false, I'm sure— [*Aside.*]

Obad. VVilt thou use the means, friend Pure?

Col. F. Means! VVhat means? Is she not thy daughter, already one of the faithful?

Mrs. P. No, alas! she's one of the ungodly.

Obad. Pray thee mind what this good man will say unto thee: he will teach thee the way thou shouldst walk, Anne.

Miss L. I know my way without his instruction: I hop'd to have been quiet when once I had put on your odious formality here.

Col. F. Then thou wearest it out of compulsion, not choice, friend?

Miss L. Thou art in the right of it, friend—

Mrs. P. Art thou not ashamed to mimic the good man? Ah! thou stubborn girl.

Col. F. Mind her not; she burteth not me—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few points with her, that may perchance soften her stubbornness, and melt her into compliance.

Obad. Content: I pray thee put it home to her.—Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

Miss L. [*Catching hold of Prim; he breaks loose; exeunt Obad. and Mrs. P.*] VVhat, do you mean to leave me with this old enthusiastical canter? Don't think because I complied with your formality, to impose your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

Col. F. I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy passion.

Miss L. I pray thee walk after thy leader, you will but lose your labour upon me.—These wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. F. I am of another opinion! the spirit

telleth me 'I shall convert thee, Anne.

Miss L. 'Tis a lying spirit, don't believe it.

Col. F. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my angel.

[*Catching her in his arms.*]

Miss L. [*Shrieks*] Ah! monster, hold off, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Col. F. Hush! for heaven's sake—dost thou not know me? I am Feignwell.

Miss L. Feignwell.

Re-enter OBADIAH PRIM.

Oh, I'm undone! Prim here—I wish with all my soul I had been dumb.

Obad. What is the matter? Why didst thou shriek out, Anne?

Miss L. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noise of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Obad. Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.

Col. F. No matter, I'll bring down her stomach, I'll warrant thee!—Leave us, I pray thee?

Obad. Fare thee well. Verily, I was afraid the flesh had got the better of the spirit. [*Exit.*]

Col. F. My charming lovely woman!

[*Embraces her.*]

Miss L. What meanest thou by this disguise, Feignwell?

Col. F. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promise.

Miss L. Make me mistress of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

Col. F. This night shall answer all my wishes.—See here I have the consent of three of thy guardians already, and doubt not but Prim will make the fourth. [*Obadiah listening.*]

Obad. I would gladly hear what arguments the good man useth to bend her. [*Aside.*]

Miss L. Thy words give me new life, methinks.

Obad. What do I hear?

Miss L. Thou best of men, heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

Obad. He hath mollified her—O wonderful conversion!

Col. F. [*Softly*] Ha! Prim listening.—No more, my love, we are observed: seem to be edified, and give 'em hopes that thou wilt turn quaker, and leave the rest to me. [*Aloud.*] I am glad to find that thou art touched with what I said unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee: in the mean while be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

Miss L. I shall obey thee in every thing.

[*Obadiah comes forward.*]

Obad. Oh, what a prodigious change is here! Thou hast wrought a miracle, friend! Anne, how dost thou like the doctrine he hath preached?

Miss L. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am ashamed of my former folly, and ask your pardon.

Col. F. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry: he is no pope, Anne.

Obad. True, I am no pope, Anne. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, friend: will it please thee to walk into the next room, and refresh thyself?—Come, take the maiden by the hand.

Col. F. We will follow thee.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. There is another Simon Pure, inquireth for thee, master.

Col. F. The devil there is.

[*Aside.*]

Obad. Another Simon Pure! I do not know him, is he any relation of thine?

Col. F. No, friend, I know him not.—Pox take him: I wish he were in Pennsylvania again, with all my soul. [*Aside.*]

Miss L. What shall I do?

Obad. Bring him up.

Col. F. Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain—Now impudence assist me.

Enter SIMON PURE.

Obad. What is thy will with me, friend?

Simon. Didst thou not receive a letter from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol, concerning one Simon Pure?

Obad. Yea, and Simon Pure is already here, friend.

Col. F. And Simon Pure will stay here, friend, if it be possible. [*Aside.*]

Simon. That's an untruth, for I am he.

Col. F. Take thou heed, friend, what thou dost say: I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

Simon. Thy name may be Pure, friend, but not that Pure.

Col. F. Yea, that Pure which my good friend, Aminadab Holdfast, wrote to my friend Prim about: the same Simon Pure that came from Pennsylvania, and sojourned in Bristol eleven days: thou wouldst not take my name from me, wouldst thou?—till I have done with it. [*Aside.*]

Simon. Thy name! I am astonished!

Col. F. At what? at thy own assurance?

[*Going up to him, Simon Pure starts back.*]

Simon. Avaunt, satan, approach me not: I defy, thee, and all thy works.

Miss L. Oh, he'll out-cant him.—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aside.*]

Col. F. Hark thee, friend, thy sham will not take—Don't exert thy voice, thou art too well acquainted with satan to start at him, thou wicked reprobate—What can thy design be here?

Enter a SERVANT who gives PRIM a Letter.

Obad. One of these must be a counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

Col. F. What can that letter be? [*Aside.*]

Simon. Thou must be the devil, friend, that's certain; for no human power can speak so great a falsehood.

Obad. This letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkness, than any here—Read that, I pray thee, Simon.

[*Gives it to the Colonel.*]

Col. F. 'Tis Freeman's hand.—[*Reads*] There is a design formed to rob your house this night, and cut your throat; and for that purpose there is a man disguised like a quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure: the gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol: one of them came in the coach with the quaker, whose name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you as to make you turn out the real Si-

mon Pure, and keep him with you. *Make the right use of this. Adieu.—Excellent well!*

[*Aside.*]

Obad. Dost thou hear this?

[*To Simon Pure.*]

Simon. Yea, but it moveth me not: that doubtless is the impostor.

[*Pointing at the Colonel.*]

Col. F. Ah! thou wicked one—now I consider thy face, I remember thou didst come up in the leathern conveniency with me—thou hadst a black bob-wig on, and a brown camblet coat with brass buttons—Canst thou deny it, ha?

Simon. Yea, I can, and with a safe conscience too, friend.

Obad. Verily, friend, thou art the most impudent villain I ever saw.

Miss L. Nay, then, I'll have a fling at him. [*Aside*] I remember the face of this fellow at Bath—Ay, this is he that pick'd my lady Raffle's pocket in the grove—Don't you remember that the mob pump'd¹⁾ you, friend?—This is the most notorious rogue—

Simon. What does provoke thee to seek my life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Obad. She will do thee no hurt, nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy business, friend, and leave thy wicked course of life, or thou mayst not come off so favourably every where. Simon, I pray thee, put him forth.

Col. F. Go, friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy fate no more.

Simon. Yea, I will go; but it shall be to thy confusion; I shall clear myself; I will return with some proofs that shall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly imposed on.

[*Exit.*]

Col. F. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain—what the devil shall I do?

[*Aside.*]

Obad. What monstrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon?

[*Col. F.* Yea, the age is full of vice—'Sdeath, I am so confounded I know not what to say.

[*Aside.*]

Obad. Thou art disorder'd, friend,—art thou not well?

Col. F. My spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that though I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain: for the evil spirit fighteth against her: and I see, yea I see with the eye of my inward man, that satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very damsel will return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as it were, yea, as if it were out of the jaws of the fiend.—

Miss L. I must second him. [*Aside*] What

1) Any gentleman or other found with his hand in his neighbour's pocket, or with any thing that he has taken from the said neighbour's pocket, with an intent to steal, is forthwith taken to the nearest pump, and held with his head below the cold stream, which is pumped upon him, without intermission, till he, the said pick-pocket is half drowned. Then all the boys of the parish assemble together and hunt the poor wretch all through the streets, till he can find some hole to hide himself. The English, as in the time of Richard I. seem to like to take the law into their own hands, witness the frequent boxing-matches in the street.

meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the spirit resisteth the vanities of this world, but the flesh is rebellious, yea, the flesh—I greatly fear the flesh and the weakness thereof—hum—¹⁾

Obad. The maid is inspir'd. [*Aside*] Prodigious! The damsel is filled with the spirit—Sarah.

Enter Mrs. PRIM.

Mrs. P. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a change in our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that supper stayeth for thee.

Col. F. I am not disposed for thy food; my spirit longeth for more delicious meat!—fain would I redeem this maiden from the tribe of sinners, and break those cords asunder wherewith she is bound—hum—

Miss L. Something whispers in my ears, methinks—that I must be subject to the will of this good man, and from him only must hope for consolation—hum—It also telleth me that I am a chosen vessel to raise up seed to the faithful, and that thou must consent that we two be one flesh according to the word—hum—

Obad. What a revelation is here! This is certainly part of thy vision, friend; this is the maiden's growing unto thy side: ah! with what willingness should I give thee my consent, could I give thee her fortune too—but thou wilt never get the consent of the wicked ones.

Col. F. I wish I was sure of yours. [*Aside.*]

Obad. Thy soul rejoiceth, yea, rejoiceth, I say, to find the spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with natural agitation—yea, with natural agitation towards this good man—yea, it stirreth, as one may say—yea, verily I say, it stirreth up thy inclination—yea, as one would stir a pudding.

All. Hum!

Miss L. I see, I see! the spirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art signing thy consent—and now I see myself within thy arms, my friend and brother, yea, I am become bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh. [*Embracing him*] Hum—

Mrs. P. The spirit hath greatly moved them both—friend Prim, thou must consent; there's no resisting of the spirit!

Obad. Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah—and my hand shall confess its obedience to the spirit.

[*Exit Mrs. Prim.*]

Col. F. I wish it were over.

Re-enter Mrs. PRIM, with Pen and Ink.

Miss L. I tremble lest this quaking rogue should return, and spoil all. [*Aside.*]

Obad. Here, friend, do thou write what the spirit prompteth, and I will sign it.

[*Col. L. sits down.*]

Col. F. [*Reads*] This is to certify all

1) This hum is intended to express the long sigh, or rather groan, that is performed by the Quakers, at the end of a speech to which the spirit has moved them. The actor makes this irresistibly come on the stage, by clapping his hands, sticking his elbows close to his side, his feet close-joined and completely straight, head and eyes raised towards the ceiling, and then, in this position, raises himself on his toes at the beginning of the word hu—and enforces the emphasis by degrees coming down again on his heels at the full point—his thumbs twisting rapidly in the mean time.

whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my right and title in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full consent that she shall become his wife according to the form of marriage. Witness my hand.

Obad. That's enough—give me the pen.

[Signs it.]

Enter BETTY, running to Miss LOVELY.

Betty. Oh! madam, madam, here's the quaking man again: he has brought a coachman, and two or three more.

Miss L. Ruin'd past redemption!

[Aside to the Colonel.]

Col. F. No, no; one minute sooner had spoil'd all; but now—here's company coming, friend, give me the paper.

[Going to Prim hastily.]

Obad. Here it is, Simon; and I wish thee happy with the maiden.

Miss L. 'Tis done; and now, devil, do thy worst.

Enter SIMON PURE, Coachman, and others.

Simon. Look thee, friend, I have brought these people to satisfy thee that I am not that impostor which thou didst take me for: this is the man that did drive the leathern conveyency, and brought me from Bristol—and this is—

Col. F. Lookye, friend, to save the court the trouble of examining witnesses—I plead guilty, ha, ha!

Obad. How's this? Is not thy name Pure then?

Col. F. No, really, sir; I only made bold with this gentleman's name—but here I give it up safe and sound: it has done the business I had occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his service upon the same occasion at any time.—Ha, ha, ha!

Simon. Oh! the wickedness of the age!

[Exit Coachman, etc.]

Obad. I am struck dumb with thy impudence, Anne; thou hast deceiv'd me—and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. P. Thou art a dissembling baggage, and shame will overtake thee. [Exit.]

Simon. I am grieved to see thy wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her. [Exit.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Thy brother guardians inquire for thee: here is another man with them.

Miss L. Who can that other man be?

[To Col. F.]

Col. F. 'Tis Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the guardians here.

Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE, TRADELOVE, PERIWINKLE, and FREEMAN.

Free. Is all safe? Did my letter do you service?

[Aside to the Colonel.]

Col. F. All, all's safe! ample service. [Aside.]

Sir P. Miss Nancy, how dost do, child?

Miss L. Don't call me miss, friend Philip; my name is Anne, thou knowest—

Sir P. What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

Miss L. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd. Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the clothes becoming thy age.

Obad. I am ashamed to see these men. [Aside.]

Sir P. My age! the woman is possess'd.

Col. F. No, thou art possess'd rather, friend.

Trade. Harkye, miss Lovely, one word with you. [Takes hold of her Hand.]

Col. F. This maiden is my wife, thanks to my friend Prim, and thou hast no business with her. [Takes her from him.]

Trade. His wife! harkye, Mr. Freeman.

Per. Why you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr. Prim.

Sir P. Married to a quaker! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan truly—there's a husband for a young lady!

Col. F. When I have put on my beau clothes, sir Philip, you'll like me better—

Sir P. Thou wilt make a very scurvy beau—friend—

Col. F. I believe I can prove it under your hand that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the Park t'other day, about thirty-six minutes after eleven; will you take a pinch, sir Philip?—One of the finest snuff-boxes you ever saw. [Offers him snuff.]

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoyed, 'faith I am, if thou be'st the gentleman—I own I did give my consent to the gentleman I brought here to-day—but whether this is he I can't be positive.

Obad. Canst thou not!—Now I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan.—Thou shallow-brain'd shuttlecock, he may be a pickpocket for aught thou dost know.

Per. You would have been two rare fellows to have been entrusted with the sole management of her fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. Tradelove and myself shall take care of her portion.—

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will—Didn't you tell me the Dutch merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. Freeman?

Free. I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little patience.

Col. F. What, is Mr. Tradelove impatient? Nay, then, ib ben geroet voor your, he be, Jan Van Timamtirelereletta Heer Van Feignwell, vergeeten!

Trade. Oh! pox of the name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. Freeman?

Col. F. Trick'd, Mr. Tradelove! did not I give you two thousand pounds for your consent fairly? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you?

Per. So, so, you are a pretty guardian, 'faith, to sell your charge: what, did you look upon her as part of your stock?

Obad. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy knavery is found out, however—I confess the maiden overreached me, and I had no sinister end at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one thing or other overreached you all,—but I'll take care he shall never finger a penny of her money, I warrant you—over-reach'd, quotha! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had no more wit: I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. F. The very same.

Per. Are you so, sir? but your trick would not pass upon me.

Col. F. No, as you say, at that time it did not, that was not my lucky hour—but, harkye, sir, I must let you into one secret—you may keep honest John Tradescant's coat on, for your uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is not dead

—so the charge of mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Mr. Pillage, your uncle's steward? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. F. Don't you remember the signing of a lease, Mr. Periwinkle?

Per. VVell, and what signifies that lease, if my uncle is not dead?—Ha! I am sure it was a lease I signed.—

Col. F. Ay, but it was a lease for life, sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Miss Lovely.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbour's fare.

Free. So then, I find, you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a lease as ever I read in my life.

Col. F. You read a lease I grant you; but you sign'd this contract. [*Showing a Paper.*]

Per. How durst you put this trick upon me, Mr. Freeman? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying?

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my friend, ha, ha!—

Sir P. VVhat, the learned and famous Mr. Periwinkle chous'd too!—Ha, ha, ha!—I shall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Trade. VVell, since you have out-witted us all, pray you what and who are you, sir?

Sir P. Sir, the gentleman is a fine gentleman.—I am glad you have got a person, ma-

dam, who understands dress and good breeding.—I was resolved she should have one of my choosing.

Trade. A beau! nay, then, she is finely help'd up.

Miss L. Why beaus are great encouragers of trade, sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. F. Lookye, gentlemen—I am the person who can give the best account of myself; and I must beg sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much aversion to what he calls dress and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to serve his majesty, and headed a regiment of the bravest fellows that ever push'd bayonet in the throat of a Frenchman; and notwithstanding the fortune this lady brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, this sword and arm are at her service.

And now, my fair, if thou'lt but deign to smile, I meet a recompense for all my toil:

Love and religion ne'er admit restraint,

And force makes many sinners, not one saint;

Still free as air the active mind does rove;

And searches proper objects for its love;

But that once fix'd, 'tis past the power of art

To chase the dear idea from the heart:

'Tis liberty of choice that sweetens life,

Makes the glad husband, and the happy wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE BUSY BODY,

ACTED at the Theatre Royal in Drurylane 1709. At the rehearsal of it, Mr. Wilks had so mean an opinion of his part (Sir George Airy) that one morning in a passion he threw it off the stage into the pit, and swore that nobody would sit to hear such stuff. The poor frightened poetess (Mrs. Centlivre) begged him with tears to take it up again, which he did mutteringly: and about the latter end of April the play was acted for the first time. There had been scarcely any thing mentioned of it in the town before it came out; but those who had heard of it, were told it was a silly thing written by a woman; that the players had no opinion of it, etc. and on the first day there was a very poor house, scarcely charged. Under these circumstances it cannot be supposed that the play appeared to much advantage; the audience only came there for want of another place to go to; but without any expectation of being much diverted. They were yawning at the beginning of it, but were agreeably surprised, more and more every act, till at last the house rang with as much applause as was possible to be given by so thin an audience. The next day there was a better house, and the third crowded for the benefit of the author, and so it continued till the thirteenth. To do justice to the author, it must be confessed, that although the language of it is very indifferent, and the plot mingled with some improbabilities, yet the amusing sprightliness of business, and the natural impertinence in the character of Marplot, make considerable amends for the above-mentioned deficiencies, and render it even to this hour an entertaining performance. The dumb scene of Sir George with Miranda, and the history of the garden gate, are both borrowed from Ben Jonson's comedy of *The Devil's an Ass*. This play was dedicated to Lord Somers. Sir Richard Steele, speaking of it, says, "The plot and the incidents are laid with that subtilty of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of intention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR GEORGE AIRY.

CHARLES.

MARPLOT

MIRANDA.

PATCH.

SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.

SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

WHISPER.

ISABINDA.

SCENTWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, meeting CHARLES

Charles. Ha! sir George Airy a birding thus early! VVhat forbidden game rous'd you so soon? for no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad at such unfashionable hours?).

Sir G. There are some men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

Charles. Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds; nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors?

1) The people of fashion in London, in order to avoid their aversion, mixing with persons of any other rank than their own, turn the night into day, and the day

into night; so that noon with them is generally early in the morning, and in their calculation of time, the words afternoon and night are entirely left out

Sir G. Why, there it is now! a man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture that it will require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

Charles. Ha, ha, ha! never consult the stars about that; gold has a power beyond them. Then what can thy business be that gold won't serve thee in?

Sir G. Why I'm in love.

Charles. In love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! in love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! with what, pr'ythee? a cherub?

Sir G. No; with a woman.

Charles. A woman! good. Ha, ha, ha, ha! and gold not help thee?

Sir G. But suppose I'm in love with two—

Charles. Ay, if thou'rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir G. One is a lady whose face I never saw, but witty to a miracle; the other beautiful as Venus—

Charles. And a fool—

Sir G. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her; but you can inform me. I am charm'd by the wit of the one, and die for the beauty of the other.

Charles. And pray which are you in quest of now?

Sir G. I prefer the sensual pleasure; I'm for her I've seen, who is thy father's ward, Miranda.

Charles. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew, my father, will no more part with her and thirty thousand pounds than he would with a guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir G. Now you see gold can't do every thing, Charles.

Charles. Yes; for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate against you.

Sir G. Why, if he be this avaricious wretch, how can'st thou by such a liberal education?

Charles. Not a souse out of his pocket, I assure you: I had an uncle who defray'd that charge; but for some little wildness of youth, though he made me his heir, left dad my guardian till I came to years of discretion, which I presume the old gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the estate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's¹⁾ dominions.

Sir G. What, canst thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

Charles. I have made many essays to no purpose; though want, the mistress of invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old fox is too cunning for me.—I am upon my last project, which if it fails, then for my last refuge, a brown musket.²⁾

Sir G. What is't? can I assist thee?

Charles. Not yet; when you can, I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir G. I am always ready. But what does

he intend to do with Miranda? Is she to be sold in private, or will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids most? If so, egad I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

Charles. To deal ingenuously with you, sir George, I know very little of her or home; for since my uncle's death, and my return from travel, I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expenses too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me but he quarrels, and to avoid that I shun his house as much as possible. The report is he intends to marry her himself.

Sir G. Can she consent to it?

Charles. Yes, faith, so they say: but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the matter. I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

Sir G. Then I have your free consent to get her?

Charles. Ay, and my helping hand, if occasion be.

Sir G. Poh! yonder's a fool coming this way; let's avoid him.

Charles. What, Marplot? No, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniences in him; he'll lend me his money when he has any, run of my errands, and be proud on it; in short, he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me; and that I trust to my own arm for.

Sir G. Nay, then he's to be endured; I never knew his qualifications before.

Enter MARPLOT, with a Patch across his Face.

Mar. Dear Charles, yours—Ha! sir George Airy! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to! [*Aside*] Give me thy hand, dear boy.

Charles. A good assurance! But harkye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Mar. I must confess 'tis a little mal-a-propos; but no matter for that. A word with you, Charles. Pr'ythee introduce me to sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to—

Charles. When you have 'em, you mean.

Mar. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the thread of my discourse—I would give ten guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his acquaintance. But, pr'ythee, introduce me.

Charles. Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

Mar. I'll do it.

Charles. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir G. Oh! I honour men of the sword! and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

Mar. No really, sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the groom porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milkop, as I thought. A pox of the dice! he flung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

¹⁾ A certain priest of the name of John, is said to have travelled into the mountains of Thibet, and there to have founded the religion of Dalsei Lama, sometime in the 11th century. A farther account is to be seen in the History of the Church.

²⁾ The soldiers call their musket, "brown Bear;" it means here to enlist for a soldier.

Sir G. Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

Mar. Draw, sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat, and be roar'd out. Now the deed a ma sal, sir, gin ye touch yer steel I se whip mine through yer wem.¹⁾

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha!

Charles. Ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walk'd off, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know—

Sir G. Your friends are much obliged to you, sir: I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Mar. Sir George, a bow from the side-box,²⁾ or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir G. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Charles. Provided he may command you.

Mar. Me! why I live for no other purpose—Sir George, I have the honour to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts³⁾ of the town: I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman—

Sir G. No, no, pr'ythee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha?

Mar. VVith the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

Sir G. You know Miranda?

Mar. What! my sister ward? why, her guardian is mine; we are fellow sufferers. Ah, he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified curmudgeon: that sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old—hypocritical—

Charles. Hold, hold; I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Mar. I ask your pardon, Charles, but it is for your sake I hate him. VVell, I say, the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's gaoler. 'Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting—for never were two things so unlike as you and your father; he scrapes up every thing, and thou spend'st every thing; every body is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to every body.

Charles. You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

Mar. Ay, I give and take, Charles—you may be as free with me, you know.

Sir G. A pleasant fellow.

Charles. The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

Mar. I have always your good word, but if I miscarry 'tis none of my fault; I follow my instructions.

Charles. Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

Mar. Pish, pox! that was an accident.

Sir G. VVhat was it, pr'ythee?

Mar. Nay, Charles, now don't expose your friend.

Charles. VVhy, you must know I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence. Sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time, what does he do but gives the husband the letter and offers her the horses!

Mar. VVhy to be sure I did offer her the horses, and I remember you was even with me, for you denied the letter to be yours, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.

Charles. Come, sir George, let's walk round if you are not engaged, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have ordered him to bring me the answer into the Park.

Mar. Business! and I not know it! 'Egad I'll watch him. [Aside.]

Sir G. I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

Charles. My father!

Sir G. Ay, and about the oddest bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the success.

Mar. VVhat can his business be with sir Francis? Now would I give all the world to know it. VVhy the devil should not one know every man's concerns! [Aside.]

Charles. Prosperity to't, whate'er it be: I have private affairs too; over a bottle we'll compare notes.

Mar. Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man; I'll make one; shall it be to-night? I long to know their secrets. [Aside.]

Enter VVHISPER.

Whis. Sir, sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish father has quite spoiled the plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this afternoon, she says: but I must step again to know the hour.

Mar. VVhat did VVhisper say now? I shall go stark mad if I'm not let into the secret. [Aside.]

Charles. Curst misfortune!

Mar. Curst! what's curst, Charles?

Charles. Come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her name. Sir George, yours; we'll meet at the old place, the usual hour.

Sir G. Agreed. I think I see sir Francis yonder. [Exit.]

Charles. Marplot, you must excuse me; I am engag'd. [Exit.]

Mar. Engag'd! 'Egad, I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is. [Exit.]

Mir. Let the chair wait. My servant that dogg'd sir George said he was in the Park.

Enter PATCH.

Ha! miss Patch alone! did not you tell me you had contrived a way to bring Isabinda to the Park?

Patch. Oh, madam, your ladyship can't imagine what wretched disappointment we have met with! Just as I had fetch'd a suit of my clothes for a disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber door: this struck us into a terrible

1) Now the devil have my soul, sir, if ye touch your steel (sword) I will whip (thrust) mine through your wem (belly).

2) The side-box at the Theatre, where the English belles and beaux sport their best looks, and dresses.

3) Ladies who on account of their beauty (sometimes on account of their philanthropy) used to be toasted (to have their healths drunk), in all fashionable societies of gentlemen after dinner.

fright—at length I put on a grave face, and asked him if he was at leisure for his chocolate? in hopes to draw him out of his hole; but he snapp'd my nose off: "No, I shall be busy here these two hours." At which my poor mistress, seeing no way of escape, ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

Mir. Unhappy Isabinda! was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of sir Jealous Traffick?

Patch. Oh, madam, it's his living so long in Spain; he vows he'll spend half his estate but he'll be a parliament man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman seen barefaced even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! how the old fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no; let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair. But, madam, I find you retain the same gay cheerful spirit you had when I waited on your ladyship.—My lady is mighty good-humoured too, and I have found a way to make sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her: he makes me her gaoler, and I set her at liberty.

Mir. I knew thy prolific brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

Patch. But, madam, the report is that you are going to marry your guardian.

Mir. It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

Patch. But is it true, madam?

Mir. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young fellows about town: in my mind now you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, madam, as my lady is with her father.

Mir. No, I have liberty, wench; that she wants: what would she give now to be in this dishabille in the open air, nay, more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes? for that's my case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, madam, she's even with you; for though she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home in spite of old Argus.

Mir. Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes—Ha! my guardian with him! what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure sir Francis can't know me in this dress.—Let's observe 'em. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and SIR GEORGE ARY.

Sir F. Verily, sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so, for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not like a young fellow; they are all vicious, and sel-

dom make good husbands: in sober sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Mir. [*Peeping*] In sober sadness you are mistaken.—What can this mean?

Sir G. Lookye, sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows is not the business: will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir F. In good truth I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he saved to no purpose.

Mir. [*Peeping*] Now, in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

Sir G. Well, sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

Sir F. No verily; if thou dost not buy thy experience thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred and try thy fortune.

Sir G. The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum—Let me see—a hundred guineas—[*Takes the Money out of a Purse, and chinks it*] Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasing look—But then, Miranda—but if she should be cruel—

Sir F. Ay, do consider on't. He, he, he!

Sir G. No, I'll do't. Come, to the point; here's the gold; sum up the conditions.—

[*Sir Francis pulls out a Paper.*]

Mir. [*Peeping*] Ay, for heaven's sake do, for, my expectation is on the rack.

Sir F. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir G. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir F. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my house in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

Sir G. But out of ear-shot.

Sir F. Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

Sir G. Take it. [*Gives him the Purse*] And this agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir F. Ay, ay; the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him!

[*Aside*]—Well, sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha!

[*Chinks them. Exit.*]

Mir. [*Peeping*] Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir G. A very extraordinary bargain I have made, truly; if she should be really in love with this old cuff now—Pshaw! that's morally impossible.—But then, what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her—

Mir. [*Peeping*] Say you so? then I am safe.

Sir G. What though my tongue never spoke, my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flattered me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[*Mir. comes forward.*]

Mir. Upon what, sir George?

Sir G. Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, madam.

Mir. They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, sir George, ha, ha!

Sir G. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every

atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, balances ten times the sum.—Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Mir. By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense—

Sir G. Rather confirm it, madam.

Patch. So rob the lady of your gallantry, sir.

Sir G. No child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner: the other lady I design for a set meal; so there's no danger.—

Mir. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you committed against the god of love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, as to stamp husband on your forehead?

Sir G. For my folly, in having so often met you here without pursuing the laws of nature and exercising her command—But I resolve ere we part now to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Mir. My face is the same flesh and blood with my hand, sir George; which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

Sir G. You'll apply it to my cheek—the ladies' favours are always welcome, but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her*] Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand!¹⁾

Mir. And how will it sound in a chocolate-house, that sir George Airy rudely pulled off a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour that he never would, directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Sir G. But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blamed if I inquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

Mir. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

Sir G. Ay, pr'ythee, consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

Patch. Suppose, sir, the lady should be in love with you.

Sir G. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! that's not the way to love her, child.

Mir. If he discovers me I shall die—Vv'ich way shall I escape? let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Sir G. Vv'ell, madam—

Mir. I have it—Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me I shall sink, even masked as I am), I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir G. Vv'ell, to show you I am a man of honour, I accept the conditions: let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

Patch. Vv'hat mean you, madam?

Mir. To get off.

Sir G. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I

obey. [*Turns his back*] Come, madam, begin—

Mir. First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris [*Draws back a little way, and speaks*] at a ball upon a birth-day; your shape and air charm'd my eyes, your wit and complaisance my soul, and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*]

And when you left the place grief seiz'd me so, Nor rest my heart nor sleep my eyes could know;

Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,
And quit the place in search of liberty.

[*Exit, followed by Patch.*]

Sir G. Excellent—I hope she's handsome. Vv'ell now, madam, to the two other things, your name, and where you live—I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me—Nay, pr'ythee, don't weep, but go on, for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—Speak quickly, or I shall turn about—Not yet—Poor lady! she expects I should comfort her, and to do her justice, she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about*] Ha! gone! the devil! jilted! Vv'hy, what a tale she has invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—Egad, I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is—A curse of my folly—I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

The bold and resolute in love and war
To conquer take the right and swiftest way:
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,
As courage makes the rudest force obey:
Take no denial, and the dames adore ye;
Closely pursue them, and they fall before ye.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in SIR FRANCIS GRIPE'S House.

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh! I shall die with laughing—the most romantic adventure—Ha, ha, ha! Vv'hat does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces to talk ten minutes with me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir F. And I am to be by too, there's the jest; adad,¹⁾ if it had been in private I should not have car'd to trust the young dog.

Mir. Indeed and indeed but you might, Gardy—Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you: so neat, so clean, so good-humoured, and so loving—

Sir F. Pretty rogue, pretty rogue! and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy Gardy before these caperers of the age: thou shalt outshine the queen's box on an opera night; thou shalt be the envy of the ring²⁾ (for I will carry thee to Hyde-park), and thy equipage shall surpass the—what d'ye call 'em ambassador's.

Mir. Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex will envy me more for the inside furniture, when you are in it, than my outside equipage.

Sir F. A cunning baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wise one too! and to show thee that

¹⁾ Alluding to a law which condemns a person to lose his head, if he draw his sword in the park, it being within the precincts of the court. Sir George could easily stretch the meaning to using violence against any one.

¹⁾ For "egad," softened from "by God."

²⁾ The ring in Hyde-park, where the fashionables sport their fine carriages, horses, and liveries, in the spring; something like the Longchamps in Paris.

thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this moment disinheret my son, and settle my whole estate upon thee.

Mir. There's an old rogue now. [*Aside*] No, Gardy, I would not have your name be so black in the world—You know my father's will runs that I am not to possess my estate, without your consent, till I am five-and-twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

Sir F. Humph! that may not be safe—No, Chargy, I'll settle it upon thee for pin-money, and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

Mir. Unconscionable old wretch! bribe me with my own money!—VWhich way shall I get out of his hands?

Sir F. Well, what art thou thinking on, my girl, ha? how to banter sir George?

Mir. I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. [*Aside*] No, Gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I could say, if I should talk to him seven years.

Sir F. How's that? oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad—

Mir. It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aside*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says.

Sir F. Dumb! good; ha, ha, ha! Excellent! ha, ha, ha, ha! I think I have you now, sir George. Dumb! he'll go distracted—well, she's the wittiest rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb! I can't but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb show! ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him it would make him ten times madder; ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir F. Ay, so it would, Chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb; ha, ha, ha!

Enter CHARLES.

Sir F. How now, sirrah! who let you in?

Charles. My necessities, sir.

Sir F. Your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they enter'd.

Charles. Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

Sir F. Then, sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit?

Charles. Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea. I ask this lady's pardon, if I have intruded.

Sir F. Ay, ay, ask her pardon and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Mir. I believe yours, sir Francis, in a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you; I'll retire.

Sir F. I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readiness?

Mir. Certainly. My expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir F. Well, sir.

Charles. Nay, it is very ill, sir, my circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir F. And what's that to me, sir? your management should have made 'em better.

Charles. If you please to intrust me with the management of my estate I shall endeavour it, sir.

Sir F. VWhat, to set upon a card, and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thousand pieces, to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your carelessness to enrich your steward, to fine for sheriff,¹⁾ or put up for a parliament man?

Charles. I hope I should not spend it this way: however I ask only for what my uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, sir.

Sir F. That I shall, out of your reach, I assure you, sir. Adad, these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth.

Charles. I think I was born a gentleman, sir; I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

Sir F. From which you would infer, sir, that gaming and wenching are requisites for a gentleman.

Charles. Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a support he falls into these unmannerly reproaches. I must, though against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. [*Aside.*]

Sir F. Sirrah, what is it you mutter, sirrah, ha? [*Holds up his Cane*] I say you shan't have a groat out of my hands till I please—and may be I'll never please; and what's that to you?

Charles. Nay, to be robb'd or have one's throat cut is not much—

Sir F. VWhat's that, sirrah? would you rob me or cut my throat, you rogue?

Charles. Heaven forbid, sir!—I said no such thing.

Sir F. Mercy on me! what a plague it is to have a son of one-and-twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life to edge himself into the estate!

Enter MARPLOT.

Mar. 'Egad, he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: his secret could not be with his father; his wants are public there.—Guardian, your servant—O Charles, are you there? I know by that sorrowful countenance of thine, the old man's fist is as close as his strong box—But I'll help thee. [*Aside.*]

Sir F. So! here's another extravagant coxcomb that will spend his fortune before he comes to't, but he shall pay swinging interest,²⁾ and so let the fool go on.—VWell, what does necessity bring you too, sir?

Mar. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred pounds.

Sir F. For what?

Mar. Pugh! for a hundred things; I can't for my life tell you for what.

Charles. Sir, I suppose I have received all the answer I am like to have?

Mar. Oh, the devil! if he gets out before me I shall lose him again. [*Aside.*]

1) All good substantial citizens are subject to be chosen as sheriff; but by paying a sum of money as fee, they are exempt from the fatigues of business, which would be too great now a days, besides it is very vulgar to have any sort of occupation.

2) Swinging sometimes means, great.

Sir F. Ay, sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper, ere you find one in mine.

Mar. Pray, sir, dispatch me; the money, sir; I'm in mighty haste.

Sir F. Fool, take this and go to the cashier. I shan't be long plagu'd with thee.

[*Gives him a Note.*]

Mar. Devil take the cashier! I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back.

[*Exit, running.*]

Charles. Well, sir, I take my leave—but remember you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

Sir F. Stay, Charles! I have a sudden thought come into my head, which may prove to thy advantage.

Charles. Ha! does he relent?

Sir F. My lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband; she prais'd thee t'other day; though the match-makers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Charles. My lady Wrinkle, sir! why, she has but one eye. [*Vagance, sir.*]

Sir F. Then she'll see but half your extra-

Charles. Condemn me to such a piece of deformity! a toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd. hunch-back'd hag!

Sir F. Hunch-back'd! so much the better! then she has a rest for her misfortunes, for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now, I warrant, you think this is no offer of a father; forty thousand pounds is nothing with you.

Charles. Yes, sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable.—I thank you, sir; but you choose better for yourself, I find.

Sir F. Out of my doors, you dog! you pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah!

Charles. Sir, I obey you, but—

Sir F. But me no buts—be gone, sir! dare to ask me for money again—refuse forty thousand pounds! Out of my doors, I say, without reply. [*Exit Charles.*]

Enter MARPLOT, running.

Mar. Ha! gone! is Charles gone, Gardy?

Sir F. Yes, and I desire your wise worship to walk after him.

Mar. Nay, 'egad I shall run, I tell you that. A pox of the cashier for detaining me so long! Where the devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this secret, and I had rather by half lose my money—Where shall I find him now—D'ye know where Charles is gone, Gardy?

Sir F. Gone to the devil, and you may go after him.

Mar. Ay, that I will as fast as I can. [*Going, returns*] Have you any commands there, Gardy?

[*Exit.*]

Sir F. What, is the fellow distracted?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir George Airy inquires for you, sir.

Sir F. Desire sir George to walk up.—

[*Exit Servant*].—Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy and him a fool. Ha, ha, ha! In my mind he looks like an ass already.

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Well, sir George, do you hold in the same

mind, or would you capitulate? ha, ha, ha! Look, here are the guineas; [*Chinks them*] ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. Not if they were twice the sum, sir Francis; therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.

Sir F. Agreed. Miranda! [*Exit.*]

Sir G. If she's a woman, and not seduc'd by witchcraft, to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ache; for if she has but one grain of inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand shapes but find it.

Re-enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.

Sir G. So from the eastern chambers breaks the sun, dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below. [*Salutes her.*]

Sir F. Hold, sir; kissing was not in our agreement.

Sir G. Oh! that's by way of prologue. Pr'y-thee, old mammon, to thy post.

Sir F. [*Takes out his Watch*] Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; ten minutes, remember, is your utmost limit; not a minute more.

[*Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.*]

Sir G. Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer; your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love, your vivacity a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality. Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke; assume yourself, and dash his bold, aspiring hopes. The deity of his desires is avarice, a heretic in love, and ought to be banished by the queen of beauty. See, madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

[*Miranda gives him her Hand to raise him.*]

Sir F. [*Running up*] Hold, hold, hold! no palming; that's contrary to articles—

Sir G. 'Sdeath, sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*]

Sir F. [*Going back*] A bloody-minded fellow!

Sir G. Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my address too grave: I'll be more free. [*Aside*] Can you be so unconscionable, madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return?

Sir F. [*Running up with his Watch in his Hand*] There's five of the ten minutes gone, sir George—Adad, I don't like those close conferences—

Sir G. More interruptions—you will have it, sir! [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*]

Sir F. [*Going back*] No, no; you shan't have her neither. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Dumb still—sure this old dog has enjoin'd her silence. I'll try another way.

[*Aside*] Madam, these few minutes cost me an hundred pounds—and would you answer me, I could purchase the whole day so. However, madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person; therefore, madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question: as for example, when

I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head thus, [*Nods*] and when in the negative, thus, [*Shakes his Head*] and in the doubtful, a tender sigh thus. [*Sighs*].

Mir. How every action charms me—but I'll fit him for signs, I warrant him. [*Aside*].

Sir G. Was it by his desire that you are dumb, madam, to all I can say? [*Miranda nods*] Very well, she's tractable, I find! [*Aside*] And is it possible that you can love him? [*Miranda nods*] Miraculous! Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your esteem? [*Miranda sighs*] Good! she answers me as I could wish. [*Aside*] You'll not consent to marry him then? [*Miranda sighs*] How! doubtful in that?—Undone again—hump! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate 'till twenty-five: I'll try that. [*Aside*] Come, madam, I cannot think you hesitate in this affair out of any motive but your fortune—let him keep it till those few years are expired; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth. [*Miranda holds up her Hands*] Why, what sign is that now? Nay, nay, madam, except you observe my lesson I can't understand your meaning.

Sir F. What a vengeance! are they talking by signs? 'Ad, I may be fool'd here. [*Aside*] What do you mean, sir George?

Sir G. To cut your throat, if you dare mutter another syllable.

Sir F. 'Od, I wish he were fairly out of my house. [*Aside*].

Sir G. Pray, madam, will you answer me to the purpose? [*Miranda shakes her Head, and points to Sir Francis*] What does she mean? She won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid you'll old cuff should understand her signs?—ay, it must be that. [*Aside*] I perceive, madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules, therefore I'll suppose your mind, and answer for you.—First for myself, madam; "that I am in love with you is an infallible truth." Now for you. [*Turns on her Side*] "Indeed, sir! and may I believe it?"—"As certainly, madam, as that 'tis daylight, or that I die if you persist in silence."—"Bless me with the music of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper heaven. Thus low let me entreat ere I'm obliged to quit this place; grant me some token of a favourable reception to keep my hopes alive." [*Arises hastily, and turns on her Side*] "Rise, sir, and since my guardian's presence will not allow me privilege of tongue, read that, and rest assur'd you are not indifferent to me." [*Offers her a Letter, she strikes it down*] Ha, right woman! but no matter; I'll go on.

Sir F. Ha! what's that? a letter!—Ha, ha, ha! thou art balk'd.

Sir G. Ha! a letter! oh! let me kiss it with the same raptures that I would do the dear hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it*] Now for a quick fancy, and a long extempore.

Sir F. [*Coming up hastily*] The time is expired, sir, and you must take your leave. There, my girl, there's the hundred pounds which thou hast won. Go; I'll be with you

presently; ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Miranda*].

Sir G. Adsheart, madam, you won't leave me just in the nick, ¹⁾ will you?

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, sir George, I think! ha, ha, ha! Have you any more hundred pounds to throw away upon courtship? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. He, he, he, he! A curse of your sneering jests!—Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same way she does not value thee a spoonful of snuff—nay more, though you enjoin'd her silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the purpose with yourself.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! Did I not tell thee thou wouldst repent thy money? Did I not say she hated young fellows? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. And I'm positive she's not in love with age.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! She's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetoric to boot; ha, ha!

Sir G. Whatever her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with envy—Poor man! poor man! ha, ha, ha! I must beg your pardon, sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her share of mirth. Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn too—for if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you will be cuckolded most egregiously; remember that, and tremble.

[*Exeunt*].

SCENE II.—SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S House.

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, ISABINDA, and PATCH, following.

Sir J. What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary?—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead to show passengers there's something to be let?

Isa. What harm can there be in a little fresh air, sir?

Sir J. Is your constitution so hot, mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules; banish your taste and thoughts of flesh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

Isa. That, and a close room, would certainly make me die of the vapours.

Sir J. No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: 'tis your ratafia, persico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clara, cause such swimming in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor: but you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home, for in our loose country the women are as dangerous as the men.

Patch. So I told her, sir, and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—but she threatened to slap my chops, and told me I was her servant, not her governess.

Sir J. Did she so? but I'll make her to know that you are her duenna. Oh, that incomparable custom of Spain! Why, here's no depending upon old women in my country

¹⁾ The critical moment.

—for they are as wanton at eighty as a girl of eighteen; and a man may as safely trust to Asgil's translation, as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

Isa. Or to the Spanish ladies' veils and duennas for the safeguard of their honour.

Sir J. Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight, without a peep-hole.

Isa. If we had but the ghostly helps in England which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—Let me tell you, sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthens the other senses, and is often more pernicious than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

Sir J. Say you so, mistress! who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty; therefore, Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from 'Change. I shall have some sauntering coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think by leaping into her arms to leap into my estate—but I'll prevent them; she shall be only signior Babinetto's.

Patch. Really, sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this affair; I lead a life like a dog in obeying your commands. Come, madam, will you be locked up?

Isa. Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside. Exit with Patch.*]

Sir J. I believe this wench is very true to my interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon till signior Babinetto arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife than the grand signior's mistress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S House.*

Enter WHISPER.

Whis. So, there goes sir Jealous: where shall I find Mrs. Patch, now?

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, Mr. Whisper! my lady saw you out of the window, and order'd me to bid you fly and let your master know she's now alone.

Whis. Hush! speak softly! I go, I go! But harkye, Mrs. Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay; farewell.

[*Goes in and shuts the Door. Whisper peeps after her through the Key-hole.*]

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, meeting WHISPER.

Sir J. Sure, whilst I was talking with Mr. Tradewell, I heard my door clap. [*Seeing Whisper*] Ha! a man lurking about my house! Who do you want there, sir?

Whis. Want—want—a pox! Sir Jealous! What must I say now? [*Aside.*]

Sir J. Ay, want! Have you a letter or mes-

sage for any body there?—O'my conscience this is some he baw'd—

Whis. Letter or message, sir?

Sir J. Ay, letter or message, sir?

Whis. No, not I, sir.

Sir J. Sirrah, sirrah! I'll have you set in the stocks¹⁾ if you don't tell your business immediately.

Whis. Nay, sir, my business—is no great matter of business neither, and yet 'tis business of consequence too.

Sir J. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whis. Trifle, sir! have you found him, sir?

Sir J. Found what, you rascal?

Whis. Why, Trifle is the very lapdog my lady lost, sir; I fancied I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir, my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir J. Who is your lady, friend?

Whis. My lady Lovepuppy, sir.

Sir J. My lady Lovepuppy, sir! then pry-thee carry thyself to her, for I know of no other whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you press'd into the service, sirrah.

Whis. By no means, sir—Your humble servant.—I must watch whether he goes or no before I can tell my master. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Sir J. This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half suspect a design; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*CHARLES'S Lodgings.*

Enter CHARLES and MARPLOT.

Charles. Honest Marplot, I thank thee for this supply. I expect my lawyer with a thousand pounds I have ordered him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Mar. Pho, pho! no more of that. Here comes sir George Airy,

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY.

cursedly out of humour at his disappointment. See how he looks! ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. Ah, Charles! I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chambermaid again—I'll tell thee—

Charles. Ha, ha! I'll spare you the relation by telling you—Impatient to know your business with my father, when I saw you enter I slipp'd back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

Mar. Did you, Charles? I wish I had been with you.

Sir G. That I said—but I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But prythee tell me, Charles, is she a fool?

Charles. I never suspected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow him a judge.

Mar. A fool! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together. Why, she'll rally me till I han't a word to say for myself.

¹⁾ The stocks are now the punishment of the poor country-fellows for getting tipsy, swearing etc. towns and cities are too refined for these things, and now the tread-mill generally employs the wicked. It would seem as if these inventions came from China, if we are to believe Goldsmith's geography.

Charles. A mighty proof of her wit, truly—

Mar. There must be some trick in't, sir George; 'egad, I'll find it out, if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

Sir G. Do, and command me—

Mar. Enough: let me alone to trace a secret—

Enter WHISPER, and speaks aside to his Master.

The devil! he here again! damn that fellow, he never speaks out. Is this the same, or a new secret? [*Aside*] You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Charles. Pardon me, Marplot, 'tis a secret.

Mar. A secret! ay, or eood¹) I would not give a farthing for it. Sir George, won't you ask Charles what news *Whisper* brings?

Sir G. Not I, sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Mar. Lord, Lord! how little curiosity some people have! Now my chief pleasure is in knowing every body's business.

Sir G. I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands?

Mar. Have you, Charles?

Sir G. I have a little business too.

Mar. Have you, sir George?

Sir G. Marplot, if it falls in your way to bring me any intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd-house at six—

Mar. You do me much honour.

Charles. You guess right, sir George; wish me success.

Sir G. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Marplot, you must excuse me—

Mar. Nay, nay; what need of any excuse amongst friends? I'll go with you.

Charles. Indeed you must not.

Mar. No! then I suppose 'tis a duel; and I will go to secure you.

Charles. Well, but 'tis no duel, consequently no danger; therefore pry'thee be answer'd.

Mar. What, is't a mistress then?—Mum—you know I can be silent upon occasion.

Charles. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Well, here's the house which holds the lovely prize, quiet and serene: here no noisy footmen throng to tell the world that beauty dwells within, no ceremonious visit makes the lover wait, no rival to give my heart a pang. Who would not scale the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquette, where every minute he is jostled out of place? [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch! Mrs. Patch!

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, are you come, sir? All's safe.

Charles. So in, in then. [*They go in.*]

Enter MARPLOT.

Mar. There he goes! Who the devil lives

1) Eood for "by God."

here? Except I find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever. 'Gad, I'll watch; it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat cut. If there should be any mischief, I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavours to keep me out of the secret, I may save your life for aught I know. At that corner I'll plant myself; there I shall see whoever goes in or comes out. 'Gad, I love discoveries. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the House of SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

CHARLES, ISAMINDA, and PATCH discovered.

Isa. Patch, look out sharp; have a care of dad¹).

Patch. I warrant you.

Isa. Vwell, sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the lion's den when you come to see me.

Charles. If you'll consent whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

Isa. That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another, like poor wretches who fly the burning ship, and meet their fate in the water. Come, come, Charles, I fear, if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you would make the frolic pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting, love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would also fail us.

Charles. 'Faith, I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a stock will last for life, to back which I have taken a thousand pounds upon my uncle's estate; that surely will support us till one of our fathers relent.

Isa. There's no trusting to that, my friend; I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

Charles. And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human?

Isa. No; when it comes to that extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a soldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

Charles. Bravely resolv'd! the world cannot be more savage than our parents, and fortune generally assists the bold, therefore consent now: why should she put it to a future hazard? who knows when we shall have another opportunity?

Isa. Oh, you have your ladder of ropes, I suppose, and the closet window stands just where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignments. Thus much of the Spanish contrivance my father's severity has taught me; I thank him: though I hate the nation, I admire their management in these affairs.

1) Dad for father, as pronounced by children learning to speak.

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, madam! I see my master coming up the street.

Charles. Oh, the devil! 'would I had my ladder now! I thought you had not expected him till night. VWhy, why, why, why, what shall I do, madam?

Isa. Oh! for heaven's sake, don't go that way; you'll meet him full in the teeth. Oh, unlucky moment!

Charles. 'Adsheart! can you shut me into no cupboard, nor ram me into a chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, sir; he searches every hole in the house.

Isa. Undone for ever! If he sees you I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on it; run you to your chamber, madam; and, sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

Charles. My life! adieu—Lead on, guide, [*Exeunt Patch and Charles.*]

Isa. Heavens preserve him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Street.

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, followed by MARPLOT.

Sir J. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's sauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy, had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Jago, If I should find a man in the house I'd make mince-meat of him—

Mar. Mince-meat! Ah, poor Charles! how I sweat for thee! 'Egad, he's old—I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage. 'Egad, I'll pluck up, and have a touch with him.

Sir J. My own key shall let me in; I'll give them no warning. [*Feeling for his Key.*]

Mar. VWhat's that you say, sir? [*Going up to Sir Jealous.*]

Sir J. VWhat's that to you, sir? [*Turns quick upon him.*]

Mar. Yes, 'tis to me, sir; for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in—

Sir J. VWhat, is he in then?

Mar. Yes, sir, he is in then; and I say if he does not come out, I have half a dozen myrmidons hard by shall beat your house about your ears.

Sir J. Ah! a combination to undo me—I'll myrmidon you, ye dog, you—Thieves! thieves! [*Beats Marplot.*]

Mar. Murder, murder! I was not in your house, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. VWhat's the matter, sir?

Sir J. The matter, rascal! you have let a man into my house; but I'll flay him alive. Follow me; I'll not leave a mouse-hole unsearch'd. If I find him, by St. Jago, I'll equip him for the opera¹⁾.

Mar. A deuce of his cane! there's no trusting to age—VWhat shall I do to relieve Charles? 'egad, I'll raise the neighbourhood. —Mur-

der! murder!—[*Charles drops down upon him from the balcony*] Charles! faith, I'm glad to see thee safe out, with all my heart!

Charles. A pox of your bawling! how the devil came you here?

Mar. 'Egad, it's very well for you that I was here; I have done you a piece of service: I told the old thunderbolt that the gentleman that was gone in was—

Charles. VWas it you that told him, sir? [*Laying hold of him*] 'Sdeath! I could crush thee into atoms. [*Exit.*]

Mar. VWhat! will you choke me for my kindness?—VWill my inquiring soul never leave searching into other people's affairs till it gets squeezed out of my body? I dare not follow him now for my blood, he's in such a passion.—I'll go to Miranda; if I can discover aught that may oblige sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles.

Sir J. [*Within*] Look about! search, find him out!

Mar. Oh, the devil! there's old Crabstick again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the House of SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK and his Servants.

Sir J. Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

Sir J. Under the beds and over the beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too, but found nobody, sir.

Sir J. VWhy, what could this rogue mean?

Enter ISABINDA and PATCH.

Patch. Take courage, madam; I saw him safe out. [*Aside to Isabinda.*]

Isa. Bless me! what's the matter, sir?

Sir J. You know best—Pray where's the man that was here just now?

Isa. VWhat man, sir? I saw none.

Patch. Nor I, by the trust you repose in me. Do you think I would let a man come within these doors when you are absent?

Sir J. Ah, Patch! she may be too cunning for thy honesty: the very scout that he had set to give warning discovered it to me—and threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—but I think I maul'd the villain. These affections you draw upon me, mistress.

Isa. Pardon me, sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

Sir J. No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquettish flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy shall I resign thee into the arms of don Diego Babinetto!

Isa. And with what industry shall I avoid him. [*Aside.*]

Sir J. Certainly that rogue had a message from somebody or other, but being balk'd by my coming popp'd that sham¹⁾ upon me.

¹⁾ By giving a man a good dressing is meant, a good beating; and it being necessary to be full dressed to go to the opera in London, the pun explains itself.

¹⁾ This is one of those elegant expressions which comes under the denomination of *slang*, or *flash*; the language of the fashionables in London, the gentlemen boxers, pick-pockets, and murderers, as also of the lowest vulgar. This language is rendered immortal by Mr. Egan in his "Life in London," and description of fights in the Observer newspaper. This slang has been so much

Come along, ye sots, let's see if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up; d'ye hear?

[*Exeunt Sir Jealous and Servants.*]

Patch. Yes, sir—Ay, walk till your heels ache, you'll find nobody, I promise you.

Isa. Who could that scout be he talks off?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was Whisper.

Isa. Well, dear Patch! let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

Patch. Fear not, madam; don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving; and then what's a chambermaid good for?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—SIR FRANCIS GRIPE'S House.

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.

Mir. Well, Gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene.

Sir F. To admiration—Thou dear little rogue! let me buss thee for it: nay, adad I will, Chargy, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee; I will, i'faith, I will.

[*Hugging and kissing her.*]

Mir. Nay, Gardy, don't be so lavish. Who would ride post when the journey lasts for life?

Sir F. Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my dear! wilt thou convince the world of the happy day? when shall we marry, ha?

Mir. There's nothing wanting but your consent, sir Francis.

Sir F. My consent! what does my charmer mean?

Mir. Nay, 'tis only a whim; but I'll have every thing according to form—therefore when you sign an authentic paper, drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me yours, Gardy.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why, is it not demonstration I give my leave when I marry thee?

Mir. Not for your reputation, Gardy; the malicious world will be apt, to say you trick me into marriage, and so take the merit from my choice: now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

Sir F. Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, Chargy! I'm not so old, as thou shalt find. Adad, I'm young: there's a caper for ye! [*Jumps.*]

Mir. Oh, never excuse it; why I like you the better for being old—but I shall suspect you don't love me if you refuse me this formality.

Sir F. Not love thee, Chargy! Adad, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? 'egad, better than money; i'faith I do—

Mir. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside*] To prove it do this then.

Sir F. Well, I will do it, Chargy, provided I bring a licence at the same time.

used of late in London, that it is very difficult to understand the conversation of gentlemen without some knowledge of it; and thus the country gentleman is often at a loss in London. Mixed with a number of expressions the most vile and abominable that ever could be used, there are some highly poetical ones. The language itself is famous for Onomatopoeia, such as, *simy* for a bank-note; and it is derived from all the known languages in the world, enriched with sea-terms, and expressions from Botany-bay, etc. To *pop a sham*, means, to deceive by false pretences.

Mir. Ay, and a parson too, if you please. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young coxcombs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

Sir F. So they will, so they will! ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my Gardy—

Sir F. If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold, as the old saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Mir. You must know, Gardy, that I am so eager to have this business concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the Temple, to settle matters just to your liking; you are to give your consent to my marriage, which is to yourself you know: but, mum, you must take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands; then to-morrow we come slap¹⁾ upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on, by which you seize me and my estate, and I suppose make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

Sir F. Nay but, Chargy, if—

Mir. Nay, Gardy, no ifs.—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two British peers, and half a score knights, to have put in your ifs?

Sir F. So thou hast indeed, and I will trust to thy management: 'Od, I'm all of a fire.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder the dry stubble does not blaze. [*Aside.*]

Enter MARPLOT.

Sir F. How now, who sent for you, sir? What is the hundred pounds gone already?

Mar. No, sir; I don't want money now, Gardy.

Sir F. No, that's a miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

Mar. Ay, what's that?

Sir F. Manners! What, had I no servants without?

Mar. None that could do my business, guardian, which is at present with this lady.

Mir. With me, Mr. Marplot? what is it, I beseech you?

Sir F. Ay, sir, what is it? any thing that relates to her, may be delivered to me.

Mar. I deny that.

Mir. That's more than I do, sir.

Mar. Indeed, madam! Why then to proceed: Fame says, you know best whether she tells truth or not, that you and my most conscientious guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable gentleman out of a hundred pounds: guilty or not?

Mir. That I contriv'd it!

Mar. Ay, you—you said never a word against it; so far you are guilty.

Sir F. Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last; ha, ha, ha! Chous'd, quotha! But, harkye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him, who shall show him a trick for twice as much²⁾. D'ye hear? tell him that.

1) Slang; to come slap upon a person, means suddenly.

2) Slang; to show a trick for twice as much, or a trick worth two, which is the most general expression, means, to be an over-match for a person.

Mar. So, and this is the way you use a gentleman, and my friend!

Mir. Is the wretch thy friend?

Mar. The wretch! lookye, madam, don't call names; 'egad, I won't take it.

Mir. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Mar. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir F. Sir, I shall make a servant show you out at the window if you are saucy.

Mar. I am your most humble servant, guardian; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady one question. Don't you think he's a fine gentleman?

Sir F. Who's a fine gentleman?

Mar. Not you, Gardy, not you! Don't you think, in your soul, that sir George Airy is a very fine gentleman?

Mir. He dresses well.

Sir F. Which is chiefly owing to his tailor and valet de chambre.

Mar. Well! and who is your dress owing to, ha? There's a beau, ma'am—do but look at him!

Sir F. Sirrah!

Mir. And if being a beau be a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he may be so.

Mar. He may be so! Why, ma'am, the judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, ay, and economy too, though I think he forfeited that character when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyship.

Sir F. Does that gall him? Ha, ha, ha!

Mir. So, sir George, remaining in deep discontent, has sent you, his trusty squire, to utter his complaint. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Yes, madam! and you, like a cruel hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I would your ladyship, were I sir George; you you, you—

Mir. Oh, don't call names: I know you love to be employed, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

Mar. According as I like it. What is it?

Mir. Nay, a kind one, you may be sure—First, tell him I have chose this gentleman, to have and to hold¹⁾ and so forth.

[*Taking the Hand of Sir F.*

Mar. Much good may he do you!

Sir F. Oh, the dear rogue! how I dote on her!

[*Aside.*

Mir. And advise his impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer sir Francis for a husband before all the fops in the universe.

Mar. Oh Lord, oh Lord! she's bewitched, that's certain. Here's a husband for eighteen—here's a tit-bit for a young lady—here's a shape, an air, and a grace—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag—[*Turning Sir Francis about*] here's buckram and canvass to scrub you to repentance.

Sir F. Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

Mar. No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

Mir. One thing more; advise him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand, for if he dare to saunter there, about the hour of

eight, as he us'd to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or a blunderbuss.

Sir F. Oh, monstrous! Why, Chargy, did he use to come to the garden-gate?

Mir. The gardener describ'd just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain would have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

Mar. Pistols and blunderbusses! 'Egad, a warm reception indeed! I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep further off.

Mir. I hope he will understand my meaning better than to follow your advice. [*Aside.*

Sir F. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd and taken possession of my heart for ever, Chargy, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Saucebox, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman.

Mar. Why, there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day—Well, guardian, I say no more: but if you be not as arrogant a cuckold as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attendance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone; and so your humble servant.

Mir. Mr. Marplot, don't forget the message: ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Nang, nang, nang!

[*Exit.*

Sir F. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Mir. Oh, mind him not, Gardy, but let's sign articles, and then—

Sir F. And then—Adad, I believe I am metamorphos'd, my pulse heats high, and my blood boils, methinks—[*Kissing and hugging her.*

Mir. Oh, fie, Gardy! be not so violent: consider the market lasts all the year.—Well, I'll in, and see if the lawyer be come: you'll follow.

[*Exit.*

Sir F. Ay, to the world's end, my dear! Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pounds, in love with thee. I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the estate at dispatching an heiress, but I engross the whole. O! mihi praeferitis referet si Jupiter annos.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Tavern.

SIR GEORGE AIRY and CHARLES discovered, with Wine, Pens, Ink, and Paper on the Table. WHISPER waiting.

Sir G. Nay, pr'ythee, don't be grave, Charles: misfortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

Charles. I am only apprehensive for Isabella; her father's humour is implacable; and how far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

Sir G. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

Charles. But who knows what that unlucky dog, Marplot, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither: that fellow is ever doing mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure wherein he thought to show his

1) These words are employed in the marriage-contract, and law-terms, like other heterogenea, make an odd appearance in friendly conversation.

friendship, as he calls it! a curse on him!

Sir G. Then you must forgive him. What said he?

Charles. Said! nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

Sir G. Where is he?

Whis. Sir, I saw him go into sir Francis Gripe's, just now.

Charles. Oh! then he's upon your business, sir George: a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

Sir G. Impossible, without he huffs the lady, and makes love to sir Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Charles. How civil the rogue is when he has done a fault!

Sir G. Ho! desire him to walk up. [*Exit Drawer*] Pr'ythee, Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

Charles. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him.

Enter MARPLOT.

Do but mark his sheepish look, sir George.

Mar. Dear Charles! don't overwhelm a man already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends; but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine?

Sir G. Never mind him, Mr. Marplot; he's eat up with spleen. But tell me what says Miranda?

Mar. Says!—nay, we are all undone there too.

Charles. I told you so; nothing prospers that be undertakes.

Mar. Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse?

Charles. So; there's another of fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edged out of my estate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

Sir G. What! is the woman really possess'd?

Mar. Yes, with the spirit of contradiction: she railed at you most prodigiously.

Sir G. That's no ill sign.

Mar. You'd say it was no good sign if you knew all.

Sir G. Why, pr'ythee?

Mar. Hark'e, sir George, let me warn you; pursue your old haunt no more; it may be dangerous. [*Charles sits down to write.*]

Sir G. My old haunt! what do you mean?

Mar. Why, in short then, since you will have it, Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden-gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, you shall meet with a warm reception.

Sir G. A warm reception!

Mar. Ay, a very warm reception—you shall be saluted with a blunderbuss, sir. These were her very words: nay, she bid me tell you so too.

Sir G. Ha! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! There must be meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles?

Mar. Is there such a gate, Charles?

Charles. Yes, yes, it opens into the Park: I suppose her ladyship has made many a scamper through it.

Sir G. It must be an assignation then. Ha! my heart springs for joy; 'tis a propitious

omen. My dear Marplot! let me embrace thee; thou art my friend, my better angel.

Mar. What do you mean, sir George?

Sir G. No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, you dear rogue, you!

Mar. You have reason to be transported, sir George; I have sav'd your life.

Sir G. My life! thou hast sav'd my soul, man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

Charles. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. [*Gives him a Letter*] Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

Whis. I warrant you, sir.

Mar. Whither does that letter go? Now dare I not ask for my blood.—That fellow knows more secrets than I do.—*Aside.* Following *Whisper as he is going*—*Whisper!*

Whis. Sir.

Mar. Whisper, here's half a crown for you.

Whis. Thank ye, sir.

Mar. Now where is that letter going?

Whis. Into my pocket, sir. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Now I'm for you.

Sir G. To the garden-gate at the hour of eight, Charles: allons; huzza!

Charles. I begin to conceive you.

Mar. That's more than I do, 'egad—To the garden-gate, huzza! [*Drinks*] But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, sir George.

Sir G. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her frowns; let her use the blunderbuss against the next fool; she shan't reach me with the smoke, I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Ah, Charles! if you could receive a disappointment thus en cavalier, one should have some comfort in being beat for you.

Charles. The fool comprehends nothing.

Sir G. Nor would I have him. Pr'ythee, take him along with thee.

Charles. Enough.

Sir G. I kiss both your hands—And now for the garden-gate.

It's beauty gives the assignation there,

And love too powerful grows 't admit of fear. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Come, you shall go home with me.

Mar. Shall I! and are we friends, Charles?—I am glad of it.

Charles. Come along. [*Exit.*]

Mar. 'Egad, Charles's asking me to go home with him gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him the drop¹⁾, and away to Gardy's and find it out. [*Exit.*]

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.—*The outside of SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S House; PATCH peeping out of the Door.*

Enter WHISPER.

Whis. Ha! Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd so, and by her orders I have been scouting this hour in search of you, to inform you that sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night,

¹⁾ I'll give him the drop; I'll give him the slip, is slang for, I'll get away from him.

which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of ropes. The closet window shall be open, and Isabinda ready to receive him. Bid him come immediately.

Whis. Excellent! he'll not disappoint, I warrant him.—But hold, I have a letter here which I'm to carry an answer to. I cannot think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho! 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert discovery—Ha! I hear my old master coming down stairs; it is impossible you should have an answer: away, and bid him come himself for that. Be gone, we're ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his care since the last accident.

Whis. I go, I go. *[Exit.]*

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. *[Puts it aside, and it falls down]* Now I'll up the back stairs lest I meet him—Well, a dextrous chambermaid is the ladies' best utensil, I say.

[Exit.]

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, with a Letter in his Hand.

Sir J. So, this is some comfort; this tells me that signior don Diego Babinetto is safely arriv'd. He shall marry my daughter the minute he comes—Ha, ha! what's here? *[Takes up the Letter Patch dropped]* A letter! I don't know what to make of the superscription. I'll see what's withinside. *[Opens it]*—Humph—'tis Hebrew, I think. What can this mean?—There must be some trick in it. This was certainly design'd for my daughter; but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother tongue.—No matter for that; this may be one of love's hieroglyphics; and I fancy I saw 'Patch's tail sweep by: that wench may be a slut, and instead of guarding my honour betray it. I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd—VWho's there?

Enter Servant.

What answer did you bring from the gentlemen I sent you to invite?

Serv. That they'd all wait on you, sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, sir.

Sir J. Did I so, sir? but I shan't forget to break your head if any of them come, sir.

Serv. Come, sir! why, did not you send me to desire their company, sir?

Sir J. But I send you now to desire their absence. Say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon; and, d'ye hear, send the butler to me.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Butler.

Sir J. If this paper has a meaning I'll find it—Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

But. Yes, sir.—Hey-day! what's the matter now?

[Exit.]

Sir J. He wants the eyes of Argus that has a young handsome daughter in this town; but my comfort is I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less danger.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—ISABINDA'S Chamber.

ISABINDA and PATCH discovered.

Isa. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to VWhisper?

Patch. Yes, very sure, madam; but I heard sir Jealous coming down stairs, so clapped his letter into my pocket. *[Feels for the Letter.]*

Isa. A letter! give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me! what's become on't—I'm sure I put it— *[Searching still.]*

Isa. Is it possible thou couldst be so careless?—Oh, I'm undone for ever if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dropp'd it upon the stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd? if the worst happens nobody can read it, madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

Isa. If it falls into my father's hands the very figure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run and look for it upon the stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else— *[Going.]*

Enter Butler.

How now, what do you want?

But. My master ordered me to lay the cloth here for supper.

Isa. Ruin'd past redemption— *[Aside.]*

Patch. You mistake, sure. What shall we do?

Isa. I thought he expected company to-night. Oh, poor Charles! oh, unfortunate Isabinda!

But. I thought so too, madam; but I suppose he has altered his mind.

[Lays the Cloth, and exit.]

Isa. The letter is the cause. This heedless action has undone me. Fly and fasten the closet window, which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha! my father! oh, confusion!

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

Sir J. Hold, hold, Patch; whither are you going? I'll have nobody stir out of the room till after supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair—oh, wretched accident! *[Aside.]*

Sir J. I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I don't want my easy chair.

Isa. What will be the event of this? *[Aside.]*

Sir J. Harkye, daughter, do you know this hand?

Isa. As I suspected *[Aside]*—Hand, do you call it, sir? 'tis some schoolboy's scrawl.

Patch. Oh, invention! thou chambermaid's best friend, assist me! *[Aside.]*

Sir J. Are you sure you don't understand it?

[Patch feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats.]

Isa. Do you understand it, sir?

Sir J. I wish I did.

Isa. Thank heav'n you do not *[Aside]* Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, sir!

Patch. O Lord, O Lord! what have you done, sir? why, the paper is mine; I dropp'd it out of my bosom. *[Snatching it from him.]*

Sir J. Ha! yours, mistress?

Patch. Yes, sir, it is.

Sir J. What is it? speak.

Patch. Yes, sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ache—I have worn it these seven years; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain, for nobody knew from whence he came nor whither he went.

He charged me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and heaven knows what will be the event. Oh, cruel misfortune! that I should drop it and you should open it—If you had not open'd it—

Sir J. Pox of your charms and whims for me! if that be all 'tis well enough: there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

Patch. So all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*

Isa. I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll take courage a little. [*Aside*] Is this usage for your daughter, sir? must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle? You immure me like some dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex enjoy, and the custom of the country and modesty allow; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your mistrusts and jealousies. Would I were dead, so I were free from this.

Sir J. To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load: Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends and his begins.

Isa. Is he come then?—Oh, how shall I avoid this hated marriage! [*Aside.*

Enter Servants, with Supper.

Sir J. Come, will you sit down?

Isa. I can't eat, sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song, whilst I do.

Isa. I have such a cold I can scarce speak, sir, much less sing.—How shall I prevent Charles's coming in? [*Aside.*

Sir J. I hope you have the use of your fingers, madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet whilst your woman sings me a song.

Patch. I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*

Isa. I shall make excellent music.

[*Sits down to play.*

Patch. Really, sir, I am so frighten'd about your opening this charm that I can't remember one song.

Sir J. Pish! hang your charm! come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing, truly. [*Aside*] Humph, humph; bless, me! I can't raise my voice, my heart pants so.

Sir J. Why, what does your heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, would the key ¹⁾ was turn'd on you once. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Why don't you sing, I say?

Patch. When madam has put her spinnet in tune, sir: humph, humph—

Isa. I cannot play, sir, whatever ails me.

[*Rising.*

Sir J. Zounds! sit down and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

Isa. What will become of me?

[*Sits down and plays.*

Sir J. Come, mistress.

[*To Patch.*

Patch. Yes, sir.

[*Sings, but horribly out of tune.*

Sir J. Hey, hey! why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, madam, take it a little lower; I cannot reach that note, I fear.

Isa. Well, begin—Oh, Patch, we shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*

Patch. I sink with apprehension, madam. [*Aside*]—Humph, humph.

[*Sings. Charles opens the Closet door.*

Charles. Music and singing! Death! her father there! [*The Women shriek*] Then I must fly—

[*Exit into the Closet. Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the Closet.*

Sir J. Hell and furies! a man in the closet!—

Patch. Ah! a ghost! a ghost!—He must not enter the closet.

[*Isabinda throws herself down before the Closet door as in a swoon.*

Sir J. The devil! I'll make a ghost of him, I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh, hold, sir, have a care; you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? bring some water. Oh, this comes of your opening the charm. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps aloud.*

Sir J. I'll charm you, housewife. Here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in, I'm sure on't. Come out, you rascal, do so. Zounds! take her from the door or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs. Where are you, sirrah? Villain! robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your nest.

[*Goes into the Closet.*

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old gentleman; the bird is flown.

Isa. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well; I was almost dead in earnest with the fright.

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS out of the Closet.

Sir J. Whoever the dog were he has escap'd out of the window, for the sash is up: but though he is got out of my reach, you are not. And first, Mrs. Pander, with your charms for the tooth-ache, get out of my house, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of doors myself; but I'll secure your charge ere I go.

Isa. What do you mean, sir? was she not a creature of your own providing?

Sir J. She was of the devil's providing, for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, sir, to merit your displeasure?

Sir J. I don't know which of you have done it, but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose guilt it is. Go, get in there; I'll move you from this side of the house.

[*Pushes Isabinda in at the Door and locks it, puts the Key in his Pocket*] I'll keep the key myself; I'll try what ghost will get into that room: and now forsooth I'll wait on you down stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor lady!—Down stairs, sir! but I won't go out, sir, till I have lock'd up my clothes, and that's flat.

Sir J. If thou wert as naked as thou wert born, thou shouldst not stay to put on a smock, and that's flat. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Street.

Sir J. [*Putting Patch out at the Door*].

¹⁾ The pun consists in the word *Key's* being employed in music as well as for the door.

There, go and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days, I charge you.

[*Slaps the Door after her.*]

Patch. Did ever any body see such an old monster!

Enter CHARLES.

Oh, Mr. Charles! your affairs and mine are in an ill posture.

Charles. I am inur'd to the frowns of fortune; but what has befall'n thee?

Patch. Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature is always on the watch, nay, even while one eye sleeps the other keeps sentinel, upon sight of you flew into such a violent passion, that I could find no stratagem to appease him, but in spite of all arguments he lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Charles. Ha! oh, Isabinda!

Patch. And swears she shall see neither sun nor moon till she is don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

Charles. He dies; yes, by all the wrongs of love he shall: here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic resolution! there might be ways found out more to your advantage: policy is often prefer'd to open force.

Charles. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent?

Charles. Say'st thou so, my angel! Oh, could that be done, my life to come would be too short to recompense thee: but how can I do that when I neither know what ship he came in, nor from what part of Spain; who recommends him, or how attended.

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to sir Jealous, which he dropp'd one day. You understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, sir?

Charles. My better genius! thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul. I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden-gate open; SCENTWELL waiting within.*

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Sir G. So, this is the gate, and most invitingly open. If there should be a blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools, and what a jest for the wits; how my name would be roar'd about the streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scent. Hist, hist! sir George Airy—

[*Comes forward.*]

Sir G. A female voice! thus far I'm safe—My dear.

Scent. No, I'm not your dear, but I'll conduct you to her. Give me your hand; you must go through many a dark passage and dirty step before you arrive—

Sir G. I know I must before I arrive at Paradise; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

Scent. For aught you know. Come, come, your hand, and away.

Sir G. Here, here, child; you can't be half so swift as my desires.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The House.*

Enter MIRANDA.

Mir. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now, don't I transgress all rules to venture upon a man without the advice of the grave and wise! But then a rigid, knavish guardian who would have marry'd me—to whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, inquir'd into his character, and am satisfied in both. Then his love! who would have given a hundred pounds only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough of his side: and now the only doubt remains whether he will come or no.

Enter SCENTWELL and SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Scent. That's resolv'd; madam, for here's the knight.

[*Exit.*]

Sir G. And do I once more behold that lovely object whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams?

Mir. What, beginning again in heroics?—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd? Not one bare, single word in answer.

Sir G. Ha! the voice of my incognita!—Why did you take then thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Mir. No more of these flights. Do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear, matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides?

Sir G. It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld you.

Mir. And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news I had thirty thousand pounds.

Sir G. Unkind! Did I not offer you, in those purchas'd minutes, to run the risk of your fortune, so you would but secure that lovely person to my arms?

Mir. Well, if you have such love and tenderness, since our wooing has been short, pray reserve it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock; 'twill be a novelty.

Sir G. Haste then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envied pair—

Mir. Hold, not so fast; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong—My guardian, trusting to my dissembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal, but with this proviso, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctor's Commons for a licence.

Sir G. Ha! a licence!

Mir. But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epsom, under a pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor, the thing on earth he covets.

Sir G. 'Tis his known character.

Mir. Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute. It must be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd: that time is ours.

Sir G. Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming years, endless happiness.

Mir. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road—then I and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

Sir G. I have one favour to ask: if it lies in your power you would be a friend to poor Charles; though the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him; and, what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

Mir. I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

Sir G. You are all goodness.

Enter SCENTWELL.

Scent. Oh, madam! my master and Mr. Marplot are just coming into the house.

Mir. Undone, undone! if he finds you here in this crisis, all my plots are unravell'd.

Sir G. What shall I do? Can't I get back into the garden?

Scent. Oh no! he comes up those stairs.

Mir. Here, here, here! Can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, sir George?

Sir G. Any where, any where, dear madam! without ceremony.

Scent. Come, come, sir, lie close.

[They put him behind the Chimney-board.]

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MARPLOT; SIR FRANCIS peeling an Orange.

Sir F. I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear Chargy. Besides, this fellow buzz'd into my ears that thou might'st be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear—

Mir. So Marplot brought you back then?

Mar. Yes, I brought him back.

Mir. I'm oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure.

[Frowning at Marplot aside.]

Mar. By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I can't imagine.

[Aside.]

Sir F. Well, Chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing.

[Sighs.]

Mar. Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

Sir F. Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't—But, Chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open; I will, I will, Chargy, I'll rouse you, i'faith—Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peep¹⁾ in, and not litter her chamber.

Mir. Oh, my stars! what will become of us now?

[Aside.]

Scent. Oh, pray, sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature, indeed I do.

Sir F. No, no, hussy; you have the green pip already; I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[Goes towards the Chimney.]

Mir. Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardy! I have

1) Orange peel.

a, a, a, a, a monkey shut up there; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my china or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear Gardy?

[In a flattering Tone.]

Sir F. Well, well, Chargy, I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue! Here, throw this peel out of the window.

[Exit Scentwell.]

Mar. A monkey! Dear madam, let me see it; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all: Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man!

Mir. Be quiet, mischief! and stand further from the chimney—You shall not see my monkey—why sure—

[Striving with him.]

Mar. For heaven's sake, dear madam! let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as lady Fiddle faddle's. Has it got a chain?

Mir. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it.—Look, Gardy, how he teazes me!

Sir F. *[Getting between him and the Chimney.]* Sirrah, sirrah, let my Chargy's monkey alone, or bamboo shall fly about your ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

Mar. Pugh, pox of the monkey! here's a rout! I wish he may rival you

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir F. Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. Bye, Chargy; one buss!—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Mir. Thank'e, dear Gardy!—Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

Sir F. That's kind, adad.

Mir. Come along, impertinence. *[To Marplot.]*

Mar. *[Stepping back]* 'Egad, I will see the monkey now. *[Lifts up the Board, and discovers Sir George]* O Lord! O Lord! Thieves! thieves! murder!

Sir G. Damn ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I. Which way shall I get out? Show me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Mar. Undone, undone! At that door there. But hold, hold; break that china, and I'll bring you off. *[He runs off at the Corner, and throws down some China.]*

Re-enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA, and SCENTWELL.

Sir F. Mercy on me! what's the matter?

Mir. O, you toad! what have you done?

Mar. No great harm; I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke your china, and whisk'd out of the window.

Sir F. Where, where is it, sirrah?

Mar. There, there, sir Francis, upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.

Sir F. Was ever such an unlucky, rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. Pugh, pugh, pug! I would stay myself to look for it, but you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it

back : all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Mir. Go, go, dear Gardy! I hope I shall recover it.

Sir F. B'ye, b'ye, dearee! Ah, mischief! how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. *[Exit.]*

Mir. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scent. Yes, madam.

Mir. So, sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

Mar. VVhy, look you, madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself; no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. VVho could divine your meaning; when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of sir George?

Mir. A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

Enter SCENTWELL.

Scent. He's gone, madam, as fast as the coach and six can carry him—

Re-enter SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Sir G. Then I may appear.

Mar. Here's pug, ma'am—Dear sir George! make my peace, on my soul I never took you for a monkey before.

Sir G. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Mir. VVell, sir George, if he can be secret.

Mar. 'Odsheart, madam! I'm as secret as a priest when trusted.

Sir G. VVhy 'tis with a priest our business is at present.

Scent. Madam, here's Mrs. Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

Mir. Bring her up.

Enter PATCH.

How do ye, Mrs. Patch? VVhat news from your lady?

Patch. That's for your private ear, madam. Sir George, there's a friend of yours has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

Sir G. His name.

Patch. Charles.

Mar. Ha! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. *[Aside]* I'll wait on you, sir George.

Sir G. A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatched my own affairs I am at his service. I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait on him in half an hour.

Mir. How came you employed in this message, Mrs. Patch?

Patch. VVant of business, madam; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

Mir. How! discharg'd! you must tell me the whole story within.

Patch. VVith all my heart, madam.

Mar. Tell it here, Mrs. Patch.—Pish! pox! I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret; and now I'm half mad to know what Charles wants him for.

Sir G. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship. This exigence admits of no

delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party?

Mir. If you'll run the hazard, sir George; I believe he means well.

Mar. Nay, nay, for my part I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me.

[Going.]

Sir G. So now he has a mind to be gone to Charles; but not knowing what affairs he may have upon his hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. *[Aside]* No, Mr. Marplot, you must not leave us; we want a third person.

[Takes hold of him.]

Mar. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Mir. Come along then; if we fail in the voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd gentleman on board.

Sir G. That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,
VVhose freight is beauty, and whose pilot's love.

[Exeunt Sir George and Miranda.]

Mar. Tyty ti, tyty ti.

[Steals off the other Way.]

Re-enter SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Sir G. Marplot! Marplot!

Mar. *[Entering]* Here! I was coming, sir George. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in SIR FRANCIS GRIPE'S House.

Enter MIRANDA, PATCH, and SCENTWELL.

Mir. VVell, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing; my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more. Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a young one; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no remedy from a husband but the grave, and that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and constitution.

Patch. O! fear not, madam; you'll find your account in sir George Airy; it is impossible a man of sense should use a woman ill, endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It must be the lady's fault if she does not wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when nothing but complaisance and good humour is requisite on either side to make them happy.

Mir. I long till I am out of this house, lest any accident should bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy pocket, and let us march off to sir Jealous's.

Scent. It shall be done, madam. *[Exit.]*

Patch. Sir George will be impatient, madam. If their plot succeeds, we shall be well receiv'd; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

Mir. Farewell, old Mammon, and thy detested walls! 'Twill be no more sweet sir Francis! I shall be compell'd the odious task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my precious, my dear, dear Gardy! O heavens!

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE, behind.

Sir F. Ah, my sweet Chary! don't be frighted: *[She starts]* but thy poor Gardy has

been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd; but nobody knows by whom.

Mir. Undone, past redemption! [*Aside.*

Sir F. VVhat, won't you speak to me, Chargy?

Mir. I am so surpris'd with joy to see you, I know not what to say.

Sir F. Poor, dear girl! But do you know that my son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this journey? for upon the road I met my neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to town.

Mir. Good lack! good lack! what tricks are there in this world!

Re-enter SCENTWELL, with a diamond Necklace in her Hand, not seeing Sir FRANCIS.

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on, for I can't get into the—

[*Seeing Sir Francis.*

Mir. The wench is a fool, I think! Could you not have carried it to be mended without putting it in the box?

Sir F. VVhat's the matter?

Mir. Only, dearee! I bid her, I bid her—Your ill-usage has put every thing out of my head. But won't you go, Gardy, and find out these fellows, and have them punished, and, and—

Sir F. VVhere should I look for them, child? no, I'll sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir out of my own doors till I go with thee to a parson.

Mir. If he goes into his closet I am ruin'd. [*Aside*] Oh, bless me! In this fright I had forgot Mrs. Patch.

Patch. Ay, madam, and I stay for your speedy answer.

Mir. I must get him out of the house. Now assist me, fortune! [*Aside.*

Sir F. Mrs. Patch! I profess I did not see you: how dost thou do, Mrs. Patch? VVell, don't you repent leaving my Chargy?

Patch. Yes, every body must love her—but I come now—Madam, what did I come for? my invention is at the last ebb.

[*Aside to Miranda.*

Sir F. Nay, never whisper, tell me,

Mir. She came, dear Gardy! to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, Gardy; 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant. Old sir Jealous keeps on his humour: the first minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the sight of matrimony would tempt Chargy to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look, with those pretty twinklers, worth a million! 'Ods-precious! I am happier than the great mogul, the emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in the wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

Mir. VVhen one has resolved, 'tis in vain to stand shilly-shally. If ever I marry, positively this is my wedding-day.

Sir F. Oh! happy, happy man—Verily, I will begot a son the first night shall disinherit that dog Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Griepes.

Mir. Come then, Gardy, give me thy hand; let's to this house of Hymen.

My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide.

Sir F. The joyful bridegroom I,

Mir. And I the happy bride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK.*

Enter Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen inquire for you; one of them calls himself signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir J. Ha! Signior Babinetto! admit 'em instantly—joyful minute; I'll have my daughter married to-night.

Enter CHARLES in a Spanish habit, with Sir GEORGE AIRY, dressed like a Merchant.

Senhor, beso las manos: vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Charles. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado cryado de vuestra merced: mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos; y a commissionado este mercader Ingles, de concluir un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, haciendo me su yerno.

Sir J. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Signior don Diego Babinetto has inform'd me that you are commissioned by signior don Pedro, etc. his worthy father—

Sir G. To see an affair of marriage consummated between a daughter of yours and signior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, sir, such a trust is repos'd in me, as that letter will inform you.—I hope 'twill pass upon him.

[*Aside. Gives him a Letter.*

Sir J. Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*

Sir G. Good, you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aside to Charles.*

Sir J. Sir, I find by this that you are a man of honour and probity; I think, sir, he calls you Meanwell.

Sir G. Meanwell is my name, sir.

Sir J. A very good name, and very significant. For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

Sir G. You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, sir Jealous. Therefore, sir, I must entreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chaplain; for signior don Pedro strictly enjoined me to see the marriage rites performed as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

Sir J. Overtures of Venus!

Sir G. Ay, sir; that is, those little hawking females that traverse the park and the playhouse to put off their damag'd ware—they fasten upon foreigners like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck: I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir J. Nay, I know this town swarms with them.

Sir G. Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Sir J. Pat to my purpose¹⁾—Well, sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Charles. Pray heaven that one thing more don't spoil all.

Sir J. Don Pedro wrote me word, in his last but one, that he designed the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter, and that it should be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage—

Charles. Oh, the devil!

Sir J. In order to lodge it in some of our funds in case she should become a widow, and return to England—

Sir G. Pox on't! this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say?

Sir J. And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

Sir G. Humph! True, sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but—he, he, he—he did not imagine that you would insist upon the very day; for, for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by sea, an, an, an—

Charles. Zounds! say we have brought it in commodities.

Sir G. And so, sir, he has sent it in merchandise, tobacco, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which shall be turned into money with all expedition: in the mean time, sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance—

Sir J. It is enough, sir; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there.

Enter Servant.

Desire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant.

Sir G. 'Egad, that five thousand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

Charles. But that's over; and if fortune throws no more rubs in our way—

Sir G. Thou'lt carry the prize—But hist! here he comes.

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, dragging in ISABINDA.

Sir J. Come along, you stubborn baggage, you! come along.

Isa. Oh! hear me, sir, hear me but speak one word;

Do not destroy my everlasting peace; My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose.

Sir J. How's that?

Isa. Let this posture move your tender nature.

For ever will I hang upon these knees, Nor loose my hands till you cut off my hold, If you refuse to hear me, sir.

Sir J. Did you ever see such a perverse slut? Off, I say. Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little.

Sir G. Rise, madam, and do not disoblige your father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

1) Pat means, exactly.

Isa. Oh! never, never!

Could I suspect that falsehood in my heart, I would this moment tear it from my breast, And straight present him with the treach'rous part.

Sir J. Falsehood! why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iago I shall beat you, housewife.

Sir G. Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle words to work her to your purpose.

Sir J. I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do; she'll break my heart. *[Weeps]* There is in that casket jewels of the value of three thousand pounds, which were her mother's, and a paper wherein I have settled one-half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die, but provided she marries this gentleman, else by St. Iago, I'll turn her out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do.

Sir G. Ha! this is beyond expectation. Trust to me, sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of disobeying you at this juncture before her, I warrant you. Come, madam, do not blindly cast your life away just in the moment you would wish to save it.

Isa. Pray cease your trouble, sir: I have no wish but sudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard. If you are his friend, inform him what I say.

Sir G. Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive to shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly?

Isa. Ha!

Sir G. Would you not blame your rash resolve, and curse your eyes that would not look on Charles?

Isa. On Charles! Where is he?

Sir G. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath! madam, you'll ruin all. Your father believes him to be signior Babinetto. Compose yourself a little, pray madam. *[He runs to Sir Jealous]* She begins to hear reason, sir; the fear of being turned out of doors has done it. Speak gently to her, sir; I'm sure she'll yield; I see it in her face.

Sir J. Well, Isabinda, can you refuse to bless a father whose only care is to make you happy.

Isa. Oh, sir! do with me what you please; I am all obedience.

Sir J. And wilt thou love him?

Isa. I will endeavour it, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

Sir J. Show him into the parlour. *[Exit Servant]*—Senhor tome vind sueipora: cette momento les junta les manos.

Charles. Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un tesora tan grande.

Sir J. Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parson, Who, by his art, will join this pair for life, Make me the happiest father, her the happiest wife.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Street before SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S House.

Enter MARPLOT.

Mar. I have hunted all over the town for

Charles, but can't find him, and by VVhisper's scouting at the end of the street, I suspect he must be in the house again. I am informed too that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the playhouse: what can it mean?

Enter a Servant of SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK's to him out of the House.

Hark'e, sir, do you belong to this house?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mar. Isn't your name Richard?

Serv. No, sir; Thomas.

Mar. Oh, ay, Thomas—VWell, Thomas, there's a shilling for you.

Serv. Thank you, sir.

Mar. Pray, Thomas, can you tell if there be a gentleman in it in a Spanish habit?

Serv. There's a Spanish gentleman within that is just-a-going to marry my young lady, sir.

Mar. Are you sure he is a Spanish gentleman?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no English that I hear of.

Mar. Then that can't be him I want, for 'tis an English gentleman that I inquire after; he may be dressed like a Spaniard, for aught I know.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an impostor? I'll inform my master, for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside*] Pray come in, sir, and see if this be the person you inquire for.

Mar. Ay, I'll follow you—Now for it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Inside of the House.*

Enter MARPLOT and Servant.

Serv. Sir, please to stay here; I'll send my master to you. [*Exit.*]

Mar. So, this was a good contrivance. If this be Charles now, he will wonder how I found him out.

Re-enter Servant and SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

Sir J. VVhat is your earnest business, blockhead! that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. VVhy this gentleman, sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit, he says.

Sir J. In a Spanish habit! 'tis some friend of signior don Diego's, I warrant. Sir, your servant.

Mar. Your servant, sir.

Sir J. I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Sir!

Sir J. I say, I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto?

Mar. Hey-day! what the devil does he say now? [*Aside*] Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir J. Don't you understand Spanish, sir?

Mar. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir J. I thought you had known signior Babinetto.

Mar. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir J. VVhat then, you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell?

Mar. Neither, sir, not I; I don't mean any such thing.

Sir J. VVhy, who are you then, sir? and what do you want? [*In an angry Tone.*]

Mar. Sir, nothing at all, not I, sir.—Pox on him! I wish I were out; he begins to exalt

his voice; I shall be beaten again. [*Aside.*]

Sir J. Nothing at all, sir! VVhy then what business have you in my house, ha?

Serv. You said you wanted a gentleman in a Spanish habit.

Mar. VVhy ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

Sir J. VVhat is his name then, sirrah? Ha! now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—

Mar. Me, sir! I never saw your face in all my life before.

Sir J. Speak, sir; who is it you look for? or, or—

Mar. A terrible old dog! [*Aside*] VVhy, sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a masquerade.—'Tis Charles, sir Francis Gripe's son,—because I knew he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir J. Did he sò?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray heaven that this be don Diego—If I should be trick'd now—Ha! my heart mis-gives me plaguily—VVithin there! stop the marriage—Run, sirrah, call all my servants! I'll be satisfied that this is signior Pedro's son ere he has my daughter.

Mar. Ha! sir George! what have I done now?

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, with a drawn Sword, between the Scenes.

Sir G. Ha! Marplot here—oh, the unlucky dog—VVhat's the matter, sir Jealous?

Sir J. Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

Mar. Upon my soul, sir George—

[*Going up to Sir George.*]

Sir J. Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone.—Thieves, traitors, rogues! [*Offers to go in*] Stop the marriage, I say—

Sir G. I say go on, Mr. Tackum.—Nay, no entering here; I guard this passage, old gentleman: the act and deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir J. A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down!

Sir G. Ay, come on, scoundrels! I'll prick your jackets for you.

Sir J. Zounds! sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Beats Marplot.*]

Sir G. Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha!

Mar. VVhy, what do you beat me for? I ban't married your daughter.

Sir J. Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. VVe are afraid of his sword, sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

Enter CHARLES and ISABINDA.

Sir J. Seize her then.

Charles. Rascals, retire; she's my wife; touch her if you dare; I'll make dogs'-meat of you.

Mar. Ay, I'll make dogs'-meat of you, rascals.

Sir J. Ah! downright English—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.

Sir F. Into the house of joy we enter without knocking—Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, sir Jealous.

Sir J. Oh, sir Francis, are you come? What! was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child?

Sir F. My contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir J. No, you don't know your son there in a Spanish habit?

Sir F. How! my son in a Spanish habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd. Get out of my sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

Sir J. Get out of your sight, sir! get out with your bags. Let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

Sir F. Give him! he shall never be the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, sir Jealous. Trick'd, quotha! 'Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: but lookye, gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This lady is my wife, do you see, and my estate shall descend only to her children.

Sir G. I shall be extremely obliged to you, sir Francis.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! does not your hundred pounds stick in your stomach? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. No, faith, sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that.

[*Takes her by the Hand.*]

Sir F. Hold, sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

Sir G. Noryou nothing to do with my wife, sir.

Sir F. Wife, sir!

Mir. Ay, really, guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

Sir F. What, have you chous'd me out of my consent and your writings then, mistress, ha?

Mir. Out of nothing but my own, guardian.

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son now?

Sir F. He shall starve first.

Mir. That I have taken care to prevent. There, sir, are the writings of your uncle's estate, which have been your due these three years.

[*Gives Charles Papers.*]

Charles. I shall study to deserve this favour.

Mar. Now how the devil could she get those writings, and I know nothing of it?

Sir F. What, have you robb'd me too, mistress? 'Egad, I'll make you restore 'em—hussy, I will so.

Sir J. Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, sir. 'Tis well 'tis no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both!

Charles. I hope, sir, you'll bestow your blessing too; 'tis all I ask.

[*Kneels.*]

Mar. Do, Gardy, do.

Sir F. Confound you all!

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! ne'er mind his curses, Charles; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd we are all made happy.

Sir J. I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers; but when a thing was past, I ever had philosophy to be easy.

Charles. Which is the true sign of a great soul. I lov'd your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

Isa. You will not blame me, sir, for loving my own country best.

Mar. So here's every body happy, I find, but poor 'Pilgarlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service!

Sir J. I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Mar. 'Egad, I think so—but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir G. Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

Mar. But very honest.

Charles. That I'll vouch for, and freely forgive thee.

Sir G. And I'll do you one piece of service more, Marplot; I'll take care that sir Francis makes you master of your estate.

Mar. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Sir J. Now let us in, and refresh ourselves with a cheerful glass, in which we'll bury all animosities; and

By my example let all parents move,
And never strive to cross their children's love;
But still submit that care to Providence above.

[*Exeunt.*]

COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER was born on the 6th of November, O. S. 1671. His father, Cajus Gabriel Cibber, was a native of Holstein, and came into England, to follow his profession of a statuary, some time before the restoration of King Charles II. His mother was the daughter of William Coffey, Esq. of Glaisford in Rutlandshire. In 1682 he was sent to the free-school of Grantham in Lincolnshire, where he stayed till he got through it, from the lowest form to the uppermost; and such learning as that school could give him is, as he himself acknowledges, the most he could pretend to! On leaving the school, our author came to Nottingham, and found his father in arms there among the forces which the Earl of Devonshire had raised to aid the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III. who had landed in the west. The old man, considering this a very proper season for a young fellow to distinguish himself in, entreated the Earl of Devonshire to accept of his son in his room, which his Lordship not only consented to, but even promised, that when affairs were settled, he would further provide for him. During his period of attendance on this nobleman, however, a frequent application to the amusements of the theatre awakened in him his passion for the stage, which he seemed now determined on pursuing as his *summum bonum*, and, in spite of father, mother, or friends, to fix on as his *ne plus ultra*. From 1689 to 1711 we find him working through the difficulties of a poor salary at the theatre and the supporting by the help of his pen a numerous family of children. In 1711 he became united, as joint-patentee with Collier, Wilks, and Dogget, in the management of Drury Lane theatre; and afterwards in a like partnership with Booth, Wilks, and Sir Richard Steele. During this latter period, which did not entirely end till 1751, the English stage was perhaps in the most flourishing state it ever enjoyed. After a number of years, passed in the utmost ease, gaiety, and good-humour, he departed this life, at Islington, on the 12th of December 1757; his man-servant (whom he had talked to by his bed-

side at six in the morning, in seeming good health) finding him dead at nine, lying on his pillow, just as he left him. He had recently completed his 86th year. "I was vain enough to think," says he, "that I had more ways than one to come at applause and that, in the variety of characters I acted, the chances to win it were the strongest on my side. That, if the multitude were not in a roar to see me in Cardinal Wolsey, I could be sure of them in Alderman Fendlewife. If they hated me in Jago, in Sir Fopling they took me for a fine gentleman. If they were silent at Syphax, no Italian eunuch was more applauded than I when I sang in Sir Courty. If the morals of Aesop were too grave for them, Justice Shallow was as simple and as merry as an old rake as the wisest of our young ones could wish me. And though the terror and detestation raised by King Richard might be too severe a delight for them, yet the more gentle and modern vanities of a Poet Hayes, or the well-bred vices of a Lord Foppington, were not at all more than their merry hearts, or nicer morals, could bear." In answer to Pope's attack upon him for plagiarism, Mr. Cibber candidly declares, that whenever he took upon him to make some dramatic play of an old author fit for the stage, it was honestly not to be idle that set him to work, as a good housewife will mend old linen when as has no better employment; but that, when he was more warmly engaged by a subject entirely new he only thought it a good subject, when it seemed worthy of an abler pen than his own, and might prove as useful to the hearer as profitable to himself. And, indeed, this essential piece of merit must be granted to his own original plays, that they always tend to the improvement of the mind as well as the entertainment of the eye; and that vice and folly, however pleasingly habited, are constantly lashed, ridiculed, or reclaimed in them, and virtue as constantly rewarded. There is an argument, indeed, which might be pleaded in favour of this author, were his plays possessed of a much smaller share of merit than is to be found in them; which is, that he wrote, at least in the early part of his life, through necessity, for the support of his increasing family; his precarious income as an actor being then too scanty to supply it with even the necessities of life: and with great pleasantness he acquaints us, that his muse and his spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom mother of a child, but in the same year the other made him the father of a play; and that they had had a dozen of each sort between them, of both which kinds some died in their infancy, and near an equal number of each were alive when he quitted the theatre. No wonder then, when the Muse is only called upon by family duty, that she should not always rejoice in the fruit of her labour. This excuse, we say, might be pleaded in Mr. Cibber's favour: but we must confess ourselves of the opinion, that there is no occasion for the plea; and that his plays have merit enough to speak in their own cause, without the necessity of begging indulgence. His plots, whether original or borrowed, are lively and full of business; yet not confined in the action, nor bungled in the catastrophe. His characters are well drawn, and his dialogue easy, genteel, and natural. And if he has not the intrinsic wit of a Congreve or a Vanburgh, yet there is a luxuriance of fancy in his thoughts, which gives an almost equal pleasure, and a purity in his sentiments and morals, the want of which, in the above named authors, has so frequently and so justly been censured. In a word, we think the English stage as much obliged to Mr. Cibber, for a fund of rational entertainment, as to any dramatic writer this nation has produced, Shakspeare only excepted; and one unanswerable evidence has been borne to the satisfaction the public have received from his plays, and such a one as no author besides himself can boast, viz. that although the number of his dramatic pieces is very extensive, a considerable part are now, and seem likely to continue, on the list of seting and favourite plays.

THE PROVOKED HUSBAND;

Or, a Journey to London. Acted at Drury Lane 1748. This comedy was begun by Sir John Vanburgh, but left by him imperfect at his death; when Mr. Cibber took it in hand, and finished it. It met with very great success, being acted twenty-eight nights without interruption; yet such is the power of prejudice and personal pique in biasing the judgment, that Mr. Cibber's enemies, ignorant of what share he had in the writing of the piece, bestowed the highest applause on the part which related to Lord Townly's provocations from his wife, which was mostly Cibber's, at the same time that they condemned and opposed the *Journey to London* part, which was almost entirely Vanburgh's, for no other apparent reason but because they imagined it to be Mr. Cibber's. He soon, however, convinced them of their mistake, by publishing all the scenes which Sir John had left behind him, exactly from his own MS. under the single title of *The Journey to London*.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD TOWNLY.
SIR F. WRONGHEAD.
MANY.
SQUIRE RICHARD.
COUNT BASSET.

POUNDAGE.
JOHN MOODY.
JAMES.
CONSTABLE.
WILLIAMS.

LADY TOWNLY.
LADY GRACE.
LADY WRONGHEAD.
MISS JENNY.
MRS. MOTHERLY.

MYRTILLA.
TRUSTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LORD TOWNLY'S Apartment.

Enter LORD TOWNLY.

Lord T. WHY did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe, is in question—But then, how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking consideration! and her presumption, while she keeps it, insupportable! for, on the pride of that single virtue, she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birthright prerogative of a woman of quality.—Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—Thus, while she admits of no lover, she

thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and, while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproached, grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm awhile.

Enter LADY TOWNLY.

Going out so soon after dinner, madam?

Lady T. Lord, my lord! what can I possibly do at home?

Lord T. What does my sister, lady Grace, do at home?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

Lord T. It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable! And so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband!—Lord, what notions of life some men have!

Lord T. Don't you think, madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

Lady T. Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live cooped within the pen of your precepts, I do think them prodigious indeed!

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of them then?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill bred, as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, a husband so well bred, as to hear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, madam—

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why then we are agreed, my lord—For if I never go abroad till I am weary of being at home—which you know is the case—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming then, for I am in haste.

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Pshaw!—Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then, recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me.

Lady T. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then, my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my lord, my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

Lady T. Fifty, if you please—To begin, then—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet—invite them to dinner—appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play—engross the conversation there—call them by their christian names—talk louder than the players: from thence, clatter again to this end of the town—break, with the morning, into an assembly—crowd to the hazard-

table—throw a familiar levant upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious!

[*Aside.*

Lady T. These now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Death, madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife than in an unmarried woman?

Lady T. Why, the strongest law in the world, custom—custom, time out of mind, my lord.

Lord T. Custom, madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady T. Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord T. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady T. You shall have one this moment, my lord; for I think when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why she'll go abroad till he comes to himself again.

[*Going.*

Lord T. Hold, madam; I am amazed you are not more uneasy at the life we lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady T. Oh, don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord T. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

Lady T. Oh, nothing, in the least! 'Tis true you have heard me say I have owed my lord Lurcher a hundred pounds these three weeks; but what then? a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know; and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have, nothing to complain of.

Lord T. By heaven, if my whole fortune, thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady T. That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord T. No, madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least it shall not be my fault if I have not more of your company—There, there's a bill of five hundred—and now, madam—

Lady T. And now, my lord, down to the ground, I thank you.

Lord T. If it be no offence, madam—

Lady T. Say what you please, my lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

Lord T. How long, in reason then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

Lady T. Oh, my dear, dear lord, now you have spoiled all again! how is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to show you that

I am more inclined to get money than to throw it away, I have a strong prepossession that with this five hundred I shall win five thousand.

Lord T. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady T. Oh, the churl! ten thousand: what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!—Ten thousand! Oh, the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas! O my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

Lord T. And I had rather it should be so, madam, provided I could be sure that were the last you would lose.

Lady T. Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good housewife I can, I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to trifle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the duchess of Quiteright. *[Exit.]*

Lord T. Insensible creature! neither reproaches nor indulgence, kindness nor severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual licence has lulld her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—But how to cure it—take my friend's opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—I'll talk with them.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know if your lordship was at home.

Lord T. They did not deny me?

Wil. No, my lord.

Lord T. Very well; step up to my sister, and say I desire to speak with her.

Wil. Lady Grace is here, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Enter LADY GRACE.

Lord T. So, lady fair, what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady G. A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

Lord T. Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady G. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord T. Who's there?

Re-enter WILLIAMS.

Leave word at the door I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly. *[Exit Williams.]*

Lady G. And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

Lord T. I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

Lady G. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look indeed as if you thought I had not.

Lord T. And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders shows, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

Lady G. Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother!

Lord T. Look you, my grave lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady G. I can't help that.

Lord T. Ha! you can't help it, ha, ha! The

flat simplicity of that reply was admirable.

Lady G. Pooh, you tease one, brother!

Lord T. Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady G. If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord T. Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But, in short, I find by his conversation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

Lady G. Then whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord T. Oh, that's the last thing he'll do! he'll never make you an offer till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

Lady G. Now you make me curious. Pray did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

Lord T. Not directly—but that imports nothing; he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which, as yet, notwithstanding our friendship, I have neither declined nor encouraged him to do.

Lady G. I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for, to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: you know he has a satirical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue; and, upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord T. You are right, child; when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer without scorn or coquetry.

Lady G. Hush! he's here—

Enter MANLY.

Man. My lord, your most obedient.

Lord T. Dear Manly, yours—I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then I am glad I am here, my lord—Lady Grace, I kiss your hands—What, only you two?—How many visits may a man make before he falls into such unfashionable company! A brother and sister, soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding; I question if there is so particular a tête-à-tête again in the whole parish of St. James's.

Lady G. Fie, fie, Mr. Manly, how censorious you are!

Man. I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it—Where's my lady?

Lord T. That, I believe, is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my lord.

Lord T. But 'tis probable I may hear of her by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now if that were my case—I believe I—But I beg pardon, my lord.

Lord T. Indeed, sir, you shall not: you will oblige me if you speak out; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed—I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

Lady G. Bless me!

Lord T. My treatment?

Man. Ay, my lord; you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it: in short, you continued the lover when you should have taken up the husband; and so, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself.—And, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion!

Lord T. Oh, Manly, 'tis too true! there's the source of my disquiet; she knows, and has abused her power.

Man. However, since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and, upon her ladyship's next Sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations: if that don't work—drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her—to breakfast upon them.

Lord T. You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend in our anxiety!

Man. Therefore, to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady G. Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this

Lord T. With all my heart.

Lady G. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. Apropos—I have some, madam; and I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind—

Lord T. Pray let us have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

Lord T. The fool! what can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you—No less than the business of the nation.

Lord T. Explain.

Man. He has carried his election—against sir John Worthland.

Lord T. The deuce! What! for—for—

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown.

Lord T. A proper representative indeed!

Lady G. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have dined with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord at Bellmont.

Lady G. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and upset the tea-table in making his compliments to my lady?

Man. The same.

Lady G. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year; though, as it was left him saddled with two jointures and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it,

he married a profuse young hussy for love, without a penny of money. Thus having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family, he now finds children and interest-money make such a howling about his ears, that at last he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

Lord T. A most admirable scheme indeed!

Man. And with this politic prospect he is now upon his journey to London—

Lord T. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

Lord T. Do you think he'll stir till his money is gone, or at least till the session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord T. How so?

Man. Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town besides the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord T. Then he has made a fine business of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

Lady G. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, madam, I would only spoil his project to save his fortune.

Lady G. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why—I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty estate which sir Francis was heir at law to; but—by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Re-enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. [To Manly] Sir, here is one of your servants, from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

Lord T. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making. *[Exit Williams.]*

Enter JAMES.

Man. Well, James, what's the matter?

James. Sir, here is John Moody just come to town: he says sir Francis and all the family will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our house, sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

Lord T. Prythee let us have him here; he will divert us.

Man. Oh, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady G. I beg of all things we may have him; I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither, James.

[Exit James.]

Lady G. Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his maitre-d'hôtel, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes—his companion.

Lord T. It runs in my head that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public in his own county.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find that his utmost importance stands valued at—sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady G. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere too?

Man. That you may depend upon; for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses, and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille in the parish of St. James's.

Lord T. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected,¹⁾ a swarm of duns will be ready for their money, and his worship—will be ready for a gaol.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the fore horse of the team!

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Oh, honest John!

Moody. Ad's waunds²⁾ and heart, measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun³⁾ ye, Lawd, lawd, give me your hand! Why that's friendly naw. Flesh! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how do you do, measter?—Good lack! I beg pardon for my hawldness—I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord T. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the good family are well?

Moody. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart, tho' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady G. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody?

Moody. Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring nqw.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

1) A sad proof of the want of purity in the election of the members of Parliament.

2) This is a specimen of the dialect of the people in the north of England, where they pronounce almost as broad as the Scotch, so that, if we compare the change of orthography with the difference of pronunciation, we shall easily be able to understand: for instance, waunds for wounds, lawd for lord, naw for now, etc.

3) Found.

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun¹⁾ think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all.

Lord T. Come, let us sit down.

[They take Chairs.]

Man. Pray how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapped to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

Man. Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. [Aside] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk squoire and miss Jenny. The other soive²⁾ are all out at board, at half-a-crown a head-a' week, with John Growse, at Smokedunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

Moody. Anon, sir. [Not understanding him.]

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they're i'very good hands; Joan loves 'em as tho' they were all her own; for she was wet nurse to every mother's babe o'um—Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want a bellyful there. Why we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an it had no' been that th' awld weazlebelly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden that the two fore wheels came crash down at once in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours fore we could set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all the baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why my lady's geer alone was as much as filled four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph³⁾ and the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T.

Lady G. } Ha, ha, ha!

Man.

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady, and his worship, and the younk squoire, and miss Jenny, and the fat lapdog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha, ha!

[Laughing.]

Moody. Then you mun think, measter, there was some stowage for the belly as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upon the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef—And then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Odds bud, measter! you're a wise

1) Must. 2) Five. 3) The name of a dog.

man; and for that matter, so am I—Whoam's?) whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin we turned our backs on't. No-thing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us aw²) the day lung. Crack goes one thing! bawnce goes another! VVoa!³) says Roger—Then sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. VVhaw, cries miss! Scream go the maids! and bawl just as tho' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, tho' I told her it was Childermas day.⁴)

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John—

Moody. Ay, measter! I ha' seen a little of them: and I find that the best—when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord T. VVell said, John—Ha, ha!

Man. I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

Moody. Ay, ay, much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me; though as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London too—But hault ● bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

Moody. Ah, weast heart! were measter but hawf the mon that I am—Odds wookers! tho' he'll speak stautly too sometimes—But then he canno' hawld it—no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord T. }

Lady G. } Ha, ha, ha!

Man. }

Moody. Odds flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw—but measter charged me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you, and will certainly wait upon you by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. Oh, John, I'll wait upon him.

Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wully ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

Moody. Just i'the street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the Golden-ball—its gold all over, where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man. A milliner's?

Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. VVaunds, she has a couple of clever girls there stitching i'th' forerroom.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't—Who recommended that house to you, John?

Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side at York races—Count—Basset; ay, that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember; I know him by sight.

Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to—

Man. As any sharper in town. [*Aside.*]

Moody. Well, measter—

1) Home. 2) All.

3) Woa is the English manner of speaking to the horses to make them stop, answerable to the German *br—r*.

4) A North country superstition.

Lord T. My service to sir Francis and my lady, John.

Lady G. And mine pray, Mr. Moody.

Moody. Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John—

Moody. Dear measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you! [*Exit.*]

Lord T. What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady G. VVell, I can't but think, John, in a wet afternoon, in the country, must be very good company.

Lord T. Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the quadrille tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady G. And the minute they took them up again they would do the same at the losers—But to let you see that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together, what think you, if we three sat soberly down to kill an hour at ombre?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, madam.

Lady G. No matter, I shall have as much advantage of my lord as you have of me.

Lord T. Say you so, madam? have at you then. Here! get the ombre table and cards.

[*Exit.*]

Lady G. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now.

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

Lady G. I'm sorry my lord is not here to take his share of the compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us. [*Exit.*]

Man. It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation! How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointment that folly and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives, VVhat halcyon days were in the gift of wives; Vvain rovers then might envy what they hate, And only fools would mock the married state.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MRS. MOTHERLY'S House.

Enter Count Basset and Myrtille.

Count B. Myrtille, how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

Count B. Pshaw! hang these melancholy thoughts! Suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o'your hands.

Count B. VVhat do you think of the young country squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count B. Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while at least to look about you.

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, in haste.

Mrs. M. Sir! sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

Count B. What, already?

Mrs. M. They are just getting out!—Won't you step and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them.

Count B. And think of what I told you. *[Exit.]*

Myr. A faithless fellow! I am sure I have been true to him; and, for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues.

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, showing in LADY WRONGHEAD, led by COUNT BASSET.

Mrs. M. If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the present, till your servants have got all your things in.

Lady W. Well, dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging—I protest it gives me pain, though, to turn you out of your lodging thus.

Count B. No trouble in the least, madam: we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Mrs. M. The count is so well-bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyship.

Lady W. Oh, dear madam!—A good, well-bred sort of a woman. *[Apart to the Count.]*

Count B. Oh, madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady W. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

Mrs. M. Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady W. I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count B. 'Twas what one would choose, indeed, madam.

Lady W. Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

Sir F. *[Without.]* John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out—Come, children.

Enter SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, SQUIRE RICHARD, and MISS JENNY.

Sir F. Well, count, I mun say it, this was koynd¹⁾, indeed.

Count B. Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir F. Pshaw! how dost do, mon?—Vvaunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

Count B. Is not that master Richard?

Sir F. Ey, ey, that's young hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

Squire R. So I do, feyther.

Count B. Sir, I'm glad to see you—I protest, Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir F. Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count B. If I have permission to approach her, sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord, sir, I'm in such a frightful pickle!—*[Salute.]*

Count B. Every dress that's proper must become you, madam—you have been a long journey.

¹⁾ Kind.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better to-morrow, sir.

[Lady W. whispers Mrs. M. pointing to Myr.]

Mrs. M. Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady W. A pretty sort of a young woman—Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. *[Salutes Myrtille.]*

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, madam—Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my ladyship.

Squire R. Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady W. You, you clown! stay till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir F. Odds heart, my lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squire R. Why, ay, feyther, does mother think that I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body. *[He kisses Myrtille.]*

Squire R. Lo' you there, mother! and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady W. Why, how now, sirrah! boys must not be so familiar.

Squire R. Why, an I know nobody, how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, sir: d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

Squire R. Why, and you want yo' ma' let it aloane; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt¹⁾ at all-fours²⁾, without you.

Sir F. Noa, noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If master pleases, I'll show it him.

Squire R. What, the Humber! Hoy-day! why, does our river run to this tawn, feyther?

Sir F. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a game at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

Squire R. Nay, the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grained—

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one has really been stuffed up in a coach so long that—Pray, madam—could not I get a little powder³⁾ for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, madam. *[Exeunt Myrtille and Jenny.]*

Squire R. What, has sister taken her away now! mess, I'll go and have a little game with them. *[Exit.]*

Lady W. Well, count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come and be at home here sometimes.

Sir F. Ay, ay, pr'ythee, come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan⁴⁾, when thou'st nought to do.

¹⁾ Hout. ²⁾ A very genteel game of cards.

³⁾ What would the ladies of the present day think of the use of powder, which levels all distinctions of jet black, anuburn, etc.?

⁴⁾ Now and then.

Count B. Well, sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir F. Why, ay now, that's hearty!

Mrs. M. Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea, after your fatigue?

Lady W. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*] Won't you walk up sir?

Sir F. Moody!

Count B. Shan't we stay for sir Francis, madam?

Lady W. Lord, don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir F. Ay, ay, ne'er heed me—I have things to look after.

[*Exit Lady Wronghead and Count Bassett.*]

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Moody. Did your worship want muh? ¹⁾

Sir F. Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes and the nook that's left o'the goose poy ²⁾—But, a plague on him, the monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph has skawered ³⁾ after him.

Sir F. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.—But I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

Moody. Alas a day, sir, I believe our auld cattle won't yeasly ⁴⁾ be run away with to night—but howsomdever, we'ta' ⁵⁾ the best care we can of um, poor sawls.

Sir F. Well, well, make haste then—

Moody goes out and returns.

Moody. Odds flesh! here's master Monly come to wait upo' your worship!

Sir F. Where is he?

Moody. Just coming in at threshold.

Sir F. Then goa about your business.

[*Exit Moody.*]

Enter MANLY.

Cousin Manly! sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, sir Francis—and—

Sir F. Odds heart! this was so kindly done of you, naw!

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for, I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir F. How soa, sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned.

Sir F. Look you, cousin; tho' I know you wish me well, yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one—

your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir F. Why, ay! it's true! That—that did lick in a little; but if a man's wise (and I han't sawnd yet that I'm a fool), there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret—

Sir F. Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir F. In short then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what at Westminster—that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir F. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir F. Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country—what then?—I'm o'the quorum—I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too—and, mayhap, they may find here—that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to show whether you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir F. How d'ye mean?

Man. That sir John Worthand has lodged a petition against you.

Sir F. Petition! why, ay! there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!—Why you forget, cousin, sir John's o'the wrong side ¹⁾, mon!

Man. I doubt, sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for, in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir F. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down to repair your fortune?

Sir F. In one word cousin, I think it my duty. The Wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England; and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they shan't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir F. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I han't told you all, neither—

Man. You astonish me! what, and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

Sir F. Ay, tho' I say it—every whit, cousin. You'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I don't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir F. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up—

Man. And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy? [*Aside.*]

¹⁾ Not to be of the king's party in the house.—Shall we never have a neutral party, patriotic enough, to side with neither king nor opposition?

Sir F. Naw, if I don't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i'this tawn, she may be looking out for herself—

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir F. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. Oh, he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out. [*Aside*] Pray, sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court.

Sir F. Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be dash'd! Then she shall learn to dance forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to ston'd still, you know.

Man. Very well, but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir F. Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin; for if I take it right, that's a post that folks are not more willing to get into than they are to get out of—it's like an orange-tree upon that accawnt—it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions. But pray where is my lady and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir F. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the count and my landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no; if she's engaged, I shall call again.

Sir F. Odds heart! but you mun see her naw, cousin: what! the best friend I have in the world!—Here, sweetheart! [*To a Servant without*] prythee desire the lady and the gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir F. You mun know him to be sure; why, it's count Basset.

Man. Oh, is it he!—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir F. Troth, I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life—VWhy, here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—The family is in admirable hands already [*Aside*].

Sir F. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir F. VWhy, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir F. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a little too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has! [*Aside*].

Sir F. So here they come.

Enter LADY W. WRONGHEAD and COUNT BASSET.

Lady W. Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well after your journey.

Lady W. VWhy really coming to London is apt to put a little more life into one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the complexion—and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady W. Lord, cousin, how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moped up in the country?

Count B. Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant—a hem.

Man. Familiar puppy! [*Aside*] Sir, your most obedient—I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside*].

Count B. Was you at VWhite's¹) this morning, sir?

Man. Yes, sir, I just called in.

Count B. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, sir; the same daily carcasses, and the same crows about them.

Count B. The Demoivre baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, sir, you had your share of him.

Count B. No, faith; I came in when it was all over—I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's arms.

Lady W. What a genteel easy manner he has! [*Aside*].

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. [*Aside*].

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir F. How naw, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

Squire R. I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

Lady W. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

Squire R. VWhy, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just naw: and so with that they slapped the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I got a dab of whet brown paper here to swage it awhile.

Lady W. They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse play?

Sir F. Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow—the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes, truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness! [*Aside*].

Sir F. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir, this is your godson.

Squire R. Honoured godfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father!

Enter Miss JENNY and MRS. MOTHEELY.

Lady W. Oh, here's my daughter too! Miss Jenny, don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear—[*Salutes her*]—may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother!

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, sir.

Man. Hah, miss Pert! now that's a thought

¹) A famous Hell in St. James's Street.

that seems to have been hatched in the girl on this side Highgate!

Sir F. Her tongue is a little nimble, sir.

Lady W. That's only from her country education, sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there; so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. Oh, the best place in the world for it!—every woman she meets will teach her something of it. There's the good gentlewoman in the house looks like a knowing person; even she, perhaps, will be so good as to show her a little London behaviour.

Mrs. M. Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instruction!

Man. That, I dare say—What thou canst teach her, she will soon be mistress of. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. M. If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady W. Very obliging, indeed, Mrs. Motherly!

Sir F. Very kind and civil, truly!—I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

Man. Oh, yes! and very friendly company.

Count B. Humph! I gad, I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky¹⁾—I believe I had as good brush²⁾ off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions.

Man. Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family.

Count B. It's very true, sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see; but it's no matter, we have time enough—*[Aside.]* And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant.

[Exit, and drops a Letter.]
Lady W. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it. *[Puts it in her Pocket.]*

Sir F. VVhy in such haste, cousin?

Man. Oh, my lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands after such a journey!

Lady W. I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. VVhy, truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

Jenny. And mamma did not come to it to be idle, sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare swear, my young mistress?

Jenny. I hope not, sir.

Man. Ha, miss Mettle!—VVhere are you going, sir?

Sir F. Only to see you to the door, sir.

Man. Oh, sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony!

Sir F. Nay, sir, I must do as you will have me—your humble servant. *[Exit Manly.]*

Jenny. This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the count.

Sir F. Pooh! that's another thing, child—Cousin is a little proud, indeed! but, however, you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody know who he may give it to.

Lady W. Pshaw! a fig for his money! you have so many projects of late, about money, since you are a parliament man! VVhat, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years, perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs! and then he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

Mrs. M. Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir F. VVho! cousin Manly?

Lady W. To whom, pray?

Mrs. M. VVhy, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it?—to my lord Townly's sister, lady Grace.

Lady W. Lady Grace!

Mrs. M. Dear madam, it has been in the newspapers.

Lady W. I don't like that, neither.

Sir F. Naw I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady W. If it is not too far gone: at least, it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way. *[Aside.]*

Squire R. Pray, feyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir F. Odsso, that's true! step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

Mrs. M. If you please, sir, I'll order one of my maids to show her where she may have any thing you have a mind to. *[Exit.]*

Sir F. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

Squire R. Odds flesh! what, is not it i'the hawse yet?—I shall be famished—but hawld! I'll go and ask Doll an' there's none o'the goose poy left.

Sir F. Do so—and dost hear, Dick?—see if there's e'er a bottle o'the strong beer, that came i'th' coach with us—if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

Squire R. VVith a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn'a I, feyther?

Sir F. Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for breakfast—Go thy ways.

[Exit Squire Richard.]
Lady W. This boy is always thinking of his belly.

Sir F. VVhy, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry, after his journey.

Lady W. Nay, e'en breed him your own way—He has been cramming, in or out of the coach, all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. Oh, as for that, I could eat a great deal more, mamma! but then, mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a full Tankard.

Squire R. Here feyther, I ha' brougnt it—it's well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir F. VVhy, then, here's to thee, Dick! *[Drinks.]*

Squire R. Thank you, feyther.

Lady W. Lord, sir Francis, I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor! it's enough to make him quite stupid!

Squire R. VVhy, it never hurts me, mother; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. *[Drinks.]*

Sir F. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty

1) To be smoky, is slang for, to see through a person, to understand his character.

2) Slang for, to go away.

years; and, by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit, ha, ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

Sir F. Daughter, he that is governed by his wife has no wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir; for I love to govern, dearly.

Sir F. You are too pert, child; it don't do well in a young woman.

Lady W. Pray, sir Francis, don't snub her; she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

Squire R. [After a long draught] Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure, brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

Lady W. Well said, miss! he's none of your master, though he is your elder brother.

Squire R. No, nor she shaw'n't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

Sir F. Well said, Dick! show them that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

Squire R. So I will! and I'll drink agen, for all her. [Drinks.]

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Sir F. So, John, how are the horses?

Moody. Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o'this tawn; it's made up o'mischief, I think.

Sir F. VVhat's the matter naw?

Moody. VVhy, I'll tell your worship—before we were gotten to the street end, with the coach, here, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has pood it aw to bits—crack went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to shivers! Marcy upon us!—and this be London, 'would we were aw weel in the country agen!

Jenny. VVhat have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

Sir F. Hold your tongue, Jenny!—VVas Roger in no fault in all this?

Moody. Noa, sir, nor I noither. "Are not yow ashamed," says Roger to the carter, "to do such an unkind thing by strangers?"—"Noa," says he, "you humkin."—Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by.—"Very well," says Roger, "yow shall see what our meyster will say to ye!"—Your meyster," says he; "your meyster may kiss my—" and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

Sir F. I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud, if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him!

Squire R. Ay do, feyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir F. Odsbud, and so I will!—I will make him know who I am—VVhere does he live?

Moody. I believe, in London, sir.

Sir F. VVhat's the rascal's name?

Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

Squire R. VVhat! my name?

Sir F. VVhere did he go?

Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir F. VVhere's that?

Moody. By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way; he would pool us over and over again.

Sir F. VVill he so? Odzooks, get me a constable!

Lady W. Pooh, get you a good supper!—Come, sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat, for what can't be helped. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world—For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturned before we were all out on't.

Sir F. VVhy, ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady W. Therefore, see to-morrow if we can buy one at second hand, for present use; so hespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

Moody. VVhy, troth, sir, I don't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir F. D'ye think so, John?

Moody. VVhy, you ha' had it, ever since your worship were high sheriff.

Sir F. VVhy, then, go and see what Doll has got us for supper—and come, and get off my boots. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LORD TOWNLY'S House.

Enter LORD TOWNLY and WILLIAMS.

Lord T. VVho's there?

Will. My lord!

Lord T. Bid them get dinner—

[Exit Williams.]

Enter LADY GRACE.

Lady Grace, your servant!

Lady G. VVhat, is the house up already?

—My lady is not dressed yet.

Lord T. No matter—it's five o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady G. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord T. That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady G. No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

Lord T. But, prythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day?

Lady G. Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you!—she won a good deal last night.

Lord T. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

Lady G. However she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord T. Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it—when in a very ill humour, then indeed I seldom fail to have a share of her.

Lady G. VVell, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

Lord T. Manly promised me—By the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

Lady G. I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord T. How so?

Lady G. Why—I have received a letter

this morning, that shows him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord T. A letter! from whom?

Lady G. That I don't know; but there it is.

[Gives a Letter.]

Lord T. Pray let's see—

[Reads.]

The enclosed, madam, fell accidentally into my hands: if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant unknown, etc.

Lady G. And this was the enclosed.

[Gives another.]

Lord T. [Reads]

To Charles Manly esq.

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself; but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did before I left an honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours,

MYRTILLA DUPR.

P. S. 'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you.

Lady G. VVhat think you now?

Lord T. I am considering—

Lady G. You see it's directed to him?

Lord T. That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady G. But who could have concern enough to send it to me?

Lord T. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

Lady G. VVhat would you have me do in it?

Lord T. VVhat I think you ought to do—fairly show it him, and say I advised you to it.

Lady G. VVill not that have a very odd look from me?

Lord T. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience, to appear so will discover his regard to you; if he is guilty, it will be the best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady G. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

Lord T. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady G. Pray what is it you do think then?

Lord T. VVhy certainly that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. Mr. Manly, my lord.

[Exit.]

Lord T. Do you receive him, while I step a minute to my lady.

[Exit.]

Enter MANLY.

Man. Madam, your most obedient—they told me my lord was here.

Lady G. He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So then my lady dines with us?

Lady G. No, she is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, madam?

Lady G. Not till after dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

Lady G. Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with

my lady Moonlight; and from thence they go together to my lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, madam?

Lady G. Only a few of the visits.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady G. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. VVhy I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

Lady G. VVhat induced you then to be with them?

Man. Idleness and the fashion.

Lady G. No mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—yes—Being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

Lady G. And of-course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Madam!

Lady G. I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly—I don't know a man in the world, that in appearance might better pretend to a woman of the first merit than yourself; and yet I have a reason in my hand here to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you is not among the number.—Pray what is in your hand, madam?

Lady G. Nay, sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. [Gives him a Letter.]

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand.

[Reads to himself.]

Lady G. Give me leave to tell you one thing, by the way, Mr. Manly, that I should never have shown you this but that my brother enjoined me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

Lady G. I hope at least it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady G. I don't believe I shall refuse any that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, madam, to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady G. Enclosed to me in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, madam—

Lady G. VVhy—there is an impertinent insinuation in it; but, as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, madam.

[Takes the other Letter, and reads.]

Lady G. Now am I in the oddest situation! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical—This must produce something—Oh lud, would it were over!

[Aside.]

Man. Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady G. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

Man. A little patience, madam—First, as to the insinuation you mention—

Lady G. Oh! what is he going to say now? *[Aside.]*

Man. Though my intimacy with my lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of late, yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account; and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my lady Wrongohead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady G. My lady Wrongohead!

Man. Ay, madam; for I am positive this is her hand.

Lady G. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in, because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness—I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady G. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

Lady G. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady G. Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—But pray do you suppose then this Myrtilia is a real or a fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house where my lady Wrongohead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilia—this letter may have been written by her—But how it came directed to me I confess is a mystery, that before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged in honour to find out. *[Going.]*

Lady G. Mr. Manly—you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady G. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor rest till I see an end of this affair.

Lady G. But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam—then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity. *[Exit.]*

Lady G. Well—and now what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure the case is terribly clear on my side.

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

Mrs. T. Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

Lady G. How so?

Mrs. T. Why it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day—upon which my lady said she could not be ready; upon that my lord ordered them to stay the dinner—and then my lady ordered the coach—then my lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachman to set up—then my lady made him a great courtesy, and said she would wait till his lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant; but, for fear of the worst, madam, she whispered me—to get her chair ready. *[Exit.]*

Lady G. Oh, here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. *[Exit.]*

Enter LADY TOWNLY, LORD TOWNLY following.

Lady T. Well, look you, my lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults—my faults! an agreeable subject, truly!

Lord T. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady T. Why I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it.

Lord T. And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction!—Why, but last Thursday now!—there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock this morning before I was able to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither—for next time I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning old lace, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord T. Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is insupportable! and one way or other—

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose—why so it may! but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at the worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha, ha!

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now to trifle.

Lady T. Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far we are even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world—my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now I think one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop—Faugh!

Lord T. Fie, fie, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'Tis not your ill hours alone that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure I don't understand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it; or perhaps men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give him fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or, what to me is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs!

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their follies dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages that might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lady T. My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you! I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches—now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while;—you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, madam; don't let me think you value your chastity only, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation too to guard, that's dear to me as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault if ever they render him contemptible.

Lady T. My lord, my lord—you would make a woman mad!

Lord T. Madam, madam, you would make a man a fool!

Lady T. If heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent you making me a beggar at least.

Lady T. A beggar! Croesus! I am out of patience!—I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord T. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow night.

Lord T. Then, madam, you shall never come home again.

Lady T. What does he mean? I never heard

such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners, in his worst humours.—There's something that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him.

Enter MANLY.

Mr. Manly, your servant!

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, madam?

Lady T. Sir, you have my leave, though you were a lady.

Man. What a well-bred age do we live in! *[Aside. Exit.]*

Enter LADY GRACE.

Lady T. Oh, my dear lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone, all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why yes; and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here—

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast! we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—We have been charming company!

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast happiness when a man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I, now; we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly, that must be vastly pretty!

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, to other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty, cheerful, tête-à-tête meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room—At last, stretching himself and yawning—"My dear"—says he—"aw—you came home very late last night"—"Twas but just turned of two," says I—"I was in bed—aw—by eleven," says he—"So you are every night," says I—"Well," says he, "I am amazed you can sit up so late"—"How can you be amazed," says I, "at a thing that happens so often?"—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and

though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many, pretty, new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time), don't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all—A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet! Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady G. O, have a care of that!

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it.—But to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady G. Why—if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that, except giving me money, there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature; and partly perhaps by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he bates: I dote upon assemblies—my heart bounds at a ball—and at an opera—I expire.—Then I love play to distraction!—cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it sits well upon women—there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it! You see how it makes the men swear and curse! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well, and upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady G. Well, and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes—I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly!—a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child, I should not

lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose?

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would—the other half year.

Lady T. And pray what comfortable scheme of life would you form, now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that, I think, might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer I could pass my leisure hours in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive, antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!—But I beg we may have the sober town scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!

Lady G. You shall; and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it, however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it!

Lady G. I would every day be as neat as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say that's a great step to be made one—Well, now you are dressed, pray let's see to what purpose.

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.—I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at quadrille—soberly: I would see all the good plays, and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera—but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again; and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for this last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the further aid of breakfasting, dining, and taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! deplorable! Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life; now I want to enjoy it.

Enter MRS. TRUSTY.

Mrs. T. Ma'am, your ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady T. Have the footmen their white flambaux yet? for last night I was poisoned.

Mrs. T. Yea, ma'am, there were some came in this morning. *[Exit.]*

Lady T. My dear, you will excuse me; but, you know, my time is so precious—

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at lady Revel's?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear!

Lady G. When it does, I will—soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. *[Exit.]*

Enter LORD TOWNLY and MANLY.

Lord T. I did not think my lady VVronghead had such a notable brain; though I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly girl, you call Myrtilia, with the secret.

Man. No, my lord, you mistake me; had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord T. Why, I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my lady VVronghead sent it enclosed to my sister.

Man. If you please to give me leave, my lord—the fact is thus—This enclosed letter to lady Grace was a real, original one, written by this girl to the count we have been talking of; the count drops it, and my lady VVronghead finds it—then, only changing the cover, she seals it up, as a letter of business, just written by herself to me; and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

Lord T. Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own, to you?

Man. No, my lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately; but when I showed her that her letter to the count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed; and thought herself betrayed, both by the count and my lady—in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions in my lady VVronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord T. You are very generous, to be so solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully re-

venged of her; for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

Lord T. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of, to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man. Yet, my lord, I assure you there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord T. Dear Charles!—my heart's impatient till thou art nearer to me; and, as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve, than to ask, my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit; and since, on this occasion, you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you we have both succeeded—she is as firmly yours—

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord T. I'm glad you think it flattery, but she herself shall prove it none; she dines with us alone:—when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation that shall excuse my leaving you together—Oh, Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my lord.

Lord T. But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance, how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,

You'll reach by virtue, what I lost by love. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MRS. MOTHERLY'S House.

Enter MANLY, meeting SIR FRANCIS VVronghead.

Man. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir F. Cousin Manly!

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir F. Troth, all as busy as bees! I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir F. VVhy, faith, you have hit it, sir!—I was advised to loose no time: so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir F. VVhy, nobody—I remember I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so, troth, I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir F. VVhy, thus—Lookye—"Please your lordship," says I, "I am sir Francis VVronghead, of Bumper-hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Gussledown."—"Sir, your humble servant," says my lord; "tho' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so," says he, "sir Francis, have you any service to

command me?" Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And tho' I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I mist it naw.

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir F. So, when I found him so courteous—"My lord," says I, "I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit: but, since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony,—why, truly," says I, "I think naw is as good as another time."

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir F. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir F. "So, in short, my lord," says I, "I have a good estate—but—a—it's a little awt at elbows:¹⁾ and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court."

Man. So, this was making short on't.

Sir F. Icod, I shot him flying, cousin! some of you hawf-witted ones, naw, would ha' bunimed and bawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and mayhap not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't—

Sir F. You shall hear, cousin—"Sir Francis," says my lord, "pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon?"—"My lord," says I, "beggars must not be choosers; but only place," says I, "about a thousand a year, will be well enough to be doing with till something better falls in"—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir F. Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—VWell, but what said my lord to all this?

Sir F. "Sir Francis," says he, "I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power;" so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so upon these hopes you are to make your fortune?

Sir F. VWhy, do you think there's any doubt of it, sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it—for, just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir F. VWhy, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you perhaps may have better fortune; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume?

Sir F. Oh, yes; I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

Man. VWell; and pray what have they done there?

Sir F. VWhy, troth, I cant well tell you what they have done; but I can tell you what I did: and, I think, pretty well in the main: only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir F. VWhy, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long winded o'both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: hawsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience—so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know how it 'twas—but I doubt I cried, ay! when I should ha' cried, no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir F. VWhy, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried, ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand—"Sir," says he, "you are a man of honour and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you"—and so with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby—so I knew nowt—but, odds flesh! I was got o'the wrong side the post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now!—Ah, thou head of the VWrongheads! [*Aside.*

Lady W. [*Without.*] Very well, very well. *Sir F.* Odsol! here's my lady come home at last!

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD, COUNT BASSET, and MISS JENNY.

Lady W. Cousin, your servant: I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. Oh, madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

Lady W. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, madam.

Count B. I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam—if making people easy is the rule of good breeding, he is certainly the best bred man in the world.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find. [*Aside.*]—I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

Count B. I don't know that, sir; but I am sure what you are pleased to say makes me so.

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I met with! [*Aside.*

Lady W. Lard, how ready his wit is! [*Aside.*

Sir F. Don't you think, sir, the count's a very fine gentleman? [*Apart.*

Man. Oh, among the ladies, certainly. [*Apart.*

Sir F. And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waunds, he'll storm any thing! [*Apart.*

Man. Will he so? VWhy then, sir, take care of your citadel. [*Apart.*

Sir F. Ah, you are a wag, cousin! [*Apart.*

¹⁾ A coat out at elbows wants mending—on estate—

Man. I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. Oh, perfectly well, sir! We have been abroad, in our new coach, all day long—and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday we are to be at the what d'ye call it—assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and piquet, and ombre, and hazard, and hasset; and on Monday we are to see the king; and so on Tuesday—

Lady W. Hold, hold, miss! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes, and she is improved with a vengeance! *[Aside.]*

Jenny. Lawrd, mamma! I am sure I did not say any harm: and, if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see.

Lady W. O my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong—

Sir F. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it down, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, madam.

Lady W. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. *[Turning away, and pouting]* I declare I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, sir!—I know why she does it, well enough— *[Aside to the Count.]*

Count B. Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us. *[Aside.]*

Jenny. Let her suspect! what do I care?—I don't know but I have as much reason to suspect as she—though perhaps I am not so afraid of her.

Count B. 'Egad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project, before I can bring it to bear! *[Aside.]*

Lady W. The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it— *[Aside.]*—Upon my life, count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count B. Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her.—In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it: 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me. *[Apart.]*

Lady W. You are right; I will be more cautious. *[Apart.]*

Count B. To-morrow at the masquerade we may lose her. *[Aside.]*

Lady W. We shall be observed; I'll send you a note, and settle that affair—go on with the girl, and don't mind me. *[Apart.]*

Count B. I have been taking your part, my little angel.

Lady W. Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so hasty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mamma; but when I am told

of a thing before company, it always make me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family! *[Aside.]*

Enter MYRTILLA. MANLY talks apart with her.

Lady W. Well, sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day?

Sir F. News, madam! 'Ecod, I have some—and such as does not come every day, I can tell you. A word in your ear—I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pound a year already.

Lady W. Have you so, sir? And, pray, who may you thank for't? Now, who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away after a stinking pack of foxhounds in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir F. Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

Lady W. Mighty well! Come—let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir F. Another, child! Wounds! you have had one hundred this morning; pray, what's become of that, my dear?

Lady W. What's become of it! Why, I'll show you, my love. Jenny, have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, mamma.

Lady W. What's become of it? Why, laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's the account.

Sir F. *[Turning over the Bills]* Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have squandered your aunt, you say, and she readily comes in to all I proposed to you? *[Apart.]*

Myr. Sir, I'll answer with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, sir. *[Apart.]*

Man. I am going home directly; bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it. *[Apart.]*

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you. *[Apart. Exit.]*

Sir F. Odds life, madam! here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans and clock stockings, by wholesale.

Lady W. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that, in necessities for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir F. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o'one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

Lady W. My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion? why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady, in this town, is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady W. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So, the family comes on finely! [*Aside.*

Sir F. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Wwounds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold it at this rate.

Man. Oh, do you feel it, sir? [*Aside.*

Lady W. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir F. Compose the devil, madam! why, do you consider what a hundred pound a day comes to in a year?

Lady W. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time—But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a year this morning—That now, methinks, you might consider, sir.

Sir F. A thousand pound! Yes; but mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on'this half year.

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD.

Squire R. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coaled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady W. Bless me, sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself?

Sir F. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

Lady W. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? Ww shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir F. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir F. Wvell, sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, madam—

Lady W. Since you have business, sir—
[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning, you had some very fine lace to show me—can't I see it now? [*Sir Francis stares.*

Mrs. M. Wwhy really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth-day; but your ladyship—

Lady W. Oh, I die if I don't see it before her.

Squire R. Wvoant you goa, feyther?

Sir F. Wwounds, lad, I shall ha' no stomach at this rate!

Mrs. M. Wvell, madam, though, I say it, tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over—and, for fineness—no cobweb comes up to it.

Sir F. Odds guts and gizzard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost, now?

Mrs. M. Nay, if sir Francis does not like it, madam—

Lady W. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir F. Flesh, madam! but I suppose I am to pay for it!

Lady W. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a year, and who got it you; go, eat your dinner, and be thankful, go! [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly. [*Exit Lady Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir F. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished, for the good of my country, while madam is laying me out an hundred pound a day, in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Odds flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squire R. Nay, nay—come, feyther.

[*Exeunt Sir Francis and Squire Richard.*]

Re-enter MYRTILLA.

Myr. Madam, my lady desires you and the count will please to come, and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count B. Wvell wait upon her—

Jenny. So, I told you how it was; you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count B. No matter, my dear: you know she has asked me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me in any thing.

Jenny. Wvell, that will be pure!

Count B. But you had best go to her alone, my life; it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow you know at the masquerade: O dear, dear! I wish the time were come. [*Exit.*]

Myr. So, sir, am not I very commode to you?

Count B. Wvell, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Wvell, but how stands your affair with miss in the main?

Count B. Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes; my lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine at the same time.

Count B. Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Wwhy you know my lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball night, before they go to the Haymarket.

Count B. Good.

Myr. Now the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to bed together.

Count B. Admirable! Wvell, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may he tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you as long as I live—But I must run to my squire.

Count B. And I to the ladies—so, your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wwronghead!

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble count Basset! [*Exit.*]

Count B. Why, ay! Count! That title has

been of some use to me, indeed: not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue riband. Yet I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have lolled in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille with the first women of quality—But—tempora mutantur—since that damned squadron at VVhite's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife. If I can snap up miss Jenny and her eight thousand pounds, I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for, since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the airs of men of quality.

[Exit]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LORD TOWNLY'S House.

Enter WILLIAMS and MR. MANLY.

Will. Sir Francis VVronghead, sir, desires to see you.

Man. Desire sir Francis to walk in. [Exit Williams]—I suppose by this time his wise worship begins to find that the balance of his journey to London, is on the wrong side.

Enter SIR FRANCIS VVRONGHEAD.

Sir Francis, your servant. How came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

Sir F. Ah, cousin!

Man. VVhy that sorrowful face, man?

Sir F. I have no friend alive but you—

Man. I am sorry for that—But what's the matter?

Sir F. I have played the fool by this journey, I see now—for my bitter wife—

Man. VVhat of her?

Sir F. Is playing the devil.

Man. VVhy, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir F. If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning. But there's one hundred on't goes more to my heart than all the rest.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir F. Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir F. VVhy, she has been at an assembly.

Man. VVhat, since I saw you? I thought you had all supped at home last night.

Sir F. VVhy, so we did—and all as merry as grigs. Fcod, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with—But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my lady Townly here, with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my lady Noble's assembly, forsooth—A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain—so, bawwce! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box—so, about four or five in the morning—home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir F. Every shilling—among a parcel of pigtail puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. If you remember I gave you a hint of this.

Sir F. VVhy, ay, it's true, you did so: but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

Sir F. Ah, this London is a base place indeed!—VVaunds, if things should happen to go wrong, with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a gaol?

Man. VVhy, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir F. Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

Man. The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

Sir F. Odds flesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a year behind me?

Man. Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family and you are a saver by it.

Sir F. Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure I shall make in the country, if I come down without it.

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

Sir F. Mayhap, 'at you have no great opinion of my journey to London then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you; you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

Sir F. Good lack! how may you mean, cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus—In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster; in a fortnight my lady will run you into gaol, by keeping the best company; in four-and-twenty hours your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been used to better company; and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir F. Fthe name o'goodness, why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir F. VVaunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. I hear company entering—You know they see masks here to-day—conceal yourself in this room, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir F. Sir, I'll warrant you—Ah, my lady! my lady VVronghead! what a bitter business have you drawn me into!

Man. Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already. [Sir F. and Man. retire through the centre Door.]

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD and MYRTILLA, in Masquerade Dresses.

Squire R. What, is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes; speak softly.

Squire R. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

Squire R. Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see, here they come!

Enter COUNT BASSET and Miss JENNY, in Masquerade Dresses.

Count B. So, so, here's your brother and his bride before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd, do but feel how it beats here!

Count B. Oh, the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ay, you say so—but let's see now—Oh, lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do; and so where's the parson?

Count B. Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, sir; I'll fetch him immediately. *[Exit.]*

Jenny. Pray, sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess?

Count B. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, ¹⁾ when she meets me at an assembly; or you and I in our coach and six at Hyde-park together!

Count B. Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera, call out—"The countess of Basset's servants!"

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then mayhap to have a fine gentleman, with a star and a what-d'ye-call-um riband, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! "Hold up," says the chairman; "and so," says I, "my lord, your humble servant."—"I suppose, madam," says he, "we shall see you at my lady Quadrille's?"—"Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord," says I.—So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing! swang! with my tassels dangling and my flambeaux blazing! and—Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

Count B. Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of them all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

Squire R. Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! Tho' in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the parson stay so?

Count B. Oh, here he comes, I believe.

Enter MYRTILLA, with a Constable.

Const. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman.

[Pointing to the Count.]
Count B. Hey-day! what, in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count B. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my lord chief justice's warrant against you, for forgery, sir.

Count B. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately.

[Sir Francis and Manly advance.]

Jenny. Oh, dear me, what's the matter?

[Trembling.]

Count B. Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

Squire R. Oh, ho, is that all!

Sir F. No, sirrah! that is not all.

[Sir Francis Wronghead coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his cane.]

Squire R. Oh, lawd! Oh, lawd! he has beaten my brains out.

Man. Hold, hold, sir Francis; have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray, sir.

Sir F. Wounds, cousin, I ha'n't patience.

Count B. Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil! *[Aside.]*

Squire R. Oh, my head! my head!

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD, dressed as a Shepherdess.

Lady W. What's the matter here, gentlemen? For heaven's sake! What, are you murdering my children?

Const. No, no, madam; no murder; only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir F. *[To Jenny]* And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket?

Count B. So, so, all's out I find! *[Aside.]*

Jenny. Oh, the mercy! why pray, papa, is not the count a man of quality then?

Sir F. Oh, yes, one of the unchanged ones, it seems.

Lady W. Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was his urgent business then—slighted for her! I ha'n't patience!—and, for aught I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman. *[Aside.]*

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir F. Ah, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night; for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

Lady W. Indeed, you are mistaken, sir

¹⁾ An allusion to the manner in which the cats draw up their backs, when they are attacked by a dog, etc.

Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir F. Not stir? Wounds, madam—

Man. Hold, sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

Sir F. Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

Man. [Apart to Lady Wronghead] Look you, madam, as to the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter enclosed to my lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin.—Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

Lady W. What do you mean, sir?

Man. Why, sir Francis—shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady W. Ha! my billet-doux to the count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!

Man. What shall I say to sir Francis, madam?

Lady W. Dear sir, I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour, and I am all obedience.

Man. Sir Francis—my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir F. Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!—And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count B. Mr. Manly; sir, I hope you won't ruin me!

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir?

Count B. Sir—I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate—But it has hurt nobody yet, sir; I beg you will not stigmatise me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, sir, to make it in another, sir.

Man. Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must show it to one you have been cruel to.

Count B. Cruel, sir?

Man. Have you not ruined this young woman?

Count B. I, sir?

Man. I know you have—therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

Count B. Dear sir!

Man. No words, sir; a wife or a mitimus.

Count B. Lord, sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

Man. A private penance or a public one—Constable!

Count B. Hold, sir, since you are pleased to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, sir; the

chaplain you expected is still within call.

Myr. Come, sir, don't repine: marriage is at worst but playing upon the square.

Count B. Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the devil.

Man. Well, sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honeymoon with.

[Gives it to Myrtille.

Count B. Sir, this is so generous an act—

Man. No compliments, dear sir—I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

[Exit.

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count B. Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however. And I am not the first of the fraternity who has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another—Come, spouse.

Myr. Yes, my life.

[Exit Myrtille, Count Basset, and Constable.

Sir F. And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witness of the ceremony.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A dressing Room.

LADY TOWNLY discovered as just up; Mrs. TRUSTY waiting.

Mrs. T. Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so ill?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

Mrs. T. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

Lady T. Composed! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches: what between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Mrs. T. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Mrs. T. Ah! if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it! Do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Mrs. T. Mercy forbid, madam!

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered!—stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

Mrs. T. You don't tell me so, madam!

Lady T. And where to raise ten pound in the world—What is to be done, Trusty?

Mrs. T. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship

may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Mrs. T. Ha! that's a bad business indeed, madam—Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late—

Lady T. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee.

Mrs. T. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time?

Lady T. Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to a—what's his filthy name?

Mrs. T. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady T. The very wretch! If he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately. [*Exit Trusty*] VVell, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven, for ever!—No, after that horrid bar of my chance—that lady VVronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake—Sit up all night—lose all one's money—dream of winning thousands—wake without a shilling! and then—How like a hag I look!—In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame now, I could almost think lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous—If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight—But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Mrs. T. Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the staircase head again—and scream to him that I must speak with him this instant.

[*Mrs. Trusty runs out, and speaks.*]

Mrs. T. [*Within*] Mr. Poundage!—a hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly!

Pound. [*Within*] I'll come to you presently.

Mrs. T. [*Within*] Presently won't do, man; you must come this minute.

Pound. [*Within*] I am but just paying a little money here.

Mrs. T. [*Within*] Odds my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment—quick!

Re-enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Lady T. VVill the monster come, or no?

Mrs. T. Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the Door, with a Money-bag in his Hand.*]

Mrs. T. Oh, it's well you are come, sir! where's the fifty pounds.

Pound. Why here it is: if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by

this time—the man's now writing a receipt below for it.

Mrs. T. No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money; there's not enough, it seems—there's a pistole and a guinea that is not good in it—besides, there is a mistake in the account too—[*Twitching the Bag from him*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now: so you must bid Mr. VVhat-d'ye-callum call another time.

Lady T. VVhat is all that noise there?

Pound. VVhy, and it please your ladyship—

Lady T. Pr'ythee don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam.

Mrs. T. There they are, madam—[*Pours the money out of the Bag*] The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them!—I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, ma'am. [*Takes a Guinea.*]

Lady T. VVhy, I did not bid you take it.

Mrs. T. No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

Lady T. VVell, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once—[*Noise without*] But hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder?

Mrs. T. I'll listen.

Lady T. Pr'ythee do.

Mrs. T. [*Goes to the Door*] Ay, they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—Bless me! I believe he'll beat him.

[*A Man's Voice without*] I won't swear, but damn me if I don't have my money.

Mrs. T. Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

Lady T. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

Mrs. T. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be the porter has knocked him down—I'll step and see.

[*Exit.*]
Lady T. These tradespeople are the troublesomest creatures! No words will satisfy them!

Re-enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Mrs. T. Oh, madam! undone! undone! My lord has just bolted out upon¹⁾ the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—If your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady T. No matter; it will come round presently; I shall have it from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Mrs. T. Oh lud, madam! here's my lord just coming in!

Lady T. Do you get out of the way, then. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty*] I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give them me.

Enter LORD TOWNLY.

Lord T. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

Lady T. You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence!

Lord T. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the oc-

¹⁾ Slung for, to come suddenly upon a person.

casien of it; I thought I had given you money, three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus—what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone! what way, madam?

Lady T. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady T. My lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous!—you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

Lady T. You'll find at least I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart is your monitor—'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Death, madam! do you presume upon your corporeal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaimed—for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more—if she conceals her shame, does less; and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

Lady T. I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered coxcomb, has possession of it?

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, madam, I have long despaired of; and, since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that, with our hearts, our persons too should separate.—This house you sleep no more in; though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour!

Lord T. Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

Lady T. Done with me! If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it—but have a care; I may not, perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled! Who's there?

Enter WILLIAMS.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

[*Exit Williams.*]

Lady T. My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible; and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord; but I shall have no reason to be asbamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.

Enter LADY GRACE AND MANLY.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you too.

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my lord.

Lord T. Thus then—As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation—I know, sir, your good nature, and my sister's, must be shocked at the office I impose on you; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent on her side.

Man. My lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lord T. For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them—For the good lord, your dear father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter.—As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and, to our mutual shame I speak it, more than happy wives desire—But those indulgencies must end—state, equipage, and splendour, but ill become the vices that misuse them—The decent necessities of life shall be supplied, but not one article to luxury—not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased—but if you still are lavish of your

little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less; nor will I call that soul my friend that names you in my hearing.—Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love.—There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I for ever hoped to find a cheerful companion, a faithful friend, a useful helpmate, and a tender mother—but, oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck her!

Lord T. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever), let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal;—and as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister!

[*Turns to Lady Grace, weeping.*]

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where, without favour, this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure.

Lady T. Support me—save me—hide me from the world!

[*Falling on Lady Grace's Neck.*]

Lord T. [*Returning*] I had forgot me—You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband.

[*Offers to go out.*]

Man. [*Interposing*] My lord, you must not, shall not, leave her thus!—One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong. If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer, with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider—since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord T. I shan't refuse you that, madam—

Lady T. My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lord T. Proceed—I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves—I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that, when a

father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth—his tender care, my lord, directed him to you.—Our hands were joined, but still my heart was wedded to its folly.—My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures.—The husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly spirited obeyed.—I knew no directors but my passions, no master but my will.—Even you, my lord, sometime o'ercome by love, were pleased with my delights; nor then foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence.—And though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet as a truth it cannot be denied, that kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings, and, in a heart thus warm in wild, unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried?

[*Apert.*]

Man. If yet recoverable, how vast the treasure!

[*Apert.*]

Lady T. What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors (give them, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended—No, what's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate—no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon.—The penance of a lonely, contrite life, were little to the innocent; but, to have deserved this separation, will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.—Sister, farewell! [*Kisses her*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me; but when you think I have atoned my follies past, persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, madam! your errors, thus renounced, this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense of them has made you what my utmost wishes form'd, and all my heart has sigh'd for.—Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting; but, from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces.

[*Embraces Lady Townly.*]

Lady T. What words—what love—what duty can repay such obligations?

Lord T. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

Lady T. Oh! till this moment never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you!

Lord T. By heaven! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable!—Oh, Manly! sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity—my new-born joy! See here, the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day.

Lady G. Sister (for now, methinks, that name is dearer to me than ever), let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual, may it flow!

Lord T. To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

Lady T. Sister, a day like this—

Lady G. Admits of no excuse against the general joy. [*Gives her Hand to Manly.*]

Man. A joy like mine—despairs of words to speak it.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother! [*Embraces him.*]

Man. Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

Lady T. Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days. Never the paths of pleasure more to tread, But where your guarded innocence shall lead; For, in the marriage state, the world must own, Divided happiness was never known. To make it mutual, nature points the way; Let husbands govern, gentle wives obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT;

Or, *The kind Impostor*, acted at Drury Lane 1703. This is a very busy, sprightly, and entertaining comedy, and still continues a stock play. The plot of it is borrowed from Leonard's *Counterfeits*, and perhaps from the Novel *The Trappener trappened*, on which that Comedy itself was built.

DON MANUEL.
DON PHILIP.
OCTAVIO.
TRAPPANTI,

SOTO.
DON LEWIS.
CORRIGIDORE.
ALGUAZILE.

HOST.
SERVANTS.
POSTBOY.
HYPOLITA.

ROSARA.
FLORA.
VILETTA.

SCENE.—*Madrid.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at MADRID.*

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking thou hast endured with the best of 'em; but—when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!—Let me see—this, I take it, is the most frequented inn about Madrid; and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host. [*Within*] Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

Trap. Just alighted! If they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me; hah! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, in Men's Habits; a Postboy, with a Portmanteau.

Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

Flora. Sir, your servant.

Post. Have the horses pleased your honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed, friend; prythee set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir; here, ostler.

[*Exeunt Trappanti and Servant.*]

Flora. And pray, madam, what do I deserve?

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed, but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flora. And now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. VVhy, now I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flora. No, your sweet usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is it you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flora. Ah! dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it, you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged him.

Flora. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. VVhy, I engaged him.

Flora. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex, rather than own I loved him,

Flora. Ah! done like a woman of courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the thoughts of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have tore him piecemeal.

Flora. Ay! I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable puppy. But let us hear.

Hyp. I'll tell thee, Flora; you know don Philip wants no charm that can recommend him. As a lover in rank and fortune, I confess him my superior; 'tis the thoughts of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes; I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might command me; this always stung my pride, and made me over-act it: nay sometimes, when his sufferings have almost drawn the tears into my eyes, I have turn'd the subject with some trifling talk, or

hum'd a spiteful tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

Flora. But, love be praised, your proud stomach's come down for it.

Hyp. Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as 'twas. In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end, and when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitch'd, for I immediately called for my boy's clothes, and so rode after him.

Flora. Why truly, madam, as to your wits, I've not much altered my opinion of 'em, for I can't see what you propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, *Flora*, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

Flora. A notable design, no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married between 'em.

Flora. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flora. Now I begin to take ye: but pray what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in Toledo: in it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold, good store, settlements, and credential letters to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is don Philip, only son and heir of don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flora. A very smart undertaking, by my troth: and pray, madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still; when I can't lie for myself you are to do it for me, in the person of a cousin-german.

Flora. And my name is to be—

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please; be your own godfather.

Flora. 'Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall: for to be sure don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. O let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flora. I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But you can bully, upon occasion.

Flora. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing. Bullying in breeches, would be scolding in petticoats.

Flora. Say ye so: why then do look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live. Well, madam, now you have open'd the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, and wait upon my father-in-law—How now! what would this fellow have?—

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen, I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by

my troth, right and sound, I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house—I always stand by, sir, see 'em rubb'd down with my own eyes—catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flora. I have seen this fellow somewhere. [*Apart to Hypolita.*]

Trap. Hey-day! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! hey, house! tapster! landlord! hey! [*Knocks*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Pshaw! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so here and there one makes shift, you know.—Hey! will these people never come?

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

Trap. O! nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir!—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flora. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers; you don't know this house, sir; why they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like thunder too—Hollo!

Hyp. Ha! you eat here sometimes, I presume, sir?

Trap. Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home, indeed—Hollo!

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and hawl too, sir: here, the gentlemen are almost famish'd, and nobody comes near 'em: what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapp'd down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then pr'ythee get us some young rabbits.

Host. Rabbits! odd rabbit it, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flora. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish! sir, I dress'd yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Plague on thee, hast thou nothing but any-thing-else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee get us a saddle¹ then.

Host. Don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Ha! ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

¹ A saddle of mutton is the two loins not separated.

Trap. 'Egad, it's neck or nothing¹⁾ here, sir. Faith, sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when any thing else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done:—gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir; indeed I'll do't. [*Exeunt Host and Trappanti.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flora. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago, don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand, as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turn'd away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humour'd?

Flora. The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concern'd for him: what makes him so far from Seville?

Flora. I'm afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service, his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

Flora. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it—I'll talk with him.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room—Are you not for a whet,²⁾ sir? What wine? what wine?—Hey!

Flora. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir.—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Re-enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please, sir.

Flora. Sir, will you please to name it?

[*To Trappanti.*]

Trap. Nay, pray, sir—

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir; upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul, you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words! pr'ythee, you shall.

Trap. Pshaw! but why this among friends now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Flora. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

[*Apert to Hypolita.*]

1) Fox-hunters in jumping over a hedge or a fire-barred gate, on horseback, expose themselves to such danger, that they are sure either to break their neck or break nothing; hence the expression. The pun is easily understood.

2) A whet is one of the numerous expressions for taking a glass of brandy, etc. to sharpen the appetite, keep out the cold; or some other such excuse.

Hyp. Hang him, 'tis inoffensive; I'll humour him.—[*Apert*] Pray, sir (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)—

Trap. O, dear sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession, sir—I—I—Ods me! here's the wine.

Re-enter Host.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—ye blockhead, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not?

[*Drinks*] Yes, 'twill do—give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

[*To Hypolita.*]

Hyp. Extremely good indeed—But, sir, as to my question.

Trap. I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. O, pray, sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant.—Here, master! pr'ythee get us—Ha! ay, get us a dozen of poach'd eggs—a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Going.*]

Trap. Friend—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of 'em.

Host. Yes, sir—a little thin slice, sir?

[*Going.*]

Trap. No, you dog, not too thin.

Hyp. But, sir—

Trap. Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—Sancho! Sancho! ay, isn't your name Sancho?

Host. Diego, sir.

Trap. Oh! ay, Diego! that's true indeed, Diego! Umph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full. [*Apert.*]

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego—[*Drinks and fills again*] That I should forget thy name though.

Host. No great harm, sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name, faith!—I think you are married, are you not, Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, sir.

Trap. Hah! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, sir.

Trap. Hah! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again, Diego—Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha! Diego?

Host. Pretty well, sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye—Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste 'em, sir?

Trap. Taste 'em! humph! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, sir; when it's ready, call us.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Hyp. But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much; I am a plain dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flora. Have you ever served, sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior offi-

cer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, sir?

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you.—Pray, sir, when you served last, did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, sir!—Yes, sir, I was paid, clear'd subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And your late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious; for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you, and your condition; which I dare promise you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance. And your first step to deserve it, is to answer me honestly to a few questions: keep your assurance still; it may do me service, I shall like you better for it: come, here's to encourage you.

[Gives him Money.]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flora. Nay, I'll pass my word he shan't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such a sort of face before, but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. Grammercy! here, cousin! [Drinks to Flora] Come, now, what made don Philip turn you out of his service? Why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! How pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears, over head, drown'd by this time, he would in—I would have had him stopp'd when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil!

Hyp. So! now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. What sort of a devil? [Aside.]

Trap. The damning sort—a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was donna Hypolita: but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flora. How d'ye like that?

[Apart to Hypolita.]

Hyp. Pretty well. [Apart.] Was she handsome?

Trap. Umph!—so, so!

Flora. How d'ye like that? [Apart.]

Hyp. Umph!—so, so! [Apart.] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith! I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Hah! d'ye think she loved him?

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved

Hyp. How was that? [his wife.]

Trap. Why he beat her thrice a day, and

told his neighbours he loved her never the worse; but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flora. How d'ye do now? [Apart.]

Hyp. I don't know—methinks I—[Apart.] But sure! What! was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flora. Ay, say that at your peril. [Aside.]

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith, the woman look'd very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Flora. How d'ye like the picture, madam?

[Apart.]

Hyp. I am as humble as an offending lover.

[Apart.]

Re-enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon table.

[Exit.]

Hyp. That's well! Come, sir, at dinner I'll give you further instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir.

[To Flora.]

Flora. Nay, dear sir, no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant.

[As they are going, Hypolita stops them.]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should see me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. [Exit.]

Flora. You seem concern'd; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live—Come this way.

[They retire.]

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman, tell her I am just come to town, slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flora. 'Tis he. [Apart to Hypolita.]

Re-enter Host, conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flora. And don Philip, by Jupiter! [Apart.]

Don P. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, then it's time for us to make ready—Allons!

[Apart. Exeunt Hypolita and Flora.]

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Dear Octavio!

Oct. What lucky point of the compass could blow us upon one another so?

Don P. Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination: but the worst I see blows some good; I am overjoy'd to see you.—But what makes you so far from the army?

Oct. O, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

Don P. Unriddle, pray.

Oct. Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

Don P. I remember.

Oct. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel now capitulates.

Don P. Then she's taken.

Oct. I can't tell that; for you must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to—

Don P. Marry her to another?

Oct. Of a better estate than mine, it seems. There's her express; read it.

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI, appear in the Balcony.

Flora. Trappanti, there's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again: but I may chance to tell him he did not know a good servant when he had him.

Don P. [Reads] *My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it; the gentleman is expected every hour. In the mean time, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim: I am almost out of my senses; which you'll easily believe, when I tell you, if such a one should make haste, I shan't have time to refuse him any thing.*

Hyp. How's this?

Don P. No name.

Oct. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flora. If this should be don Philip's mistress!

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Don P. What will you do in this case?

Oct. That I don't yet know; I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her: I long to see her: I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and humble, now she's in a fright.

Don P. What will you propose at your meeting her?

Oct. I don't know, may be another meeting: at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good by, and a sigh!—ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me.

Don P. Consider!

Oct. Ah! so I do; what a pleasure 'twould be to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet, moonshiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her; and in this tempting dress to have her jump into my arms breathless with fear.

Don P. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper—

Oct. And thou art the most alter'd I ever knew: pr'ythee what makes thee so much upon the hum-drum?¹⁾ Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Don P. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's: she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Oct. 'Sdeath! you make me tremble: I hope 'tis not my mistress.

Don P. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place.—Or if it were

(she loving you), my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Oct. That's generous indeed! But still you amaze me. Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her?

Don P. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Oct. Pshaw! dissembled.

Don P. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Oct. For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you.

Don P. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Oct. Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

Don P. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

[*Apart.*

Don P. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Oct. Then (though she be my sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Don P. Come, forget it.

[*Exeunt Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.*

Oct. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

Don P. I intended it immediately; but an unlucky accident has hinder'd me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature, has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am.

Oct. Why don't you go back yourself to see for 'em?

Don P. I have sent my servant; for I am really tired: I was loath to appear too much concern'd for 'em, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

Re-enter a Servant to OCTAVIO.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir. [*Gives a Letter.*

Oct. My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me; I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obey'd; when I come off duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

[*To Don Philip.*
Don P. You'll find me here, or hear of me: adieu. [*Exit Octavio*] Here, house!

Re-enter Host.

Pr'ythee see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

Don P. Ay, where is the sot?

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

Don P. Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him. [*Exit Host*] In all the necessities of life there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto! Soto!

¹⁾ Melancholy.

Enter Soto, drunk.

Soto. Did you please to—such!—call, sir?

Don P. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Soto. Sir, I did not know any thing of it; I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

Don P. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Soto. Yes, sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

Don P. You are drunk, rascal—where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

Don P. Speak, villain. *[Strikes him.]*

Soto. I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order; I an't running away, sir.

Don P. To the point, sirrah!

Soto. Not of your sword, dear sir.

Don P. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road, going and coming, and ask'd about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

Don P. What?

Soto. That it must certainly be lost.

Don P. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me? *[Beats him.]*

Soto. Lord, sir, you won't hear reason—Are you sure you han't it about you?—If I know any thing of it, I wish I may be burnt.

Don P. Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction.

Soto. No, sir, that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

Don P. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Soto. Sir—

Don P. Be dumb!

Soto. Ahuh! Yes.

Don P. If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventured to come back again—I am confounded! Neither don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my neglect—What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think! Hey, Soto!

Soto. I had rather bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than had such a life about it. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, sir, let me touch up your fore-top¹⁾ a little.

Hyp. Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both—

1) Fore-top is the hair on the fore part of the head.

Odso! I had like to have forgot—Here, house! a bason and washball—I've a razor about me.

—Hey!

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shaved.

Hyp. Shaved!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey! *[Knocks.]*

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out, and discover myself. *[Aside.]*

Trap. Why, Diego!

Hyp. Pshaw! pr'ythee don't stand fooling, we're in haste. *[Knocks.]*

Flora. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day.

[Taking her by the Chin.]

Flora. Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. *[Exit.]*

Flora. Come, madam, courage; now let's do something for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said, Flora: for the honour of our sex be it then, and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please; but nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics.

Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd, }

Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd, }

As love's the weightier business of mankind. }

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DON MANUEL's House.

Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

Vil. Hear reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentleman your father designs you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? if you should happen to like him as well.

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang 'em, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? If Octavio must be the man, I say, let don Philip be the husband.

Ros. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but a husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see.—I ha' done, madam—one must have time to be wise; but in the mean while what do ye resolve? Positively not to marry don Philip.

Ros. I don't know what I shall do, till I see Octavio; when did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. Octavio! he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

Vil. Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed. [*Smiling.*]

Ros. VWhen, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of 'em, madam?

Ros. Pshaw! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. O! dear madam, I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all first. [*Courteysing.*]

Ros. VWhen will he come?

Vil. Why the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. VWhere's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Rob. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turn'd friar to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him—Hist, Octavio, you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO, in a Friar's Habit.

Oct. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

Oct. Kind creature! do! why as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes too?

Oct. Pshaw! we shall have it one day; they must leave their money behind 'em.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Oct. First let's be fast married; perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it; whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father.

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Viletta.

Vil. Sir.

Don M. VWhere's my daughter?

Vil. Hist, don't disturb her.

Don M. Disturb her! why what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

Don M. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without 'em.

Don M. I find her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

Don M. Fiddle faddle! I won't have her

seem wicked: hussy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you, you know 'em, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her.—Save you, father.

Oct. Bless you, son.

Don M. How now, what's become of father Benedict? VWhy is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

Don M. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir! he has not been long at it.

Oct. Nor don't desire to be long in it; I hope I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old don here. [*Aside.*]

Don M. VWell, sir! how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? VWhat sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Oct. Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

Don M. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Oct. She has told me a most lamentable story.

Don M. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

Oct. Indeed, son, I find by her confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

Don M. Hey-day! what has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be lock'd up till she repents 'em too.

Oct. Son, forbear: this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

Don M. Sir, I have done: but pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Oct. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not, with any malicious design, expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em: her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

Don M. Let's have 'em both antecedent and consequent.

Oct. VWhy she confess'd her first maiden, innocent affection, had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged; and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

Don M. Very good, I see no harm in all this.

Oct. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

Don M. Serious! so I am, sir; what the devil must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Oct. Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

Don M. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Oct. VWhat have you to object against the man she likes?

Don M. The man I like!

Oct. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

Don M. Ay! That's if he can.

Oct. You would not, sir, refuse to hear him.

Don M. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing; that I am sure will signify nothing.

Oct. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

Don M. Sir, when I am ask'd to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top¹).

Oct. Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty: and to let you know too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

Don M. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage: and so if you please, father, you may walk home again—when any thing lies upon my conscience I'll send for you.

Oct. Now then, 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

Fil. So! here will be fine work! [*Aside.*]

Don M. Octavio! the devil!

Oct. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, sir, to think on't.

[*Walks about angrily.*]

Don M. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine—and that other jade of my jade's—here has been rare doings!—Well! it shan't hold long, madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning—Ha! sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress—Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off the table there. Tum, tum! [*Sings.*]

Fil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks.

[*Aside.*]

Ros. This obstinacy of yours, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit Rosara, and Don Manuel locks her in.*]

Don M. Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*]

Oct. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

Don M. Tum! tum! tum!

Fil. Sir, you have lock'd my mistress in.

[*Pertly.*]

Don M. Tum! dum! dum!

Fil. If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

Don M. Tum! dum! dum!

Oct. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

Don M. Why then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oct. You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old, to answer as you ought, this wrong; therefore I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it, and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, sir, be sure of, the man

that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage, at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her.

[*Exit Octavio.*]

Don M. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at:—But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him—Who waits there?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves, I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Fil. Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. [*Within*] Viletta!

Fil. Here! here, madam—bless me, what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the Closet Door, and Rosara thrusts a Billet to her through the Key-hole.*]

Ha! a billet—to Octavio—a—hem.

[*Puts it into her Bosom.*]

Don M. How now, hussy; what are you fumbling about that door for?

Fil. Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

Don M. Oh! she had as good let 'em alone, for she shall never come out, 'till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Fil. Yes, sir, I let him in.

[*Pertly.*]

Don M. Did you so?—Ha! then if you please, madam—I'll let you out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things; and let me never see that damnd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Fil. Bless me, sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

Don M. Thou art strangely impudent.

Fil. Only the furthest from it in the world, sir.

Don M. Then I am strangely mistaken: didst not thou own just now thou let'st him in?

Fil. Yes—but 'twas in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

Don M. Hah!

Fil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

Don M. Hah!

Fil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had lain upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

Don M. Hah!

Fil. So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in; that's all.

Don M. Nay, if it be so as thou say'st, he was a proper confessor indeed.

Fil. Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me.

Don M. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though perhaps you'll choose that place; I think you never much car'd for your husband's company; and if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven in the old road.

[*Clash*] Hark! what noise is that?

[*Noise without. Exit Viletta.*]

1) The children, in playing with their tops, say, when it turns round with such velocity as to appear to stand still, that it sleeps.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

How now?

Serv. O sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were alighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress, I heard 'em name; I'm afraid there will be mischief, sir; there they are all at it, helter skelter.

Don M. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece, call an officer, raise the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll shoot him out of the garret window.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*]

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, putting up their Swords; TRAPPANTI and OCTAVIO in the Servants' Hands.

Hyp. Bring him along—this is such an insolence! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flora. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons: are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guess'd his design, and scower'd off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Prythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knock'd me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'll have you know, if you had not been knock'd down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm to which you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad, at least, to find 'tis not don Philip that's my rival.

[*Aside.*]

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you ask'd me at the coach-side.

Oct. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for, rot me if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you shouldn't want an opportunity.

Hyp. O! sir, these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flora. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, sir, bring your friend; I'm his: damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Oct. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands, about an hour hence, at—

[*Whispers.*]

Flora. Very well, sir; we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not, without my master's order: here he is, sir.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. How now, bully confessor? What! in limbo?!

1) Slang for, confined.

Hyp. Sir, don Fernando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend, don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

Don M. Sir, you are thrice welcome: let me embrace ye; I'm overjoy'd to see you—your friend, sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

Don M. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

Flora. You do me honour, sir.

Don M. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen?

Hyp. Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

Don M. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offer'd you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

Don M. A pretty mettled fellow, faith—must not let him light though. [*Aside.*] But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy.

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

Don M. Discharge him! pray consider, sir—

[*They seem to talk.*]

Re-enter VILETTA, and gives a Note to OCTAVIO.

Vil. Send your answer to me.

[*Apart to Oct. and exit.*]

Oct. Now for a beam of hope in a tempest.

[*Aside. Reads.*]

I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet window where I am is but a step to the ground. Be at the back door of the garden exactly in the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.

Dear kind creature! Now, if my little don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe. [*Aside.*]

Don M. Well, sir, since I find your honour is dip'd so deep in the matter—Here—release the gentleman.

[*Servant gives Octavio his Sword.*]

Flora. So, sir, you have your freedom; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual—Sir, your servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged from the same principle to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even

to my rival; I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit Octavio.*]

Hyp. Your servant, sir.—I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I can't done with him.

[*Aside to Flora.*]
Don M. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloke to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villany of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

Don M. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

Don M. Pray be plain, sir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you.—For, to say truth, he's much better at a lie. [*Aside.*]

Don M. Come hither, friend: pray what is this business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there, I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, sir, I prick'd up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

Don M. Pray who was that other spark, friend?

Trap. A brother-rake, sir; a damn'd sly-look'd fellow.

Don M. So!

Flora. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master.

Hyp. Poor don Philip!

[*Aside.*]
Trap. Says one of 'em, says he, "No, damn him, the old rogue" (meaning you, sir), "will never let you have her by fair means"—"However," says Octavio, "I'll try soft words: but if those won't do"—"Bully him," says 't'other.

Don M. Ah! poor dog! but that would not do neither: sir, he has tried 'em both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, sir? then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. "VWell," and if neither of these will do," says he, "you must e'en tilt the young prig,¹⁾ your rival;" (meaning you then, sir.) [*To Hypolita.*]

Don M. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, sir; that he found was catching a Tartar²⁾. 'Sbud, my master fought like a lion, sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not spare him.

Flora. No, faith—after he was knock'd down.

[*Aside.*]
Trap. But now, sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe, sir.

Trap. "Well," says Sly-looks, "and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least; and in that time the

devil's in! if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her."

Don M. Would you so, Mr. Dog? But he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O sir! you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

Don M. Pray, sir, let's hear. What was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you, that my master was an impostor, and that Sly-looks was the true don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; "upon which" (says he), "the old put" (meaning you again, sir), "will be so bamboozled, that—"

Don M. But pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir (the plot was pretty well laid too). "I'll pretend," says he, "that the rascal, your rival," (meaning you then, sir) [*To Hypolita*] "has robb'd me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father. We are neither of us known in Madrid," says he, "so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone." That's all, sir.

Don M. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flora. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

Don M. Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed: but if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll let 'em see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

Don M. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—it's pity; methinks, we released that bully though—

Flora. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, sir, upon second thoughts, I wish we had—his excusing his challenge so abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way.—Did not you observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

Don M. Humh!

Flora. They seem'd very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what—but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

Don M. I am alarm'd.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

Don M. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her sure.

Flora. Where's her woman?

Don M. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be search'd for intelligence—you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

Don M. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately; and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fer-

1) You must fight with the young fellow.

2) The story goes, that an Irishman in battle against the Calmucks, once called to one of his comrades, "Patrick, I have caught a Tartar". "Well, bring him along with you." "But he won't come." So, of course, the Irishman was a prisoner.

nando.—Your servant.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—Trap-
panti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou hast an ad-
mirable face of brass, and when thou diest
I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the
same metal.

Flora. Twere pity the rogue was not bred
to the law.

Trap. So 'tis, indeed, sir.—A man should
not praise himself; but if I had been bred to
the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a
lie as well as any man that wears it, and
that's a bold word.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—but, sir-
rah, we have more work for ye; you must
get in with the servants, attack the lady's wo-
man: there, there's ammunition, rogue. [*Gives
him Money*] Now try if you can make a
breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah! sir, I warrant you—I could ne-
ver yet meet with a woman that was this sort
of pistol-proof.—I have known a handful of
these do more than a barrel of gunpowder.

Flora. Well, what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the lady—I'll be a
little brisk upon her, and then—

Flora. Victoria!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter VILETTA, hastily; DON MANUEL and
TRAPPANTI behind, observing her.*

Vil. So! with much ado I have given the old
don the slip; he has dangled with me through
every room in the house, high and low, up
stairs and down; as close to my tail as a
great boy hankering after one of his mother's
maids. Well, now we will see what mon-
sieur Octavio says.

[*Takes a Letter from her Bosom.*]

Trap. Hist! there she is, and alone: when
the devil has any thing to do with a woman,
sir, that's his time to take her; stand close.

[*Apart to Don Manuel.*]

Don M. Ah! he's at work already—there's
a letter.

Trap. Leave her to me, sir; I'll read it.

[*Apart.*]

Vil. Ha! two pistoles!—Well, I'll pay that
for him, the man knows his business; his let-
ters always come post paid.

[*While she is reading, Trappanti steals
behind, and looks over her Shoulder.*]

*Dear Viletta—Convey the enclosed im-
mediately to your mistress, and, as you
prize my life, use all possible means to
keep the old gentleman from the closet till
you are sure she is safe out of the window.
Your real friend—*

Trap. Octavio!

[*Reading.*]

Vil. Ah!

[*Shrieks.*]

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble
servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to
look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why—I never read a letter in my
life without looking it over.

Vil. I don't know any business you had
to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing—your not knowing
that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones
broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet honeycomb, don't be so wasp-
ish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I
don't know why my bones mayn't keep their
places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay
for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true; I had better
wheedle him.

[*Aside.*]

Trap. Don't you love money above any
thing in the world—except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good.—And pray how many
letters do you expect to be paid for when
Octavio has married your mistress, and has no
occasion to write to her? While they are
lovers, they will always have occasion for a
confidant and a go-between; but when they
marry—Serviteur—good night vails¹); our har-
vest is over:—what d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why—I like what you say very well:
but I don't know, my friend, to me—that
same face of yours looks like the title-page to
a whole volume of roguery.—What is't you
drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you
let your mistress marry Octavio. I'll do my
best to hinder my master: let you and I lay
our heads together to keep them asunder, and
so make a penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half
way, and confess to you I had made a rough
draught of this project myself: but say I should
agree with you to go on upon't, what security
can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my
person in custody.

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my love, why, there's many a
sweet hit in't—taste it.

[*Offers to kiss her; she puts him away.*]

Vil. No!

Trap. Faith, you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly
for me; though I am not handsome myself, I
love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow
of my size and complexion, in a careless pos-
ture, playing the fool thus with his money,

[*Tosses a Purse; she catches it, and he
kisses her.*]

Vil. Pshaw! Well, if I must, come then.—
To see how a woman may be deceived at
first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay then, take a second thought of
me, child.

[*Kisses her again.*]

Don M. Ha!—This is laying their heads
together indeed.

[*Aside.*]

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a
letter to give to my mistress; slip into the
garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Pshaw! be gone, I say.

[*Snatches the Letter.*]

Trap. Hist!

[*Beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly
behind.*]

Vil. Madam! Madam! ah!

Don M. Now, strumpet, give me the other
letter, or I'll murder you.

[*Draws.*]

Vil. Ah! lud! O lud! there! there! [*Squeaks.*]

¹) Vails, are perquisites given to servants.

Don M. Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at.

My dear angel—Ha! Soft and impudent—*Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening. Pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your* OCTAVIO.

Ah! Now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her—hold—let's see, what does he say here?—um! um! [*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a stupid wench was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil. [*Aside.*]

Don M. [*Reads*] Um! um!—*Sure she is safe out of the window.* O! there the mine is to be sprung then. Now, gentlewoman, what do you think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me, make a friend of me—You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

Don M. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me otherwise?

Don M. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

Don M. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither: one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

Don M. Say it be so; would that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, sir: judge yourself—Here stands Octavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

Don M. There needs no more—I'm convinced, and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand; [*Gives her Money*] and when thou bring'st me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do't—and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*]

Don M. Now, as you expect I should believe you, be gone, and take no notice of what I have discover'd.

Vil. Oh, I am dumb, dumb, dumb, sir. [*Exit.*]

Don M. So! this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate.—Rosara! [*Unlocks the Closet.*]

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me, sir?

Don M. Ay, child: come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you, I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery: Viletta did not cry out for nothing—What shall I do?—dissemble. [*Aside.*]

Don M. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry don Philip this very evening.

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman, as well as myself; for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

Don M. O! as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, sir?

Don M. Ay, for the gentleman shan't have a rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved, sir.

Don M. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect don Philip, sir?

Don M. Expect him; sir! he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens.—He's none of your hum-drums, all life and mettle! Odoooks, he has the courage of a cock; a duel's but a dance to him: he has been at sa! sa!—sa for you already.

Ros. Well, sir, I shan't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man. He shall find me a woman, sir, let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

Don M. Ah! now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss thee t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion—Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—she's in a rare cue, faith: ah! if he does but nick her now. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play—if that don't hit, my hopes are crush'd indeed: if this young spark ben't a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet.—Dear fortune, give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me—Here they come. [*Walks carelessly, and sings.*]

Re-enter DON MANUEL, with HYPOLITA.

Song.

Divinely fair, so heav'nly form'd,
Such native innocence she wears;
You cannot wonder that I'm charm'd
Whene'er the lovely maid appears.
Her smiles might warm an anchorite,
Her artless glances teach him sin;
Yet in her soul such charms unite,
As might the coldest stoic win.

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands: I find by your gaiety, you are no stranger to my business; perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech; but my affair is in a little more haste: therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short, be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

Ros. Troth, sir, I think you are very much in the right; the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Pshaw! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband. I shan't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why then take me as soon as you please.

1) The old gentleman here puts himself in a fencing posture, lifting his stick, and lunging forward, saying, at every lunge: *cat! cat!* like a French fencing-master giving a lesson.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, sir: as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares¹⁾—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

Don M. I'll do't, sir; well, child, speak, in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, sir; but methinks he's a little too young for a husband.

Don M. Young! a fiddle: you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye: sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make the best of her.

[*Exit.*]

Hyp. I thank ye, sir. [*Hypolita stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and smiles as in contempt*] Why now methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doom'd to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says, sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promised you, you shall marry me; and he has always promised me I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ros. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him.

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natur'd.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ros. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ros. Why then, in short, I like another: another man, sir, has got into my head, and made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason truly, but it won't do—to be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reason to believe you shall be if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me

1) Make no disagreement.

in the French city fashion, content to a degree. Now here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So! it takes! [*Aside*] And let me die, sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do't.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll startle her.

[*Aside*] Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife. As for your inclination, I'll keep your person honest, however; you shall be lock'd up, and if you don't love me then—I'll stab ye.

[*Carelessly.*]

Ros. With what? Your words? it must be those you say after the priest then—You'll be able to do very little else that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: your pretty arts, in striving to avoid, have charmed me. At my first view I wooed ye only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I, overjoy'd, could part with; nay, with life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivall'd heart.

Ros. Now I am plunged indeed. [*Aside*] Well, sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now from my sincerity protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy: you ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be yours: if what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved, and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. Well, madam, to let you see I am a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you: here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I swear.

Hyp. Hold—Swear never to make any other your husband but Octavio.

Ros. I swear, and heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so: but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am—but a woman.

Ros. A woman!

Hyp. As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever a man ran mad for.

Ros. Are not you don Philip?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more: I just run before him—nay, and after him too. Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. Hypolita! nay then, from what you have said, and what I have heard Octavio say of ye, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true, madam; it—it—it was a little round about indeed; I might have found a nearer way to don Philip: but these men are such tetchy things, they can never stay one's time; always in haste, just as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere—so you see, there is such a plague, that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well; madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too; for I expect don Philip every moment; and if we don't look about us he will be apt to forbid the banns.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him—Here comes your father—he's secure. Come, put on a dumb consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wise papa, won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. So, son! how does the battle go now? Ha'ye cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father, let me embrace you—my life's too poor to make you a return.—You have given me an empire, sir, I would not change to be grand seignior.

Don M. Ah, rogue! he has done it; he has done it! he has her! ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir! thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ache again. [*Kisses her.*]

Don M. Ah! give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy.—You rampant rogue, could

not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer!

[*Embraces her.*]

Don M. Ah, my cares are over.

Hyp. O! I told ye, sir—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

Don M. Pr'ythee be quiet, I hate the sight of ye.—Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir.

Don M. Oh! I cannot live—I can't live; it pours upon me like a torrent, I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes, I shall choke.—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Any thing that will make you more pleased, sir.

Don M. Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

Don M. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I should ask you?

Ros. Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

Don M. Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so?

[*To Hypolita.*]

Ros. Come, sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

Don M. You lie, hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then.

[*Aside.*]

Don M. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—

Enter a Servant.

Well! what want you, gloomy face?

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

Don M. From Seville! ha! pr'ythee let him go thither again—Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

Don M. Very likely.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, sir—News, news!

Don M. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well! what dost thou say, lad?—But hold, sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir!

Don M. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, sir! for what?

Don M. Joy! joy! you whelp! my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah; and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea of good luck—Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! well, sir, I do—But now if you please let me tell you my business.

Don M. Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, sir, only—Slylooks is come, that's all.

Don M. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler? ha, ha!

Trap. He, sir, he.

Don M. I'm glad of it, faith—now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself; don't you be out of the way, son, I'll be with ye presently.—O my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad, good by. [*Exit, with Trappanti.*]

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

Ros. At least we shall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we shall; and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA, hastily.

Flora. Don Philip! where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. [*Whispers Hypolita*] Stand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate faith. But I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party.

Ros. Who can this youth be she's so familiar with?

Hyp. I like your advice so well, that to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me. Come, I'll introduce ye. [*To Flora.*]

Flora. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. [*To Rosara.*]

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentleman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! what, are we all going into breeches then?

Flora. That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle: but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life.—Come, ladies—gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DON MANUEL and DON PHILIP.

Don M. Well, sir! and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without 'em?

Don P. Sir, I was not robbed of the regard I owe my father's friend: that, sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it on my first arrival.

Don M. Ah! how smooth the spark is! [*Aside*] Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you: but I hope you'll excuse me, if in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious.

Don P. Sir, I shan't propose any immediate progress in my affair till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

Don M. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio:—But now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. [*Aside*]—Look ye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

Don P. So my father told me, sir.

Don M. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you should prove a damned rogue now, d'ye see.

Don P. Sir, I can't in reason take any thing ill that proceeds only from your caution.

Don M. Civil rascal. [*Aside*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir), may be all a lie?

Don P. Another man indeed might say the same to you: but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

Don M. Sir, you speak like a man of honour, 'tis confessed; but (begging your pardon again, sir) so may a rascal too sometimes.

Don P. But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

Don M. Why then, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you?

Don P. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

Don M. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name pray?

Don P. Octavio Cruzado.

Don M. Ha! my bully confessor: this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence. [*Aside*] Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

Don P. Job, sir?

Don M. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship? or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

Don P. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of don Fernando, I must tell ye your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for. If you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

Don M. Do so, friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

Don P. Politician, and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

Don M. Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail; you have an admirable head, 'tis confess'd, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil

can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

Don P. W'ou'd do, sir?

Don M. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow now, that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend: dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir, is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

Don P. I remember thee: thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

Don P. You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

Don M. O! I never questioned it in the least, sir.—Pr'ythee what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name's Guzman; his father, sir, old don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville; was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, sir, I hope there's no mistake in 'em that may defer the marriage?

Don P. Confusion!

Don M. Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

Don P. Now, sir, I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house, till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself don Philip, that has robb'd me; and would you, sir, of your honour, and your daughter.—As for this rascal—

Trap. Sir, I demand protection.

[*Runs behind Don Manuel.*]

Don M. Hold, sir, since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend; you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit.*]

Don P. I ask your pardon, sir, I must confess, the villany I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners: but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now, till I have proved myself your friend indeed, and don Fernando's son.

Don M. Nay, lookye, sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves: not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI, with HYPOLITA and FLORA.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself don Philip de las Torres?

Don P. Ha! this is a young competitor indeed. [*Aside.*]

Flora. Is this the gentleman, sir?

Don M. Yes, yes, that's he—ha, ha!

Don P. Yes, sir, I'm the man, who but this morning lost that name upon the road.

I'm inform'd an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the port-manteau he robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me. d'ye know any such, sir?

Flora. The fellow really does it very well, sir.

[*Apart to Don Manuel.*]

Don M. Oh! to a miracle!

[*Apart.*]

Hyp. Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee too that this gentleman was a magistrate?

Don M. Well said, my little champion.

Don P. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee; in the mean time, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flora. Very civil, 'egad!

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offer'd as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*]

Don P. Sir, I ask your pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, though I leave your house immediately; when you see me next, you'll know don Philip from a rascal.

Don M. Ah! 'twill be the same thing; if I know a rascal from don Philip: but if you please, sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm resolved to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Lookye, sir, since your undertaking (though you design'd it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by, though I question if a man, that stoops to do such base injuries, dares defend 'em with his sword. However, now at least you're warn'd; but be assured your next attempt—

Don P. Will startle you, my spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cuff'd. Though you won't take my word

against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath; which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately; if he can out-face the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me.

Don M. Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face, however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

Trap. I warrant ye, sir.

Don M. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero! man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, sir.

Don M. Well said, my lad—Oh, my heart's going to dance again—Pr'ythee let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory

Enter OCTAVIO, with a Letter.

Oct. Rosara false! distraction! Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour, to try how far my love can bear—and yet methinks she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound it.

Enter VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

Oct. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she's just going to be married.

Oct. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Hey-day! what's all this for?

Oct. My brains are turn'd, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all; if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

Oct. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, sir, I'll be very plain, you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Oct. No, don't say so, Viletta.

Vil. Then pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport: you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by-and-by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again—hist! here's company! good bye t'ye.

Re-enter DON PHILIP, with his Sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

Don P. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: but pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, sir.

Don P. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest: discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five, ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

Don P. Here, friend! will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him?

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Octavio! This is fortunate indeed—the only place in the world I would have wish'd to have found you in.

Oct. What's the matter?

Don P. You'll see presently—but pr'ythee how stands your affair with your mistress?

Oct. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me, and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too, it is with her own consent; and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

Don P. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently.

Oct. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well now, how stands your affair? Have you seen your mistress yet?

Don P. No; I can't get admittance to her

Oct. How so?

Don P. When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman—

Oct. Here!

Don P. Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robb'd me of my port-manteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Oct. Death and hell! *[Aside]* What sort of fellow was this rascal?

Don P. A little pert coxcomb; by his impudence and dress, I guess him to be some French page.

Oct. Confusion! my friend at last my rival too—Yet hold! my rival is my friend, he owns he has not seen her yet—

Don P. You seem concern'd.

Oct. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend!

Don P. What's the matter?

Oct. Let me conjure ye, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more!

Don P. You amaze me!

Oct. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately dote on.

Don P. Is't possible? Nay then, be easy in thy thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare con-

fess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou'rt my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's.—I know not why, but—I can't help thinking that my fortune still resolves, spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Oct. Quit but Rosara, I'll engage she shall be yours.

Don P. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Oct. Dear Philip, let me embrace ye.—But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and swear the robbery against him?

Don P. I was just going about it, but my accidental meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me; but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so, because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oct. That's right! the least delay might have lost all; besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true don Philip.

Don P. Right!

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong?

Oct. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced that 'tis you who have put don Philip upon laying his pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

Don P. Ha! there's reason in that; all your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

Don P. By no means; ra her wait a little in the street: be within call and leave the management to me.

Oct. Be careful, dear Philip.

Don P. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Oct. But hark ye! here lives an alguazil at the next house; suppose I should send him to you, to secure the spark in the mean time?

Don P. Do so; we must not lose a moment.

Oct. I won't stir from the door.

Don P. You'll soon hear of me; away.

[Exit Octavio.]

Trap. So now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle [Aside]—Basta! here comes our party.

Don P. Stand aside till I call for you.

[Trappanti retires.]

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Well, sir! what service have you to command me now, pray?

Don P. Now, sir, I hope my credit will

stand a little fairer for you; all I beg is but your patient hearing.

Don M. Well, sir, you shall have it—Here he comes, bring him to trial as soon as you please.

Re-enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flora. So Trappanti has succeeded, he's come without the officers. [Apart to Hypolita.]

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I didn't care to disturb the family by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search; let me see your warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

Don M. Ay, where's your officer?

Flora. I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazil before him.

Don P. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think this gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time—O! here, I have prevailed with an alguazil to wait upon ye.

Enter Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

Don P. Ay, secure that gentleman.

Don M. Hold! hold! sir, all things in order: this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [They whisper.]

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betray'd me! Ruin'd, past redemption!

[Apart to Flora.]

Flora. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion; bear up, for shame. [Apart.]

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash'd, confounded; if thou hast any courage left, show it quickly; go speak before my fears betray me. [Apart.]

Don M. If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess 'twill surprise me indeed.

Flora. Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce 'em.

Don P. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one. Hey! Trappanti!

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks—Then there's life again. [Aside] Is this your witness, sir?

Don P. Yes, sir, this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

Don P. Ha, ha! You are very merry, sir.

Don M. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain—But come, friend, what say you to the business? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that this gentleman is the true don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

Don P. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, sir, but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

Don M. Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, sir?

Don M. I'll give thee my word of honour; speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, sir, since I must speak, then in the first place, I desire your honour will be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

Don M. How, friend?

Don P. Secure me, rascal?

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

Don M. I warrant thee—What is it you say, friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hand, claps five pistoles in my palm (here they are), shuts my fist close upon 'em; "My dear friend," says he, "you must do me a piece of service:" upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

Don P. What means the rascal?

Don M. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam¹⁾ he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

Don P. Confusion!

Flora. Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. O ho!

Trap. Upon this, sir, I began to demur: "Sir," says I, "this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it, I must beg your pardon;" gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

Don M. Very well!

Don P. Villain!

Flora. *Hyp.* Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts: "Now, dog," says he, "you shall do it, or within two hours rot upon the dunghill you came from."

Don P. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

Don M. Nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently.—Go on friend.

[*To Trappanti.*]

Trap. Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage; so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury: but now, sir, being under protection and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

Don M. Ay, this is evidence indeed!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Dog! Villain! Did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up, not three hours ago, at the same inn where I alighted? that he had own'd his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

1) To pop a sham, or a flam, slang for, to deceive.

Trap. O lud! O lud! sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words, he threaten'd to stab me if I wouldn't swear against my master—I told him at first, sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there, sir!

Don P. Damnation!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Really, my friend, thou'rt almost turn'd fool in this business. If thou hadst prevail'd upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? You may go, friend. [*Exit Alguazil.*]

Flora. Ha, ha!

Don P. Sir, you're imposed on: defer the marriage but an hour.

Don M. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it altogether.

Don P. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

Don M. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man.—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

Don M. Is he so? Then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no further service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

Don P. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[*Walks about.*]

Flora. Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece.

[*Apart.*]

Trap. Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. [*Apart. Exeunt Flora and Trappanti.*]

Hyp. Sir!

Don P. Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now—[*Aside*] Well, sir—

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have design'd me are to be put without satisfaction; therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow, near the Prado, with your sword in your hand: in the mean time, sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant than yours. [*Going.*]

Don P. Hold, sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

Don P. You're not so near the lady, sir, perhaps, as you imagine. [*Locks the Door.*]

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Don P. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

Don P. Come, sir—draw!

Hyp. My ruin now has caught me; this was the very spite of fortune. [*Aside.*]

Don P. Come, sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place. To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

Don P. No, now, sir, if you please—Draw, villain, or expect such usage as I am sure don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress—You know it is not fear that—

Don P. No evasion, sir; either this moment confess your villainy, your name, and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay then—Within there!

Don P. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, and this minute is thy last. [*Seizes her, and holds a Sword to her Breast.*]

Hyp. Sir! [*Trembling.*]

Don P. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

Don P. No, I see thou art too poor a villain—therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. Nay then, sir—Mercy! mercy! [*Throws herself at his Feet*] And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

Don P. Thy love! What art thou? Speak.

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

Don P. Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raises her*] For I have known too well the misery not to pity—any thing in love. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far: you must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. Sir, on my knees.

Don P. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir—

Don P. Nay then, discover quick! Tell me thy name and family.

Hyp. Hold, sir—

Don P. Speak, or thou diest.

Hyp. Sir, I will—[*A Noise at the Door*] Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir.

[*Breaks from him and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, and Servants rush in and part them.*]

Don M. Knock him down! Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time, secure him in the cellar.

Don P. Hear me but one word, sir!

Don M. Stop his mouth—out with him. [*They hurry him off*] Come, dear son, be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

[*Walks in a Heat.*]

Flora. Why should he be concern'd, now he's secure? Such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me—but—

Enter ROSARA.

Don M. Look! here's my daughter in a fright to seek for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again.

[*Runs to ROSARA.*]

Ros. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

Don M. Ah! well said, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh, madam! I have such a terrible escape to tell you!

[*Apart to ROSARA.*]

Ros. Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

[*Apart.*]

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again—

[*Apart. Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. What, in the name of roguery, can this new master of mine be? He's either a fool or bewitch'd, that's positive.—First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her.—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions, in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him! What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit.—There's but one way in the world I can solve it.—He must certainly have some secret reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to don Pedro, he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Ros. Who's don Pedro pray?

Hyp. Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name. Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seem'd it mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunn'd when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart; methinks I am possess'd with the very spirit of disobedience.—Now could I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too, sir.

[*Embraces him.*]

Don M. Ay, my cares are over—Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my business in this: got as many children as I could; and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work. Look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of 'em; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

Don M. Much good may do thy heart and soul with 'em—and heaven bless you together

—I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children; but, thank my stars, 'tis over—'tis over now—Now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him?

[*Apart to Hypolita.*]

Don M. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die when we have done our best; sooner or later, old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common whores, must die! Nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another.—Now I've married my child, I've lost my companion—I've parted with my girl!—Her heart's gone another way now—she'll forget her old father!—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now!

[*Weeps.*]

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy, till he is downright melancholy. [*Aside.*]

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

Don M. Ah! my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. O, sir, we shall be better friends than ever.

Don M. Uh! uh! shall we? Wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, heaven bless thee, give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting! Be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts, they are the worst company in the world at a wedding.—Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to day at least; stir your servants, call in your neighbours, let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

Don M. Ha! shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ah! as beggars at a feast. What, shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I shan't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

Don M. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah! my joy flows again—I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did you call, sir?

Don M. Call, sir! ay, sir: what's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir? Don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

1 Serv. Yes, sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, sir, they only want a little encouragement.

Don M. Ah! there shall be nothing wanting

this day! If I were sure to beg for it all my life after—Here, sirrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Anthony had for supper, when Cleopatra first treated him with chere entiere: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.—And, d'ye hear? One of you step to monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for't.

1 Serv. How much will you please to have, sir?

Don M. Too much, sir! I'll have every thing upon the outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah, run to my nephew, don Lewis, give my service and tell him to bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, sir! this is as it should be! now it begins to look like a wedding.

Don M. Ah! we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora—Now, madam, observe your cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Your servant, gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it, I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshaw! prythee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flora. My business won't be deferred, sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flora. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flora. Your ear, sir. [*They whisper.*]

Don M. What's the matter now, 'tro?

Ros. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

Don M. 'Tisro, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb 'em, sir—We shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with don Philip?

[*Apart to Flora.*]

Flora. I drew the servants out of the way, while he made his escape; what we do we must do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with 'em presently.

[*Aside.*]

Hyp. [*Aloud*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flora. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

Don M. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flora. Not, sir?

Hyp. No, sir—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—Gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

Flora. Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh! sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and Don Manuel interposes.*]

Ros. Ah! help! murder!

[*Runs out.*]

Don M. Within there! help! murder! Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

Don M. Friends, and quarrel! for shame.

Flora. Friends I scorn his friendship; and

since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Don M. Better words, sir. [To *Flora*.

Flora. Why, sir, d'ye take this fellow for don Philip?

Don M. What d'ye mean, sir?

Flora. That he has cheated me as well as you—But I'll have my revenge immediately. [Exit.

[*Hyp.* walks about, and *Don M.* stares.

Don M. Hey! what's all this? What is it—My heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! [To a *Servant*] Bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Don M. A coach! [Exit *Servant*.

Enter *VILETTA*.

Vil. Sir, sir!—bless me! What's the matter, sir? Are not you well?

Don M. Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir.

Don M. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

Don M. To me?

Vil. No, sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

Don M. How! let's see it—There's what I promised thee—be gone. What can this be now?

[Reads. *The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the corregidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.* OCTAVIO.

O, my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands—I am frightened—I dare not think on't.

Re-enter the *Servant*.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake—Pr'ythee do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post horses.

Don M. Post horses!

Re-enter *ROSARA*.

Ros. O, dear sir, what was the matter?

Don M. Hey!

Ros. What made 'em quarrel, sir?

Don M. Child!

Ros. What was it about, sir? You look concern'd.

Don M. Concern'd!

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. [To *Hypolita, who minds her not*—What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me.

[To *Don Manuel*.

Don M. A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Don M. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vex'd at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

Don M. But what occasion have you for post-horses, sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

Don M. Pray what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

Don M. Another time, sir—pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir, when you see a man's out of humour.

Don M. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfy'd.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have? [Peevishly.

Don M. Lookye, sir—in short—I—I have receiv'd a letter.

Hyp. Well, sir.

Don M. I wish it may be well, sir.

Hyp. Bless me, sir! what's the matter with you?

Don M. Matter, sir!—in troth I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye; but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir.

[Gives the Letter.

Enter *DON LEWIS*.

Don L. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

Don M. I am glad to see you, nephew.

Don L. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprising news.

Don M. Pray what is it?

Don L. Why, first your servant told me, my young cousin was to be married to-day to don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but don Philip with the corregidore, and several witnesses to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurp'd his name, betray'd you, robb'd him, and is in short a rank impostor.

Don M. Dear nephew, don't torture me: are ye sure you know don Philip when you see him?

Don L. Know him, sir? were not we school-fellows, fellow collegians, and fellow travellers?

Don M. But are you sure you mayn't have forgot him neither?

Don L. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, sir.

Don M. But one question more and I am dumb for ever—Is that he?

Don L. That, sir? No, nor in the least like him.—But pray why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

Don M. Oh! oh! oh! oh! my poor child!

Ros. Oh!

[Seems to faint.

Don M. Ah! look to my child.

Don L. Is this the villain then that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband; and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

Don M. Oh!

Don L. Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corregidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, and VILETTA.

O gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married to the impostor.

Don P. How!

Oct. Confusion!

Don M. Oh! oh!

Don P. That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

Oct. And I.

Trap. And I.

Flora. And all of us.

Don M. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately—First, sir, you say, these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

Don L. That, sir, I presume my oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flora. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, sir. [head?

Don M. Where shall I hide this shameful

Flora. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he confess'd to me at Toledo, he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or hav'n't the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

Don M. Ingenuity, abandon'd villain!—But, sir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be, sir—since he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his: all we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

Don M. O that ever I was born.

Hyp. Return the jewels, sir! if you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

Don M. O that I were buried! Will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, sir, if you please; I must desire to take your deposition in writing.

[*Goes to the Table with Flora.*

Don P. Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought ye to.

Don M. Pray forbear, sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. [*Aside to Rosara.*
Ros. Oh, sir! how wretched have you made me! is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty? [*To Don Manuel.*

Don M. Ah! my poor child!

Ros. But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me, my vows and person in justice and honour were the wronged Octavio's.

Don M. Oh! oh!

Oct. Can she repent her falsehood then at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone Rosara! [*Goes to her*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man!

Don M. Oh! don't insult me! I deserve the worst you can say.—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

Vil. So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged.—The merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life.

[*Apart to Hypolita.*

Cor. Well, sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Oct. What can this mean?

Don P. Pshaw! some new contrivance—Let's be gone.

Don L. Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without. [*Exeunt Officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, 'trow!

Trap. Some smart thing, I warrant ye; the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

Flora. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him: that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends; and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

Don M. Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed: for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice, and breach of promise here have justly brought upon you: therefore, sir, if you are injured, you may thank yourself for it.

Don M. Nay, dear sir, I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropp'd out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir (however little you have deserved it), yet for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself, by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

Don M. Sir, I don't know how to answer you: for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him?

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power too, to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune: these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

Don M. This is unaccountable, I must confess—But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged in contract to part with his—

Don P. That, sir, shall be no lett; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. Now, sir, it only stops at you.

Don M. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concern'd, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you.

Don P. And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore take heed, expect no second mercy! for be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

Don P. That you may depend on.

Don M. There, sir.

[*Gives Hypolita the Writing, signed.*]

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

Don P. I know not that—do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve: but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

Don P. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

Don P. Whither wouldst thou carry me?

Hyp. The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita, prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love. [All seem amazed.] O Philip—Hypolita is—yours for ever. [They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's Arms.]

Don P. It is, it is, Hypolita! And yet 'tis she! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give. [Embraces her eagerly.]

Don M. Have I then been pleased, and plagued, and frighted out of my wits, by a woman all this while? Odsbud, she is a notable contriver! Stand clear, ho! For if I have not a fair brush at her lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, odds-winds and thunder, she is not the good-humour'd girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won't balk your good humour. [He kisses her.] And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promise: only your blessing here, sir.

[*Octavio and Rosara kneel.*]

Don M. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and so, children, heaven bless ye together—And now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.

Don P. My friend successful too! Then my joys are double—But how this generous attempt was started first, how it has been pur-

sued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

Don P. How! she!

Flora. Trusty Flora, sir, at your service! I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

Don M. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, faith! Odsooks, we shall have 'em make campaigns shortly.

Don P. In Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say; for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam.—But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money—

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him? [Shows Money.]

Don M. Ay, ay, well said, lad.

Vil. Ea? A tempting bait indeed! let him offer to marry me again if he dares. [Aside.]

Don P. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

Oct. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah! there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your ge-

Oct. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution, that it is as natural to be in love as to be hungry, and that I han't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish; yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all. Upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—To admit me into her good graces.

Don M. A pleasant rogue, faith! Odsooks, the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease for life—Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turn'd out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand—And now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

Don M. Odsooks, and well thought of, I'll send for one presently. Here, you, sirrah, run to father Benedick again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropp'd to pieces; but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

Don P. Now, my Hypolita!
Let our example teach mankind to love;
From thine the fair their favours may improve:

O! never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.
[Exeunt.]

GEORGE COLMAN

Was the son of Francis Colman, Esq., His Majesty's resident at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, by a sister of the Countess of Bath. He was born at Florence about 1753, and had the honour of having King George the Second for his godfather. He received his education at Westminster School, where he very early showed his poetical talents. The first performance by him was a copy of verses addressed to his cousin Lord Pulteney, written in the year 1747, while he was at Westminster, and since printed in *The St. James's Magazine*, a paper published by his unfortunate friend, Robert Lloyd. From Westminster School he removed to Oxford, and became a student of Christchurch. It was there, at a very early age, that he engaged with his friend Bonnel Thornton, in publishing *The Connoisseur*, a periodical paper which appeared once a week, and was continued from Jan. 51. 1754. to Sept. 53. 1756. When the age of the writers of this entertaining paper is considered, the wit and humour, the spirit, the good sense and shrewd observations on life and manners, with which it abounds, will excite some degree of wonder; but will, at the same time, evidently point out the extraordinary talents which were afterwards to be more fully displayed in *The Jealous Wife* and *The clandestine Marriage*. The recommendation of his friends, or his choice, but probably the former, induced him to fix upon the law for his profession; and was accordingly entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due season called to the bar. He attended there a very short time; though, if our recollection does not mislead us, he was soon often enough in the courts to prevent the exposition of his abandoning the profession merely for want of encouragement. On the 18th of March 1758, he took the degree of Master of arts at Oxford; and in the year 1760 his first dramatic piece, *Fully Honeycomb*, was acted at Drury Lane, with great success. For several years before, the comic Muse seemed to have relinquished the stage. No comedy had been produced at either theatre since the year 1751, when Moore's *Gill Blaes* was with difficulty performed nine nights. In July 1764 Lord Bath died; and on that event Mr. Colman found himself in circumstances fully sufficient to enable him to follow the bent of his genius. The first publication which he produced, after this period, was a translation in blank verse of the comedies of Terence, 1765; and whoever would wish to see the spirit of an ancient bard transfused into the English language, must look for it in Mr. Colman's version. The successor of Lord Bath, General Pulteney, died in 1767; and Mr. Colman again found himself remembered in his will, by a second annuity, which confirmed the independency of his fortune. He seems, however, to have felt no charms in an idle life; as, in 1767, he united with Messrs. Harris, Rutherford, and Powell, in the purchase of Covent Garden Theatre, and took upon himself the laborious office of acting manager. After continuing manager of Covent Garden Theatre seven years. Mr. Colman sold his share and interest therein to Mr. James Leake, one of his then partners; and, in 1777, purchased of Mr. Foote the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. The estimation in which the entertainments exhibited under his direction were held by the public, the reputation which the theatre acquired, and the continual concourse of the polite world during the height of summer, sufficiently spoke the praises of Mr. Colman's management. Indeed, it has been long admitted, that no person, since the death of Mr. Garrick, was so able to superintend the entertainments of the stage as the subject of this account. About the year 1785 Mr. Colman gave the public a new translation of, and commentary on, Horace's *Art of Poetry*; in which he produced a new system to explain this very difficult poem. In opposition to Dr. Hurd, he supposed, "that one of the sons of Pico, undoubtedly the elder, but either written or mediated a poetical work, most probably a tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece or intimation to Horace. But Horace either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Pico, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thought of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this epistle; addressing it, with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons, *Epistola ad Pisonem de arte Poetica*." This hypothesis is supported with much learning, ingenuity, and modesty; and, if not fully established, is at least as well entitled to applause as that adopted by the Bishop of Worcester. On the publication of the Horace, the Bishop said to Dr. Douglas, "Give my compliments to Colman, and thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me; and tell him, that *I think he is right*." Mr. Colman died at Fiddington, on the 14th of August 1796, at the age of 62. A few hours before his death he was seized with violent spasms; and these were succeeded by a melancholy stupor, in which he drew his last breath.

THE JEALOUS WIFE,

Com. by Geo. Colman, 1761. This piece made its appearance at Drury Lane with prodigious success. The groundwork of it is derived from Fielding's *History of Tom Jones*, at the period of Sophia's taking refuge at Lady Bellaston's house. The characters borrowed from that work, however, only serve as a kind of underplot to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, viz. the *Jealous Wife* and her husband. It must be confessed, that the passions of the lady are here worked up to a very great height; and Mr. Oakley's vexation and domestic misery, in consequence of her behaviour, are very strongly supported. Yet, perhaps, the author would have better answered his purpose with respect to the passion he intended to expose the absurdity of, had he made her appear somewhat less of the virago, and Mr. Oakley not so much of the henpecked husband; since she now appears rather a lady, who, from a consciousness of her own power, is desirous of supporting the appearance of jealousy, to procure her an undue influence over her husband and family, than one, who, feeling the reality of that turbulent yet fluctuating passion, becomes equally absurd in the suddenness of forming unjust suspicions, and in that hastiness of being satisfied, which love, the only true basis of jealousy, will constantly occasion. When this play was originally acted, it was remarked, that the scene of Mrs. Oakley's hysterical fits bore a near resemblance to the like situation of Mrs. Termagant in *The Squire of Alsatia*. Mr. Colman has been accused of a misnomer in calling it *The Jealous Wife*; Mrs. Oakley being totally destitute of that delicacy, which some consider necessary to constitute jealousy. Many exceptions might be taken to the characters in this piece—that of Lady Freelove is perhaps too odious for the stage, while that of Captain O'Cutter does little honour to the navy. The play, however, upon the whole, boasts more than an ordinary share of merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

OAKLY.	RUSSET.	LORD TRINKET.	JOHN.	MRS. OAKLY.	TOILET.
MAJOR OAKLY.	SIR HARRY BEAGLE.	PARIS.	TOM.	LADY FREELOVE.	CHAMBERMAID.
CHARLES.	CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.	WILLIAM.	SERVANT.	HARRIOT.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in OAKLY's House.*[*Noise heard within.*]

Mrs. O. [*Within*] Don't tell me—I know it is so—It's monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. [*Within*] But, my dear!

Mrs. O. Nay, nay, etc. [*Squabbling within.*]

Enter Mrs. OAKLY, with a Letter, followed by OAKLY.

Mrs. O. Say what you will, Mr. Oakly, you shall never persuade me but this is some filthy intrigue of yours.

Oak. I can assure you, my love—

Mrs. O. Your love!—Don't I know your—Tell me, I say, this instant, every circumstance relating to this letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs. O. Look you, Mr. Oakly, this usage is not to be borne. You take a pleasure in abusing my tenderness and soft disposition.—To be perpetually running over the whole town, nay, the whole kingdom too, in pursuit of your amours!—Did not I discover that you was great with mademoiselle, my own woman?—Did not you contract a shameful familiarity with Mrs. Freeman?—Did not I detect your intrigue with lady Wealthy?—Was not you—

Oak. Oons! madam, the grand Turk himself has not half so many mistresses—Yo throw me out of all patience—Do I know any body but our common friends?—Am I visited by any body that does not visit you?—Do I ever go out, unless you go with me?—And am I not as constantly by your side as if I was tied to your apron-strings?

Mrs. O. Go, go; you are a false man—Have not I found you out a thousand times? And have not I this moment a letter in my hand, which convinces me of your baseness?—Let me know the whole affair, or I will—

Oak. Let you know! Let me know what you would have of me—You stop my letter before it comes to my hands, and then expect that I should know the contents of it!

Mrs. O. Heaven be praised, I stopped it!—I suspected some of these doings for some time past—But the letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. Oh, you base man, you!

Oak. I beg, my dear, that you would moderate your passion!—Show me the letter, and I'll convince you of my innocence.

Mrs. O. Innocence!—Abominable!—Innocence!—But I am not to be made such a fool—I am convinced of your perfidy, and very sure that—

Oak. 'Sdeath and fire! your passion hurries you out of your senses—Will you hear me?

Mrs. O. No, you are a base man: and I will not hear you.

Oak. Why then, my dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to reason from me, I shall take my leave till you are in a better humour. So your servant!

[*Going.*]

Mrs. O. Ay, go, you cruel man!—Go to your mistresses, and leave your poor wife to

her miseries—How unfortunate a woman am I!—I could die with vexation—

[*Throwing herself into a Chair.*]

Oak. There it is—Now dare not I stir a step further—If I offer to go, she is in one of her fits in an instant—Never sure was woman at once of so violent and so delicate a constitution! What shall I say to sooth her?

[*Aside*] Nay, never make thyself so uneasy, my dear—Come, come, you know I love you.

Mrs. O. I know you hate me; and that your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me.

[*Whining.*]

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this rate—I love you most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some mistake.

Mrs. O. Oh, I am an unhappy woman!

[*Weeping.*]

Oak. Dry up thy tears, my love, and be comforted! You will find that I am not to blame in this matter—Come, let me see this letter—Nay, you shall not deny me.

[*Takes the Letter.*]

Mrs. O. There! take it; you know the hand, I am sure.

Oak. [*Reads*] *To Charles Oakly, Esq.—*Hand! 'Tis a clerk-like hand, a good round text! and was certainly never penned by a fair lady.

Mrs. O. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my love, I did not mean to laugh at thee—But what says the letter?

[*Reads*] *Daughter eloped—you must be privy to it—scandalous—dishonourable—satisfaction—revenge—um, um, um—injured father.*

HENRY RUSSET.

Mrs. O. [*Rising*] Well, sir—you see I have detected you—Tell me this instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so—so—This hurts me—I'm shocked.

[*To himself.*]

Mrs. O. What, are you confounded with your guilt? Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O that wicked Charles! To decoy a young lady from her parents in the country! The profligacy of the young fellows of this age is abominable.

[*To himself.*]

Mrs. O. [*Half aside, and musing*] Charles!—Let me see!—Charles!—No!—Impossible! This is all a trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor lady.

[*To himself.*]

Mrs. O. Art! art! all art! There's a sudden turn now! You have ready wit for an intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned action! I wish I had never had the care of him.

Mrs. O. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly! Go on, sir, go on! I see what you mean.—Your assurance provokes me beyond your very falsehood itself. So you imagine, sir, that this affected concern, this flimsy pretence about Charles, is to bring you off. Matchless confidence! But I am armed against every thing—I am prepared for all your dark schemes: I am aware of all your low stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any thing so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous—For heaven's sake, my dear, don't distract me. When you see my mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young fellow, whom his dying father, my own brother, committed

to my care, should be guilty of such enormous wickedness; I say, when you are witness of my distress on this occasion, how can you be weak enough and cruel enough to—

Mrs. O. Prodigiously well, sir! You do it very well. Nay, keep it up, carry it on; there's nothing like going through with it. O, you artful creature! But, sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied. I do not believe a syllable of all this—Give me the letter—*[Snatches the Letter]* You shall sorely repent this vile business, for I am resolved that I will know the bottom of it. *[Exit.]*

Oak. This is beyond all patience. Provoking woman! Her absurd suspicions interpret every thing the wrong way. But this ungracious boy! In how many troubles will he involve his own and his lady's family!—I never imagined that he was of such abandoned principles.

Enter MAJOR OAKLY and CHARLES.

Charles. Good morning, sir!

Maj. O. Good morrow, brother, good morrow!—What! you have been at the old work, I find. I heard you—ding! dong! i'faith!—She has rung a noble peal in your ears. But how now? Why sure you've had a remarkable warm bout on't.—You seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am, indeed, brother! Thanks to that young gentleman there. Have a care, Charles! you may be called to a severe account for this. The honour of a family, sir, is no such light matter.

Charles. Sir!

Maj. O. Hey-day! What, has a curtain lecture produced a lecture of morality? What is all this?

Oak. To a profligate mind, perhaps, these things may appear agreeable in the beginning. But don't you tremble at the consequences?

Charles. I see, sir, that you are displeased with me; but I am quite at a loss to guess at the occasion.

Oak. Tell me, sir!—where is miss Harriot Russet?

Charles. Miss Harriot Russet!—Sir—Explain.

Oak. Have not you decoyed her from her father?

Charles. I!—Decoyed her—Decoyed my Harriot!—I would sooner die than do her the least injury—What can this mean?

Maj. O. I believe the young dog has been at her, after all.

Oak. I was in hopes, Charles, you had better principles. But there's a letter just come from her father—

Charles. A letter!—What letter? Dear sir, give it me. Some intelligence of my Harriot, major!—The letter, sir, the letter this moment, for heaven's sake!

Oak. If this warmth, Charles, tends to prove your innocence—

Charles. Dear sir, excuse me—I'll prove any thing—Let me but see this letter, and I'll—

Oak. Let you see it!—I could hardly get a sight of it myself. Mrs. Oakly has it.

Charles. Has she got it? Major, I'll be with you again directly. *[Exit hastily.]*

Maj. O. Hey-day! The devil's in the boy! What a fiery set of people! By my troth, I

think the whole family is made of nothing but combustibles.

Oak. I like this emotion; it looks well: it may serve too to convince my wife of the folly of her suspicions. Would to heaven I could quiet them for ever!

Maj. O. Why pray now, my dear, naughty brother, what heinous offence have you committed this morning? What new cause of suspicion? You have been asking one of the maids to mend your ruffie, I suppose, or have been hanging your head out at the window, when a pretty young woman has passed by, or—

Oak. How can you trifle with my distresses, major? Did not I tell you it was about a letter?

Maj. O. A letter!—hum—A suspicious circumstance, to be sure! What, and the seal a truelover's knot now, hey? or a heart transfixed with darts; or possibly the wax bore the industrious impression of a thimble; or perhaps the folds were lovingly connected by a wafer, pricked with a pin, and the direction written in a vile scrawl, and not a word spelt as it should be! ha, ha, ha!

Oak. Pooh! brother—Whatever it was, the letter, you find, was for Charles, not for me—this outrageous jealousy is the devil.

Maj. O. Mere matrimonial blessings and domestic comfort, brother! jealousy is a certain sign of love.

Oak. Love! it is this very love that hath made us both so miserable. Her love for me has confined me to my house, like a state prisoner, without the liberty of seeing my friends, or the use of pen, ink, and paper; while my love for her has made such a fool of me, that I have never had the spirit to contradict her.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, there you've hit it, Mrs. Oakly would make an excellent wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare fellow indeed to talk of managing a wife—A debauched bachelor—a rattle-brained, rioting fellow—who have picked up your commonplace notions of women in bagnios, taverns, and the camp; whose most refined commerce with the sex has been in order to delude country girls at your quarters, or to besiege the virtue of abigails, milliners, or mantua-makers' prentices.

Maj. O. So much the better!—so much the better! women are all alike in the main, brother, high or low, married or single, quality or no quality. I have found them so, from a duchess down to a milk-maid; every woman is a tyrant at the bottom. But they could never make a fool of me.—No, no! no woman should ever domineer over me, let her be mistress or wife.

Oak. Single men can be no judges in these cases. They must happen in all families. But when things are driven to extremities—to see a woman in uneasiness—a woman one loves too—one's wife—who can withstand it? You neither speak nor think like a man that has loved and been married, major!

Maj. O. I wish I could hear a married man speak my language—I'm a bachelor, it's true; but I am no bad judge of your case for all that. I know yours and Mrs. Oakly's dispo-

sition to a hair. She is all impetuosity and fire—a very magazine of touchwood and gunpowder. You are hot enough too, upon occasion, but then it's over in an instant. In comes love and conjugal affection, as you call it; that is, mere folly and weakness—and you draw off your forces, just when you should pursue the attack, and follow your advantage. Have at her with spirit, and the day's your own, brother.

Oak. Why, what would you have me do?

Maj. O. Do as you please for one month, whether she likes it or not: and I'll answer for it she will consent you shall do as you please all her life after. In short, do but show yourself a man of spirit, leave off whining about love and tenderness, and nonsense, and the business is done, brother.

Oak. I believe you are in the right, major! I see you are in the right. I'll do it—I'll certainly do it.—But then it hurts me to the soul, to think what uneasiness I shall give her. The first opening of my design will throw her into fits, and the pursuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj. O. Fits! ha, ha, ha!—I'll engage to cure her of her fits. Nobody understands hysterical cases better than I do; besides, my sister's symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a fit when you was not by?—Was she ever found in convulsions in her closet?—No, no, these fits, the more care you take of them, the more you will increase the distemper: let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True, very true—you are certainly in the right—I'll follow your advice. Where do you dine to-day?—I'll order the coach, and go with you.

Maj. O. O brave! keep up this spirit, and you are made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, major!—VWho's there?

Enter Servant.

Order the coach directly. I shall dine out to-day.

Serv. The coach, sir?—Now, sir?

Oak. Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now, sir!—the—the—coach, sir?—that is—my mistress—

Maj. O. Sirrah! do as you are bid. Bid them put to this instant.

Serv. Ye—yes, sir—yes, sir.

Oak. Well, where shall we dine? *[Exit.*

Maj. O. At the St. Albans, or where you will. This is excellent; if you do but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own way, I am determined.

Maj. O. That's right.

Oak. I am steel.

Maj. O. Bravo!

Oak. Adamant.

Maj. O. O Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

Maj. O. Why that's well said. But will you do it?

Oak. I will.

Maj. O. You won't.

Oak. I will. I'll be a fool to her no longer. But barkye, major, my hat and cane lie in

my study. I'll go and steal them out, while she is busy talking with Charles.

Maj. O. Steal them! for shame! Pr'ythee take them boldly; call for them! make them bring them to you here; and go out with spirit, in the face of your whole family.

Oak. No, no—you are wrong—let her rave after I am gone, and when I return, you know, I shall exert myself with more propriety, after this open affront to her authority.

Maj. O. Well, take your own way.

Oak. Ay, ay—let me manage it, let me manage it. *[Exit.*

Maj. O. Manage it! ay, to be sure, you are a rare manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between man and wife. I am no great favourite of Mrs. Oakly's already; and in a week's time I expect to have the door shut in my teeth.

Enter CHARLES.

How now, Charles, what news?

Charles. Ruined and undone! She's gone, uncle! my Harriot's lost for ever.

Maj. O. Gone off with a man?—I thought so; they are all alike.

Charles. Oh no! Fled to avoid that hateful match with sir Harry Beagle.

Maj. O. Faith, a girl of spirit; but whence comes all this intelligence?

Charles. In an angry letter from her father—How miserable I am! If I had not offended my Harriot, much offended her, by that foolish riot and drinking at your house in the country, she would certainly, at such a time, have taken refuge in my arms.

Maj. O. A very agreeable refuge for a young lady to be sure, and extremely decent!

Charles. What a heap of extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. O. Extravagancies with a witness! Ah, you silly young dog, you would ruin yourself with her father, in spite of all I could do. There you sat, as drunk as a lord, telling the old gentleman the whole affair, and swearing you would drive sir Harry Beagle out of the country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the sleeve, and kicking your shins under the table, in hopes of stopping you; but all to no purpose.

Charles. What distress may she be in at this instant! Alone and defenceless!—VWhere, where can she be?

Maj. O. VWhat relations or friends has she in town?

Charles. Relations! let me see.—Faith, I have it!—If she is in town, ten to one but she is at her aunt's, lady Freelove's. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. O. Lady Freelove's! Hold, hold, Charles!—do you know her ladyship?

Charles. Not much! but I'll break through all, to get to my Harriot.

Maj. O. I do know her ladyship.

Charles. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O. O, nothing!—Her ladyship is a woman of the world, that's all—

Charles. What do you mean?

Maj. O. That lady Freelove is an arrant—By-the-by, did not she, last summer, make formal proposals to Harriot's father from lord Trinket?

Charles. Yes; but they were received with the utmost contempt. The old gentleman, it seems, hates a lord, and he told her so in plain terms.

Maj. O. Such an aversion to the nobility may not run in the blood. The girl, I warrant you, has no objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, *Charles*. Lady Freelove is as mischievous as a monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a care of her, I say, have a care of her.

Charles. If she's there, I'll have her out of the house within this half hour, or set fire to it.

Maj. O. Nay, now you are too violent—stay a moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. Come, is the coach ready? Let us be gone. Does *Charles* go with us?

Charles. I go with you!—What can I do? I am so vexed and distracted, and so many thoughts crowd in upon me, I don't know which way to turn myself.

Mrs. O. [*Within*] The coach!—dines out!—where is your master?

Oak. Zounds, brother! here she is!

Re-enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. Pray, Mr. Oakly, what is the matter you cannot dine at home to-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my dear!—I have a little business to settle with my brother; so I am only just going to dinner, with him and *Charles*, to the tavern.

Mrs. O. Why cannot you settle your business here, as well as at a tavern? but it is some of your ladies' business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my company.—This is chiefly your fault, major Oakly!

Maj. O. Lord, sister, what signifies it, whether a man dines at home or abroad? [*Coolly.*]

Mrs. O. It signifies a great deal, sir! and I don't choose—

Maj. O. Phoo! let him go, my dear sister, let him go! he will be ten times better company when he comes back. I tell you what, sister—you sit a home till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow cross, and fall out. If you would but part a little now and then, you might meet again in humour.

Mrs. O. I beg, major Oakly, that you would trouble yourself about your own affairs; and let me tell you, sir, that I—

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a passion with the major, my dear!—It is not his fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. O. Come back;—why need you go out?—I know well enough when you mean to deceive me; for then there is always a pretence of dining with sir John, or my lord, or somebody; but when you tell me that you are going to a tavern, it's such a bare-faced affront!

Oak. This is so strange now!—Why, my dear, I shall only just—

Mrs. O. Only just go after the lady in the letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then.—Will that convince you? I'll stay with you, my dear.—Will that satisfy you?

Maj. O. For shame! hold out, if you are a man. [*Apart.*]

Oak. She has been so much vexed this morning already, I must humour her a little now. [*Apart.*]

Maj. O. Fie! fie! go out, or you are undone. [*Apart.*]

Oak. You see it's impossible.—I'll dine at home with thee, my love. [*Apart to Mrs. Oakly.*]

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, pray do, sir.—Dine at a tavern indeed! [*Going.*]

Oak. [*Returning*] You may depend on me another time, major.

Maj. O. Steel and adamant!—Ah!

Mrs. O. [*Returning*] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O. my dear! [*Exit, with Mrs. Oakly.*]

Maj. O. Ha, ha, ha! there's a picture of resolution! there goes a philosopher for you! ha! *Charles*!

Charles. O, uncle! I have no spirits to laugh now.

Maj. O. So! I have a fine time on't between you and my brother. Will you meet me to dinner at the St. Albans by four? We'll drink her health, and think of this affair.

Charles. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the town, in pursuit of my Harriot; at all events I'll go directly to lady Freelove's. If I find her not there, which way I shall direct myself, heaven knows.

Maj. O. Harkye, *Charles*! If you meet with her, you may be at a loss. Bring her to my house; I have a snug room, and—

Charles. Phoo! Prythee, uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. O. Well, seriously then, my house is at your service.

Charles. I thank you; but I must be gone.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, bring her to my house, and we'll settle the whole affair for you. You shall clap her into a post-chaise, take the chaplain of our regiment along with you, wheel her down to Scotland¹⁾, and when you come back, send to settle her fortune with her father; that's the modern art of making love, *Charles*! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE²⁾ and TOM.

Sir H. Ten guineas a mare, and a crown the man? hey, Tom!

Tom. Yes, your honour.

Sir H. And are you sure, Tom, that there is no flaw in his blood?

Tom. He's a good thing, sir, and as little beholden to the ground, as any horse that

¹⁾ A spirited girl in England, when opposed in her choice of a husband by her parents, used to make nothing of agreeing with her lover to set off with him to Greta Green (on the borders of Scotland), to get married; but now this custom is abolished, and the *blacksmith* who used to perform the marriage ceremony has been forbidden to act, since Lord E—took his flight towards those regions on the same errand; so that, now the lovers are obliged to have the ceremony performed in a boat on the river there, and this marriage is perfectly valid.

²⁾ We have an excellent specimen, in sir H. Beagle, of one of our racing and fox-hunting country-squires; as he speaks entirely in the language of the turf (race-ground), some of his sporting terms require an explanation.

ever went over the turf upon four legs. Why here's his whole pedigree, ¹⁾ your honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested; it is signed by Jack Spur and my lord Startal.

[*Giving the Pedigree.*
Sir H. Let me see. [*Reads*] *Tom-come-tickle-me was out of the famous Tantwivy mare, by sir Aaron Driver's chesnut horse, White Stockings. White Stockings, his dam, was got by lord Hedge's South Barb, full sister to the Proserpine Filly, and his sire Tom Jones; his grandam was the Irish Duchess, and his grandsire Squire Sportley's Trajan; his great and great great grandam were Newmarket Peggy and Black Moll; and his great grandsire, and great great grandsire, were sir Ralph Whip's Regulus, and the famous Prince Ananaboo.*

his
JOHN X SPUR.
mark.

STARTAL.

Tom. All fine horses, and won every thing! a foal out of your honour's bald-faced Venus, by this horse, would beat the world.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.—But, plague on't, Tom, I have certainly knocked up my little roan gelding in this damn'd wild-goose chase of threescore miles an end. ²⁾

Tom. He's deadly blown, to be sure, your honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong scent after all. Madam Harriot certainly took across the country, instead of coming on to London.

Sir H. No, no, we traced her all the way up.—But d'ye hear, Tom, look out among the stables and repositories here in town, for a smart road nag, and a strong horse to carry a portmanteau.

Tom. Sir Roger Turf's horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight thing there—but I suppose, sir, you would have one somewhat stronger than Snip—I don't think he's quite enough of a horse for your honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a horse! Snip's a powerful gelding; master of two stone more than my weight. If Snip stands sound, I would not take a hundred guineas for him. Poor Snip! go into the stable, Tom, see they give him a warm mash, and look at his heels and his eyes.—But where's Mr. Russet all this while?

Tom. I left the squire at breakfast on a cold pigeon pie, and inquiring after madam Harriot, in the kitchen. I'll let him know your honour would be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do; but harkye, Tom, be sure you take care of Snip.

Tom. I'll warrant your honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the stables myself by-and-by. [*Exit Tom*] Let me see—out of the famous Tantwivy by White Stockings; White Stockings, his dam, full sister to the Proserpine Filly; and his sire—pox on't, how unlucky it is that this damned accident should happen in the Newmarket week!—ten to one

I lose my match with lord Chokejade, by not riding myself, and I shall have no opportunity to hedge ³⁾ my bets neither—what a damned piece of work have I made on't—I have knocked up poor Snip, shall lose my match, and as to Harriot, why the odds are that I lose my match there too—a skittish young tit! ⁴⁾ If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it.—Her estate, joined to my own, I would have the finest stud and the noblest kennel in the whole country.—But here comes her father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded horse up hill.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Well, sir Harry, have you heard any thing of her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking Tom about her, and he says you may have her for five hundred guineas.

Rus. Five hundred guineas! how d'ye mean? where is she? which way did she take?

Sir H. Why, first she went to Epsom, then to Lincoln, then to Nottingham, and now she is at York.

Rus. Impossible! she could not go over half the ground in the time. What the devil are you talking of?

Sir H. Of the mare you was just now saying you wanted to buy.

Rus. The devil take the mare!—who would think of her, when I am mad about an affair of so much more consequence?

Sir H. You seemed mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine mare, and a thing of shape and blood.

Rus. Damn her blood!—Harriot! my dear, provoking Harriot! Where can she be? Have you got any intelligence of her?

Sir H. No, faith, not I: we seem to be quite thrown out ⁵⁾ here—but, however, I have ordered Tom to try if he can hear any thing of her among the ostlers.

Rus. Why don't you inquire after her yourself? why don't you run up and down the whole town after her?—'t'other young rascal knows where she is, I warrant you.—What a plague it is to have a daughter! When one loves her to distraction, and has toiled and laboured to make her happy, the ungrateful slut will sooner go to hell her own way—but she shall have him—I will make her happy, if I break her heart for it.—A provoking gipsy—to run away, and torment her poor father, that dotes on her! I'll never see her face again.—Sir Harry, how can we get any intelligence of her? Why don't you speak? why don't you tell me?—Zounds! you seem as indifferent as if you did not care a farthing about her.

Sir H. Indifferent! you may well call me indifferent!—this damned chase after her will cost me a thousand—if it had not been for her, I would not have been off the course ⁶⁾ this week to have saved the lives of my whole family—I'll hold you six to two that—

Rus. Zounds! hold your tongue, or talk

1) The pedigree of a horse, is as religiously kept as that of any ancient family in Wales, or rather as the same is done among the Arabians, where as in England the blood proves the goodness of the horse; and the names given to the horses are sometimes not a little singular.

2) Without stopping.

3) To draw back.

4) An unmanageable little horse.

5) When the dogs have lost the scent, in fox-hunting, they are said to be thrown out. The fox, when hard pursued, will run into a herd of deer, or a flock of sheep, jump over a wall, any thing to put the dogs out.

6) The race-ground at Newmarket or otherwise.

more to the purpose—I swear she is too good for you—you don't deserve such a wife—a fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming girl!—She'll break my heart.—How shall I find her out?—Do, prythee, sir Harry, my dear honest friend, consider how we may discover where she is fled to.

Sir H. Suppose you put an advertisement into the newspapers, describing her marks, her age, her height, and where she strayed from. I recovered a bay mare once by that method.

Rus. Advertise her!—What! describe my daughter, and expose her, in the public papers, with a reward for bringing her home, like horses stolen or strayed!—recovered a bay mare!—the devil's in the fellow!—he thinks of nothing but racers, and bay mares, and stallions.—Sdeath, I wish your—

Sir H. I wish Harriot was fairly pounded; ¹⁾ it would save us both a deal of trouble.

Rus. Which way shall I turn myself?—I am half distracted.—If I go to that young dog's house, he has certainly conveyed her somewhere out of my reach—if she does not send to me to-day, I'll give her up for ever—perhaps, though, she may have met with some accident, and has nobody to assist her.—No, she is certainly with that young rascal.—I wish she was dead, and I was dead.—I'll blow young Oakly's brains out.

Re-enter Tom.

Sir H. Well, Tom, how is poor Snip?

Tom. A little better, sir, after his warm mash: but Lady, the pointing bitch that followed you all the way, is deadly foot-sore.

Rus. Damn Snip and Lady!—have you heard any thing of Harriot?

Tom. Why, I came on purpose to let my master and your honour know, that John Ostler says as how, just such a lady as I told him madam Harriot was, came here in a four-wheel chaise, and was fetched away soon after by a fine lady in a chariot.

Rus. Did she come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a servant maid, please your honour.

Rus. And what part of the town did they go to?

Tom. John Ostler says as how they hid the coachman drive to Grosvenor-square.

Sir H. Soho! puss—Yoicks! ²⁾

Rus. She is certainly gone to that young rogue—he has got his aunt to fetch her from hence—or else she is with her own aunt, lady Freelove—they both live in that part of the town. I'll go to his house, and in the mean while, sir Harry, you shall step to lady Freelove's. We'll find her, I warrant you. I'll

teach my young mistress to be gadding. She shall marry you to-night. Come along, sir Harry, come along; we won't lose a minute. Come along.

Sir H. Soho! hark forward! wind 'em and cross 'em! hark forward! Yoicks! Yoicks! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—OAKLY'S House.

Enter Mrs. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. After all, that letter was certainly intended for my husband. I see plain enough they are all in a plot against me. My husband intriguing, the major working him up to affront me, Charles owning his letters, and so playing into each other's hands.—They think me a fool, I find—but I'll be too much for them yet.—I have desired to speak with Mr. Oakly, and expect him here immediately. His temper is naturally open; and if he thinks my anger abated, and my suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his behaviour. I'll assume an air of good humour, pretend to believe the fine story they have trumped up, throw him off his guard, and so draw the secret out of him.—Here he comes.—How hard it is to dissemble one's anger! Oh, I could rate him soundly! but I'll keep down my indignation at present, though it chokes me.

Enter OAKLY.

O, my dear! I am very glad to see you. Pray sit down [*They sit*] I longed to see you. It seemed an age till I had an opportunity of talking over the silly affair that happened this morning. [*Mildly.*]

Oak. Why really, my dear—

Mrs. O. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come—it's all over. Charles and you have cleared up matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it! You make me happy beyond my expectation. This disposition will ensure our felicity. Do but lay aside your cruel, unjust suspicion, and we should never have the least difference.

Mrs. O. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My uneasiness this morning, for instance, ha, ha, ha! To be so much alarmed about that idle letter, which turned out quite another thing at last—was not I very angry with you? ha, ha, ha!

[*Affecting a Laugh.*]

Oak. Don't mention it. Let us both forget it. Your present cheerfulness makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. O. I am apt to be too violent; I love you too well to be quite easy about you. [*Fondly*] Well—no matter—what is become of Charles?

Oak. Poor fellow! he is on the wing, rambling all over the town, in pursuit of this young lady.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her relations.

Mrs. O. Relations! Who are they? Where do they live?

Oak. There is an aunt of hers lives just in the neighbourhood; lady Freelove.

Mrs. O. Lady Freelove! Oho! gone to lady

1) A horse, or other animal, which has quitted its master's premises, and is found upon the premises of another, is taken to the pound, which is a place for confining stray-cattle, and there it must remain till the owner pays a certain sum, for its release, which is called poundage.

2) These are the words used in that most melodious of all sounds, for a sportsman, the view—halloo! compared to which, the war—whoop of a Cherokee is mere whispering. The game being in sight, the sudden burst of this enthusiastic soho! from the mouths of twenty or thirty riders, inflames the horses, and dogs almost to madness, while it brings inevitable death to the poor hare before them; the horns are completely drowned in the cry.—Puss means here.

Free love's, is he?—and do you think he will hear any thing of her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so, with all my soul.

Mrs. O. Hope! with all your soul; do you hope so?

Oak. Hope so! ye—yes—why, don't you hope so?

Mrs. O. Why—yes—[*Recovering*]*—O, ay, to be sure. I hope it of all things. You know, my dear, it must give me great satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see Charles well settled.*

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young woman, I assure you.

Mrs. O. You are well acquainted with her then?

Oak. To be sure, my dear; after seeing her so often last summer, at the major's house in the country, and at her father's.

Mrs. O. So often!

Oak. O, ay—very often—Charles took care of that—almost every day.

Mrs. O. Indeed! But pray—a—a—I say—a—a—

Oak. What do you say, my dear?

Mrs. O. I say—a—a—[*Stammering*] Is she handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome indeed.

Mrs. O. Prodigiously handsome! and is she reckoned a sensible girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable, young lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her company. Poor Charles! she soon made a conquest of him, and no wonder, she has so many elegant accomplishments! such an infinite fund of cheerfulness and good humour! Why, she's the darling of the whole country.

Mrs. O. Lord! you seem quite in raptures about her!

Oak. Raptures!—not at all. I was only telling you the young lady's character. I thought you would be glad to find that Charles had made so sensible a choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. O. Oh, Charles! True, as you say, Charles will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. O. I am convinced of it. Poor Charles! I am much concerned for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether we could be of any service to him in this affair.

Oak. Was you, my love? that is very good of you. Why, to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see—How can we manage it? 'Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest thought! and it will be of great service to Charles.

Mrs. O. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly*]*—You know I would do any thing to serve Charles, and oblige you.*

Oak. That is so kind! Lord, my dear, if you would but always consider things in this proper light, and continue this amiable temper, we should be the happiest people—

Mrs. O. I believe so; but what's your proposal?

Oak. I am sure you'll like it.—Charles, you know, may perhaps be so lucky as to meet with this lady

Mrs. O. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with your leave, my dear.

Mrs. O. Well!

Oak. Bring her home here—

Mrs. O. How!

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my dear;—it will make poor Charles's mind quite easy: and you may take her under your protection till her father comes to town.

Mrs. O. Amazing! this is even beyond my expectation.

Oak. Why!—what!—

Mrs. O. Was there ever such assurance! [*Rises*] Take her under my protection! What! would you keep her under my nose?

Oak. Nay, I never conceived—I thought you would have approved—

Mrs. O. What! make me your convenient woman!—No place but my own house to serve your purposes?

Oak. Lord, this is the strangest misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. O. Astonished! yes—confused, detected, betrayed, by your vain confidence of imposing on me. Why, sure you imagine me an idiot, a driveller. Charles, indeed! yes, Charles is a fine excuse for you. The letter this morning, the letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The letter! why sure that—

Mrs. O. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no doubt of your perfidy. But I thank you for some hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make use of them: nor will I rest till I have full conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest proof of your baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay, but—

Mrs. O. Go, go! I have no doubt of your falsehood: away!

Oak. Was there ever any thing like this? Such unaccountable behaviour! angry I don't know why! jealous of I know not what! Hints!—hints I have given her!—What can she mean?—

Enter TOILET, crossing the Stage.

Toilet! where are you going?

Toil. To order the porter to let in no company to my lady to-day. She won't see a single soul, sir.

Oak. What an unhappy woman! Now will she sit all day feeding on her suspicions, till she has convinced herself of the truth of them.

Enter JOHN, crossing the Stage.

Well, sir, what's your business?

John. Going to order the chariot, sir!—my lady's going out immediately.

Oak. Going out! what is all this?—But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the sea or the wind! made up of storms and tempests! I can't bear it: and one way or other I will put an end to it.

SCENE III.—LADY FREELOVE'S House.

Enter LADY FREELOVE, with a Card; a Servant following.

Lady F. [*Reading as she enters*]*—And will take the liberty of waiting on her ladyship*

en cavalier, as he comes from the manège.
Does any body wait that brought this card?

Serv. Lord Trinket's servant is in the hall, madam.

Lady F. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see his lordship.—Where is miss Russet?

Serv. In her own chamber, madam.

Lady F. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, madam.

Lady F. Oh, ridiculous!—scribbling to that Oakly, I suppose. [*Apart*].—Let her know, I should be glad of her company here. [*Exit Servant*]. It is a mighty troublesome thing to manage a simple girl, that knows nothing of the world. Harriot, like all other girls, is foolishly fond of this young fellow of her own choosing, her first love; that is to say, the first man that is particularly civil; and the first air of consequence which a young lady gives herself. Poor silly soul!—But Oakly must not have her, positively. A match with lord Trinket will add to the dignity of the family. I must bring her into it. But here she comes.

Enter HARRIOT.

Well, Harriot, still in the pouts! nay, pr'ythee, my dear little runaway girl, be more cheerful! your everlasting melancholy puts me into the vapours.

Har. Dear madam, excuse me. How can I be cheerful in my present situation? I know my father's temper so well, that I am sure this step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the country, let what would have been the consequence.

Lady F. Why, it is a naughty ¹⁾ child, that's certain; but it need not be so uneasy about papa, as you know that I wrote by last night's post to acquaint him that his little lost sheep was safe, and that you were ready to obey his commands in every particular, except marrying that oaf, sir Harry Beagle.—Lord! Lord! what a difference there is between a country and a town education! Why, a London lass would have jumped out of a window into a gallant's arms, and without thinking of her father, unless it were to have drawn a few bills on him, been a hundred miles off in nine or ten hours, or perhaps out of the kingdom in twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the consequences.

Lady F. I swear, child, you are a downright prude. Your way of talking gives me the spleen; so full of affection, and duty, and virtue, 'tis just like a funeral sermon. And yet, pretty soul! it can love.—Well, I wonder at your taste; a sneaking, simple gentleman, without a title! and when to my knowledge you might have a man of quality to-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your ladyship must excuse me, but many a man of quality would make me miserable.

Lady F. Indeed, my dear, these antediluvian notions will never do now-a-days; and at the same time too, those little wicked eyes of

yours speak a very different language. Indeed you have fine eyes, child! and they have made fine work with lord Trinket.

Har. Lord Trinket! [*Contemptuously*].

Lady F. Yes, lord Trinket; you know it as well as I do; and yet, you ill-natured thing, you will not vouchsafe him a single smile. But you must give the poor soul a little encouragement, pr'ythee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, madam, for of all mankind lord Trinket is my aversion.

Lady F. Why so, child? He is counted a well-bred, sensible, young fellow, and the women all think him handsome.

Har. Yes, he is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly, with a great deal of good breeding; is just handsome enough to make him most excessively vain of his person; and has just reflection enough to finish him for a coxcomb; qualifications which are all very common among these whom your ladyship calls men of quality.

Lady F. A satirist too! Indeed, my dear, this affectation sits very awkwardly upon you. There will be a superiority in the behaviour of persons of fashion.

Har. A superiority, indeed! for his lordship always behaves with so much insolent familiarity, that I should almost imagine he was soliciting me for other favours, rather than to pass my whole life with him.

Lady F. Innocent freedoms, child, which every fine woman expects to be taken with her, as an acknowledgment of her beauty.

Har. They are freedoms which I think no innocent woman can allow.

Lady F. Romantic to the last degree!—Why, you are in the country still, Harriot!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord Trinket, madam. [*Exit*].

Lady F. I swear now I have a good mind to tell him all you have said.

Enter LORD TRINKET, in Boots, etc. as from the Riding-house.

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Lord T. Your ladyship does me too much honour. Here I am en bottine as you see—just come from the manège.

Lady F. Your lordship is always agreeable in every dress.

Lord T. Vastly obliging, lady Freelove. Miss Russet, I am your slave. I declare it makes me quite happy to find you together. 'Pon honour, ma'am, [*To Harriot*] I begin to conceive great hopes of you; and as for you, lady Freelove, I cannot sufficiently commend your assiduity with your fair pupil. She was before possessed of every grace that nature could bestow on her, and nobody is so well qualified as your ladyship to give her the bon ton.

Har. Compliment and contempt all in a breath!—My lord, I am obliged to you. But, waving my acknowledgments, give me leave to ask your lordship whether nature and the bon ton (as you call it) are so different, that we must give up one in order to obtain the other? ●●

Lord T. Totally opposite, madam. The chief aim of the bon ton is to render persons

¹⁾ The nurses speak to children in this manner, and this is the language used to ridicule persons who still continue in leading-strings at a time when they are too old for it.

of family different from the vulgar, for whom indeed nature serves very well. For this reason it has, at various times, been ungentle to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good health, and to have twenty other horrible perfections of nature. ¹⁾ Nature indeed may do very well sometimes. It made you, for instance, and it then made something very lovely; and if you would suffer us of quality to give you the ton, you would be absolutely divine: but now—me—madam—me—nature never made such a thing as me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think your lordship has very few obligations to her.

Lord T. Then you really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel compliment: nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve apace. 'Pon honour, lady Free-love, I believe we shall make something of her at last.

Lady F. No doubt on't. It is in your lordship's power to make her a complete woman of fashion at once.

Lord T. Hum! Why, ay—

Har. Your lordship must excuse me. I am of a very tasteless disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of nature.

Lady F. You are out of nature now, Harriot! I am sure no woman but yourself ever objected to being carried among persons of quality. Would you believe it, my lord! here has she been a whole week in town, and would never suffer me to introduce her to a rout, an assembly, a concert, or even to court, or the opera; nay, would hardly so much as mix with a living soul that has visited me.

Lord T. No wonder, madam, you do not adopt the manners of persons of fashion, when you will not even honour them with your company. Were you to make one in our little coteries, we should soon make you sick of the bores and humkins of the horrid country. By-the-by, I met a monster at the riding-house this morning who gave me some intelligence, that will surprise you, concerning your family.

Har. What intelligence?

Lady F. Who was this monster, as your lordship calls him? a curiosity, I dare say.

Lord T. This monster, madam, was formerly my head groom, and had the care of all my running horses; but growing most abominably surly and extravagant, as you know all these fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my brother, Slouch Trinket, has had the care of my stud, rides all my principal matches himself, and—

Har. Dear, my lord, don't talk of your groom and your brother, but tell me the news. Do you know any thing of my father?

Lord T. Your father, madam, is now in town. This fellow, you must know, is now groom to sir Harry Beagle, your sweet rural swain, and i-formed me that his master and your father were running all over the town in quest of you; and that he himself had orders to inquire after you: for which reason, I suppose, he came to the riding-house stables to look after a horse, thinking it, to be sure, a very likely place to meet you. Your father,

¹⁾ Horrid, vulgar, healthy red-checks, as was once said, in company, of a beautiful young lady from the country.

perhaps, is gone to seek you at the Tower, or Westminster Abbey, which is all the idea he has of London; and your faithful lover is probably cheapening a hunter, and drinking strong beer, at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield.

Lady F. The whole set admirably disposed of! *Har.* Did not your lordship inform him where I was?

Lord T. Not I, 'pon honour, madam; that I left to their own ingenuity to discover.

Lady F. And pray, my lord, where in this town have this polite company bestowed themselves?

Lord T. They lodge, madam, of all places in the world, at the Bull and Gate Inn, in Holborn.

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! The Bull and Gate! Incomparable! What, have they brought any hay or cattle to town?

Lord T. Very well, lady Free-love, very well indeed! There they are, like so many grasiars; and there it seems they have learned that this lady is certainly in London.

Har. Do, dear madam, send a card directly to my father, informing him where I am, and that your ladyship would be glad to see him here. For my part I dare not venture into his presence, till you have in some measure pacified him; but for heaven's sake, desire him not to bring that wretched fellow along with him.

Lord T. Wretched fellow! Oho! Courage, Milor Trinket! [*Aside.*]

Lady F. I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. [Apart to Lady Free-love] Sir Harry Beagle is below, madam.

Lady F. [Apart to Servant] I am not at home.—Have they let him in?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Lady F. How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then, show him into my dressing-room, I will come to him there. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lord T. Lady Free-love! no engagement, I hope? We won't part with you, 'pon honour.

Lady F. The worst engagement in the world. A pair of musty old prudes! lady Formal and miss Prate.

Lord T. O the beldams! As nauseous as ipecacuanha, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Lud, lud! what shall I do with them? Why do these foolish women come troubling me now? I must wait on them in the dressing-room, and you must excuse the card, Harriot, till they are gone. I'll dispatch them as soon as I can, but heaven knows when I shall get rid of them, for they are both everlasting gossips! though the words come from her ladyship one by one, like drops from a still, while the other tiresome woman overwhelms us with a flood of impertinence. Harriot, you'll entertain his lordship till I return. [*Exit.*]

Lord T. Gone!—'Pon honour, I am not sorry for the coming in of these old tabbies, and am much obliged to her ladyship for leaving us such an agreeable tête-à-tête.

Har. Your lordship will find me extremely bad company.

Lord T. Not in the least, my dear! We'll

entertain ourselves one way or other, I'll warrant you.—Egad, I think it a mighty good opportunity to establish a better acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't understand you.

Lord T. No?—Why then I'll speak plainer.—[*Pausing, and looking her full in the Face*] You are an amazing fine creature, 'pon honour.

Har. If this be your lordship's polite conversation, I shall leave you to amuse yourself in soliloquy. [*Going.*]

Lord T. No, no, no, madam, that must not be. [*Stopping her*] This place, my passion, the opportunity, all conspire—

Har. How, sir! you don't intend to do me any violence?

Lord T. 'Pon honour, ma'am, it will be doing great violence to myself, if I do not. You must excuse me. [*Struggling with her.*]

Har. Help! help! murder! help!

Lord T. Your yelping will signify nothing—nobody will come. [*Struggling.*]

Har. For heaven's sake!—Sir!—My lord—

[*Noise within.*]

Lord T. Plague on't, what noise!—Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*]

Har. Help! murder! help! help!

Enter CHARLES, hastily.

Charles. What do I hear? My Harriot's voice calling for help!—Ha! [*Seeing them*] Is it possible?—Turu, rufian! I'll find you employment. [*Drawing.*]

Lord T. You are a most impertinent scoundrel, and I'll whip you through the lungs, 'pon honour.

[*They fight. Harriot runs out, screaming Help, etc.*]

Re-enter LADY FREELOVE, with SIR HARRY BEAGLE and Servants.

Lady F. How's this?—Swords drawn in my house!—Part them—[*They are parted*] This is the most impudent thing—

Lord T. Well, rascal, I shall find a time; I know you, sir!

Charles. The sooner the better; I know your lordship too.

Sir H. I'faith, madam, [*To Lady Freelove*] we had like to have been in at the death.¹⁾

Lady F. What is all this? Pray, sir, what is the meaning of your coming hither, to raise this disturbance? Do you take my house for a brothel?

[*To Charles.*]

Charles. Not I, indeed, madam; but I believe his lordship does.

Lord T. Impudent scoundrel!

Lady F. Your conversation, sir, is as insolent as your behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

Charles. I am one, madam, always ready to draw my sword in defence of innocence in distress, and more especially in the cause of that lady I delivered from his lordship's fury;

in search of whom I troubled your ladyship's house.

Lady F. Her lover, I suppose; or what?

Charles. At your ladyship's service; though not quite so violent in my passion as his lordship there.

Lord T. Impertinent rascal!

Lady F. You shall be made to repent of this insolence.

Lord T. Your ladyship may leave that to me.

Charles. Ha, ha!

Sir H. But, pray what is become of the lady all this while? Why, lady Freelove, you told me she was not here; and i'faith, I was just drawing off another way, if I had not heard the view-halloo.

Lady F. You shall see her immediately, sir! Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Where is miss Russet!

Serv. Gone out, madam.

Lady F. Gone out?—Where?

Serv. I don't know, madam: but she run down the back stairs, crying for help, crossed the servants' hall in tears, and took a chair at the door.

Lady F. Blockheads! to let her go out in a chair alone!—Go and inquire after her immediately. [*Exit Servant.*]

Sir H. Gone!—When I had just run her down, and is the little puss stole away at last?

Lady F. Sir, if you will walk in, [*To Sir Harry*] with his lordship and me, perhaps you may hear some tidings of her; though it is most probable she may be gone to her father. I don't know any other friend she has in town.

Charles. I am heartily glad she is gone. She is safer any where than in this house.

Lady F. Mighty well, sir!—My lord, sir Harry,—I attend you.

Lord T. You shall hear from me, sir!

[*To Charles.*]

Charles. Very well, my lord.

Sir H. Stole away!—plague on't—stole away!

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lord Trinket.*]

Lady F. Before I follow the company, give me leave to tell you, sir, that your behaviour here has been so extraordinary—

Charles. My treatment here, madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

Lady F. Indeed!—Well, no matter—permit me to acquaint you, sir, that there lies your way out, and that the greatest favour you can do me, is to leave the house immediately.

Charles. That your ladyship may depend on. Since you have put miss Russet to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my company. I'll after her immediately.

Lady F. If she has any regard for her reputation, she'll never put herself into such hands as yours.

Charles. O, madam, there can be no doubt of her regard for that, by her leaving your ladyship.

Lady F. Leave my house.

Charles. Directly—A charming house! and a charming lady of the house too!—Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Vulgar fellow!

Charles. Fine lady! [*Exeunt severally.*]

¹⁾ A very honourable thing for a sportsman is, to be on the spot—when hounds have caught the game, he then leaps from his horse, whips the dogs away, and seizing the game holds it triumphantly over his head giving the death-halloo; and then he is entitled to the brush, if a fox, antlers, if a stag, and one of the fore-foot, if a kid for his reward. These honourable tokens of prowess are to be seen in all the halls of the gentlemen fox-hunters in the country, tending to bring back many a moment of pleasure to the sportsman.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LADY FREELOVE'S House.

Enter LADY FREELOVE and LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. Doucement, doucement, my dear lady Freelove!—Excuse me, I meant no harm, 'pon honour!

Lady F. Indeed, indeed, my lord Trinket, this is absolutely intolerable! What, to offer rudeness to a young lady in my house! What will the world say of it?

Lord T. Just what the world pleases.—It does not signify a doit what they say.—However, I ask pardon; but, 'egad, I thought it was the best way.

Lady F. For shame, for shame, my lord! I am quite hurt at your want of discretion; and as this is rather an ugly affair in regard to me as well as your lordship, and may make some noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save appearances, that you should wait on her father, palliate matters as well as you can, and make a formal repetition of your proposal of marriage.

Lord T. Your ladyship is perfectly in the right—You are quite au fait of the affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your reputation will be safe, and my conduct justified to all the world. But should the old rustic continue as stubborn as his daughter, your ladyship I hope has no objections to my being a little *rusé*, for I must have her, 'pon honour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain O'Cutter, to wait on your ladyship.

Lady F. O the hideous fellow! The Irish sailor-man, for whom I prevailed on your lordship to get the post of regulating captain. I suppose he is come to load me with his odious thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

Lord T. Let him in, by all means. He is the best creature to laugh at in nature. He is a perfect seamonster, and always looks and talks as if he was upon deck. Besides, a thought strikes me—He may be of use.

Lady F. Well—send the creature up then. [*Exit Servant*] But what fine thought is this?

Lord T. A coup de maitre, 'pon honour! I intend—but, hush! here the porpus comes.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

Lady F. Captain, your humble servant! I am very glad to see you.

O'Cut. I am much obliged to you, my lady! Upon my conscience, the wind favours me at all points. I had no sooner got under weigh,¹⁾ to tank your ladyship, but I have borne down upon²⁾ my noble friend his lordship too. I hope your lordship's well?

Lord T. Very well, I thank you, captain:—But you seem to be hurt in the service: what is the meaning of that patch over your right eye?

1) Captain O'Cutter's mixture of Irish and sea terms is laughable enough on the stage, because the actor must not only speak Irish, but look Irish also, if he will perform his part well. To get under weigh means, to raise the anchor, set the sails; and when the wind has filled them, the vessel moves on its way.

2) Sail towards.

O'Cut. Some advanced wages from my new post, my lord! This pressing is hot work, though it entitles us to smart³⁾ money.

Lady F. And pray in what perilous adventure did you get that scar, captain?

O'Cut. Quite out of my element, indeed, my lady. I got it in an engagement by land. A day or two ago, I spied three stout fellows, belonging to a merchantman. They tacked, and lay to⁴⁾—We gave them a thundering broadside, which they reaved⁵⁾ like men; and one of them made use of small arms, which carried off the weathermost⁶⁾ corner of Ned Gage's hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked⁷⁾ him, but reaved a wound on my starboard⁸⁾ eye, from the stock of the pistol. However we took them all, and they now lie under the hatches, with fifty more, aboard a tender⁹⁾ off the Tower.

Lord T. Well done, noble captain!—But however you will soon have better employment, for I think the next step to your present post, is commonly a ship.

O'Cut. The sooner the better, my lord! Honest Terence O'Cutter shall never flinch, I warrant you; and has had as much sea-sarvice as any man in the navy.

Lord T. You may depend on my good offices, captain! But, in the mean time, it is in your power to do me a favour.

O'Cut. A favour, my lord?—your lordship does me honour. I would go round the world, from one end to the other, by day or by night, to sarve your lordship, or my good lady here.

Lord T. Dear madam, the luckiest thought in nature! [*Apert to Lady F.*] The favour I have to ask of you, captain, need not carry you so far out of your way. The whole affair is, that there are a couple of impudent fellows at an inn in Holborn, who have affronted me, and you would oblige me infinitely, by pressing them into his majesty's service.

Lady F. Now I understand—Admirable! [*Apert.*]

O'Cut. With all my heart, my lord, and tank you too, 'fait.²⁾ But, by-the-by, I hope they are not house-keepers, or freemen of the city. There's the devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder³⁾ one so about liberty, and property, and stuff.—It was but t'other day, that Jack Trowser was carried before my lord mayor, and lost above a twelve-month's pay for nothing at all, at all.

Lord T. I'll take care you shall be brought into no trouble. These fellows were formerly

1) The *smart* is the money which is sometimes taken to obtain the discharge of any one who has entered as a sailor, or enlisted as a soldier.

2) Turned round and stood still. 3) Received.

4) Windward-side, that side of any thing from which the wind comes. 5) I went up to him, and began fighting. 6) Right eye.

7) The tender is a vessel which receives the men who have been pressed for the service, previous to their being sent on board any of the king's ships wanting hands; from here the parties can appeal to the magistrates for their release; and if they can prove they do not come within the persons denominated by the act, they are liberated, and the press-gang punished.

8) And thank you too in faith.

9) Bother, Irish for trouble.

my grooms. If you'll call on me in the morning, I'll go with you to the place.

O'Cut. I'll be with your lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty boys as you'll wish to clap your two good looking eyes upon of a summer's day.

Lord T. I am much obliged to you—But, captain, I have another little favour to beg of you.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul I'll do it.

Lord T. What, before you know it?

O'Cut. Fore and aft, my lord!

Lord T. A gentleman has offended me in a point of honour—

O'Cut. Cut his throat!

Lord T. Will you carry him a letter from me?

O'Cut. Indeed and I will:—and I'll take you in tow¹⁾ too; and you shall engage him yard-arm and yard-arm.²⁾

Lord T. Why then, captain, you'll come a little earlier to-morrow morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my billet, before you proceed on the other affair.

O'Cut. Never fear it, my lord—Your servant!—My ladyship, your humble servant!

Lady F. Captain, yours—Pray give my service to my friend Mrs. O'Cutler. How does she do?

O'Cut. I tank your ladyship's axing—The dear creature is purely tight and well.

Lord T. How many children have you, captain?

O'Cut. Four, and please your lordship, and another upon the stocks.

Lord T. When it is launched, I hope to be at the christening.—I'll stand godfather, captain.

O'Cut. Your lordship's very good.

Lord T. Well, you'll come to-morrow.

O'Cut. Ay, my lord, and every day next week. —Little Terence O'Cutler never fails, fail, when a trout is to be cut. [Exit.]

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! But, sure you don't intend to ship off both her father and her country lover for the Indies?

Lord T. O no! Only let them contemplate the inside of a ship, for a day or two.

Lady F. Well, my lord, what use do you propose to make of this stratagem?

Lord T. Every use in nature. This artifice must, at least, take them out of the way for some time; and in the mean while measures may be concerted to carry off the girl.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Oakly, madam, is at the door, in her chariot, and desires to have the honour of speaking to your ladyship on particular business.

Lord T. Mrs. Oakly! what can that jealous-pated woman want with you?

Lady F. No matter what.—I hate her mortally.—Let her in. [Exit Servant.]

Lord T. What wind blows her hither?

Lady F. A wind that must blow us some good.

Lord T. How?—I was amazed you chose to see her.

Lady F. How can you be so slow of apprehension?—She comes, you may be sure, on some occasion relating to this girl: in order to assist young Oakly, perhaps, to sooth

me, and gain intelligence, and so forward the match; but I'll forbid the banas, I warrant you. —Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet mischief out of it.—But away! away!—I think I hear her—slip down the back stairs—or—stay, now I think on't, go out this way—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful bow, as you go out.

Lord T. Hush! here she is!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

[Lord Trinket bows, and exit.]

Mrs. O. I beg pardon, for giving your ladyship this trouble.

Lady F. I am always glad of the honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. O. There is a letter, madam, just come from the country, which has occasioned some alarm in our family. It comes from Mr. Russet—

Lady F. Mr. Russet!

Mrs. O. Yes, from Mr. Russet, madam; and is chiefly concerning his daughter. As she has the honour of being related to your ladyship, I took the liberty of waiting on you.

Lady F. She is indeed, as you say, madam, a relation of mine; but, after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. O. Has she been so much to blame then?

Lady F. So much, madam!—Only judge for yourself.—Though she had been so indiscreet, not to say indecent in her conduct, as to elope from her father, I was in hopes to have hushed up that matter, for the honour of our family. —But she has run away from me too, madam:—went off in the most abrupt manner, not an hour ago.

Mrs. O. You surprise me. Indeed, her father, by his letter, seems apprehensive of the worst consequences.—But does your ladyship imagine any harm has happened?

Lady F. I can't tell—I hope not—But indeed she's a strange girl. You know, madam, young women can't be too cautious in their conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous person to take into a family.

Mrs. O. Indeed! [Alarmed.]

Lady F. If I was to say all I know—

Mrs. O. Why sure your ladyship knows of nothing that has been carried on clandestinely between her and Mr. Oakly? [Indisorder.]

Lady F. Mr. Oakly!

Mrs. O. Mr. Oakly—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is, not my husband—I don't mean him—not him—but his nephew—young Mr. Oakly.

Lady F. Jealous of her husband! So, so! now I know my game. [Aside.]

Mrs. O. But pray, madam, give me leave to ask, was there any thing very particular in her conduct while she was in your ladyship's house?

Lady F. Why really, considering she was here scarce a week, her behaviour was rather mysterious;—letters and messages, to and fro, between her and I don't know who.—I suppose you know that Mr. Oakly's nephew has been here, madam?

Mrs. O. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your ladyship already on this occasion?

Lady F. To wait on me!—The expression is much too polite for the nature of his visit. —My lord Trinket, the nobleman whom you met as you came in, had, you must know,

¹⁾ Conduct, defend. ²⁾ Closely.

madam, some thoughts of my niece, and, as it would have been an advantageous match, I was glad of it: but I believe, after what he has been witness to this morning, he will drop all thoughts of it.

Mrs. O. I am sorry that any relation of mine should so far forget himself—

Lady F. It's no matter—his behaviour indeed, as well as the young lady's, was pretty extraordinary—and yet, after all, I don't believe he is the object of her affections.

Mrs. O. Ha!

[*Much alarmed.*]

Lady F. She has certainly an attachment somewhere, a strong one; but his lordship, who was present all the time, was convinced, as well as myself, that Mr. Oakly's nephew was rather a convenient friend, a kind of go-between, than the lover.—Bless, me, madam, you change colour!—you seem uneasy! What's the matter?

Mrs. O. Nothing—madam—nothing—a little shocked, that my husband should behave so.

Lady F. Your husband, madam!

Mrs. O. His nephew, I mean.—His unpardonable rudeness—But I am not well—I am sorry I have given your ladyship so much trouble—I'll take my leave.

Lady F. I declare, madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected makes me quite uneasy. I hope I have not said any thing—I really don't believe your husband is in fault. Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange liberties—But I think, nay, I am sure, it cannot be so—It is impossible! Don't let what I have said have any effect on you.

Mrs. O. No, it has not—I have no idea of such a thing.—Your ladyship's most obedient—[*Going, returns*] But sure, madam, you have not heard—or don't know any thing—

Lady F. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly, I see how it is, and it would not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only be on your guard—there can be no harm in that. Do you be against giving the girl any countenance, and see what effect it has.

Mrs. O. I will—I am much obliged—But does it appear to your ladyship then that Mr. Oakly—

Lady F. No, not at all—nothing in't, I dare say—I would not create uneasiness in a family—but I am a woman myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for you.—But don't be uneasy; there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs. O. I think so.—Your ladyship's humble servant.

Lady F. Your servant, madam.—Pray don't be alarmed; I must insist on your not making yourself uneasy.

Mrs. O. Not at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy—Your most obedient. [*Exit*]

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! There she goes, brimful of anger and jealousy, to vent it all on her husband.—Mercy on the poor man!

Re-enter LORD TRINKET.

Bless me, my lord, I thought you was gone!

Lord T. Only into the next room. My curiosity would not let me stir a step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my life, 'pon honour. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. How the silly creature took it.—Ha, ha, ha!

Lord T. Ha, ha, ha!—My dear lady Free-love, you have a deal of ingenuity, a deal of esprit, 'pon honour.

Lady F. A little shell¹⁾ thrown into the enemy's works, that's all.

Both. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. But I must leave you—I have twenty visits to pay. You'll let me know how you succeed in your secret expedition.

Lord T. That you may depend on.

Lady F. Remember then that to-morrow morning I expect to see you. At present, your lordship will excuse me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MR. OAKLY'S HOUSE.

Enter HARRIOT, following WILLIAM.

Har. Not at home! Are you sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, sir?

Wil. She is just gone out, madam.

Har. I have something of consequence—if you will give me leave, sir, I will wait till she returns.

Wil. You would not see her, if you did, madam. She has given positive orders not to be interrupted with any company to-day.

Har. Sure, sir, if you was to let her know that I had particular business—

Wil. I should not dare to trouble her, indeed, madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do?—Pray, sir, can I see Mr. Oakly then?

Wil. Yes, madam: I'll acquaint my master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, sir.

Wil. Will you favour me with your name, madam?

Har. Be pleased, sir, to let him know that a lady desires to speak with him.

Wil. I shall, madam. [*Exit.*]

Har. I wish I could have seen Mrs. Oakly. What an unhappy situation am I reduced to by my father's obstinate perseverance to force me into a marriage which my soul abhors.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. [*At entering*] Where is this lady? [*Seeing her*]—Bless me, miss Russet, is it you?—Was ever any thing so unlucky? [*Aside*] Is it possible, madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, sir; and the occasion on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in need of an apology, that—

Oak. Pray make none, madam.—If my wife should return before I get her out of the house again! [*Aside.*]

Har. I dare say, sir, you are not quite a stranger to the attachment your nephew has professed to me.

Oak. I am not, madam.—I hope Charles has not been guilty of any baseness towards you. If he has, I'll never see his face again.

Har. I have no cause to accuse him.—But—

Oak. But what, madam? Pray be quick!—The very person in the world I would not have seen! [*Aside.*]

Har. You seem uneasy, sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all—Pray go on, madam.

Har. I am at present, sir, through a concurrence of strange accidents, in a very unfortunate situation, and do not know what will become of me without your assistance.

¹⁾ A bomb-shell.

Oak. I'll do every thing in my power to serve you. I know of your leaving your father, by a letter we have had from him. Pray let me know the rest of your story.

Har. My story, sir, is very short. When I left my father's, I came immediately to London, and took refuge with a relation; where, instead of meeting with the protection I expected, I was alarmed with the most infamous designs upon my honour. It is not an hour ago since your nephew rescued me from the attempts of a villain. I tremble to think that I left him actually engaged in a duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home the chariot from the St. Albans tavern, where he dines today.—But what are your commands for me, madam?

Har. The favour, sir, I would now request of you is, that you would suffer me to remain, for a few days, in your house.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that, in the mean time, you will use your utmost endeavours to reconcile me to my father, without his forcing me into a marriage with sir Harry Beagle.

Oak. This is the most perplexing situation!—Why did not Charles take care to bestow you properly?

Har. It is most probable, sir, that I should not have consented to such a measure myself. The world is but too apt to censure, even without a cause: and if you are so kind as to admit me into your house, I must desire not to consider Mr. Oakly in any other light than as your nephew.

Oak. What an unlucky circumstance!—Upon my soul, madam; I would do any thing to serve you—but being in my house creates a difficulty that—

Har. I hope, sir, you do not doubt the truth of what I have told you?

Oak. I religiously believe every tittle of it, madam; but I have particular family considerations, that—

Har. Sure, sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any connexions in your family contrary to your inclinations, while I am living in your house!

Oak. Such connexions, madam, would do me and all my family great honour. I never dreamt of any scruples on that account.—What can I do?—Let me see—let me see—suppose—

[*Pausing.*]

Enter Mrs. OAKLY behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet, etc.

Mrs. O. I am sure I heard the voice of a woman, conversing with my husband—Ha! [*Seeing Harriot*] It is so indeed! Let me contain myself—I'll listen. [*Aside.*]

Har. I see, sir, you are not inclined to serve me—good heaven! what am I reserved to?—Why, why did I leave my father's house, to expose myself to greater distresses?

[*Ready to weep.*]

Oak. I would do any thing for your sake, indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper place to bestow you in.

Mrs. O. So! so!

[*Aside.*]

Har. What place can be so proper as your own house?

Oak. My dear madam, I—I—

Mrs. O. My dear madam!—Mighty well!—

[*Aside.*]

Oak. Hush!—hark!—what noise?—no—nothing. But I'll be plain with you, madam; we may be interrupted.—The family consideration I hinted at is nothing else than my wife. She is a little unhappy in her temper, madam;—and if you were to be admitted into the house, I don't know what would be the consequence.

Mrs. O. Very fine!

[*Aside.*]

Har. My behaviour, sir!—

Oak. My dear life, it would be impossible for you to behave in such a manner as not to give her suspicion.

Har. But if your nephew, sir, took every thing upon himself—

Oak. Still that would not do, madam.—Why, this very morning, when the letter came from your father, though I positively denied any knowledge of it, and Charles owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Har. What shall I do?—What will become of me?

Oak. Why lookye, my dear madam, since my wife is so strong an objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the house. Nay, if I had not known she was gone out, just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here, even now. So we must manage as well as we can.—I'll take a private lodging for you a little way off, unknown to Charles, or my wife, or any body; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why the whole matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. O. Upon Charles!

Har. How unhappy is my situation! [*Weeping*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! Not at all. Such a thing as this has happened to many a young lady before you, and all has been well again—Keep up your spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every day.

Mrs. O. [*Advances*] Will you so? O, Mr. Oakly! have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you, indeed! And you, my dear madam, I'll—

Har. Madam, I don't understand—

Mrs. O. I understand the whole affair, and have understood it for some time past.—You shall have a private lodging, miss!—It is the fittest place for you, I believe.—How dare you look me in the face?

Oak. For heaven's sake, my love, don't be so violent.—You are quite wrong in this affair—you don't know who you are a talking to. This lady is a person of fashion.

Mrs. O. Fine fashion indeed! to seduce other women's husbands!

Har. Dear madam, how can you imagine—

Oak. I tell you, my dear, this is the young lady that Charles—

Mrs. O. Mighty well! but that won't do, sir!—Did not I hear you lay the whole intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine plot of throwing all the blame upon Charles?

Oak. Nay, be cool a moment.—You must know, my dear, that the letter which came this morning related to this lady—

Mrs. O. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to—

Mrs. O. O, you deceitful man!—That trick

is too stale to pass again with me.—It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the house this morning.—But the gentlewoman could introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie! my dear, she came on purpose to inquire for you.

Mrs. O. For me!—better and better!—Did not she watch her opportunity, and come to you just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your visit, madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray, don't let me detain you.

Oak. For shame! for shame! *Mrs. Oakly!* How can you be so absurd? Is this proper behaviour to a lady of her character?

Mrs. O. I have heard her character. Go, my fine, runaway inadam! Now you have eloped from your family, and run away from your aunt! Go!—You shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Pr'ythee, be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. O. She shan't stay a minute.

Oak. She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year!—'Sdeath, madam, she shall stay for ever, if I choose it.

Mrs. O. How!

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, let me go. I am frightened to death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, madam!—She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Rus. [*Within*] I tell you, sir, I will go up. I am sure the lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O, my father! my father! [*Faints.*]

Oak. See! she faints. [*Catches her*] Ring the bell! Who's there?

Mrs. O. What! take her into your arms too!—I have no patience.

Enter Russet.

Rus. Where is this—ha! fainting! [*Runs to her*] O, my dear Harriot! my child! my child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly shocked her spirits. But she revives. How do you do, madam?

Har. [*To Russet*] O, sir!

Rus. O, my dear girl! how could you run away from your father, that loves you with such fondness?—But I was sure I should find you here—

Mrs. O. There—there!—sure he should find her here! Did I not tell you so?—Are not you a wicked man, to carry on such base underhand doings, with a gentleman's daughter?

Rus. Let me tell you, sir, whatever you may think of the matter, I shall not easily put up with this behaviour.—How durst you encourage my daughter to an elopement, and receive her in your house?

Mrs. O. There, mind that!—The thing is as plain as the light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand—

Rus. Look you, Mr. Oakly, I shall expect satisfaction from your family for so gross an affront.—Zounds, sir, I am not to be used ill by any man in England.

Har. My dear sir, I can assure you—

Rus. Hold your tongue, girl! You'll put me in a passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a mistake.

Rus. A mistake! Did not I find her in your house?

Oak. Upon my soul, she has not been in my house above—

Mrs. O. Did not I hear you say, you would take her a lodging, a private lodging?

Oak. Yes, but that—

Rus. Has not this affair been carried on a long time in spite of my teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself—

Mrs. O. Never troubled yourself! Did not you insist on her staying in the house, whether I would or no?

Oak. No.

Rus. Did not you send to meet her, when she came to town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. O. Did not you deceive me about the letter this morning?

Oak. No—no—no—I tell you, no.

Mrs. O. Yes—yes—yes—I tell you, yes.

Rus. Shan't I believe my own eyes?

Mrs. O. Shan't I believe my own ears?

Oak. I tell you you are both deceived.

Rus. Zounds, sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Mrs. O. I'll stop these fine doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak—and you are both alike, I think—I wish you were married to one another with all my heart.

Mrs. O. Mighty well! mighty well!

Rus. I shall soon find a time to talk with you.

Oak. Find a time to talk! you have talked enough now for all your lives.

Mrs. O. Very fine! Come along, sir! Leave that lady with her father. Now she is in the properest hands. [*Exit.*]

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his hands, [*Going, returns*] One word with you, sir!—The height of your passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange misapprehension of this whole affair, makes it impossible to explain matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please.

Rus. Yes, yes; I'll have satisfaction.—So, madam! I have found you at last.—You have made a fine confusion here.

Har. I have indeed been the innocent cause of a great deal of confusion.

Rus. Innocent!—What business had you to be running hither after—

Har. My dear sir, you misunderstand the whole affair. I have not been in this house half an hour.

Rus. Zounds, girl, don't put me in a passion!—You know I love you—but a lie puts me in a passion. But come along—we'll leave this house directly. [*Charles sings without*]—Hey-day? what now?

After a Noise without, enter CHARLES, drunk.

Charles. [*Sings*] But my wine neither nures nor babies can bring.

And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing. What's here? a woman? Harriot! impossible!

My dearest, sweetest Harriot! I have been looking all over the town for you, and at last—when I was tired—and weary—and disappointed—why then the honest major and I sat down together to drink your health in pint bumpers. [*Running to her.*]

Rus. Stand off!—How dare you take any liber-

ty with my daughter before me? Zounds, sir, I'll be the death of you.

Charles. Ha! 'Squire Russet too!—You jolly old cock, how do you do?—But, Harriot! my dear girl; [*Taking hold of her*] My life, my soul, my—

Rus. Let her go, sir—come away, Harriot!—Leave him this instant, or I'll tear you asunder.

Har. There needs no violence to tear me from a man who could disguise himself in such a gross manner, at a time when he knew I was in the utmost distress.

[*Disengages herself, and exit with Russet.*]

Charles. Only hear me, sir—madam!—my dear Harriot—Mr. Russet—gone!—she's gone!—and, 'egad, in very ill humour, and in very bad company!—I'll go after her—but hold!—I shall only make it worse—as I did—now I recollect—once before. How the devil came they here?—Who would have thought of finding her in my own house?—My head turns round with conjectures.—I believe I am drunk—very drunk—so, 'egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then inquire the meaning of all this. For.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, etc.

[*Exit, singing.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—OAKLY'S HOUSE.

Enter CHARLES and MAJOR OAKLY.

Maj. O. Poor Charles! What a scene of confusion! I would give the world to have been there.

Charles. And I would give the world to have been any where else.—May wine be my poison, if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. O. Ay, ay, so every man says the next morning.

Charles. Where, where can she be? Her father would hardly carry her back to lady Freelove's, and he has no house in town himself, nor sir Harry—I don't know what to think—I'll go in search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. A gentleman, sir, that calls himself captain O'Cutler, desires to speak with you.

Charles. Don't trouble me—I'll see no body—I'm not at home—

Wil. The gentleman says he has very particular business, and he must see you.

Charles. What's his name? Who did you say?

Wil. Captain O'Cutler, sir.

Charles. Captain O'Cutler! I never heard of him before. Do you know any thing of him, major?

Maj. O. Not I.—But you hear he has particular business. I'll leave the room.

Charles. He can have no business that need be a secret to you.—Desire the captain to walk up.

[*Exit William.*]

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

O'Cut. Jontlemen, your sarvant. Is either of your names Charles Oakly, esq.?

Charles. Charles Oakly, sir, is my name, if you have any business with it.

O'Cut. Avast, avast, my dear!—I have a little business with your name; but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it till you clear the decks, fait.

[*Pointing to the Major.*]

Charles. This gentleman, sir, is my most intimate friend, and any thing that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

O'Cut. O, if he's your friend, my dear, we may do all above board. It's only about your deciding a deferance with my lord Trinket. He wants to show you a little warm work; and, as I was steering this way, he desired me to fetch you this letter.

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Maj. O. How, sir, a challenge!

O'Cut. Yes, fait, a challenge. I am to be his lordship's second; and if you are fond of a hot birth, and will come along with that jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little line of battle a-head of our own, my dear.

Charles. [*Reads*] Ha! what's this? This may be useful.

[*Aside.*]

Maj. O. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.—A rare fellow this! [*Aside*] Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good company. I'll be there in my waistcoat and pumps, and take a morning's breathing with you. Are you very fond of fighting, sir?

O'Cut. Indeed, and I am; I love it better than grog.

Maj. O. But pray, sir, how are you interested in this difference? Do you know what it is about?

O'Cut. O, the devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know? so we do but tilt a little.

Maj. O. What, fight, and not know for what?

O'Cut. VVhen the signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. O. I fancy, sir, a duel's a common breakfast with you. I'll warrant now, you have been engaged in many such affairs.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul, and I have: sea or land, it's all one to little Terence O'Cutler.—VVhen I was last in Dublin, I fought one jontleman for cheating me out of a thousand pounds; I fought two of the Mermaid's crew about Sally Macguire; tree about politics; and one about the playhouse in Smock Alley. But upon my fait, since I am in England, I have done noting at all, at all.

Charles. This is lucky—but my transport will discover me. [*Aside*]—Will you be so kind, sir, [*To O'Cutler*] as to make my compliments to his lordship, and assure him, that I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him.

O'Cut. Indeed, and I will.—Arrah, my dear, won't you come too? [*To Major Oakly.*]

Maj. O. Depend upon it, captain.—A very extraordinary fellow!

[*Aside.*]

Charles. Now to get my intelligence. [*Aside*]—I think, the time, sir, his lordship appoints in his letter, is—a—

O'Cut. You say right—Six o'clock.

Charles. And the place—a—a—is—I think, behind Montague House?

O'Cut. No, my dear!—Avast, by the ring in Hydepark, 'fait—I settled it there myself, for fare of interruption.

Charles. True, as you say, the ring in

Hyde-park—I had forgot—Very well, I'll not fail you, sir.

O'Cut. Devil burn me; nor I. Upon my shoul, little Terence O'Cutter will see fair play, or he'll know the reason—And so, my dear, your sarvant.—You'll not forget to come, my dear?

Maj. O. Ha, ha, ha! What a fellow!—He loves fighting like a game cock.

Charles. O uncle! the luckiest thing in the world!

Maj. O. What, to have the chance of being run through the body? I desire no such good fortune.

Charles. Wish me joy, wish me joy! I have found her, my dear girl, my Harriot!—She is at an inn in Holborn, major!

Maj. O. Ay! how do you know?

Charles. Why, this dear, delightful, charming, blundering captain has delivered me a wrong letter.

Maj. O. A wrong letter!

Charles. Yes, a letter from lord Trinket to lady Freelove.

Maj. O. The devil! What are the contents?

Charles. The news I told you just now, that she's at an inn in Holborn: and, besides, an excuse from my lord, for not waiting on her ladyship this morning according to his promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his design upon Harriot.

Maj. O. So! so!—A plot between the lord and the lady.

Charles. There! read, read, man!

[Giving the Letter.]

Maj. O. [Reading] Um—um—um—Very fine! And what do you propose doing?

Charles. To go thither immediately.

Maj. O. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his lordship's designs may be? I begin to suspect foul play.

Charles. No, no; pray mind your own business. If I find there is any need of your assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. O. You'll manage this affair like a boy, now—Go on rashly with noise and bustle, and fury, and get yourself into another scrape.

Charles. No—no—Let me alone; I'll go incog.—Leave my chariot at some distance—Proceed prudently, and take care of myself, I warrant you. I did not imagine that I should ever rejoice at receiving a challenge, but this is the most fortunate accident that could possibly have happened. B'ye, b'ye, uncle!

[Exit, hastily.]

Maj. O. I don't half approve of this—and yet I can hardly suspect his lordship of any very deep designs neither.—Charles may easily outwit him.—Harkye, William!

[As seeing William at some distance.]

Re-enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Sir!

Maj. O. Where's my brother?

Wil. In his study, sir.

Maj. O. Is he alone?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Maj. O. And how is he, William?

Wil. Pretty well, I believe, sir.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, but is he in good humour, or—

Wil. I never meddle in family affairs, not I, sir.

[Exit.]

Maj. O. Well said, William!—No bad hint

for me, perhaps!—What a strange world we live in! No two people in it love one another better than my brother and sister, and yet the bitterest enemies could not torment each other more heartily.—However, yesterday, to give him his due, he behaved like a man. Keep it up, brother! keep it up! or it's all over with you. Since mischief is on foot, I'll even set forwards on all sides. I'll in to him directly, read him one of my morning lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with me immediately; or work him to some open act of rebellion against the sovereign authority of his lady wife. Zounds, brother! rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the house out of the window. If I was a husband!—Sdeath, what a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter HARRIOT.

Har. What will become of me? Among all my mistresses, I must confess that Charles's behaviour yesterday is not the least. So wild! so given up to excesses! And yet—I am ashamed to own it even to myself—I love him: and death itself shall not prevail on me to give my hand to sir Harry—But here he comes! What shall I do with him?

Enter SIR HARRY BRAGLE.

Sir H. Your servant, miss!—What! Not speak!—Bashful, mayhap—Why then I will—Lookye, miss, I am a man of few words—What signifies haggling? It looks just like a dealer.—What d'ye think of me for a husband?—I am a tight young fellow—sound wind and limb—free from all natural blemishes—Rum! all over, damme.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak English, and I'll give you an answer.

Sir H. English! Why so I do—and good plain English too.—What d'ye think of me for a husband?—That's English—e'nt it?—I know none of your French lingo, none of your parlyvoos, not I.—What d'ye think of me for a husband? The squire says you shall marry me.

Har. What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. [Aside]—I think, sir, you deserve a much better wife, and beg—

Sir H. Better! No, no,—though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so.—You're a fine thing—Your points are all good?

Har. Sir Harry! Sincerity is above all ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare I never will be your wife.

Sir H. Hey! how! what! be off!—Why, it's a match, miss!—It's done and done on both sides?

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, withdraw your claim to me.—I never can be prevailed on—indeed I can't—

Sir H. What, make a match and then draw stakes! That's doing of nothing—Play or pay all the world over.

Har. I am determined not to marry you, at all events.

1) Good.

2) Expressions in speaking of a horse.

3) In making a bargain, or betting a wager, on the turf, it is customary to shake hands and say *done*.

Sir H. But your father's determined you shall, miss—So the odds are on my side.—I am not quite sure of my horse, but I have the rider hollow¹⁾

Har. Your horse! sir—d'ye take me for—but I forgive you.—I beseech you, come into my proposal. It will be better for us both in the end.

Sir H. I can't be off²⁾.

Har. Let me entreat you.

Sir H. I tell you, it's impossible.

Har. Pray, pray do, sir.

Sir H. I can't, damme.

Har. I beseech you. [*Sir Harry whistles*]
How! laughed at?

Sir H. Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croker? [*Singing.*]

Har. Marry you! I had rather be married to a slave, a wretch—You! [*Walks about.*]

Sir H. A fine going thing—She has a deal of foot³⁾—treads well upon her pasterns—goes above her ground—

Har. Peace, wretch!—Do you talk to me as if I were your horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my horse? If your fine ladies had half as many good qualities, they would be much better bargains.

Har. And if their wretches of husbands liked them half so well as they do their horses, they would lead better lives.

Sir H. Mayhap so.—But what signifies talking to you?—The squire shall know your tricks—He'll doctor you.—I'll go and talk to him.

Har. Go any where, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in—If you won't go in a snaffle, you must be put in a curb—He'll break you, damme. [*Exit.*]

Har. A wretch!—But I was to blame to suffer his brutal behaviour to ruffle my temper—I could expect nothing else from him, and he is below my anger.

Enter RUSSSET.

Rus. Are not you a sad girl! a perverse, stubborn, obstinate—

Har. My dear sir—

Rus. Lookye, Harriot, don't speak,—you'll put me in a passion—Will you have him?—Answer me that—Why don't the girl speak?—Will you have him?

Har. Dearest sir, there is nothing in the world else—

Rus. Why there!—there!—Lookye there!—Zounds, you shall have him—Hussy, you shall have him—you shall marry him to-night—Did not you promise to receive him civilly?—How came you to affront him

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his behaviour was so insolent and insupportable—

Rus. Insolent!—Zounds, I'll blow his brains out.—Insolent to my dear Harriot!—A rogue, a villain! a scoundrel! I'll—but it's a lie—I know it's a lie—He durst not behave insolent—Will you have him? Answer me that. Will you have him?—Zounds, you shall have him.

Har. If you have any love for me, sir—

Rus. Love for you!—You know I love you

—You know your poor fond father dotes on you to madness.—I would not force you, if I did not love you—Don't I want you to be happy?—But I know what you would have. You want young Oakly, a rakehell, drunken—

Har. Release me from sir Harry, and if I ever marry against your consent, renounce me for ever.

Rus. I will renounce you, unless you'll have sir Harry.

Har. Consider, my dear sir, you'll make me miserable.—Absolve me from this hard command, and in every thing else it will be happiness to obey you.

Rus. You'll break my heart, Harriot, you'll break my heart—Make you miserable!—Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest man in the county?—That will make you happy.—Don't all the pale-faced girls in the country long to get him?—And yet you are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn—Zounds, you shall have him.

Har. For heaven's sake, sir—

Rus. Hold your tongue, Harriot!—I'll hear none of your nonsense.—You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him—He shall marry you this very night—I'll go for a licence and a parson immediately. Zounds! Why do I stand arguing with you? An't I your father? Have not I a right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir!—

Rus. I won't hear a word. You shall have him. [*Exit.*]

Har. Sir!—Hear me!—but one word!—He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious marriage. I will die before I consent to it.

Enter CHARLES, in a Frock, etc.

Ha! What do I see? [*Screaming.*]

Charles. Peace, my love!—My dear life, make no noise! I have been hovering about the house this hour—I just now saw your father and sir Harry go out, and have seized this precious opportunity to throw myself at your feet.

Har. You have given yourself, sir, a great deal of needless trouble. I did not expect or hope for the favour of such a visit.

Charles. O, my Harriot, upbraid me, reproach me, do any thing but look and talk with that air of coldness and indifference, Let me, while their absence allows it, convey you from the brutal violence of a constrained marriage.

Har. No, I will wait the event, be it what it may;—Oh, Charles, I am too much inclined—they shan't force me to marry sir Harry—but your behaviour—Not half an hour ago, my father reproached me with the looseness of your character. [*Weeping.*]

Charles. I see my folly, and am ashamed of it;—you have reclaimed me, Harriot, on my soul you have. If all women were as attentive as yourself to the morals of their lovers, a libertine would be an uncommon character. But let me persuade you to leave this place while you may. Major Oakly will receive us at his house with pleasure. I am shocked at the thoughts of what your stay here may reserve you to.

Har. No, I am determined to remain. To

1) To have a person hollow, is to be sure of him.

2) To be off is the same as to hedge.

3) A good strong foot—Walks well on her houghs—lifts her feet gracefully from the ground.

leave my father again, to go off openly with a man, of whose libertine character he has himself so lately been a witness, would justify his anger, and impeach my reputation.

Enter Chambermaid.

Chamb. O law, ma'am!—Such a terrible accident!—As sure as I am here, there's a pressgang has seized the two gemmin, and is carrying them away, tho' so be one an'em says as how he's a knight and baronight, and that t'other's a squire and a housekeeper.

Har. Seized by a pressgang! impossible!

Charles. Oh, now the design comes out.—But I'll balk his lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-daisy, ma'am, what can we do? There is master, and John Ostler, and Bootcatcher, all gone a'ter'em.—There is such an uproar as never was! *[Exit.]*

Har. If I thought this was your contrivance, sir, I would never speak to you again.

Charles. I would sooner die than be guilty of it.—This is lord Trinket's doing, I am sure. I knew he had some scheme in agitation, by a letter I intercepted this morning. *[Harriot screams]* Ha! here he comes. Nay, then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my love! I'll protect you. But now I must desire you to follow my directions.

Enter LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. Now, madam.—Pox on't, he here again!—Nay then, *[Draws]* come, sir! You're unarm'd, I see. Give up the lady: give her up, I say, or I am through you in a twinkling. *[Going to make a Pass at Charles.]*

Charles. Keep your distance, my lord! I have arms. *[Produces a Pistol]* If you come a foot nearer, you have a brace off balls through your lordship's head.

Lord T. How? what's this? pistols!

Charles. At your lordship's service.—Sword and pistol, my lord.—Those, you know, are our weapons.—If this misses, I have the fellow to it in my pocket.—Don't be frightened, madam! His lordship has removed your friends and relations, but he will take great care of you. Shall I leave you with him?

Har. Cruel Charles! you know I must go with you now.

Charles. A little way from the door, if your lordship pleases. *[Waves his Hand.]*

Lord T. Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam!—

Charles. A little more round, my lord. *[Waves.]*

Lord T. But, sir!—Mr. Oakly!

Charles. I have no leisure to talk with your lordship now.—A little more that way, if you please. *[Waves]*—You know where I live.—If you have any commands for miss Russet, you will hear of her too at my house.—Nay, keep back, my lord. *[Presents]* Your lordship's most obedient, humble servant.

[Exit, with Harriot.]

Lord T. *[Looks at them, and pauses for a short Time]*—I cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, 'pon honour. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LADY FREELOVE'S House.

Enter LORD TRINKET, LADY FREELOVE, with a Letter, and CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

Lord T. Was ever any thing so unfortu-

nate! Plague on't, captain, how could you make such a strange blunder?

O'Cut. I never thought of a blunder. I was to deliver two letters; and if I gave them one a piece, I thought it would do.

Lady F. And so, my lord, the ingenious captain gave the letter intended for me to young Oakly, and here has brought me a challenge.

Lord T. Ridiculous! Never was any thing so mal apropos.—Did you read the direction, captain?

O'Cut. Who, me?—Devil burn me, not I. I never rade at all.

Lord T. 'Sdeath! how provoking! When I had secured the servants, and got all the people out of the way—when every thing was en train.

Lady F. Nay, never despair, my lord! I've hit upon a method to set every thing to rights again.

Lord T. How? how? my dear lady Free-love, how?

Lady F. Suppose then your lordship was to go and deliver these country gentlemen from their confinement; make them believe it was a plot of young Oakly's to carry off my niece; and so make a merit of your own services with the father.

Lord T. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

O'Cut. Has your lordship any occasion for my service in this expedition?

Lord T. O, no—Only release me these people, and then keep out of the way, dear captain.

O'Cut. With all my heart, 'faint. But you are all wrong:—this will not signify a brass farding. If you would let me alone, I would give him a salt eel¹⁾, I warrant you.—But upon my credit, there's nothing to be, done without a little tilting. *[Exit.]*

Lord T. But where shall I carry them, when I have delivered them?

Lady F. To Mr. Oakly's, by all means; you may be sure my niece is there.

Lord T. To Mr. Oakly's!—Why, does your ladyship consider! 'Tis going directly in the fire of the enemy—throwing the dementi full in their teeth.

Lady F. So much the better. Face your enemies—nay, you shall outface them too. I'll certainly meet you there. It's hard indeed if two persons of condition can't bear themselves out against such trumpery folks as the family of the Oakly's.

Lord T. Odious low people! But I lose time—I must after the captain—and so, till we meet at Mr. Oakly's, I kiss your ladyship's hands—you won't fail me?

Lady F. You may depend on me. *[Exit Lord Trinket]* So, here is fine work! this artful little hussy has been too much for us all. Well, what's to be done? Why, when a woman of fashion gets into a scrape, nothing but a fashionable assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. Oakly's, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward lord Trinket's match; but if I find that matters have taken another turn, his lordship must excuse me. In that

1) A salt eel is a sailor's term for a beating. The phrase is generally "I'll give him a salt eel for his supper."

case, I'll fairly drop him, seem a perfect stranger to all his intentions, and give my visit an air of congratulation to my niece and any other husband, which fortune, her wise father, or her ridiculous self has provided for her. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—MRS. OAKLY'S Dressing-room.

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. This is worse and worse!—He never held me so much in contempt before—To go out without speaking to me, or taking the least notice.—I am obliged to the major for this.—How could he take him out? and how could Mr. Oakly go with him?—

Enter TOILET.

Well, Toilet.

Toil. My master is not come back yet, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your ladyship.

Mrs. O. Why don't you know?—You know nothing.—But I warrant you know well enough, if you would tell.—You shall never persuade me but you knew of Mr. Oakly's going out to-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, ma'am, upon my honour, and I protest to your ladyship I knew nothing in the world of the matter, no more than the child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my master's gentleman, knows—

Mrs. O. What does he know?

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the matter.

Mrs. O. Where is Paris? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my master's room, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, ma'am. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. O. He is certainly gone after this young flirt.—His confidence and the major's insolence provoke me beyond expression.

Re-enter TOILET, with PARIS.

Where's your master?

Par. Il est sorti. He is gone out.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah, madame, je n'en sçais rien. I know nothing of it.

Mrs. O. Nobody knows any thing. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I dress him.—Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus.—He go where he will—I have no business with it.

Mrs. O. Yes, you should have told me—that was your business—and if you don't mind your business better, you shan't stay here, I can tell you, sir.

Par. Voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire!

Mrs. O. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your shoulders, but go and inquire—go—and bring me word where he is gone.

Par. I don't know what I am do.

Mrs. O. Bid John come to me.

Par. De tout mon cœur.—Jean! ici! Jean!—speak, my lady. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. O. Impudent fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable—Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. O. Where's John? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your hands before you? Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, ma'am, I'll go this minute.—O here, John! my lady wants you.

Enter JOHN.

Mrs. O. Where's your master?

John. Gone out, madam.

Mrs. O. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the major's chariot, madam.

Mrs. O. Where did they go to?

John. To the major's, I suppose, madam.

Mrs. O. Suppose! Don't you know?

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, madam.

Mrs. O. Believe and suppose!—and don't know, and can't tell!—You are all fools.—Go about your business. *[John going]* Come here. *[Returns]* Go to the major's—no—it does not signify—go along—*[John going]* Yes, barkye, *[Returns]* go to the major's, and see if your master is there.

John. Give your compliments, madam?

Mrs. O. My compliments, blockhead! Get along. *[John going]* Come hither. *[Returns]* Can't you go to the major's, and bring me word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further notice?

John. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Well, why don't you go then? And make haste back.—And, d'ye hear, John? *[John going, returns.]*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Nothing at all—go along—*[John goes]* How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes me!—Harkye, John! *[John returns.]*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Send the porter here.

John. Yes, madam. *[Exit.]*

Toil. So, she's in a rare humour! I shall have a fine time on't. *[Aside]* Will your ladyship choose to dress?

Mrs. O. P'r'ythee, creature, don't tease me with your fiddle-faddle stuff—I have a thousand things to think of.—Where is the porter? why has not that booby sent him? What is the meaning—

Re-enter JOHN.

John. Madam, my master is this moment returned, with major Oakly, and my young master, and the lady that was here yesterday.

Mrs. O. Very well. *[Exit John]* Returned—yes, truly, he is returned—and in a very extraordinary manner. This is settling me at open defiance. But I'll go down, and show them I have too much spirit to endure such usage. *[Going]* Or, stay—I'll not go amongst his company—I'll go out—Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. O. Order the coach; I'll go out. *[Toilet going]* Toilet, stay—I'll e'en go down to them—No—Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. O. Order me a boiled chicken—I'll not go down to dinner—I'll dine in my own room, and sup there—I'll not see his face these three days. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OAKLY, MAJOR OAKLY, CHARLES, and HARRIOT.

Charles. My dear Harriot, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much cause for my uneasiness. Who knows what that vile lord has done with my father?

Oak. Be comforted, madam; we shall soon hear of Mr. Russet, and all will be well, I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, sir; I shall never forgive myself for having disturbed the peace of such a worthy family.

Maj. O. Don't mind that, madam; they'll be very good friends again. This is nothing among married people—'Sdeath, here she is.—No—its only Mrs. Toilet.

Re-enter TOILET.

Oak. Well, Toilet, what now? [*Toilet whispers*] Not well?—Can't come down to dinner?—Wants to see me above?—Harkye, brother, what shall I do?

Maj. O. If you go, you are undone.

Har. Go, sir, go to Mrs. Oakly—Indeed you had better—

Maj. O. 'Sdeath, brother, don't budge a foot—This is all fractiousness and ill humour—

Oak. No, I'll not go—Tell her I have company, and we shall be glad to see her here.

[*Exit Toilet.*]

Maj. O. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go and watch how she proceeds?

Maj. O. What d'ye mean? You would not go to her? Are you mad?

Oak. By no means go to her—I only want to know how she takes it. I'll lie perdue in my study, and observe her motions.

Maj. O. I don't like this pitiful ambuscade work—this bush fighting. Why can't you stay here?—Ay, ay!—I know how it will be—She'll come bounce in upon you with a torrent of anger and passion, or, if necessary a whole flood of tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you are mistaken, major. Now I am convinced I'm in the right, I'll support that right with ten times your steadiness.

Maj. O. You talk this well, brother.

Oak. I'll do it well, brother.

Maj. O. If you don't, you are undone.

Oak. Never fear, never fear.

Maj. O. Well, Charles.

Charles. I can't bear to see my Harriot so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. Russet. Perhaps I may learn at the inn where his lordship's ruffians have carried him.

Rus. [*Without*] Here! Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, sir Harry, come along.

Har. He's here!—My father; I know his voice. Where is Mr. Oakly? O, now, good sir, [*To the Major*] do but pacify him, and you'll be a friend indeed.

Enter RUSSET, LORD TRINKET, and SIR HARRY BRAGLE.

Lord T. There, sir—I told you it was so!

Rus. Ay, ay, it is too plain.—O you provoking slut! Elopement after elopement!—And at last to have your father carried off by violence! to endanger my life! Zounds! I am so angry I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Charles. I can assure you, sir, that your daughter is entirely—

Rus. You assure me! You are the fellow that has perverted her mind—That has set my own child against me—

Charles. If you will but hear me, sir—

Rus. I won't hear a word you say. I'll have my daughter—I won't hear a word.

Maj. O. Nay, Mr. Russet, hear reason. If you will but have patience—

Rus. I'll have no patience, I'll have my daughter, and she shall marry sir Harry to-night.

Lord T. That is dealing rather too much en cavalier with me, Mr. Russet, 'pon honour. You take no notice of my pretensions, though my rank and family—

Rus. What care I for rank and family? I don't want to make my daughter a ragpole woman of quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, sir Harry; she shall marry you to-night.

Maj. O. Only three words, Mr. Russet—

Rus. Why don't the booby take her?

Sir H. Hold hard! Hold hard!¹⁾ You are all on a wrong scent; Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Harkye, squire Russet.

Rus. Well, what now?

Sir H. It was proposed, you know, to match me with miss Harriot—But she can't take kindly to me.—When one has made a bad bet, it is best to hedge off, you know—and so I have e'en swopped²⁾ her with lord Trinket here for his brown horse, Nabob.

Rus. Swopped her? Swopped my daughter for a horse! Zounds, sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir H. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure—I won't do—I tell you it won't do—First of all I knocked up myself and my horses, when they took for London—and now I have been stewed aboard a tender—I have wasted three stone at least—if I could have rid my match it would not have grieved me—And so, as I said before, I have swopped her for Nabob.

Rus. The devil take Nabob, and yourself, and lord Trinket, and—

Lord T. Pardon! je vous demande pardon, monsieur Russet, 'pon honour.

Rus. Death and the devil! I shall go distracted! My daughter plotting against me—the—

Maj. O. Come, come, Mr. Russet, I am your man after all. Give me but a moment's hearing; and I'll engage to make peace between you and your daughter, and throw the blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir H. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the saddle on the right horse, my buck!

Rus. Well, sir—What d'ye say?—Speak—I don't know what to do.

Maj. O. I'll speak the truth, let who will be offended by it.—I have proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. Russet. From his lordship's behaviour at lady Freelove's, when my nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he would stick at no measures to carry his point—there's proof presumptive.—But, sir, we can give you proof positive too—proof under his lordship's own hand, that he likewise was the contriver of the gross affront that has just been offered you.

1) Stop, stop.

2) Exchanged.

Rus. Hey! how?

Lord T. Every syllable romance, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Gospel, every word on't.

Charles. This letter will convince you, sir! In consequence of what happened at lady Freelove's, his lordship thought fit to send me a challenge; but the messenger blundered, and gave me this letter instead of it. [*Giving the Letter*] I have the case which enclosed it in my pocket.

Lord T. Forgery from beginning to end, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Truth, upon my honour.—But read, read, Mr. Russet, read, and be convinced.

Rus. Let me see—let me see—[*Reads*]—Um—um—um—um—so, so—um—um—um—damnation!—*Wish me success—obedient slave—TRINKET—Fire and fury!* How dare you do this?

Lord T. When you are cool, Mr. Russet, I will explain this matter to you.

Rus. Cool! 'Sdeath and hell!—I'll never be cool again—I'll be revenged—So my Harriot, my dear girl, is innocent at last. Say so, my Harriot; tell me your are innocent.

[*Embraces her.*]

Har. I am indeed, sir, and happy beyond expression at your being convinced of it.

Rus. I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe you, Harriot!—You was always a good girl.

Maj. O. So she is, an excellent girl!—Worth a regiment of such lords and baronets—Come, sir, finish every thing handsomely at once.—Come, Charles will have a handsome fortune.

Rus. Marry!—she durst not do it.

Maj. O. Consider, sir, they have long been fond of each other—old acquaintance—faithful lovers—turtles—and may be very happy.

Rus. Well, well!—since things are so—I love my girl.—Harkye, young Oakley, if you don't make her a good husband, you'll break my heart, you rogue.

Maj. O. I'll cut his throat if he don't.

Charles. Do not doubt it, sir! my Harriot has reformed me altogether.

Rus. Has she?—Why then—there—heaven bless you both—there—now there's an end on't.

Sir H. So, my lord, you and I are both distanced!—A hollow thing, damme.

Lord T. N'importe.

Sir H. Now this stake is drawn, my lord may be for hedging off, mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to Jack Speed's, secure Nabob, and be out of town in an hour. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter LADY FREELOVE.

Lady F. My dear miss Russet, you'll excuse—

Charles. Mrs. Oakly, at your ladyship's service.

Lady F. Married?

Har. Not, yet, madam; but my father has been so good as to give his consent.

Lady F. I protest I am prodigiously glad of it. My dear, I give you joy—and you, Mr. Oakly.—I wish you joy, Mr. Russet and all the good company—for I think the most of them are parties concerned.

Maj. O. How easy, impudent, and familiar!

Lady F. Lord Trinket here too! [*Aside.* I vow I did not see your lordship before.

Lord T. Your ladyship's most obedient slave.

Lady F. You seem grave, my lord! Come, come, I know there has been some difference between you and Mr. Oakly—You must give me leave to be a mediator in this affair.

Lord T. Here has been a small fracas, to be sure, madam!—We are all blown!), 'pon honour.

Lady F. Blown! what do you mean, my lord?

Lord T. Nay, your ladyship knows that I never mind these things, and I know that they never discompose your ladyship—But things have happened a little en travers—The little billet I sent your ladyship has fallen into the hands of that gentleman—[*Pointing to Charles*]—and so there has been a little brouillerie about it—that's all.

Lady F. You talk to me, my lord, in a very extraordinary style—If you have been guilty of any misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill conduct can fasten no imputation on me.—Miss Russet will justify me sufficiently.

Maj. O. Had not your ladyship better appeal to my friend Charles here?—The letter, Charles!—Out with it this instant!

Charles. Yes, I have the credentials of her ladyship's integrity in my pocket.—Mr. Russet, the letter you read a little while ago was enclosed in this cover, which also I now think it my duty to put into your hands.

Rus. [*Reading*] *To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove*—'Sdeath and hell!—and now I recollect, the letter itself was pieced with scraps of French, and madam, and your ladyship—Fire and fury! madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you, then, for the insult that has been offered me!

Lady F. What is all this? Your obligations to me, Mr. Russet, are of a nature, that—

Rus. Fine obligations! I dare say, I am partly obliged to you too for the attempt on my daughter by that thing of a lord yonder at your house. Zounds, madam! these are injuries never to be forgiven—They are the grossest affronts to me and my family—All the world shall know them—Zounds!—I'll—

Lady F. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these country gentlemen! Why, really, Mr. Russet, you rave like a man in Bedlam—I am afraid you'll beat me—and then you swear most abominably.—How can you be so vulgar?—I see the meaning of this low malice—But the reputations of women of quality are not so easily impeached—My rank places me above the scandal of little people, and I shall meet such petty insolence with the greatest ease and tranquillity. But you and your simple girl will be the sufferers.—I had some thoughts of introducing her into the first company—But now, madam, I shall neither receive nor return your visits, and will entirely withdraw my protection from the ordinary part of the family. [*Exit.*]

Rus. Zounds, what impudence! that's worse than all the rest.

1) In racing one horse gets to the winning-post before another, and being at distance before the other thus distances him.

2) What we would do is made public.

Lord T. Fine presence of mind, faith!—The true French nonchalance—But, good folks, why such a deal of rout and tapage about nothing at all?—If mademoiselle Harriot had rather be Mrs. Oakly than lady Trinket—Why—I wish her joy—that's all.—*Mr. Russet,* I wish you joy of your son-in-law—*Mr. Oakly,* I wish you joy of the lady—and you, madam, [*To Harriot*] of the gentleman—And, in short, I wish you all joy of one another, 'pon honour!

[*Exit.*]
Rus. There's a fine fellow of a lord now! The devil's in your London folks of the first fashion, as you call them. They will rob you of your estate, debauch your daughter, or lie with your wife—and all as if they were doing you a favour—'pon honour!—

Maj. O. Hey! what now?

[*Bell rings violently.*]

Re-enter OAKLY.

Oak. D'ye hear, major, d'ye hear?

Maj. O. Zounds! what a clatter!—She'll pull down all the bells in the house.

Oak. My observations since I left you, have confirmed my resolution. I see plainly that her good humour, and her ill humour, her smiles, her tears, and her fits, are all calculated to play upon me.

Maj. O. Did not I always tell you so? It's the way with them all—they will be rough and smooth, and hot and cold, and all in a breath. Any thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all moods at present, I promise you—There has she been in her chamber, fuming and fretting, and dispatching a messenger to me every two minutes—servant after servant—now she insists on my coming to her—now again she writes a note to entreat—then Toilet is sent to let me know that she is ill, 'absolutely dying'—then the very next minute, she'll never see my face again—she'll go out of the house directly. [*Bell rings*]
Again! now the storm rises!—

Maj. O. It will soon drive this way then—now, brother, prove yourself a man—You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!—Retreat!—No, no!—I'll preserve the advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Maj. O. Ay, ay!—keep your ground!—fear nothing—up with your noble heart! Good discipline makes good soldiers; stick close to my advice, and you may stand buff to a tigress—

Oak. Here she is, by heavens! now, brother!

Maj. O. And now, brother!—Now or never!

Re-enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. I think, Mr. Oakly, you might have had humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your leave, I suppose, of all tenderness and affection—but I'll be calm—I'll not throw myself into a passion—you want to drive me out of your house—I see what you aim at, and will be beforehand with you—let me keep my temper! I'll send for a chair, and leave the house this instant.

Oak. True, my love: I knew you would not think of dining in your chamber alone, when I had company below. You shall sit at the head of the table, as you ought, to be

sure, as you say, and make my friends welcome.

Mrs. O. Excellent raillery! Lookye, Mr. Oakly, I see the meaning of all this affected coolness and indifference.

Oak. My dear, consider where you are—

Mrs. O. You would be glad, I find, to get me out of your house, and have all your flirts about you.

Oak. Before all this company! Fie!

Mrs. O. But I'll disappoint you, for I shall remain in it, to support my due authority—as for you, major Oakly—

Maj. O. Hey-day! What have I done?

Mrs. O. I think you might find better employment, than to create divisions between married people—and you, sir!

Oak. Nay but, my dear!—

Mrs. O. Might have more sense, as well as tenderness, than to give ear to such idle stuff.

Oak. Lord, Lord!

Mrs. O. You and your wise counsellor there, I suppose, think to carry all your points with me—

Oak. Was ever any thing—

Mrs. O. But it won't do, sir. You shall find that I will have my own way, and that I will govern my own family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself, by half. Your passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much fury and violence; affronting your best friends, breaking my peace, and disconcerting your own temper. And all for what? For nothing. 'Sdeath, madam! at these years you ought to know better.

Mrs. O. At these years!—Very fine!—Am I to be talked to in this manner?

Oak. Talked to!—Why not?—You have talked to me long enough—almost talked me to death—and I have taken it all, in hopes of making you quiet—but all in vain. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you; and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be master of my own house.

Mrs. O. So, so!—Master, indeed!—Yes, sir; and you'll take care to have mistresses enough too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. O. Indeed!—And do you think I am such a tame fool, as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, sir, that I will resent this behaviour—You shall find that I have a spirit—

Oak. Of the devil.

Mrs. O. Intolerable!—You shall find then that I will exert that spirit. I am sure I have need of it. As soon as the house is once cleared again, I'll shut my doors against all company.—You shan't see a single soul for this month.

Oak. 'Sdeath, madam, but I will!—I'll keep open house for a year.—I'll send cards to the whole town—Mr. Oakly's rout!—All the world will come—and I'll go along the world too—I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. O. Provoking insolence! This is not to be endured—Lookye, Mr. Oakly—

Oak. And lookye, Mrs. Oakly, I will have my own way.

Mrs. O. Nay, then let me tell you, sir—

Oak. And let me tell you, madam, I

will not be crossed—I won't be made a fool.

Mrs. O. Why, you won't let me speak.

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought. Madam, madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. O. Was there ever such a monster! I can bear this no longer. *[Bursts into Tears]* O you vile man! I can see through your design—you cruel, barbarous, inhuman—such usage to your poor wife!—you'll be the death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. O. That it should ever come to this!—To be contradicted—*[Sobbing]*—insulted—abused—bated—'tis too much—my heart will burst with—oh—oh!—

[Falls into a Fit. Harriot, Charles, etc. run to her assistance.]

Oak. [Interposing] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly—

Charles. For heaven's sake, sir, she will be—

Oak. Let her alone—let her alone.

Har. Pray, my dear sir, let us assist her. She may—

Oak. I don't care—Let her alone, I say.

Mrs. O. [Rising] O, you monster!—you villain!—you base man!—Would you let me die for want of help?—would you—

Oak. Bless me! madam, your fit is very violent—take care of yourself.

Mrs. O. Despised, ridiculed—but I'll be revenged—you shall see, sir—

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol.

[Singing.]

Mrs. O. What, am I made a jest of? Exposed to all the world?—If there's law or justice—

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol.

[Singing.]

Mrs. O. I shall burst with anger.—Have a care, sir; you may repent this.—Scorned and made ridiculous!—No power on earth shall hinder my revenge!

[Going.]

Har. [Interposing] Stay, madam.

Mrs. O. Let me go. I cannot bear this place.

Har. Let me beseech you, madam.

Maj. O. Courage, brother! you have done wonders.

[Apart.]

Oak. I think she'll have no more fits. *[Apart.]*

Har. Stay, madam—Pray stay but one moment. I have been a painful witness of your uneasiness, and in great part the innocent occasion of it. Give me leave then—

Mrs. O. I did not expect, indeed, to have found you here again. But however—

Har. I see the agitation of your mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell the real truth. I can explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Mrs. O. May be so—I cannot argue with you.

Charles. Pray, madam, hear her—for my sake—for your own—dear madam!

Mrs. O. Well, well—proceed.

Har. I understand, madam, that your first alarm was occasioned by a letter from my father to your nephew.

Rus. I was in a bloody passion, to be sure, madam!—The letter was not over civil, I believe.—I did not know but the young rogue

had ruined my girl. But it's all over now, and so—

Mrs. O. You was here yesterday, sir?

Rus. Yes; I came after Harriot. I thought I should find my young madam with my young sir here.

Mrs. O. With Charles, did you say, sir?

Rus. Ay, with Charles, madam! The young rogue has been fond of her a long time, and she of him, it seems.

Mrs. O. I fear I have been to blame. *[Aside.]*

Rus. I ask pardon, madam, for the disturbance I made in your house.

Har. And the abrupt manner in which I came into it demands a thousand apologies. But the occasion must be my excuse.

Mrs. O. How have I been mistaken! *[Aside]* But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly—

[To Harriot.]

Har. Dear madam! you had but a partial hearing of our conversation. It related entirely to this gentleman.

Charles. To put it beyond doubt, madam, Mr. Russet and my guardian have consented to our marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your approbation.

Mrs. O. I have no further doubt—I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you—You have taken a load of anguish off my mind—and yet your kind interposition comes too late; Mr. Oakly's love for me is entirely destroyed. *[Weeping.]*

Oak. I must go to her—

[Apart.]

Maj. O. Not yet!—Not yet!

[Apart.]

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such apprehensions; I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. *[Going to her]* My affection for you, madam, is as warm as ever. My constrained behaviour has cut me to the soul—for it was all constrained—and it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. O. O, Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed myself! What low arts has my jealousy induced me to practise! I see my folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you!—This change transports me!—Brother! Mr. Russet! Charles! Harriot! give me joy!—I am the happiest man in the world!

Maj. O. Joy, much joy, to you both! though, by-the-by, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I would cure all the disorders in your family? I beg pardon, sister, for taking the liberty to prescribe for you. My medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable effect, and so don't be angry with your physician.

Mrs. O. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel—

Oak. Nay, my dear, no more of this. All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. O. I have not merited this kindness, but it shall hereafter be my study to deserve it. Away with all idle jealousies! And since my suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all. *[Exeunt.]*

THE DOUBLE DEALER,

Comedy by W. Congreve, acted at the Theatre Royal 1696. This is the second play this author wrote: the characters of it are strongly drawn, the wit is genuine and original, the plot finely laid, and the conduct inimitable: yet such is, and ever has been, the capricious disposition of audiences, that it met not equal encouragement with his *Old Bachelor* (in some respects a much more exceptionable play); nor had it the same success with his later performances.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD TOUCHWOOD.
LORD FROTH.
SIR PAUL PLIANT.
MELLEFONT.

CARELESS.
BRISK.
SAYGRACE.
MASKWELL.

THOMAS.
TIMOTHY.
LADY TOUCHWOOD.
LADY FROTH.

LADY PLIANT.
CYNTHIA.

SCENE.—*A Gallery in LORD TOUCHWOOD'S House, with Chambers adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in LORD TOUCHWOOD'S House:*

CARELESS *crosses the Stage, as just risen from Table; MELLEFONT following.*

Mel. Ned, Ned, whither so fast? What, turned flincher? Why, you wo'nd't leave us?

Care. Where are the women? I'm weary of drinking, and begin to think them the better company.

Mel. Then thy reason staggers, and thou'rt almost tipsy.

Care. No, faith, but your fools grow noisy; and if a man must endure the noise of words without sense, I think the women have more musical voices, and become nonsense better.

Mel. Why, they are at the end of the gallery, retired to their tea and scandal. But I made a pretence to follow you, because I had something to say to you in private, and I am not like to have many opportunities this evening.

Care. And here's this coxcomb most critically come to interrupt you.

Enter BRISK.

Brisk. Boys, boys, lads, where are you? What, do you give ground? Mortgage for a bottle, ha? Careless, this is your trick; you're always spoiling company by leaving it.

Care. And thou art always spoiling company by coming into't.

Brisk. Pho! ha, ha, ha! I know you envy me. Spite, proud spite, by the gods, and burning envy. I'll be judged by Mellefont here, who gives and takes raillery better, you or I. Pshaw, man, when I say you spoil company by leaving it, I mean you leave nobody for the company to laugh at. I think there I was with you. Ha, Mellefont?

Mel. O my word, Brisk, that was a home thrust: you have silenced him.

Brisk. O, my dear Mellefont, let me perish, if thou art not the soul of conversation, the very essence of wit, and spirit of wine. The deuce take me, if there were three good things said, or one understood, since thy amputation from the body of our society. He! I think, that's pretty, and metaphorical enough:

1) To be afraid of drinking half a dozen bottles of claret at a sitting, used to be called *flinching* from your bottle; but very happily at the present day, drinking is not one of the necessary accomplishments; and a party of *Englishmen* can meet together now, enjoy themselves, and separate, without being any thing more than a little merry.

'egad, I could not have said it out of thy company. Careless, ha?

Care. Hum, ay, what is't?

Brisk. O mon coeur! What is't? Nay, 'gad, I'll punish you for want of apprehension: the deuce take me, if I tell you.

Mel. No, no, hang him, he has no taste. But, dear Brisk, excuse me; I have a little business.

Care. Pr'ythee, get thee gone; thou seest we are serious.

Mel. We'll come immediately, if you'll but go in and keep up good humour and sense in the company; pr'ythee do, they'll fall asleep else.

Brisk. 'Egad, so they will. Well, I will, I will: 'gad, you shall command me from the zenith to the nadir. But, the deuce take me, if I say a good thing till you come. But pr'ythee, dear rogue, make haste; pr'ythee, make haste, I shall burst else; and yonder your uncle, my lord Touchwood, swears he'll disinherit you; and Sir Paul Pliant threatens to disclaim you for a son-in-law; and my lord Froth won't dance at your wedding to-morrow; nor, the deuce take me, I won't write your epithalamium; and see what a condition you're like to be brought to.

Mel. Well, I'll speak but three words, and follow you.

Brisk. Enough, enough. Careless, bring your apprehension along with you. [*Exit*]

Care. Pert coxcomb!

Mel. Faith, 'tis a good-natured coxcomb, and has very entertaining follies; you must be more humane to him; at this juncture it will do me service. I'll tell you, I would have mirth continued this day at any rate, though patience purchase folly, and attention be paid with noise: there are times when sense may be unseasonable, as well as truth: pr'ythee, do thou wear none to-day; but allow Brisk to have wit, that thou may'st seem a fool.

Care. Why, how now? Why this extravagant proposition?

Mel. O, I would have no room for serious design, for I am jealous of a plot. I would have noise and impertinence, to keep my lady Touchwood's head from working.

Care. I thought your fear of her had been over. Is not to-morrow appointed for your marriage with Cynthia? and her father, sir Paul Pliant, come to settle the writings this day, on purpose?

Mel. True; but you shall judge whether I have not reason to be alarmed. None, besides

you and Maskwell, are acquainted with the secret of my aunt Touchwood's violent passion for me. Since my first refusal of her addresses, she has endeavoured to do me all ill offices with my uncle; yet has managed 'em with that subtilty, that to him they have borne the face of kindness; while her malice, like a dark lantern, only shone upon me where it was directed; but, whether urg'd by her despair, and the short prospect of time she saw to accomplish her designs, whether the hopes of revenge, or of her love, terminated in the view of this my marriage with Cynthia, I know not; but this morning she surprised me in my own chamber.

Care. Was there ever such a fury? VVell, bless us! proceed. VVhat followed?

Mel. It was long before either of us spoke; passion had tied her tongue, and amazement mine. In short, the consequence was thus; she omitted nothing that the most violent love could urge, or tender words express; which when she saw had no effect, but still I pleaded honour and nearness of blood to my uncle, then came the storm I fear'd at first; for, starting from my bedside, like a fury she flew to my sword, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or herself a mischief. Having disarmed her, in a gust of passion she left me, and in a resolution, confirmed by a thousand curses, not to close her eyes till they had seen my ruin.

Care. Exquisite woman! But, what the devil, does she think thou hast no more sense than to disinherit thyself? For, as I take it, this settlement upon you is with a proviso that your uncle have no children.

Mel. It is so. VVell, the service you are to do me, will be a pleasure to yourself: I must get you to engage my lady Pliant all this evening, that my piquant may not work her to her interest: and if you chance to secure her to yourself, you may incline her to mine. She's handsome, and knows it; is very silly, and thinks she has sense; and has an old fond husband.

Care. I confess a very fair foundation for a lover to build upon.

Mel. For my lord Froth, he and his wife will be sufficiently taken up with admiring one another, and Brisk's gallantry, as they call it, I'll observe my uncle myself; and Jack Maskwell has promised me to watch my aunt narrowly, and give me notice upon any suspicion. As for sir Paul, my wise father-in-law that is to be, my dear Cynthia has such a share in his fatherly fondness, he would scarce make her a moment uneasy to have her happy hereafter.

Care. So, you have manned your works: but I wish you may not have the weakest guard, where the enemy is strongest.

Mel. Maskwell, you mean: prythee, why should you suspect him?

Care. Faith, I cannot help it: you know I never lik'd him; I am a little superstitious in physiognomy.

Mel. He has obligations of gratitude to bind him to me; his dependance upon my uncle is through my means.

Care. Upon your aunt, you mean.

Mel. My aunt?

Care. I'm mistaken if there be not a familiarity between them you do not suspect, for all her passion for you.

Mel. Pho, pho! nothing in the world but his design to do me service; and he endeavours to be well in her esteem that he may be able to effect it.

Care. VVell, I shall be glad to be mistaken; but your aunt's aversion in her revenge, cannot be any way so effectually shown, as in promoting a means to disinherit you. She is handsome, and cunning, and naturally amorous: Maskwell is flesh and blood at best, and opportunities between them are frequent. His affection for you, you have confessed, is grounded upon his interest; that you have transplanted; and, should it take root in my lady, I don't see what you can expect from the fruit.

Mel. I confess the consequence is visible were your suspicions just. But see, the company is broke up: let's meet 'em.

Re-enter BRISK, with LORD TOUCHWOOD, LORD FROTH, and SIR PAUL PLIANT.

Lord T. Out upon't, nephew; leave your father-in-law and me to maintain our ground against young people.

Mel. I beg your lordship's pardon. VVe were just returning—

Sir P. VVhere you, son? 'Gadsbud, much better as it is—Good, strange! I swear I'm almost tipsy; 'tother bottle would have been too powerful for me—as sure as can be, it would: we wanted your company; but, Mr. Brisk—where is he? I swear and vow he's a most facetious person, and the best company; and, my lord Froth, your lordship is so merry a man, he, he, he!

Lord F. O fie, sir Paul, what do you mean? Merry! O, barbarous! I'd as lieve you call'd me—fool.

Sir P. Nay, I protest and vow now 'tis true; when Mr. Brisk jokes, your lordship's laugh does so become you, he, he, he.

Lord F. Ridiculous, sir Paul! you are strangely mistaken: I find champagne is powerful. I assure you, sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own, or a lady's, I assure you, sir Paul.

Brisk. How! how, my lord? VVhat, affront my wit! Let me perish! do I never say any thing worthy to be laugh'd at?

Lord F. O fie, don't misapprehend me: I don't say so; for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh: 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same quality does not laugh with him: ridiculous! to be pleased with what pleases the crowd! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your own jests, 'egad; ha, ha, ha!

Lord F. He, he! I swear though your railery provokes me to a smile.

Brisk. Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the teeth, if you show 'em.

Lord F. He, he, he! I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

Lord T. Sir Paul, if you please we'll retire to the ladies, and drink a dish of tea to settle our heads.

Sir P. With all my heart.—Mr. Brisk, you'll come to us—or call me when you're going to joke: I'll be ready to laugh incontinently.

[*Exeunt Lord Touchwood and Sir Paul Pliant.*]

Mel. But does your lordship never see comedies?

Lord F. O yes, sometimes; but I never laugh.

Mel. No!

Lord F. Oh no—Never laugh, indeed, sir.

Care. No! why what d'ye go there for?

Lord F. To distinguish myself from the commonality, and mortify the poets; the fellows grow so conceited when any of their foolish wit prevails upon the side boxes!—I swear—he, he, he—I have often constrain'd my inclinations to laugh—he, he, he—to avoid giving them encouragement.

Mel. You are cruel to yourself, my lord, as well as malicious to them.

Lord F. I confess I did myself some violence at first; but now I think I have conquered it.

Brisk. Let me perish, my lord, but there is something very particular and novel in the humour; 'tis true, it makes against wit, and I'm sorry for some friends of mine that write; but—'egad, I love to be malicious. Nay, deuce take me, there's wit in't too; and wit must be foil'd by wit: cut a diamond with a diamond; no other way, 'egad.

Lord F. Oh, I thought you would not be long before you found out the wit.

Care. Wit! in what? Where the devil's the wit, in not laughing when a man has a mind to't?

Brisk. O Lord, why can't you find it out?—Why, there 'tis, in the not laughing.—Don't you apprehend me?—My lord, Careless is a very honest fellow; but, harkye, you understand me, somewhat heavy; a little shallow, or so. Why, I'll tell you now: suppose now you come up to me—nay, pr'ythee, Careless, be instructed—Suppose, as I was saying, you come up to me, holding your sides, and laughing as if you would—Well! I look grave, and ask the cause of this immoderate mirth: you laugh on still, and are not able to tell me: still I look grave; not so much as smile—

Care. Smile! no; what the devil should you smile at, when you suppose I can't tell you?

Brisk. Pshaw, pshaw, pr'ythee don't interrupt me—but I tell you, you shall tell me at last; but it shall be a great while first.

Care. Well, but pr'ythee don't let it be a great while, because I long to have it over.

Brisk. Well then, you tell me some good jest, or very witty thing, laughing all the while as if you were ready to die—and I hear it, and look thus; would not you be disappointed?

Care. No; for if it were a witty thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

Lord F. O fie, Mr. Careless; all the world allow Mr. Brisk to have wit: my wife says he has a great deal; I hope you think her a judge.

Brisk. Pho, my lord, his voice goes for nothing—I can't tell how to make him ap-

prehend.—Take it t'other way: suppose I say a witty thing to you. [To Careless.]

Care. Then I shall be disappointed indeed.

Mel. Let him alone, Brisk; he is obstinately bent not to be instructed.

Brisk. I'm sorry for him, the deuce take me.

Mel. Shall we go to the ladies, my lord?

Lord F. With all my heart; methinks we are a solitude without 'em.

Mel. Or, what say you to another bottle of champagne?

Lord F. O, for the universe, not a drop more, I beseech you. Oh, intemperate! I have a flushing in my face already.

[*Takes out a pocket Glass, and looks in it.*]

Brisk. Let me see, let me see, my lord—I broke my glass that was in the lid of my snuff-box. Hum! Deuce take me, I have encouraged a pimple here too.

[*Takes the Glass, and looks in it.*]

Lord F. Then you must fortify him with a patch; my wife shall supply you. Come, gentlemen, allons. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MASKWELL and LADY TOUCHWOOD.

Lady T. I'll hear no more.—You're false and ungrateful; come, I know you false.

Mask. I have been frail, I confess, madam, for your ladyship's service.

Lady T. That I should trust a man whom I had known betray his friend!

Mask. What friend have I betray'd? or to whom?

Lady T. Your fond friend, Mellefont, and to me; can you deny it?

Mask. I do not.

Lady T. Have you not wrong'd my lord, who has been a father to you in your wants, and given you being? Have you not wrong'd him in the highest manner?

Mask. With your ladyship's help, and for your service, as I told you before—I can't deny that neither. Any thing more, madam?

Lady T. More, audacious villain! O, what's more is most my shame—Have you not dishonour'd me?

Mask. No, that I deny; for I never told in all my life; so that accusation's answer'd—on to the next.

Lady T. Death! do you dally with my passion? insolent devil! But have a care; provoke me not; you shall not escape my vengeance.—Calm villain! how unconcern'd he stands, confessing treachery and ingratitude! Is there a vice more black? O, I have excuses, thousands, for my faults: fire in my temper; passions in my soul, apt to every provocation; oppressed at once with love, and with despair.—But a sedate, a thinking villain, whose black blood runs temperately bad, what excuse can clear?

Mask. Will you be in temper, madam? I would not talk not to be heard. I have been a very great rogue for your sake, and you reproach me with it; I am ready to be a rogue still to do you service; and you are flinging conscience and honour in my face, to rebate my inclinations. How am I to behave myself? You know I am your creature; my life and fortune in your power; to disoblige you brings me certain ruin. Allow it, I would betray you, I would not be a traitor to myself: I

don't pretend to honesty, because you know I am a rascal: but I would convince you, from the necessity, of my being firm to you.

Lady T. Necessity, impudence! Can no gratitude incline you? no obligations touch you? Were you not in the nature of a servant? and have not I, in effect, made you lord of a I, of me, and of my lord? Where is that humble love, the languishing, that adoration which was once paid me, and everlastingly engaged?

Mask. Fixed, rooted in my heart, whence nothing can remove 'em; yet you—

Lady T. Yet; what yet?

Mask. Nay, misconceive me not, madam, when I say I have had a generous, and a faithful passion, which you had never favoured but through revenge and policy.

Lady T. Ha!

Mask. Look you, madam, we are alone—pray contain yourself, and hear me. You know you lov'd your nephew, when I first sigh'd for you; I quickly found it: an argument that I loved; for, with that art you veil'd your passion, 'twas imperceptible to all but jealous eyes. This discovery made me bold, I confess it; for by it I thought you in my power: your nephew's scorn of you added to my hopes; I watched the occasion, and took you, just repulsed by him, warm at once with love and indignation; your disposition, my arguments, and happy opportunity, accomplish'd my design. How I have loved you since, words have not shown; then how should words express?

Lady T. Well, mollifying devil! and have I not met your love with forward fire?

Mask. Your zeal, I grant, was ardent, but misplaced: there was revenge in view; that woman's idol had defil'd the temple of the god, and love was made a mock-worship.—A son and heir would have edg'd young Mellefont upon the brink of ruin, and left him nought but you to catch at for prevention.

Lady T. Again, provoke me! Do you wind me like a larum, only to rouse my own still'd soul for your diversion? Confusion!

Mask. Nay, madam, I'm gone, if you relapse.—What needs this? I say nothing but what yourself, in open hours of love, have told me. Why should you deny it? Nay, how can you? Is not all this present heat owing to the same fire? Do not you love him still? How have I this day offended you, but in not breaking off his match with Cynthia? which, ere to-morrow, shall be done, had you but patience.

Lady T. How! what said you, Maskwell?—Another caprice to unwind my temper?

Mask. No, by my love, I am your slave; the slave of all your pleasures; and will not rest till I have given you peace, would you suffer me.

Lady T. O, Maskwell, in vain do I disguise me from thee; thou knowest me; knowest the very inmost windings and recesses of my soul. O Mellefont!—Married to-morrow!—Despair strikes me. Yet my soul knows I hate him too: let him but once be mine, and next immediate ruin seize him.

Mask. Compose yourself; you shall have your wish.—Will that please you?

Lady T. How, how? thou dear, thou precious villain, how?

Mask. You have already been tampering with my lady Pliant.

Lady T. I have: she is ready for any impression I think fit.

Mask. She must be thoroughly persuaded that Mellefont loves her.

Lady T. She is so credulous that way naturally, and likes him so well, that she will believe it faster than I can persuade her. But I don't see what you can propose from such a trifling design; for her first conversing with Mellefont will convince her of the contrary.

Mask. I know it.—I don't depend upon it; but it will prepare something else, and gain us leisure to lay a stronger plot: if I gain a little time, I shall not want contrivance.

One minute gives invention to destroy
What, to rebuild, will a whole age employ.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LADY FROTH and CYNTHIA.

Cyn. Indeed, madam! is it possible your ladyship could have been so much in love?

Lady F. I could not sleep; I did not sleep one wink for three weeks together.

Cyn. Prodigious! I wonder want of sleep, and so much love, and so much wit as your ladyship has, did not turn your brain.

Lady F. O, my dear Cynthia, you must not rally your friend. But really, as you say, I wonder too—But then I had a way; for, between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours; but I gave them vent.

Cyn. How pray, madam?

Lady F. O, I writ; writ abundantly.—Do you never write?

Cyn. Write! what?

Lady F. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, lampoons, plays, or heroic poems.

Cyn. O Lord, not I, madam; I'm content to be a courteous reader.

Lady F. O, inconsistent! In love, and not write! If my lord and I had been both of your temper, we had never come together.—O, bless me! what a sad thing would that have been, if my lord and I should never have met!

Cyn. Then neither my lord or you would ever have met with your match, on my conscience.

Lady F. O my conscience, no more we should; thou say'st right; for sure my lord Froth is as fine a gentleman, and as much a man of quality!—Ah! nothing at all of the common air—I think I may say, he wants nothing but a blue ribbon and a star to make him shine the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard words? If you don't I'll explain 'em to you.

Cyn. Yes, yes, madam, I'm not so ignorant.—At least I won't own it, to be troubled with your instructions.

Lady F. Nay, I beg your pardon; but, being derived from the Greek, I thought you might have escap'd the etymology.—But I'm the more amazed, to find you a woman of letters, and not write! Bless me, how can Mellefont believe you love him?

Cyn. Why faith, madam, he that won't take

my word shall never have it under my hand.

Lady F. I vow, Mellefont's a pretty gentleman; but methinks he wants a manner.

Cyn. A manner! what's that, madam?

Lady F. Some distinguishing quality; as, for example, the bel air, or brilliant, of Mr. Brisk; the solemnity, yet complaisance, of my lord; or something of his own, that should look a little *je-ne-sais-quoi-ish*; he is too much a mediocrity, in my mind.

Cyn. He does not, indeed, affect either pertness or formality; for which I like him: here he comes.

Lady F. And my lord with him: pray observe the difference.

Enter LORD FROTH, MELLEFONT, and BRISK.

Cyn. Impertinent creature! I could almost be angry with her now. [*Aside.*]

Lady F. My lord, I have been telling Cynthia how much I have been in love with you; I swear I have; I'm not ashamed to own it now; ah! it makes my heart leap; I vow I sigh when I think on't.—My dear lord! Ha, ha, ha! do you remember, my lord?

[*Squeezes him by the Hand, looks kindly on him, sighs, and then laughs out.*]

Lord F. Pleasant creature! Perfectly well. Ah! that look, ay, there it is; who could resist? 'Twas so my heart was made a captive first, and ever since it has been in love with happy slavery.

Lady F. O that tongue, that dear deceitful tongue! that charming softness in your mien and your expression!—and then your bow! Good, my lord, bow as you did when I gave you my picture. Here, suppose this my picture—[*Gives him a pocket Glass*] Pray mind my lord; ah! he bows charmingly. [*Lord Froth bows profoundly low, then kisses the Glass*] Nay, my lord, you shan't kiss it so much; I shall grow jealous, I vow now.

Lord F. I saw myself there, and kissed it for your sake.

Lady F. Ah! gallantry to the last degree. Mr. Brisk, you're a judge; was ever any thing so well bred as my lord?

Brisk. Never any thing—but your ladyship, let me perish.

Lady F. O, prettily turned again! let me die but you have a great deal of wit.—Mr. Mellefont, don't you think Mr. Brisk has a world of wit?

Mel. O yes, madam.

Brisk. O dear, madam.

Lady F. An infinite deal.

Brisk. O heavens, madam—

Lady F. More wit than any body.

Brisk. I'm everlastingly your humble servant, deuce take me, madam.

Lord F. Don't you think us a happy couple?

Cyn. I vow, my lord, I think you are the happiest couple in the world; for you're not only happy in one another, and when you are together, but happy in yourselves, and by yourselves.

Lord F. I hope Mellefont will make a good husband too.

Cyn. 'Tis my interest to believe he will, my lord.

Lord F. D'ye think he'll love you as well as I do my wife? I'm afraid not.

Cyn. I believe he'll love me better.

Lord F. Heavens! that can never be: but why do you think so?

Cyn. Because he has not so much reason to be fond of himself.

Lady F. O, your humble servant for that, dear madam. VVell, Mellefont, you'll be a happy creature.

Mel. Ay, my lord, I shall have the same reason for my happiness that your lordship has, I shall think myself happy.

Lord F. Ah, that's all.

Brisk. Your ladyship is in the right; [*To Lady Froth*] but, 'egad, I'm wholly turned into satire. I confess I write but seldom; but when I do—keen i mbica, 'egad.—But my lord was telling me, your ladyship has made an essay toward an heroic poem.

Lady F. Did my lord tell you? Yes, I vow, and the subject is my lord's love to me. And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess—The Syllabub, ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. Because my lord's title's Froth, 'egad, ha, ha, ha!—deuce take me, very apropos and surprising, ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Hey, ay, is not it? And then I call my lord Spumoso; and myself—what d'ye think I call myself?

Brisk. Lactilla, may be—'gad, I cannot tell.

Lady F. Biddy, that's all; just my own name.

Brisk. Biddy! 'egad, very pretty—deuce take me, if your ladyship has not the art of surprising the most naturally in the world, I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the poem.

Lady F. O, you must be my confidant; I must ask your advice.

Brisk. I'm your humble servant, let me perish. I presume your ladyship has read Bossu?

Lady F. O yes; and Rapin, and Dacier upon Aristotle and Horace. My lord, you must not be jealous, I'm communicating all to Mr. Brisk.

Lord F. No, no, I'll allow Mr. Brisk. Have you nothing about you to show him, my dear?

Lady F. Yes, I believe I have. Mr. Brisk, come, will you go into the next room? and there I'll show you what I have.

[*Exit with Brisk.*]

Lord F. I'll walk a turn in the garden, and come to you. [*Exit*]

Mel. You're thoughtful, Cynthia.

Cyn. I'm thinking that though marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves 'em still two fools; and they become more conspicuous by setting off¹⁾ one another.

Mel. That's only when two fools meet, and their follies are opposed.

Cyn. Nay, I have known two wits meet, and by the opposition of their wit, render themselves as ridiculous as fools. Matrimony is a hazardous game to engage in. VVhat think you of drawing stakes, and giving over in time?

Mel. No, hang't, that's not endeavouring to win, because it's possible we may lose; since we have shuffled and cut, let's e'en turn up trump now.

1) For instance, a lady's white hand is set off (embellished) by the contrast of the black keys of the piano-forte; and gentlemen generally prefer to play on an ebony flute.

Cyn. Then I find it's like cards; if either of us have a good hand, it is an accident of fortune.

Mel. No, marriage is rather like a game at bowls; fortune indeed makes the match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two furthest are together; but the game depends entirely upon judgment.

Cyn. Still it is a game, and consequently one of us must be a loser.

Mel. Not at all; only a friendly trial of skill, and the winnings to be laid out in an entertainment.

Enter SIR PAUL and LADY PLIANT.

Sir P. 'Gadsbud! I am provoked into a fermentation, as my lady Froth says. Was ever the like read of in story?

Lady P. Sir Paul, have patience, let me alone to rattle him up.

Sir P. Pray your ladyship, give me leave to be angry; I'll rattle him up, I warrant you; I'll teach him, with a certiorari, to make love to my wife.

Lady P. You teach him! I'll teach him myself; so pray, sir Paul, hold you contented.

Sir P. Hold yourself contented, my lady Pliant; I find passion coming upon me even to desperation, and I cannot submit as formerly, therefore give way.

Lady P. How now? will you be pleased to retire, and—

Sir P. No, marry, will I not be pleased; I am pleased to be angry, that's my pleasure at *Mel.* What can this mean? [this time.

Lady P. 'Gads my life, the man's distracted. Why, how now, who are you? What am I? Slidikins, can't I govern you? What did I marry you for? Am I not to be absolute and uncontrollable? Is it fit a woman of my spirit and conduct should be contradicted in a matter of this concern?

Sir P. It concerns me, and only me; besides, I'm not to be governed at all times. When I am in tranquillity, my lady Pliant shall command sir Paul; but when I'm provoked to fury, I cannot incorporate with patience and reason; as soon may tigers match with tigers, lambs with lambs, and every creature couple with its foe, as the poet says.

Lady P. He's bot-headed still! 'Tis in vain to talk to you; but remember I have a curtain-lecture¹⁾ for you, you disobedient, headstrong brute.

Sir P. No, 'tis because I won't be headstrong, because I won't be a brute, and have my head fortified, that I am thus exasperated. But I will protect my honour: and yonder is the violator of my fame.

Lady P. 'Tis my honour that is concerned, and the violation was intended to me. Your honour! you have none! but what is in my keeping, and I can dispose of it when I please; therefore don't provoke me.

Sir P. Hum, 'gadsbud, she says true. [Aside] Well, my lady, march on; I will fight under you then: I am convinced, as far as passion will permit. [Sir Paul and Lady Pliant come up to Mellefont.

1) 'Tis a dreadful thing for a man to be subject to the threats of a curtain-lecture; but what a scene when put in practice.—The lady commences her discourse in bed, depriving the husband of his sleep.—It is called *curtain-lecture* from the bed curtains.

Lady P. Inhuman and treacherous—

Sir P. Thou serpent and first tempter of womankind—

Cyn. Bless me! Sir—madam—what mean you?

Sir P. Thy, Thy, come away, Thy; touch him not; come hither, girl; go not near him, there's nothing but deceit about him; snakes are in his looks, and the crocodile of Nilus is in his wicked appetite; he would devour thy fortune, and starve thee alive.

Lady P. Dishonourable, impudent creature!

Mel. For heaven's sake, madam, to whom do you direct this language?

Lady P. Have I behaved myself with all the decorum and nicety befitting the person of sir Paul's wife; have I preserved my honour as it were in a snow-house; have I, I say, preserved myself like a fair sheet of paper, for you to make a blot upon?

Sir P. And she shall make a simile with any woman in England.

Mel. I am so amazed, I know not what to say.

Sir P. Do you think my daughter—this pretty creature—'Gadsbud, she's a wife for a cherubim!—Do you think her fit for nothing but to be a stalking-horse,¹⁾ to stand before you while you take aim at my wife? 'Gadsbud, I was never angry before in my life, and I'll never be appeased again.

Mel. Confusion! this is my aunt; such malice can be engendered no where else. [Aside.

Lady P. Sir Paul, take Cynthia from his sight; leave me to strike him with the remorse of his intended crime.

Cyn. Pray, sir, stay; hear him; I dare affirm he's innocent.

Sir P. Innocent! Why, harkye; come hither, Thy, harkye, I had it from his aunt, my sister Touchwood. 'Gadsbud, he does not care a farthing for any thing of thee, but thy portion; why he's in love with my wife; he would have tantalized thee, and dishonour'd thy poor father, and that would certainly have broke my heart. I'm sure, if ever I should have horns, they would kill me; they would never come kindly; I should die of 'em, like any child that was cutting his teeth—I should indeed, Thy, therefore come away; but Providence has prevented all, therefore come away when I bid you.

Cyn. I must obey. [Exit with Sir Paul.

Lady P. O, such a thing! the impiety of it startles me; to wrong so good, so fair a creature, and one that loves you tenderly: 'tis a barbarity of barbarities, and nothing could be guilty of it—

Mel. But the greatest villain imagination can form, I grant it; and next to the villany of such a fact, is the villany of aspersing me with the guilt. How? which way was I to wrong her? for yet I understand you not.

Lady P. Why, 'gads my life, cousin Mellefont, you cannot be so peremptory as to

1) It is a custom to go on moonlight nights shooting curlews on the sea-shore; but as these birds are very shy, there is no means of approaching them, but by hiding behind any old horse, which is made to go backwards to the place, for the purpose. The birds not being frightened, by this means are easily aimed at, though it is difficult to get more than one shot in the same place the same night.

deny it, when I tax you with it to your face; for, now sir Paul's gone, you are corum nobus.

Mel. By heaven, I love her more than life, or—

Lady P. Fiddle, faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and every thing in the world; but give me mathematicular demonstration, answer me directly. But I have not patience. Oh! the impiety of it, as I was saying, and the unparalleled wickedness! O merciful father! how could you think to reverse nature so, to make the daughter the means of procuring the mother!

Mel. The daughter procure the mother!

Lady P. Ay; for though I am not Cynthia's own mother, I am her father's wife; and that's near enough to make it incest.

Mel. O my precious aunt, and the devil in conjunction!

Lady P. O reflect upon the horror of that, and then the guilt of deceiving every body; marrying the daughter, only to dishonour the father; and then seducing me—

Mel. Where am I? is it day? and am I awake? Madam—

Lady P. And nobody knows how circumstances may happen together. To my thinking now, I could resist the strongest temptation; but yet I know 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or no; there's no certainty in the things of this life.

Mel. Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one question.

Lady P. O Lord, ask me the question! I'll swear I'll refuse it; I swear I'll deny it, therefore don't ask me; nay, you shan't ask me; I swear I'll deny it. O gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant, I am as red as a turkey-cock. O fie, cousin Mellefont!

Mel. Nay, madam, hear me—

Lady P. Hear you? No, no: I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards; for one does not know how one's mind may change upon hearing. Hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible; I won't trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and un-come-at-ible.

Mel. For heaven's sake, madam—

Lady P. O name it no more.—Bless me, how can you talk of heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be, you don't think it a sin—they say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin—Indeed, if I did not think it a sin—But still my honour, if it were no sin—But then, to marry my daughter, for the convenience of frequent opportunities—I'll never consent to that; as sure as can be, I'll break the match.

Mel. Death and amazement! Madam, upon my knees—

Lady P. Nay, nay, rise up: come, you shall see my good nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion: 'tis not your fault, nor I swear it is not mine. How can I help it, if I have charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a captive? O Lord, here's somebody coming; I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your crime, and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure: but don't be melancholy, don't despair: but never think that I'll grant you any thing—O Lord, no: but be sure you lay aside

all thoughts of the marriage; for though I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind for your passion to me, yet it will make me jealous—O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! no, no, I can't be jealous; for I must not love you—therefore don't hope—but don't despair neither. O, they're coming, I must fly. *[Exit.]*

Mel. *[After a Pause]* So then, spite of my care and foresight, I am caught, caught in my security: yet this was but a shallow artifice, unworthy of my machiavilian aunt: there must be more behind: destruction follows hard, if not presently prevented.

Enter MASKWELL.

Maskwell, welcome! Thy presence is a view of land appearing to my shipwrecked hopes: the witch has raised the storm, and her ministers have done their work; you see the vessels are parted.

Mask. I know it: I met sir Paul towing away Cynthia. Come, trouble not your head, I'll join you together ere to-morrow morning, or drown between you in the attempt.

Mel. There's comfort in a hand stretch'd out to one that's sinking, though never so far off.

Mask. No sinking, nor no danger. Come, cheer up; why, you don't know that, while I plead for you, your aunt has given me a retaining fee; nay, I am your greatest enemy, and she does but journey-work under me.

Mel. Ha! how's this?

Mask. What d'ye think of my being employed in the execution of all her plots? Ha, ha, ha! Nay, it's true: I have undertaken to break the match: I have undertaken to make your uncle disinherit you; to get you turn'd out of doors, and to—Ha, ha, ha!—I can't tell you for laughing—O she has opened her heart to me—I'm to turn you a grazing, and to—Ha, ha, ha! marry Cynthia myself; there's a plot for you.

Mel. Ha! O see, I see my rising sun! Light breaks through clouds upon me, and I shall live in day.—O, my Maskwell, how shall I thank or praise thee! thou hast outwitted woman. But tell me, how couldst thou thus get into her confidence, ha—how? But was it her contrivance to persuade my lady Pliant to this extravagant belief?

Mask. It was; and, to tell you the truth, I encouraged it for your diversion: though it made you a little uneasy for the present, yet the reflection of it must needs be entertaining. I warrant she was very violent at first.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha! Ay, a very fury.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha! I know her temper. Well, you must know then that all my contrivances were but bubbles; till at last I pretended to have been long secretly in love with Cynthia; that did my business; that convinced your aunt I might be trusted; since it was as much my interest as hers to break the match: then she thought my jealousy might qualify me to assist her in her revenge; and, in short, in that belief, told me the secrets of her heart. At length we made this agreement: if I accomplish her designs (as I told you before), she has engaged to put Cynthia, with all her fortune, into my power.

Mel. She is most gracious in her favour.

Well, and, dear Jack, how hast thou contrived?

Mask. I would not have you stay to hear it now; for I don't know but she may come this way. I am to meet her anon; after that I'll tell you the whole matter. Be here in this gallery an hour hence: by that time, I imagine, our consultation may be over.

Mel. I will. Till then, success attend thee.

[*Exit.*]

Mask. Till then, success will attend me; for when I meet you, I meet the only obstacle to my fortune.—Cynthia, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatsoever I commit of treachery or deceit shall be imputed to me as a merit.—Treachery! what treachery? Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations. Duty to kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties: but the name of rival cuts 'em all asunder, and is a general acquittance. Rival is equal; and love, like death, a universal leveller of mankind.—Ha! but is there not such a thing as honesty? Yes, and whosoever has it about him bears an enemy in his breast; for your honest man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious person, who will cheat nobody but himself: such another coxcomb as your-wise man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be made a fool of by nobody but himself.—Ha, ha, ha! Well, for wisdom and honesty, give me cunning and hypocrisy! Oh, 'tis such a pleasure to angle for fairfaced fools! Then that hungry gudgeon, credulity, will bite at any thing.—Why, let me see: I have the same face, the same words and accents, when I speak what I do think, and when I speak what I do not think; the very same: and dear dissimulation is the only art not to be known from nature.

Why will mankind be fools, and be deceiv'd?

And why are friends and lovers' oaths believ'd?

When each, who searches strictly his own mind,

May so much fraud and power of baseness find.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LORD and LADY TOUCHWOOD.

Lady T. My lord, can you blame my brother Pliant, if he refuse his daughter upon this provocation? The contract's void by this unheard-of impiety.

Lord T. I don't believe it true; he has better principles—pho, 'tis nonsense. Come, come, I know my lady Pliant: 'tis not the first time she has mistaken respect for love, and made sir Paul jealous of the civility of an undesigning person, the better to bespeak his security in her unfeigned pleasures.

Lady T. You censure hardly, my lord: my sister's honour is very well known.

Lord T. Yes, I believe I know some that have been familiarly acquainted with it. This is a little trick wrought by some pitiful contriver, envious of my nephew's merit.

Lady T. Nay, my lord, it may be so, and I hope it will be found so; but that will require some time; for, in such a case as this, demonstration is necessary.

Lord T. There should have been demonstration of the contrary too, before it had been believed.

Lady T. So I suppose there was.

Lord T. How? where? when?

Lady T. That I can't tell; nay, I don't say there was; I am willing to believe as favourably of my nephew as I can.

Lord T. I don't know that. [*Half aside.*]

Lady T. How? Don't you believe that, say you, my lord?

Lord T. No, I don't say so. I confess I am troubled to find you so cold in his defence.

Lady T. His defence? Bless me, would you have me defend an ill thing?

Lord T. You believe it then?

Lady T. I don't know; I am very unwilling to speak my thoughts in any thing that may be to my cousin's disadvantage; besides, I find, my lord, you are prepared to receive an ill impression from any opinion of mine, which is not consenting with your own; but since I am like to be suspected in the end, and 'tis a pain any longer to dissemble, I own it to you: in short, I do believe it; nay, and can believe any thing worse, if it were laid to his charge.—Don't ask me my reasons, my lord; for they are not fit to be told you.

Lord T. I'm amazed! Here must be something more than ordinary in this. [*Aside.*] Not fit to be told me, madam? You can have no interests wherein I am not concerned; and consequently the same reasons ought to be convincing to me, which create your satisfaction or disquiet.

Lady T. But those which cause my disquiet, I am willing to have remote from your hearing. Good my lord, don't press me.

Lord T. Don't oblige me to press you.

Lady T. Whatever it was, 'tis past; and that is better to be unknown, which cannot be prevented; therefore let me beg of you to rest satisfied.

Lord T. When you have told me I will.

Lady T. You won't.

Lord T. By my life, my dear, I will.

Lady T. What if you can't?

Lord T. How? Then I must know; nay, I will: no more trifling—I charge you tell me—by all our mutual peace to come, upon your duty—

Lady T. Nay, my lord, you need say no more, to make me lay my heart before you; but don't be thus transported; compose yourself: it is not of concern, to make you lose one minute's temper. 'Tis not indeed, my dear. O Lord, I wish I had not told you any thing.—Indeed, my lord, you have frightened me. Nay, look pleased, I'll tell you.

Lord T. Well, well.

Lady T. Nay, but will you be calm? Indeed it's nothing but—

Lord T. But what?

Lady T. But will you promise me not to be angry?—nay, you must—not to be angry with Mellefont?—I dare swear he's sorry; and, were it to do again, would not—

Lord T. Sorry for what? 'Death, you rack me with delay.

Lady T. Nay, no great matter, only—well, I have your promise—pho, why nothing, only—your nephew had a mind to amuse himself

sometimes with a little gallantry towards me. Nay, I can't think he meant any thing seriously; but methought it looked oddly.

Lord T. Confusion! what do I hear?

Lady T. Or, may be, he thought he was not enough akin to me upon your account, and had a mind to create a nearer relation on his own; a lover, you know, my lord—ha, ha, ha!—Well, but that's all. Now you have it.—Well, remember your promise, my lord; and don't take any notice of it to him.

Lord T. No, no, no.

Lady T. Nay, I swear you must not—a little harmless mirth—only misplaced, that's all.—But if it were more, 'tis over now, and all's well. For my part, I have forgot it; and so has he, I hope; for I have not heard any thing from him these two days.

Lord T. These two days! Is it so fresh?—Unnatural villain! I'll have him stripped, and turned naked out of my doors this moment, and let him rot and perish!

Lady T. O, my lord, you'll ruin me, if you take such public notice of it; it will be a town-talk: consider your own and my honour.—Stay, I told you you would not be satisfied when you knew it.

Lord T. Before I've done, I will be satisfied. Ungrateful monster! How long—

Lady T. Lord, I don't know: I wish my lips had grown together when I told you. Almost a twelvemonth—nay, I won't tell you any more, till you are yourself. Pray, my lord, don't let the company see you in this disorder: yet I confess I can't blame you; for I think I was never so surprised in my life. Who would have thought my nephew could have so misconstrued my kindness?—But will you go into your closet, and recover your temper? I'll make an excuse of sudden business to the company, and come to you. Pray, good, dear my lord, let me beg you do now: I'll come immediately, and tell you all. Will you, my lord?

Lord T. I will. I am mute with wonder.

Lady T. Well, but go now; here's somebody coming.

Lord T. Well, I go. You won't stay; for I would hear more of this.

Lady T. I'll follow instantly.

[Exit *Lord Touchwood*.]

Enter MASKWELL.

So!

Mask. This was a masterpiece, and did not need my help; though I stood ready for a cue to come in, and confirm all, had there been occasion.

Lady T. Have you seen Mellefont?

Mask. I have; and am to meet him here about this time.

Lady T. How does he bear his disappointment?

Mask. Secure in my assistance, he seemed not much afflicted, but rather laughed at the shallow artifices, which so little time must of necessity discover: yet he is apprehensive of some further design of yours, and has engaged me to watch you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent your plot; yet I would have you use caution and expedition.

Lady T. Expedition indeed; for all we do

must be performed in the remaining part of this evening, and before the company break up, lest my lord should cool, and have an opportunity to talk with him privately: my lord must not see him again.

Mask. By no means; therefore you must aggravate my lord's displeasure to a degree that will admit of no conference with him.—What think you of mentioning me?

Lady T. How?

Mask. To my lord, as having been privy to Mellefont's design upon you, but still using my utmost endeavours to dissuade him: though my friendship and love to him has made me conceal it, yet you may say I threatened the next time he attempted any thing of that kind, to discover it to my lord.

Lady T. To what end is this?

Mask. It will confirm my lord's opinion of my honour and honesty, and create in him a new confidence in me, which (should this design miscarry) will be necessary to the forming of another plot that I have in my head—to cheat you, as well as the rest. [Aside.]

Lady T. I'll do it.

Mask. You had best go to my lord, keep him as long as you can in his closet, and I doubt not but you will mould him to what you please: your guests are so engaged in their own follies and intrigues, they'll miss neither of you.

Lady T. When shall we meet?—At eight this evening in my chamber; there rejoice at our success, and toy away an hour in mirth.

Mask. I will not fail. [Exit *Lady Touchwood*] I know what she means well enough. I have lost all appetite to her; yet she's a fine woman, and I loved her once; but I don't know, the case is altered; what was my pleasure is become my duty; and I am as indifferent to her now, as if I were her husband. Should she smoke my design upon Cynthia, I were in a fine pickle. She has a penetrating head, and knows how to interpret a coldness the right way; therefore I must dissemble ardour and ecstasy, that's resolved. How easily and pleasantly is that dissembled before fruition! Plague on't, that a man can't drink without quenching his thirst.—Ha! yonder comes Mellefont, thoughtful. Let me think: meet her at eight—hum—ha! I have it. If I can speak to my lord before, I will deceive 'em all, and yet secure myself. 'Twas a lucky thought! Well, this double dealing is a jewel.—Here he comes—now for me.

Enter MELLEFONT, musing.—MASKWELL, pretending not to see him, walks by him, and speaks, as it were, to himself.

Mercy on us! what will the wickedness of this world come to!

Mel. How now, Jack? What, so full of contemplation that you run over?

Mask. I'm glad you're come, for I could not contain myself any longer; and was just going to give vent to a secret, which nobody but you ought to drink down.—Your aunt's just gone from hence.

Mel. And having trusted thee with the secrets of her soul, thou art villainously bent to discover 'em all to me, ha?

Mask. I'm afraid my frailty leans that way;

but I don't know whether I can in honour discover all.

Mel. All, all, man. VVhat, you may in honour betray her as far as she betrays herself. No tragical design upon my person, I hope?

Mask. No, but it's a comical design upon mine.

Mel. VVhat dost thou mean?

Mask. Listen, and be dumb: we have been bargaining about the rate of your ruin—

Mel. Like any two guardians to an orphan heiress.—Well.

Mask. And whereas pleasure is generally paid with mischief, what mischief I shall do is to be paid with pleasure.

Mel. So when you've swallowed the potion, you sweeten your mouth with a plum?

Mask. You are merry, sir; but I shall probe your constitution: in short, the price of your banishment is to be paid with the person of—

Mel. Of Cynthia, and her fortune.—VVhy, you forget, you told me this before.

Mask. No, no; so far you are right; and I am, as an earnest of that bargain, to have full and free possession of the person of—your aunt.

Mel. Ha!—Pho! you trifle.

Mask. By this light, I'm serious, all raiillery apart. I knew 'twould stun you. 'This evening, at eight, she will receive me in her bed-chamber.

Mel. Hell and the devil! is she abandoned of all grace?—VVhy, the woman is possessed.

Mask. VVell, will you go in my stead?

Mel. Into a hot furnace sooner.

Mask. No you would not; it would not be so convenient, as I can order matters.

Mel. VVhat d'ye mean?

Mask. Mean! not to disappoint the lady, I assure you.—Ha, ha, ha! how gravely he looks.—Come, come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only thing that Providence could have contrived to make me capable of serving you, either to my inclination or your own necessity.

Mel. How, how, for heaven's sake, dear Maskwell?

Mask. VVhy thus: I'll go according to appointment; you shall have notice, at the critical minute, to come and surprise your aunt and me together. Counterfeit a rage against me, and I'll make my escape through the private passage from her chamber, which I'll take care to leave open. 'Twill be hard if then you can't bring her to any conditions; for this discovery will disarm her of all defence, and leave her entirely at your mercy: nay, she must ever after be in awe of you.

Mel. Let me adore thee, my better genius! I think it is not in the power of fate now to disappoint my hopes—my hopes? my certainty!

Mask. VVell, I'll meet you here, within a quarter of eight, and give you notice.

Mel. Good fortune ever go with thee!

[*Exit Maskwell.*]

Enter CARELESS.

Care. Mellefont, get out o'the way.—My lady Pliant's coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight, though she begins to tack about; but I made love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. VVhy, what's the matter? She's convinced that I don't care for her.

Care. I can't get an answer from her, that does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole history of sir Paul's nine years' courtship; how he has lain for whole nights together upon the stairs, before her chamber-door; and that the first favour he received from her, was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat for a stomacher; which, since the day of his marriage, he has, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into a night-cap; and wears it still, with much solemnity, on his anniversary wedding-night.

Mel. You are very great with him. I wonder he never told you his grievances: he will, I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!—But that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a woman's bragging to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offered, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly.—Here she comes with sir Paul. I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by-and-by clap a billet-doux into her hand; for a woman never thinks a man truly in love with her, till he has been fool enough to think of her out of her sight, and to lose so much time as to write to her. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR PAUL and LADY PLIANT.

Sir P. Shan't we disturb your meditation, Mr. Careless? you would be private?

Care. You bring that along with you, sir Paul, that shall be always welcome to my privacy.

Sir P. O, sweet sir, you load your humble servants, both me and my wife, with continual favours.

Lady P. Sir Paul, what a phrase was there! You will be making answers, and taking that upon you which ought to lie upon me: that you should have so little breeding, to think Mr. Careless did not apply himself to me. Pray what have you to entertain any body's privacy? I swear and declare, in the face of the world, I'm ready to blush for your ignorance.

Sir P. I acquiesce, my lady; but don't snub so loud. [*Apert.*]

Lady P. Mr. Careless, if a person that is wholly illiterate might be supposed to be capable of being qualified to make a suitable return to those obligations, which you are pleased to confer upon one that is wholly incapable of being qualified in all those circumstances, I'm sure I should rather attempt it than any thing in the world; [*Courtesies*] for, I'm sure, there's nothing in the world that I would rather. [*Courtesies*] But I know Mr. Careless is so great a critic, and so fine a gentleman, that it is impossible for me—

Care. O heavens, madam! you confound me.

Sir P. 'Gadsbud, she's a fine person.

Lady P. O Lord, sir, pardon me, we women have not those advantages: I know my own imperfections; but, at the same time, you must give me leave to declare in the face of the world, that nobody is more sensible of

favours and things; for, with the reserve of my honour, I assure you, Mr. Careless, I don't know any thing in the world I would refuse to a person so meritorious.—You'll pardon my want of expression.

Care. O, your ladyship is abounding in all excellence, particularly that of phrase.

Lady P. You are so obliging, sir.

Care. Your ladyship is so charming.

Sir P. So, now, now; now, my lady.

Lady P. So well bred.

Care. So surprising.

Lady P. So well dressed, so bonne mine, so eloquent, so unaffected, so easy, so free, so particular, so agreeable—

Sir P. Ay, so, so, there.

Care. O Lord, I beseech you, madam, don't—

Lady P. So gay, so graceful, so good teeth, so fine shape, so fine limbs, so fine linen; and I don't doubt but you have a very good skin, sir.

Care. For heaven's sake, madam—I'm quite out of countenance.

Sir P. And my lady's quite out of breath, or else you should hear.—Gadsbud, you may talk of my lady Froth—

Care. O fie, fie; not to be nam'd of a day. My lady Froth is very well in her accomplishments, but it is when my lady Pliant is not thought of; if that can ever be.

Lady P. O, you overcome me—that is so excessive.

Sir P. Nay, I swear and vow, that was pretty.

Care. O, sir Paul, you are the happiest man alive. Such a lady! that is the envy of her sex, and the admiration of ours.

Sir P. Your humble servant.—I am, I thank heaven, in a fine way of living, as I may say, peacefully and happily; and, I think, need not envy any of my neighbours, blessed be Providence!—Ay, truly, Mr. Careless, my lady is a great blessing; a fine, discreet, well-spoken woman, as you shall see, if it becomes me to say so; and we live very comfortably together: she is a little hasty sometimes, and so am I; but mine is soon over, and then I'm so sorry. O, Mr. Careless, if it were not for one thing—

Enter TIMOTHY, with a Letter, and offers it to SIR PAUL PLIANT.

'Gadso, 'gadsbud—Tim, carry it to my lady; you should have carried it to my lady first.

Tim. 'Tis directed to your worship.

Sir P. Well, well, my lady reads all letters first.

Lady P. How often have you been told of that, you jackanapes?

Sir P. Child, do so no more; d'ye hear, Tim?

Tim. No, and please you. *[Exit.]*

Sir P. A humour of my wife's—you know, women have little fancies. But, as I was telling you, Mr. Careless, if it were not for one thing, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; indeed, that touches me near, very near.

Care. What can that be, sir Paul?

Sir P. Why, I have, I thank heaven, a very plentiful fortune, a good estate in the country, some houses in town, and some money, a pretty tolerable personal estate: and it is a

great grief to me, indeed it is, Mr. Careless, that I have not a son to inherit this.—'Tis true, I have a daughter; and a fine dutiful child she is, though I say it—blessed be Providence, I may say; for indeed, Mr. Careless, I am mightily beholding to Providence—a poor unworthy sinner!—But if I had a son—ah, that's my affliction, and my only affliction; indeed, I cannot refrain from tears when it comes in my mind. *[Cries.]*

Care. Why, methinks that might be easily remedied—my lady's a fine likely woman.

Sir P. Oh, a fine likely woman as you shall see in a summer's day—indeed she is, Mr. Careless, in all respects.

Care. And I should not have taken you to have been so old—

Sir P. Alas, that's not it, Mr. Careless; ah! that's not it; no, no, you shoot wide of the mark a mile, indeed you do; that's not it, Mr. Careless; no, no, that's not it.

Care. No! what can be the matter then?

Sir P. You'll scarcely believe me, when I shall tell you.—Why, my lady is so nice—I am her husband, as I may say, though far unworthy of that honour; yet I am her husband; but, alas—a day, I have no more familiarity with her person, as to that matter, than with my own mother; no indeed.

Care. Alas—a day, this is a lamentable story; 'tis an injury to the world; my lady must be told on't; she must, i'faith, sir Paul.

Sir P. Ah! would to heaven you would, Mr. Careless; you are mightily in her favour.

Care. I warrant you;—what! we must have a son some way or other.

Sir P. Indeed I should be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about, Mr. Careless.

Lady P. Sir Paul, it's from your steward; here's a return of six hundred pounds; you may take fifty of it for your next half year.

[Gives him the Letter.]

Enter LORD FROTH and CYNTHIA.

Sir P. How does my girl? Come hither to thy father—poor lamb, thou'rt melancholy.

Lord F. Heaven's, sir Paul! you amaze me, of all things in the world—You are never pleased but when we are all upon the broad grin; all laugh, and no company: ah, then 'tis such a sight to see some teeth—Sure you're a great admirer of my lady Whiffer, Mr. Sneer, and sir Lawrence Loud, and that gang.

Sir P. I vow and swear she's a very merry woman; but I think she laughs a little too much.

Lord F. Merry! O Lord, what a character that is of a woman of quality!—You have been at my lady Whiffer's upon her day, madam? *[To Cynthia.]*

Cyn. Yes, my lord.—I must humour this fool. *[Aside.]*

Lord F. Well, and how? he! What is your sense of the conversation there?

Cyn. O, most ridiculous! a perpetual concert of laughing without any harmony; for sure, my lord, to laugh out of time is as disagreeable as to sing out of time, or out of tune.

Lord F. He, he, he! right; and then, my lady Whiffer is so ready, she always comes in three bars too soon: and then what do

they laugh at? For, you know, laughing without a jest, is as impertinent, he! as, as—
Cyn. As dancing without a fiddle.

Lord F. Just, 'faith—that was at my tongue's end.

Cyn. But that cannot be properly said of them; for, I think, they are all in good nature with the world, and only laugh at one another; and, you must allow, they have all jests in their person's, though they have none in their conversation.

Lord F. True, as I'm a person of honour: for heavens sake, let us sacrifice 'em to mirth a little.

Re-enter TIMOTHY, and whispers SIR PAUL PLIANT.

Sir P. 'Gadso—Wife, wife; my lady Pliant, I have a word—

Lady P. I'm busy, sir Paul, I wonder at your impertinence.

Care. Sir Paul, hearkye, I'm reasoning the matter, you know.—Madam, if your ladyship pleases, we'll discourse of this in the next room.

[Exit, with Lady Pliant.]

Sir P. O ho, I wish you good success; I wish you good success!—Boy, tell my lady, when she has done, I would speak with her below.

[Exeunt.]

Enter LADY FROTH and BRISK.

Lady F. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid, and our coachman, is not amiss? you know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish.—But then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great; besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and, you know, the sun is called heaven's charioteer.

Lady F. Oh, infinitely better; I'm extremely beholding to you for the hint. Stay, we'll read over those half a score lines again. *[Pulls out a Paper]* Let me see here—you know what goes before—the comparison, you know.

[Reads.]

*For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
 So of our coachman I may say—*

Brisk. I'm afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day.

Lady F. No, for the sun it won't; but it will do for the coachman; for, you know, there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right, that saves all.

Lady F. Then, I don't say the sun shines all the day; but, that he peeps now and then: yet he does shine all the day too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear—Let me see.

[Reads.]

*For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
 So of our coachman I may say.
 He shows his drunken fiery face,
 Just as the sun does, more or less.*

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well—more or less.

Lady F. *[Reads]* *And when at night his labour's done,*

Then too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—
Ay, charioteer does better. *[Reads.]*

*Into the dairy he descends,
 And there his whipping and his driving ends;
 There he's secure from danger of a milk,
 His fare is paid him, and he sets in bilk.*

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, 'egad; but I have one exception to make—(Don't you think bilk (I know it's good rhyme); but don't you think bilk and fare too like a hackney-coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so; and yet our Jehu was a hackney-coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney-coachman—You may put that into the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism: only mark it with a small asterism, and say, Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.

Lady F. I will. You'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul; and proud of the vast honour, let me perish.

Lord F. He, he, he! My dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? we were laughing at my lady Whiffer, and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? O, filthy Mr. Sneer! he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop, pho! He spent two days together in going about Coventgarden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O, silly! yet his aunt is as fond of him, as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who, my lady Toothless? O, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud, like an old ewe.

Cyn. Fie, Mr. Brisk; 'tis eringoes for her cough.

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no jest, with her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Then that 'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean: but deuce take me, I can't hit of her name neither. Paints, d'ye say? why she lays it on with a trowel; then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish.

Lady F. O, you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk. He! 'egad, so I did. My Lord can sing it. 'Tis not a song, neither: it's a sort of an epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet: I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

SONG.—LORD FROTH.

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
 'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
 Shall I tell you how?
 She herself makes her own faces,
 And each morning wears a new one;
 Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in it; my way of writing, 'egad.

Enter THOMAS.

Lady F. How now?

Tho. Your ladyship's chair is come.

Lady F. Is nurse and the child in it?

Tho. Yes, madam. *[Exit.]*

Lady F. O the dear creature! let's go see it.

Lord F. I swear, my dear, you'll spoil that child with sending it to and again so often; this is the seventh time the chair has gone for her to-day.

Lady F. O law, I swear it's but the sixth, and I han't seen her these two hours. The poor dear creature! I swear, my lord, you don't love poor little Sapho. Come, my dear Cynthia; Mr. Brisk, we'll go see Sapho, though my lord won't.

Cyn. I'll wait upon your ladyship.

Brisk. Pray, madam, how old is lady Sapho?

Lord F. Three quarters; but I swear she has a world of wit, and can sing a tune already. My lord, won't you go? won't you? what, not to see Saph? Pray, my lord, come see little Saph. I knew you could not stay, *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter MELLEFONT and CYNTHIA.

Cyn. I heard him loud as I came by the closet-door, and my lady with him: but she seemed to moderate his passion.

Mel. Ay, as gentle breezes moderate a fire; but I shall counterwork her spells.

Cyn. It's impossible; she'll cast beyond you still. I'll lay my life it will never be a match.

Mel. What?

Cyn. Between you and me.

Mel. Why so? I don't know why we should not steal out of the house this moment, and marry one another without consideration or the fear of repentance. Hang fortune, portion, settlements, and jointures.

Cyn. Ay, ay, what have we to do with them? You know we marry for love.

Mel. Love, love, downright, very villainous love.

Cyn. Here then, I give you my promise, in spite of duty, any temptation of wealth, your inconstancy, or my own inclination to change—

Mel. To run most wilfully and unreasonably away with me this moment, and be married.

Cyn. Hold—never to marry any body else.

Mel. That's but a kind of negative consent. Why, you won't balk the frolic?

Cyn. If you had not been so assured of your own conduct, I would not. But 'tis but reasonable that, since I consent to like a man without the vile consideration of money, he should give me a very evident demonstration of his wit: therefore let me see you undermine my lady Touchwood, as you boasted, and force her to give her consent, and then—

Mel. I'll do't.

Cyn. And I'll do't.

Mel. This very next ensuing hour of eight o'clock is the last minute of her reign, unless the devil assist her in propria persona.

Cyn. Well, if the devil should assist her, and your plot miscarry.

Mel. Ay, what am I to trust to then?

Cyn. Why, if you give me very clear demonstration that is was the devil, I'll allow for irresistible odds. Here's my mother-in-law, and your friend Careless: I would not have 'em see us together yet. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CARELESS and LADY PHANT.

Lady P. I swear, Mr. Careless, you are very alluring, and say so many fine things, and nothing is so moving to me as a fine thing. Well, I must do you this justice, and declare in the face of the world, never any body gained so far upon me as yourself; with blushes I must own it, you have shaken, as I may say, the very foundation of my honour. Well, sure if I escape your importunities, I shall value myself as long as I live, I swear.

Care. And despise me. *[Sighing.]*

Lady P. The last of any man in the world, by my purity; now you make me swear. O gratitude, forbid that I should ever be wanting in a respectful acknowledgment of an entire resignation of all my best wishes, for the person and parts of so accomplished a person, whose merit challenges much more I'm sure than my illiterate praises can description.

Care. Ah, heavens, madam, you ruin me with kindness! Your charming tongue pursues the victory of your eyes, while at your feet your poor adorer dies. *[In a whining Tone.]*

Lady P. Ah! very fine.

Care. Ah, why are you so fair, so bewitching fair? O let me grow to the ground here, and feast upon that hand! O let me press it to my heart, my trembling heart! the nimble movement shall instruct your pulse, and teach it to alarm desire. *[Still whining.]* I'm almost at the end of my cant, if she does not yield quickly. *[Aside.]*

Lady P. O that's so passionate and fine, I cannot hear it. I am not safe if I stay, and must leave you.

Care. And must you leave me? Rather let me languish out a wretched life, and breathe my soul beneath your feet. I must say the same thing over again, and can't help it. *[Aside.]*

Lady P. I swear, I'm ready to languish too. O my honour! whither is it going? I protest you have given me the palpitation of the heart.

Care. Can you be so cruel?

Lady P. O rise, I beseech you; say no more till you rise. Why did you kneel so long? I swear I was so transported, I did not see it. Well, to show you how far you have gained upon me, I assure you, if sir Paul should die, of all mankind there's none I'd sooner make my second choice.

Care. O heaven! I can't outlive this night without your favour. I feel my spirits faint, a general dampness overspreads my face, a cold deadly dew already vents through all my pores, and will to-morrow wash me for ever from your sight, and drown me in my tomb.

Lady P. O, you have conquer'd; sweet, melting, moving sir, you have conquered. What sheart of marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad sayings? *[Cries.]*

Care. I thank heaven, they are the saddest that I ever said [*Aside*] Oh!

Lady P. O! I yield myself all up to your uncontrollable embraces. Say, thou dear dying man, when, where, and how? Ah, there's sir Paul.

Care. 'Slife, yonder's sir Paul; but if he were not come, I'm so transported I cannot speak. This note will inform you.

[*Gives her a Note, and exit.*]

Re-enter CYNTHIA, with SIR PAUL PLIANT.

Sir P. Thou art my tender lambkin, and shalt do what thou wilt; but endeavour to forget this Mellefont,

Cyn. I would obey you to my power, sir; but, if I have not him, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir P. Never to marry! Heaven's forbid! must I neither have sons nor grandsons? must the family of the Pliants be utterly extinct for want of issue male? Oh, impiety! but did you swear? did that sweet creature swear, ha? How durst you swear without my consent, ha? 'Gadsbud, who am I?

Cyn. Pray don't be angry, sir; when I swore I had your consent; and therefore I swore.

Sir P. Why then the revoking my consent does annul or make of non effect your oath: so you may unswear it again; the law will allow it.

Cyn. Ay, but my conscience never will.

Sir P. 'Gadsbud, no matter for that; conscience and law never go together; you must not expect that.

Lady P. Ay, but sir Paul, I conceive, if she has sworn, dye mark me? if she has once sworn, it is most unchristian, inhuman, and obscene that she should break it. I'll make up the match again, because Mr. Careless said it would oblige him. [*Aside.*]

Sir P. Does your ladyship conceive so? Why I was of that opinion once too. Nay, if your ladyship conceives so, I'm of that opinion again; but I can neither find my lord nor my lady, to know what they intend.

Lady P. I am satisfied that my cousin Mellefont has been much wronged.

Cyn. I'm amazed to find her of our side, for I'm sure she loved him. [*Aside.*]

Lady P. I know my lady Touchwood has no kindness for him; and besides I have been informed by Mr. Careless, that Mellefont had never any thing more than a profound respect. That he has owned himself to be my admirer, 'tis true; but he was never so presumptuous as to entertain any dishonourable notions of things; so that if this be made plain, I don't see how my daughter can in conscience, or honour, or any thing in the world—

Sir P. Indeed if this be made plain, as my lady your mother says, child—

Lady P. Plain! I was informed of it by Mr. Careless; and I assure you Mr. Careless is a person—that has a most extraordinary respect and honour for you, sir Paul.

Cyn. And for your ladyship too, I believe; or else you had not changed sides so soon. [*Aside.*] Now I begin to find it.

Sir P. I am much obliged to Mr. Careless really; he is a person that I have a great

value for, not only for that, but because he has a great veneration for your ladyship.

Lady P. O law, no indeed, sir Paul; 'tis upon your account.

Sir P. No, I protest and vow I have no title to his esteem, but in having the honour to appertain in some measure to your ladyship, that's all.

Lady P. O law, now, I swear and declare, it shan't be so; you're too modest, sir Paul.

Sir P. It becomes me, when there is any comparison made between—

Lady P. O fie, fie, sir Paul, you'll put me out of countenance. Your very obedient and affectionate wife, that's all, and highly honoured in that title.

Sir P. 'Gadsbud; I am transported! Give me leave to kiss your ladyship's little finger.

Lady P. My lip indeed, sir Paul; I swear you shall. [*He kisses her, and bows very low.*]

Sir P. I humbly thank your ladyship; I don't know whether I fly on ground, or walk in air. 'Gadsbud, she was never thus before. Well, I must own myself the most beholden to Mr. Careless; as sure as can be this is all his doing, something that he has said; well, 'tis a rare thing to have an ingenious friend. Well, your ladyship is of opinion that the match may go forward?

Lady P. By all means. Mr. Careless has satisfied me of the matter.

Sir P. Well, why then, lamb, you may keep your oath: but have a care of making rash vows. Come hither to me, and kiss papa.

Lady P. I swear and declare, I am in such a twitter to read Mr. Careless's letter, that I can't forbear any longer; but though I may read all letters first by prerogative, yet I'll be sure to be unsuspected this time. [*Aside.*]

Sir Paul.

Sir P. Did your ladyship call?

Lady P. Nay, not to interrupt you, my dear. Only lend me your letter which you had from your steward to-day: I would look upon the account again, and may be increase your allowance.

Sir P. There it is, madam. Do you want a pen and ink? [*Bows and gives the Letter.*]

Lady P. No, no, nothing else, I thank you, sir Paul. So now I can read my own letter under the cover of his. [*Aside.*]

Sir P. He! and shall I have a grandson, a brave chopping boy, to perpetuate the line of the Pliant's? I'll settle a thousand pounds a year upon the rogue as soon as ever he looks me in the face, I will. 'Gadsbud, I hope the young cherub will be like me: I would fain have some resemblance of myself in my posterity. Ha, Thy, shouldn't you wish he was like his grand-papa?

Cyn. I'm glad to see you so merry, sir.

Sir P. Merry! 'gadsbud, I'm serious; I'll give thee five hundred pounds for every feature of him that resembles me. Ah, this eye, this left eye! a thousand pounds for this left eye: this has done execution in its time, girl. Why thou hast my leer, hussy; just thy father's leer.—Let it be transmitted to the young rogue by the help of imagination. Why, 'tis the mark of our family, Thy: our house is distinguished by a languishing eye, as the house of Austria is by a thick lip.

Lady P. O, dear Mr. Careless! I swear he writes charmingly, and he looks charmingly, and he has charmed me as much as I have charmed him; and so I'll tell him in the wardrobe, when 'tis dark. O crimine! I hope sir Paul has not seen both letters. [*Aside. Puts up the wrong Letter, and gives him her own.*] Sir Paul, here's your letter: to-morrow morning I'll settle accounts to your advantage.

Sir P. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Lady P. So now I'll retire, and study a complimentary rebuke to Mr. Careless, for the pathetic tender of his regards; but it shall not be too severe neither. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter BRISK.

Brisk. Sir Paul, 'gadsbud, you're an uncivil person, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been in you.

Sir P. O law, what's the matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. Brisk?

Brisk. Deuce take me, I believe you intend to marry your daughter yourself; you're always brooding over her like an old hen, as if she were not well hatched, 'egad, he!

Sir P. Good, strange! Mr. Brisk is such a merry facetious person; he, he, he. No, no, I have done with her, I have done with her now.

Brisk. The fiddles have stayed this hour in the hall, and my lord Froth wants a partner; we can never begin without her.

Sir P. Go, go, child; go, get you gone, and dance and be merry; I'll come and look at you by-and-by. [*Exit Cynthia*] Where's my son Mellefont?

Brisk. I'll send him to them; I know where he is; and, sir Paul, will you send Careless into the hall, if you meet him?

Sir P. I will, I will; I'll go 'and look for him on purpose. [*Exit.*]

Brisk. So, now they are all gone, and I have an opportunity to practise.—Ah! my dear lady Froth! she's a most engaging creature, if she were not so fond of that damn'd coxcombly lord of hers; and yet I am forc'd to allow him wit too, to keep in with him. No matter; she's a woman of parts, and, 'egad, parts will carry her. She said she would follow me into the gallery. Now, to make my approaches—Hem, hem! Ah! ma—[*Bows*] dam!—Plague on't, why should I disparage my parts by thinking what to say? None but dull rogues think: witty men, like rich fellows, are always ready for all expenses; while your blockheads, like poor needy scoundrels, are forc'd to examine their stock, and forecast the charges of the day. Here she comes; I'll seem not to see her, and try to win her with a new airy invention of my own, hem!

[*Sings, walking about.*]

Enter LADY FROTH.

I'm sick with love, ha, ha, ha! prythee come cure me—I'm sick with, etc.—O, ye powers! O, my lady Froth, my lady Froth, my lady Froth! Heigho, break heart! Gods, I thank you. [*Stands musing with his arms across.*]

Lady F. O heaven's, Mr. Brisk! what's the matter?

Brisk. My lady Froth! your ladyship's most humble servant.—The matter, madam? nothing,

madam; nothing at all, 'egad: I was fallen into the most agreeable amusement in the whole province of contemplation, that's all.—I'll seem to conceal my passion, and that will look like respect.

[*Aside.*]

Lady F. Bless me, why did you call out upon me so loud?

Brisk. O Lord! I, madam? I beseech your ladyship, when?

Lady F. Just now, as I came in. Bless me, why don't you know it?

Brisk. Not I, let me perish; but did I? strange! I confess your ladyship was in my thoughts; and I was in a sort of dream, that did in a manner represent a very pleasing object to my imagination: but—but did I indeed?—To see how love and murder will out! But did I really name my lady Froth?

Lady F. Three times aloud, as I love letters. But did you talk of love?—O, Parnassus! who would have thought Mr. Brisk could have been in love? ha, ha, ha! O heaven's, I thought you could have no mistress but the nine muses.

Brisk. No more I have, 'egad, for I adore 'em all in your ladyship. Let me perish, I don't know whether to be splenetic or airy upon't; the deuce take me, if I can tell whether I am glad or sorry, that your ladyship has made the discovery.

Lady F. O be merry, by all means.—Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. O, barbarous, to turn me into ridicule! yet, ha, ha, ha, the deuce take me, I can't help laughing myself, ha, ha, ha! yet, by heaven's, I have a violent passion for your ladyship, seriously.

Lady F. Seriously? ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. Seriously, ha, ha, ha! 'Gad, I have, for all I laugh.

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye think I laugh at? ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. Me, 'egad; ha, ha!

Lady F. No; the deuce take me if I don't laugh at myself; for, hang me, if I have not a violent passion for Mr. Brisk; ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. Seriously?

Lady F. Seriously; ha, ha, ha!

Brisk. That's well enough, let me perish; ha, ha, ha! O, miraculous! what a happy discovery! Ah, my dear charming lady Froth.

Lady F. Oh, my adored Mr. Brisk!

[*They embrace.*]

Enter LORD FROTH.

Lord F. The company are all ready.—How now?

Brisk. Zoons, madam, there's my lord.

[*Apart to her.*]

Lady F. Take no notice; but observe me. [*Aside*] Now cast off, and meet me at the lower end of the room, and then join hands again. I could teach my lord this dance purely; but I vow, Mr. Brisk, I can't tell how to come so near any other man.—Oh, here's my lord; now you shall see me do it with him. [*They pretend to practise part of a Country Dance.*]

Lord F. Oh, I see there's no harm yet; but I don't like this familiarity. [*Aside.*]

Lady F. Shall you and I do our close dance, to show Mr. Brisk? [*To Lord Froth.*]

Lord F. No, my dear, do it with him.

Lady F. I'll do it with him, my lord, when you are out of the way.

Brisk. That's good, 'egad, that's good; deuce take me, I can hardly hold laughing in his face.

Lord F. Any other time, my dear; or we'll dance it below.

Lady F. With all my heart.

Brisk. Come, my lord, I'll wait on you.—My charming witty angel!

[*Apart to Lady Forth.*

Lady F. We shall have whispering time enough, you know, since we are partners.

[*Apart, and exeunt.*

Re-enter LADY PLIANT and CARELESS.

Lady P. O, Mr. Careless, Mr. Careless, I'm ruin'd, I'm undone.

Care. VVhat's the matter, madam?

Lady P. O the unluckiest accident! I'm afraid I shan't live to tell it you.

Care. Heaven forbid! VVhat is it?

Lady P. I'm in such a fright; the strangest quandary and premunire! I'm all over in a universal agitation.—O your letter, your letter! By an unfortunate mistake, I have given sir Paul your letter instead of his own.

Care. That was unlucky.

Lady P. O, yonder he comes reading of it; step in here, and advise me quickly, before he sees.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR PAUL PLIANT, with the Letter.

Sir P. O Providence, what a conspiracy have I discovered;—but let me see to make an end on't. [*Reads*] Hum—*After supper in the wardrobe by the gallery. If sir Paul should surprise us, I have a commission from him, to treat with you about the very matter of fact—Matter of fact! very pretty; it seems then I'm conducting to my own dishonour: why this is the very traitorous position of taking up arms by my authority against my person! VVell, let me see. [Reads] Till then I languish in expectation of my adored charmer.—Dying NED CARELESS.*—'Gadsbud, would that were matter of fact too! Die and be damn'd, for a Judas Maccabeus, and Iscariot both, O friendship! what art thou but a name! Henceforward let no man take a friend into the bosom of his family; for if he does—O, we know what will follow, from the example of sir Paul Pliant, and his bosom friend, Ned Careless. Have I for this been pinion'd night after night for three years past? Have I approached the marriage bed with reverence, as to a sacred shrine, and must I now find it polluted by foreign iniquity? O, my lady Pliant, you were chaste as ice; but you are melted now, and false as water! But Providence has been constant to me in discovering this conspiracy; still I am beholden to Providence: if it were not for Providence, sure, poor sir Paul, thy heart would break.

Re-enter LADY PLIANT.

Lady P. So, sir, I see you have read the letter.—VVell, now, sir Paul, what do you think of your friend Careless? Has he been treacherous? or did you give his insolence a license to make trial of your wife's suspected

virtue? D'ye see here? [*Snatches the Letter as in anger*] Look, read it!—'Gad's my life, if I thought it were so, I would this moment renounce all communication with you. Ungrateful monster! He? is it so? Ay, I see it; a plot, upon my honour: your guilty cheeks confess it. Oh, where shall wrong'd virtue fly for reparation? I'll be divorced this instant.

Sir P. 'Gadsbud, what shall I say? this is the strangest surprise! [*Aside*] VVhy, I don't know any thing at all; nor I don't know whether there be any thing at all in the world or no.

Lady P. I thought I should try you, false man. I, that never dissembled in my life, yet, to make trial of you, pretended to like that monster of iniquity, Careless; and found out that contrivance, to let you see this letter, which now I find was of your own inditing, I do, heathen, I do! See my face no more; I'll be divorced presently.

Sir P. O strange, what will become of me?—I'm so amazed, and so overjoy'd, so afraid, and so sorry. But did you give me this letter on purpose? he? Did you?

Lady P. Did I? Do you doubt me, Turk, Saracen? I have a cousin that's a proctor in the Commons; I'll go to him instantly. [*Going.*

Sir P. Hold, stay, I beseech your ladyship—I'm so overjoyed—stay, I'll confess all.

Lady P. VVhat will you confess, Jew?

Sir P. VVhy now, as I hope to be saved, I had no hand in this letter. Nay, hear me, I beseech your ladyship, the devil take me now, if he did not go beyond my commission. If I desired him to do any more than speak a good word only just for me, 'gadsbud, only for poor sir Paul, I'm an Anabaptist or a Jew, or what you please to call me.

Lady P. VVhy, is not here matter of fact?

Sir P. Ay; but by your own virtue and continency, that matter of fact is all his own doing. I confess I had a great desire to have some honours conferred upon me, which lay all in your ladyship's breast; and he being a well-spoken man, I desired him to intercede for me.

Lady P. Did you so, presumption? Oh, he comes, he comes; I cannot bear his sight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter CARELESS.

Care. Sir Paul, I'm glad I've met with you.—'Gad, I have said all I could, but can't prevail. Then my friendship to you has carried me little further in this matter—

Sir P. Indeed! VVell, sir—I'll dissemble with him a little.

[*Aside.*

Care. VVhy, faith, I have in my time known honest gentlemen abused by a pretended coyness in their wives, and I had a mind to try my lady's virtue: and when I could not prevail for you, 'gad, I pretended to be in love myself; but all in vain; she would not hear a word upon that subject: then I writ a letter to her; I don't know what effect that will have, but I'll be sure to tell you when I do; though, by this light, I believe her virtue is impregnable.

Sir P. O Providence, Providence! what discoveries are here made! VVhy, this is better, and more miraculous than the rest.

Care. What do you mean?

Sir P. I can't tell you, I'm so overjoyed; come along with me to my lady; I can't contain myself; come, my dear friend.

Care. So, so, so! this difficulty's over.

[*Aside, and exeunt.*]

Re-enter MELLEFONT, with MASKWELL.

Mel. Maskwell, I have been looking for you; 'tis within a quarter of eight.

Mask. My lady is just gone into my lord's closet; you had best steal into her chamber before she comes, and lie concealed there; otherwise she may lock the door when we are together, and you not easily get in to surprise us.

Mel. He! you say true.

Mask. You had best make haste; for, after she has made some apology to the company for her own and my lord's absence all this while, she'll retire to her chamber instantly.

Mel. I go this moment. Now, fortune, I defy thee. [*Exit.*]

Mask. I confess you may be allowed to be secure in your own opinion: the appearance is very fair; but I have an after-game to play that shall turn the tables; and here come the man that I must manage.

Enter LORD TOUCHWOOD.

Lord T. Maskwell, you are the man I wish'd to meet.

Mask. I am happy to be in the way of your lordship's commands.

Lord T. I have always found you prudent and careful in any thing that has concern'd me, or my family.

Mask. I were a villain else. I am bound by duty and gratitude, and my own inclination, to be ever your lordship's servant.

Lord T. Enough; you are my friend; I know it: yet there has been a thing in your knowledge, which has concerned me nearly, that you have concealed from me.

Mask. My lord!—

Lord T. Nay, I excuse your friendship to my unnatural nephew thus far; but I know you have been privy to his impious designs upon my wife. This evening she has told me all: her good nature concealed it as long as it was possible; but he perseveres so in villainy, that she has told me, even you were weary of dissuading him.

Mask. I am sorry, my lord, I can't make you an answer: this is an occasion in which I would not willingly be silent.

Lord T. I know you would excuse him; and I know as well that you can't.

Mask. Indeed I was in hopes it had been a youthful heat, that might have soon boiled over; but—

Lord T. Say on.

Mask. I have nothing more to say, my lord, but to express my concern; for I think his frenzy increases daily.

Lord T. How?—Give me but proof of it, ocular proof, that I may justify my dealing with him to the world—and share my fortunes.

Mask. O, my lord, consider that is hard: besides, time may work upon him. Then for me do to it! I have professed an everlasting friendship to him.

Lord T. He is your friend—and what am I?

Mask. I am answered.

Lord T. Fear not his displeasure; I will put you out of his, and fortune's power: and, for that thou art scrupulously honest, I will secure thy fidelity to him, and give my honour never to own any discovery that you shall make me.—Can you give me a demonstrative proof? speak.

Mask. I wish I could not. To be plain, my lord, I intended this evening to have tried all arguments to dissuade him from a design, which I suspect; and if I had not succeeded, to have informed your lordship of what I knew.

Lord T. I thank you. What is the villain's purpose?

Mask. He has owned nothing to me of late; and what I mean now is only a bare suspicion of my own.—If your lordship will meet me a quarter of an hour hence—there—in that lobby by my lady's bed-chamber, I shall be able to tell you more.

Lord T. I will.

Mask. My duty to your lordship makes me do a severe piece of justice.

Lord T. I will be secret, and reward your honesty beyond your hopes. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—LADY TOUCHWOOD'S Bed-chamber.

Enter MELLEFONT.

Mel. Pray heaven my aunt keep touch with her assignation.—O, that her lord were but sweating behind this hanging, with the expectation of what I shall see!—Hist, she comes. Little does she think what a mine is just ready to spring under her feet.—But to my post. [*Retires.*]

Enter LADY TOUCHWOOD.

Lady T. 'Tis eight o'clock: methinks I should have found him here. VWho does not prevent the hour of love, outstays the time; for, to be duly punctual, is too slow.

Enter MASKWELL.

I was accusing you of neglect.

Mask. I confess you do reproach me when I see you here before me; but 'tis fit I should be still behindhand, still to be more and more indebted to your goodness.

Lady T. You can excuse a fault too well not to have been to blame: a ready answer shows you were prepared.

Mask. Guilt is ever at a loss, and confusion waits upon it; when innocence and bold truth are always ready for expression.

Lady T. Not in love: words are the weak support of cold indifference: love has no language to be heard.

Mask. Excess of joy has made me stupid.—Thus—

Lady T. Hold, let me lock the door first.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Mask. That I did suppose. 'Twas well I left the private passage open. [*Aside.*]

Lady T. So, that's safe.

Mask. And so may all your pleasures be, and secret as this kiss.

Mel. [*Leaps out*] And may all treachery be thus discovered.

Lady T. Ah!

[*Shrieks.*]

Mel. Villain!

[*Offers to draw.*]

Mask. Nay, then there's but one way. [*Runs out.*]

Mel. Say you so? Were you provided for an escape? Hold, madam, you have no more holes to your burrow. I'll stand between you and this sally-port.

Lady T. Shame, grief, and ruin haunt thee for this deceit!—O! I could rack myself, play the vulture to my own heart, and gnaw it piecemeal, for not boding to me this misfortune!

Mel. Be patient.

Lady T. Patient!

Mel. Consider I have you on the hook; you will but flounder yourself a-weary, and be nevertheless my prisoner.

Lady T. I'll hold my breath and die, but I'll be free.

Mel. O madam, have a care of dying unprepared. I doubt you have some unrepented sins that may hang heavy and retard your flight.

Lady T. What shall I do? whither shall I turn?—Hold in, my passion, and fall, fall a little, thou swelling heart! Let me have some intermission of this rage, and one minute's coolness to dissemble. [*Aside. Weeps.*]

Mel. You have been to blame. I like those tears, and hope they are of the purest kind—penitential tears.

Lady T. O, the scene was shifted quick before me; I had not time to think; I was surprised to see a monster in the glass, and now I find 'tis myself. Can you have mercy to forgive the faults I have imagined, but never put in practice?—O consider, consider how fatal you have been to me, you have already killed the quiet of this life. The love of you was the first wandering fire that e'er misled my steps; and while I had only that in view, I was betrayed into unthought-of ways of ruin.

Mel. May I believe this true?

Lady T. O, be not cruelly incredulous. How can you doubt these streaming eyes? Keep the severest eye o'er all my future conduct; and if I once relapse, let me not hope forgiveness: 'twill ever be in your power to ruin me. My lord shall sign to your desires; I will myself create your happiness, and Cynthia shall this night be your bride—do but conceal my failings, and forgive. [*Kneels.*]

Mel. Upon such terms, I will be ever yours in every honest way.

Lady T. Eternal blessings thank you!

Re-enter MASKWELL, with LORD TOUCHWOOD.

Mask. I have kept my word. He's here; but I must not be seen.

[*Apart to Lord Touchwood, and exit.*]

Lady T. Ha! my lord listening; then all's my own. [*Aside.*]

Mel. Nay, I beseech you rise.

Lady T. Never, never! I'll grow to the ground, be buried quick beneath it, e'er I'll be consenting to such a sin as incest! unnatural incest! [*Aloud.*]

Mel. Ha!

Lady T. O cruel man! will you not let me go? I'll forgive all that's past. O heaven, you will not force me!

Lord T. Monster! dog! your life shall answer this.

[*Draws, and runs at Melfont; is held by Lady Touchwood.*]

Lady T. O, my lord! hold, hold, for mercy's sake!

Mel. Confusion! my uncle!—O the cursed sorceress!

Lady T. Moderate your rage, good my lord! he's mad, alas! he's mad; indeed he is, my lord, and knows not what he does. See how wild he looks!

Mel. By heaven, 'twere senseless not to be mad, and see such witchcraft.

Lady T. My lord, you hear him; he talks idly.

Lord T. Hence from my sight, thou living infamy to my name! When next I see that face, I'll write villain in't with my sword's point.

Mel. Now, by my soul, I will not go till I have made known my wrongs; nay, till I have made known yours, which, if possible, are greater—though she has all the host of hell her servants.

Lady T. Alas, he raves! talks very poetry! For heaven's sake, away, my lord; he'll either tempt you to extravagance, or commit some himself.

Mel. Death and suries! will you not bear me? Why, she laughs, grins, points at you, makes you her mark of insult and derision.

[*As Lady Touchwood is going, she turns back and smiles at him.*]

Lord T. I fear he's mad indeed. Let's send Maskwell to him.

Mel. Send him to her.

Lady T. Come, come, good my lord; my heart aches so, I shall faint if I stay.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady Touchwood.*]

Mel. O, I could curse my stars, fate, and chance; all causes and accidents of fortune in this life! But to what purpose? They talk of sending Maskwell to me; I never had more need of him. But what can he do? Imagination cannot form a fairer or more plausible design than this of his, which has miscarried. O, my precious aunt! I shall never thrive, without I deal with the devil or another woman.

Women, like flames, have a destroying power, Ne'er to be quench'd, till they themselves devour.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Gallery in Lord Touchwood's House.*

Enter LADY TOUCHWOOD and MASKWELL.

Lady T. Was't not lucky?

Mask. Lucky! fortune is your own, and 'tis her interest so to be; I believe you can control her power, and she fears it; though chance brought my lord, 'twas your own art that turned it to advantage.

Lady T. 'Tis true, it might have been my ruin; but yonder's my lord; I believe he's coming to find you; I'll not be seen. [*Exit.*]

Mask. So! I durst not own my introducing my lord, though it succeeded well for her; for she would have suspected a design, which I should have been puzzled to excuse. My lord is thoughtful; I'll be so too; yet he shall know my thoughts, or think he does.

Enter LORD TOUCHWOOD.

What have I done?

Lord T. Talking to himself!

[*Aside.*]

Mask. 'Twas honest; and shall I be rewarded for it? No, 'twas honest, therefore

I shan't: nay, rather, therefore I ought not; for it rewards itself.

Lord T. Unequalled virtue! [*Aside.*

Mask. But should it be known, then I have lost a friend. He was an ill man, and I have gained; for half myself I lent him, and that I have recalled; so I have served myself: and what is yet better, I have served a worthy lord, to whom I owe myself.

Lord T. Excellent man! [*Aside.*

Mask. Yet I am wretched. O, there is a secret burns within this breast, which, should it once blaze forth, would ruin all, consume my honest character, and brand me with the name of villain.

Lord T. Ha! [*Aside.*

Mask. O, should it once be known I love fair Cynthia, all this that I have done would look like a rival's malice, false friendship to my lord, and base self interest. Let me perish first, and from this hour avoid all sight and speech; and, if I can, all thought of that pernicious beauty.

[*Seems to start at seeing Lord Touchwood.*

Lord T. Start not!—let guilty and dishonest souls start at the revelation of their thoughts; but be thou fixed, as is thy virtue. Honest Maskwell! thy and my good genius led me hither: mine, in that I have discovered so much manly virtue; thine, in that thou shalt have due reward of all thy worth. Give me thy hand: my nephew is the alone remaining branch of all our ancient family; him I thus blow away, and constitute thee in his room, to be my heir.

Mask. Now fate forbid—

Lord T. No more; I have resolved. The writings are ready drawn, and wanted nothing but to be signed, and have his name inserted: yours will fill the blank as well—I will have no reply. Let me command this time, for 'tis the last in which I will assume authority: hereafter you shall rule where I have power.

Mask. I humbly would petition—

Lord T. Is't for yourself? [*Maskwell pauses*]

I'll bear of nought for any body else.

Mask. Then witness, heaven, for me, this wealth and honour was not of my seeking; nor would I build my fortune on another's ruin; I had but one desire.

Lord T. Thou shalt enjoy it. If all I'm worth in wealth or interest can purchase Cynthia, she is thine. I'm sure sir Paul's consent will follow fortune; I'll quickly show him which way that is going.

Mask. You oppress me with bounty.

Lord T. I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.

Mask. This is prosperous indeed! Why, let him find me out a villain: settled in possession of a fair estate, and full fruition of my love, I'll bear the railings of a losing gamester. But should he find me out before: 'tis dangerous to delay. Let me think—Should my lord proceed to treat openly of my marriage with Cynthia, all will be discovered, and Mellefont can be no longer blinded. It must not be. Nay, should my lady know it—ay, then were fine work indeed! her fury would spare nothing, though she involv'd herself in ruin. No, it must be by stratagem: I must deceive Mellefont once more, and get

my lord to consent to my private management. He comes opportunely. Now will I, in my old way, discover the whole and real truth of the matter to him, that he may not suspect one word on't.

No mask, like open truth, to cover lies;
As to go naked is the best disguise.

Enter MELLEFONT.

Mel. O, Maskwell, what hopes? I am confounded in a maze of thoughts, each leading into one another, and all ending in perplexity. My uncle will not see nor hear me.

Mask. No matter, sir; don't trouble your head; all's in my power.

Mel. How, for heaven's sake?

Mask. Little do you think that your aunt has kept her word. How she wrought my lord into the dotage I know not; but he's gone to sir Paul about my marriage with Cynthia, and has appointed me his heir.

Mel. The devil he has! VVhat's to be done?

Mask. I have it: it must be by stratagem; for it's in vain to make application to him. I think I have that in my head that cannot fail. VVhere's Cynthia?

Mel. In the garden.

Mask. Let us go and consult her. My life for yours I cheat my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LORD and LADY TOUCHWOOD.

Lady T. Maskwell your heir, and marry Cynthia!

Lord T. I cannot do too much for so much merit.

Lady T. But this is a thing of too great moment to be so suddenly resolved. VVhy Cynthia? Why must he be married? Is there not reward enough in raising his low fortune, but he must mix his blood with mine, and wed my niece? How know you that my brother will consent, or she? Nay, he himself, perhaps, may have affections elsewhere.

Lord T. No; I am convinced he loves her.

Lady T. Maskwell love Cynthia? Impossible.

Lord T. I tell you he confessed it to me.

Lady T. Confusion! how's this? [*Aside.*

Lord T. His humility long stifled his passion, and his love of Mellefont would have made him still conceal it; but, by encouragement, I wrung the secret from him: and know, he's no way to be rewarded but in her. I'll defer my further proceedings in it till you have considered it; but remember how we are both indebted to him. [*Exit.*

Lady T. Both indebted to him! Yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all. Villain! Oh, I am wild with this surprise of treachery! it is impossible, it cannot be.—He love Cynthia! VVhat, have I been dupe to his designs; his property only? Now I see what made him false to Mellefont. VVhat shall I do? How shall I think? I cannot think. All my designs are lost, my love unsated, my revenge unfinished, and fresh cause of fury from unthought-of plagues.

Enter SIR PAUL PLIANT.

Sir P. Madam—sister, my lady, sister! did you see my lady, my wife?

Lady T. O, torture!

Sir P. 'Gadsbud, I can't find her high

nor low:—where can she be, think you?

Lady T. Where she's serving you as all your sex ought to be served, making you a beast. Don't you know that you're a fool, brother?

Sir P. A fool! he, he, he! you're merry—No, no, not I; I know no such matter.

Lady T. Why then you don't know half your happiness.

Sir P. That's a jest, with all my heart, faith and troth. But harkye, my lord told me something of a revolution of things; I don't know what to make on't: 'gadsbud, I must consult my wife. He talks of disinheriting his nephew, and I don't know what. Look you, sister, I must know what my girl has to trust to, or not a syllable of a wedding, 'gadsbud, to show you that I am not a fool.

Lady T. Hear me:—consent to the breaking off this marriage, and the promoting any other, without consulting me, and I'll renounce all blood, all relation, and concern with you for ever: nay, I'll be your enemy, and pursue you to destruction; I'll tear your eyes out, and tread you under my feet.

Sir P. Why, what's the matter now? Good Lord, what's all this for? Pho, here's a joke indeed.—Why, where's my wife?

Lady T. With Careless, fool! most likely.

Sir P. O, if she be with Mr. Careless 'tis well enough.

Lady T. Fool, sot, insensible ox! But remember what I said to you, or you had better see my face no more; by this light, you had.

Sir P. You're a passionate woman, 'gadsbud; but, to say truth, all our family are choleric; I am the only peaceable person amongst 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter MELLEFONT and MASKWELL, with CYNTHIA.

Mel. I know no other way but this he has proposed, if you have love enough to run the venture.

Cyn. I don't know whether I have love enough, but I find I have obstinacy enough to pursue whatever I have once resolved, and a true female courage to oppose any thing that resists my will, though 'twere reason itself.

Mask. That's right. Well, I'll secure the writings, and run the hazard along with you.

Cyn. But how can the coach be got ready without suspicion?

Mask. Leave it to my care; that shall be so far from being suspected, that it shall be got ready by my lord's own order.

Mel. How?

Mask. Why, I intend to tell my lord the whole matter of our contrivance, that's my way.

Mel. I don't understand you.

Mask. Why, I'll tell my lord I laid this plot with you on purpose to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was the finding it impossible to gain the lady any other way but in the hopes of her marrying you.

Mel. So—

Mask. So!—why so: while you're busied in making yourself ready, I'll wheedle her into the coach, and instead of you, borrow my lord's chaplain, and so run away with her myself.

Mel. O, I conceive you: you'll tell him so.

Mask. Tell him so! ay; why you don't think I mean to do so?

Mel. No, no; ha, ha! I dare swear thou wilt not.

Mask. Therefore, for our further security, I would have you disguised like a parson, that, if my lord should have curiosity to peep, he may not discover you in the coach, but think the cheat is carried on as he would have it.

Mel. Excellent Maskwell!

Mask. Well, get yourselves ready, and meet me in half an hour, yonder in my lady's dressing-room: I'll send the chaplain to you with his robes: I have made him my own, and ordered him to meet us to-morrow morning at St. Alban's; there we will sum up this account to all our satisfaction.

Mel. Should I begin to thank or praise thee, I should waste the little time we have. [*Exit.*]

Mask. Madam, you will be ready?

Cyn. I will be punctual to the minute.

[*Going.*]

Mask. Stay, I have a doubt. Upon second thoughts we had better meet in the chaplain's chamber here; there is a back way into it, so that you need not come through this door, and a pair of private stairs leading down to the stables. It will be more convenient.

Cyn. I am guided by you; but Mellefont will mistake.

Mask. No, no; I'll after him immediately, and tell him. [*Exit Cynthia*] Why, qui vult decipi decipiat. 'Tis no fault of mine; I have told 'em in plain terms how easy 'tis for me to cheat 'em; and if they will not hear the serpent's hiss, they must be stung into experience and future caution.—Now to prepare my lord to consent to this. But first, I must instruct my little Levite; he promised me to be within at this hour. Mr. Saygrace, Mr. Saygrace!

[*Goes to the Chamber-door, and knocks.*]

Say. [*Within*] Sweet sir, I will but pen the last line of an acrostic, and be with you in the twinkling of an ejaculation, or before you can—

Mask. Nay, good Mr. Saygrace, do not prolong the time, by describing to me the shortness of your stay; rather, if you please, defer the finishing of your wit, and let us talk about our business; it shall be tithes in your way.

Enter SAYGRACE.

Say. You shall prevail; I would break off in the middle of a sermon to do you a pleasure.

Mask. You could not do me a greater, except the business in hand. Have you provided a habit for Mellefont?

Say. I have; it is ready in my chamber, together with a clean-starched band and cuffs.

Mask. Good. Let them be carried to him. Have you stitched the gown sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and waste time in putting it on?

Say. I have; the gown will not be induced without perplexity.

Mask. Meet me in half an hour, here in your own chamber. When Cynthia comes, let there be no light, and do not speak, that

she may not distinguish you from Mellefont. I'll urge haste, to excuse your silence.

Say. You have no more commands?

Mask. None; *your text is short.

Say. But pithy; and I will handle it with discretion. *[Exit.]*

Mask. It will be the first you have so served.

Re-enter LORD TOUCHWOOD.

Lord T. Sure, I was born to be controlled by those I should command! my very slaves will shortly give me rules how I shall govern them!

Mask. I am concerned to see your lordship discomposed.

Lord T. Have you seen my wife lately, or disobliged her?

Mask. No, my lord. What can this mean?

[Aside.]

Lord T. Then Mellefont has urged somebody to incense her. Something she has heard of you, which carries her beyond the bounds of patience.

Mask. This I feared. *[Aside.]* Did not your lordship tell her of the honours you designed me?

Lord T. Yes.

Mask. 'Tis that; you know my lady has a high spirit; she thinks I am unworthy.

Lord T. Unworthy! 'tis an ignorant pride in her to think so. Honesty to me is true nobility. However, 'tis my will it shall be so, and that should be convincing to her as much as reason. I'll not be wife-ridden. Were it possible it should be done this night.

Mask. Ha! he meets my wishes. *[Aside.]* Few things are impossible to willing minds.

Lord T. Instruct me how this may be done, and you shall see I want no inclination.

Mask. I had laid a small design for to-morrow (as love will be inventing), which I thought to communicate to your lordship: but it may be as well done to-night.

Lord T. Here's company: come this way, and tell me. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter CYNTHIA, with CARELESS.

Care. Is not that he, now gone out with my lord?

Cyn. I am convinced there's treachery. The confusion that I saw your father in, my lady Touchwood's passion, with what imperfectly I overheard between my lord and her, confirm me in my fears. Where's Mellefont?

Care. Here he comes.

Re-enter MELLEFONT.

Cyn. Did Maskwell tell you any thing of the chaplain's chamber?

Mel. No, my dear. Will you get ready? The things are all in my chamber; I want nothing but the habit.

Care. You are betrayed, and Maskwell is the villain I always thought him.

Cyn. When you were gone, he said his mind was changed; and bid me meet him in the chaplain's room, pretending immediately to follow you, and give you notice.

Care. There's Saygrace tripping by with a bundle under his arm. He cannot be ignorant that Maskwell means to use his chamber; let's in, and examine him.

Mel. 'Tis loss of time; I cannot think him false. *[Exeunt Careless and Mellefont.]*

Re-enter LORD TOUCHWOOD.

Cyn. My lord musing! *[Aside.]*

Lord T. He has a quick invention, if this were suddenly designed. Yet, he says, he had prepared my chaplain already.

Cyn. How's this? Now I fear, indeed. *[Aside.]*

Lord T. Cynthia here! Alone, fair cousin, and melancholy.

Cyn. Your lordship was thoughtful.

Lord T. My thoughts were on serious business, not worth your hearing.

Cyn. Mine were on treachery concerning you, and may be worth your hearing.

Lord T. Treachery concerning me! Pray be plain. What noise?

Mask. *[Within.]* Will you not hear me?

Lady T. *[Within.]* No, monster! traitor! No.

Cyn. My lady and Maskwell! This may be lucky. My lord, let me entreat you to stand behind this screen and listen; perhaps this chance will give you proof of what you never could have believed from my suspicions.

[They retire behind the Screen.]

Re-enter MASKWELL, and LADY TOUCHWOOD with a Dagger.

Lady T. You want but leisure to invent fresh falsehood, and sooth me to a fond belief of all your fictions: but I will stab the lie that's forming in your heart, and save a sin in pity to your soul.

Mask. Strike then, since you will have it so.

Lady T. Ha! a steady villain to the last!

Mask. Come, why do you dally with me thus?

Lady T. Thy stubborn temper shocks me, and you knew it would. This is cunning all; I know thee well; but thou shalt miss thy aim.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady T. Ha! do you mock my rage? Then this shall punish your fond rash contempt. Again smile? And such a smile as speaks in ambiguity! Ten thousand meanings lurk in each corner of that various face; O! that they were written in thy heart, that I with this might lay thee open to my sight! But then 'twill be too late to know—Thou hast, thou hast found the only way to turn my rage; too well thou knowest my jealous soul could never bear uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me! Yet are you silent? O, I am wildered in all passions! But thus my anger melts. *[Weeps.]* Here, take this poniard; for my very spirits faint, and I want strength to hold it: thou hast disarm'd my soul.

[Gives him the Dagger.]

Mask. So, 'tis well; let your wild fury have a vent: and when you have temper tell me.

Lady T. Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.

Mask. Thanks, my invention; and now I have it for you. *[Aside.]* First, tell me what urged you to this violence? for your passion broke in such imperfect terms, that yet I am to learn the cause.

Lady T. My lord himself surprised me with the news, you were to marry Cynthia; that you had owned your love to him; and his indulgence would assist you to attain your ends.

Mask. I grant you, in appearance, all is

true; I seemed consenting to my lord, nay, transported with the blessing: but could you think that I, who had been happy in your lov'd embraces, could e'er be fond of an inferior slavery?—No. Yet, though I dote on each last favour more than all the rest, though I would give a limb for every look you cheaply throw away on any other object of your love, yet, so far I prize your pleasures o'er my own, that all this seeming plot that I have laid, has been to gratify your taste, and cheat the world to prove a faithful rogue to you.

Lady T. If this were true; but how can it be?

Mask. I have so contrived, that Mellefont will presently, in the chaplain's habit, wait for Cynthia in your dressing-room; but I have put the change upon her, that she may be otherwise employed. Do you muffle yourself, and meet him in her stead. You may go privately by the back stairs, and unperceived; there you may propose to reinstate him in his uncle's favour, if he'll comply with your desires. His case is desperate, and I believe he'll yield to any conditions: if not, here, take this; you may employ it better than in the heart of one, who is nothing when not yours.

[*Gives her the Dagger.*]

Lady T. Thou canst deceive every body: nay, thou hast deceived me. But 'tis as I would wish.—Trusty villain! I could worship thee.

Mask. No more.—It wants but a few minutes of the time; and Mellefont's love will carry him there before his hour.

Lady T. I go, I fly, incomparable Maskwell!

Musk. So! This was a pinch indeed! My invention was upon the rack, and made discovery of her last plot.—I hope Cynthia and my chaplain will be ready. I'll prepare for the expedition.

[*Exit. Cynthia and Lord Touchwood come forward.*]

Cyn. Now, my lord!

Lord T. Astonishment binds up my rage! Villany upon villany! Heavens, what a long track of dark deceit has this discovered! I am confounded when I look back, and want a clue to guide me through the various mazes of unheard-of treachery. My wife!—Oh, torture!—my shame, my ruin!

Cyn. My lord, have patience; and be sensible how great our happiness is, that this discovery was not made too late.

Lord T. I thank you. Yet it may be still too late, if we don't presently prevent the execution of their plots.—She'll think to meet him in that dressing-room: wasn't not so? And Maskwell will expect you in the chaplain's chamber.—For once, I'll add my plot too.—Let us haste to find out, and inform my nephew; and do you, quickly as you can, bring all the company into this gallery.—I'll expose the traitress and the villain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR PAUL PLIANT, with LORD FROTH.

Lord F. By heavens, I have slept an age. Sir Paul, what o'clock is't? Past eight, on my conscience. My lady's is the most inviting couch, and a slumber there is the prettiest amusement!—But where's all the company?

Sir P. The company? 'Gadsbud, I don't

know, my lord; but here's the strangest revolution! all turned topsy-turvy, as I hope for Providence.

Lord F. O heavens, what's the matter? Where's my wife?

Sir P. All turned topsy-turvy, as sure as a gun.

Lord F. How do you mean? My wife?

Sir P. The strangest posture of affairs!

Lord F. What, my wife?

Sir P. No, no; I mean the family.—Your lady? I saw her go into the garden with Mr. Brisk.

Lord F. How, where, when, what to do?

Sir P. I suppose they have been laying their heads together.

Lord F. How?

Sir P. Nay, only about poetry, I suppose, my lord; making couplets.

Lord F. Couplets!

Sir P. O, here they come.

Enter LADY FROTH and BRISK.

Brisk. My lord, your humble servant; sir Paul, yours.—The finest night!

Lady F. My dear, Mr. Brisk and I have been stargazing I don't know how long.

Sir P. Does it not tire your ladyship? Are you not weary with looking up?

Lady F. O, no; I love it violently.—My dear, you're melancholy.

Lord F. No, my dear, I'm but just awake.

Lady F. Snuff some of my spirit of hartshorn.

Lord F. I've some of my own, thank you, my dear.

Lady F. Well, I swear, Mr. Brisk, you understand astronomy like an old Egyptian.

Brisk. Not comparable to your ladyship; you are the very Cynthia of the skies, and queen of stars.

Lady F. That's because I have no light, but what's by reflection from you, who are the sun.

Brisk. Madam, you have eclipsed me quite, let me perish; I can't answer that.

Lady F. No matter.—Harkye, shall you and I make an almanac together?

Brisk. With all my soul. Your ladyship has made me the man in't¹⁾ already, I'm so full of the wounds which you have given.

Lady F. O, finely taken! I swear now you are even with me.—O Parnassus! you have an infinite deal of wit.

Sir P. So he has, 'gadsbud! and so has your ladyship.

Re-enter CARELESS and CYNTHIA, with LADY PLIANT.

Lady P. You tell me most surprising things.—Bless me, 'who would ever trust a man!—O, my heart aches for fear they should be all deceitful alike.

¹⁾ Moore's Almanac has got a very curious wood-cut of a man, marked with the different signs and planets that govern the different parts of the face and body, according to Aristotle's Physiognomy, and he thus appears to be full of wounds; for instance, the forehead is governed by Mars, the right eye is under the dominion of Sol, the left eye is ruled by the Moon, the right ear is the care of Jupiter, the left of Saturn, the rule of the nose is claimed by Venus, and Mercury seizes upon the mouth. The signs of the Zodiac have also their share in the government, and form the House of Commons of the realm.

Cate. You need not fear, madam; you have charms to fix inconstancy itself.

Lady P. O dear, you make me blush.

Lord F. Come, my dear, shall we take leave of my lord and lady?

Cyn. They'll wait upon your lordship presently.

Lady F. Mr. Brisk, my coach shall set you down.

[*Lady Touchwood shrieks from within.*]

All. What's the matter?

LADY TOUCHWOOD, *muffled up, runs in afrighted; followed by LORD TOUCHWOOD, dressed like a Parson, with a Dagger in his Hand.*

Lady T. O, I'm betrayed.—Save me! help me!

Lord T. Now what evasion, wicked woman?

Lady T. Stand off; let me go. [*Exit.*]

Lord T. Go, and thy own infamy pursue thee!—You stare, as you were all amazed. I don't wonder at it; but too soon you will know mine, and that woman's, shame.

[*Throws off his Gown.*]

Re-enter MELLEFONT, *disguised in a Parson's Habit, with two Servants, bringing in MASKWELL.*

Mel. Nay, by heaven, you shall be seen. [*To Maskwell*] Careless, your hand.—Do you hold down your head? [*To Maskwell*] Yes, I am your chaplain. Look in the face of your

injured friend, thou wonder of all falsehood.

[*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Lord T. Are you silent, monster?

Mel. Good heavens! how I believed and loved this man! Take him hence, for he's a disease to my sight.

Lord T. Secure the manifold villain.

[*Servants take Maskwell off.*]

Cate. Miracle of ingratitude!

Sir P. O Providence, Providence, what discoveries are here!

Brisk. This is all very surprising, let me perish.

Lady F. You know I told you Saturn looked a little more angry than usual.

Lord T. We'll think of punishment at leisure. But let me hasten to do justice, in rewarding virtue and wronged innocence. Nephew, I hope I have your pardon, and Cynthia's.

Mel. We are your lordship's creatures.

Lord T. And be each other's comfort. Let me join your hands. Uninterrupted bliss attend you both! May circling joys tread round each happy year of your long lives!

Let secret villainy from hence be warn'd,
Howe'er in private mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and shame attend their open birth.
Like vipers in the breast, base treach'ry lies,
Still gnawing that whence first it did arise;
No sooner born, but the vile parent dies.

Exeunt.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD,

Comedy by W. Congreve. Acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1700. This was the last play its author wrote, and perhaps the best; the language is pure, the wit genuine, the characters are natural, and the painting is highly finished; yet, such is the strange capriciousness of public taste, that, notwithstanding the great and deserved reputation this author had acquired by his three former comedies, this before us met with but indifferent success; while his *Mourning Bride*, a piece of not the twentieth part of its merit, was in the full meridian of applause. It is not very improbable (says Mr. Baker) that this testimonial of want of judgment in the audience might be the motive for the author's quitting the stage so early; for, though he was at that time in the prime of life, not above twenty-seven years of age, and lived about twenty-nine years afterwards, he never obliged the public with any other dramatic piece. Time, however, has since opened the eyes of the town to its perfections; and it is now as frequently performed as any of his other plays.—Mr. Baker's memory seems to have failed him when he asserted, that Congreve never obliged the public with any dramatic piece after this; his *Judgment of Paris* was performed in the following year; and his *Semile*, an opera, in 1707; and these, though not very important works, are still dramatic pieces.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FAINALL.
MIRABELL.
WITWOULD.

PETULANT.
SIR WILFUL WIT-
WOULD.

WAITWELL.
LADY WISHFORT.
MRS. MILLAMANT.

MRS. MARWOOD.
MRS. FAINALL.
FOIBLE.

MINCING.
*Footmen and At-
tendants.*

SCENE.—London.—The Time equal to that of the Representation.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Chocolate House.

MIRABELL and FAINALL, *rising from Cards; BETTY waiting.*

Mir. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

Fain. Have we done?

Mir. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play

too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mir. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humour.

Mir. Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, Millamant and you quar-

relled last night, after I left you: my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mir. Witwoud and Petulant! and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to sum up all in her own name, my old lady Wishfort came in.

Fain. O there it is then. She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason. What, then my wife was there?

Mir. Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before. Seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another, then complained aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mir. For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrained smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened, and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mir. She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such resignation.

Fain. What! though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mir. I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments! where they come together, like the coroner's inquest,¹⁾ to sit upon the murderer's reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody moved, that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

Mir. And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and, full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

Fain. The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mir. I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the addresses of a young

fellow. The devil's, in't if an old woman is to be flatter'd farther. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

Fain. What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mir. She was always civil to me, till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and though you may have cruelly enough not to answer a lady's advances, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mir. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

Fain. Fie, fie, friend, if you grow censorious, I must leave you. I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

Mir. Who are they?

Fain. Petulant and Witwoud. Bring me some chocolate. [Exit.

Mir. Betty, what says your clock?

Betty. Turn'd of the last canonical hour, sir.

Mir. How pertinently the jade answers me! [Aside] Ha! almost one o'clock! [Looking on his Watch] O, y'are come.

Enter Footman.

Well; is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

Foot. Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn; so we drove round to Duke's-place; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mir. So, so; you are sure they are married?

Foot. Incontestibly, sir: I am witness.

Mir. Have you the certificate?

Foot. Here it is, sir.

Mir. Has the tailor brought Waitwell's clothes home, and the new liveries?

Foot. Yes, sir.

Mir. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, bid Waitwell shake his ears, and dame Parilet rustle up her feathers, and meet me at one o'clock by Rosamond's-pond, that I may see her before she returns to her lady; and as you tender your ears, be secret.

[Exit Footman.

Enter FAINALL.

Fain. Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleased.

Mir. Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, Fainall, that you, who are married, and of consequence should be dis-

¹⁾ The business of a coroner (coronator) is, to assemble twelve of the inhabitants of the parish, to examine into the cause of the death of any one who has been killed; and the verdict given in their sitting, in cases of murder, is of very great weight in the affair.

creet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

Mir. I am of another opinion. 'The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see Witwould entertained by Millamant?

Mir. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

Mir. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

Mir. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations, which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less disturbance; till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability, in a little time longer, I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't you are your own man again.

Mir. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is one squire Witwould here?

Betty. Yes; what's your business?

Mess. I have a letter for him, from his brother sir Willful, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

Betty. He's in the next room, friend. That way. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Mir. What, is the chief of that noble family in town, sir Willful Witwould?

Fain. He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

Mir. I have seen him. He promises to be an extraordinary person. I think you have the honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwould by a former wife, who was sister to my lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too.

Mir. I would rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

Mir. For travel! Why, the man that I mean is above forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

Mir. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstock'd.

Mir. Pray are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire, his brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; Witwould grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

Mir. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir Willful is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy. But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good nature, and does not always want wit.

Mir. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptious; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding railery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

Enter Witwould.

Wit. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall; Mirabell, pity me.

Mir. I do, from my soul.

Fain. Why, what's the matter?

Wit. No letters for me, Betty?

Betty. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Betty. No, sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard! a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden; he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

Mir. A fool, and your brother, Witwould!

Wit. Ay, ay, my half-brother. My half-brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

Mir. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

Wit. Good, good, Mirabell *le drole*! Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him. Fainall, how does your lady? 'Gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of

my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage; I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell?

Mir. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mir. Ay.

Wit. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons. —Gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mir. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but, pray thee, excuse me—my memory is such a memory.

Mir. Have a care of such apologies, Witwould; for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

Fain. What have you done with Petulant?

Wit. He's reckoning his money,—my money it was. I have had no luck to-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play; for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee. Since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mir. I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwould.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates. Petulant's my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering—faith, and troth, a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I do him justice, I'm his friend, I won't wrong him. And if he had any judgment in the world, he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own; no more breeding than a bumbail¹, that I grant you: 'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mir. What, courage?

Wit. Hum, faith, I don't know as to that; I can't say as to that. Yes, faith, in controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mir. Though 'twere a man whom he feared, or a woman whom he loved.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks; we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him: I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were my brother, I could not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

Mir. Ay, marry, what's that, Witwould?

Wit. O pardon me—expose the infirmities

of my friend!—no, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's insincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no; what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as 't'other of beauty.

Mir. May he you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate?

Wit. That! that's his happiness, his want of learning gives him the more opportunity to show his natural parts.

Mir. He wants words?

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent?

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mir. Vain?

Wit. No.

Mir. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

Wit. Truth! ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it—I mean, he never speaks truth at all,—that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Is master Petulant here, mistress?

Betty. Yes.

Coach. Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

Fain. O brave Petulant! three!

Betty. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

[Exeunt Coachman and Betty.]

Wit. That should be for two fasting *bona robas*, and a procuress troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

Mir. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but, to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more, by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

Mir. How!

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em, because there's no more company here to take notice of him.—Why, this is nothing to what he used to do: before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself.

Fain. Call for himself! what dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he would slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him—as soon as your back was turned, whip he was gone;—then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself, that is, I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

Mir. I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming: O, I ask his pardon.

1) One of those gentlemen known by the name of *catch-poles*, from their familiarly putting their hand on the shoulder (towards the *pole*, or back of the neck) of the person whom they are to arrest, when, by showing a warrant, the other party most submissively follows to the lock-up house, if he is not strong enough to knock the bailiff down, and make his escape.

Enter PETULANT and BETTY.

Betty. Sir, the coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come;—'Sbud, a man had as good be a profess'd midwife, as a profess'd gallant, at this rate; to be knock'd up, and raised at all hours, and in all places. Deuce on 'em, I won't come—D'y'e hear, tell 'em I won't come—Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Fain. You are very cruel, Petulant.

Pet. All's one, let it pass—I have a humour to be cruel.

Mir. I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition! condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour—By this hand, if they were your—a—a—your what-d'y'e-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I am not in the vein.

Mir. What-d'y'e-call-'ems! what are they, Witwould?

Wit. Empresses, my dear—By your what-d'y'e-call-'ems he means sultana queens.

Pet. Ay, Roxalanas.

Mir. Cry you mercy.

Fain. Witwould says they are—

Pet. What does he say there?

Wit. I? fine ladies, I say.

Pet. Pass on, Witwould—Harkee, by this light, his relations; two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves intriguing better than a conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off; ha, ha, ha! gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

Mir. No!

Wit. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexions, saves pain.

Fain. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

Mir. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, Petulant, about that business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass; there are other throats to be cut.

Mir. Meaning mine, sir?

Pet. Not I, I mean nobody, I know nothing; but there are uncles and nephews in the world, and they may be rivals. What then? all's one for that.

Mir. Now, harkee, Petulant, come hither; explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

Pet. Explain! I know nothing. Why you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my lady Wishfort's?

Mir. True.

Pet. Why, that's enough; you and he are not friends: and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha!

Mir. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mir. Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

Pet. I! nothing; I! If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent.

Mir. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets; what, you're a cabalist; I know you staid at Millamant's last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? tell me. If thou hadst but good nature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwould, who is now thy competitor in fame, would show as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than Mercury is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou won't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

Mir. Faith, I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that it may be granted thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, harkee! [*They talk apart.*]

Fain. Petulant, and you both, will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw! that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part, but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should, harkee—to tell you a secret, but let it go no farther—between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

Fain. I thought you had died for her.

Wit. Umph! no.

Fain. She has wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—now, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her as he thinks.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last night, and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town, and is between him and the best part of his estate. Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my lady Wishfort has been told; and you know she hates Mirabell worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if it should come to life, poor Mirabell would be in some sort unfortunately fobbd, i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible; Millamant should hearken to it.

Wit. Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman, and a kind of a humourist.

Mir. And this is the sum of what you could collect last night?

Pet. The quintessence. May be Witwould knows more, he staid longer; besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him. [*favourite.*]

Mir. I thought you had been the greatest

Pet. Ay, *tête à tête*; but not in public, because I make remarks.

Mir. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay; I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know; they are not in awe of him: the fellow's well bred; he's what you call a—what-d'ye-call'em, a fine gentleman: but he's silly withal.

Mir. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?¹⁾

Fain. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talk of being there.

Mir. I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother, sir Wilfull's arrival.

Wit. No, no; he comes to his aunt's, my lady Wishfort: plague on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

Pet. Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare Petulant; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us, and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a humour to be severe.

Mir. Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves. Let not us be accessory to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? then let 'em either show their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else show their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

Mir. But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this hand; I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

Mir. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill-manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter MRS. FAINALL and MRS. MARWOOD.

Mrs. F. Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe: they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

1) Formerly the fashionable walk in St. James's Park, when there was a little green and a tree or two to be seen within 10 miles of Temple-Bar; but now it is upon the point of being covered with houses; and the poor swans' country-residence on the canal will be turned into a town (not a large) house, and the Chinese bridge will probably be made into a *pont de sepires* for the loss of nature.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us; and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. F. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. F. Bless me, how have I been deceived? Why you're a professed libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. F. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate mankind?

Mrs. F. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your husband?

Mrs. F. Most transcendently; ay, though I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. F. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. F. Is it possible? dost thou hate those vipers, men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. F. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion farther.

Mrs. F. How?

Mrs. Mar. By marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoin' gthe ceremony.

Mrs. F. You would not dishonour him?

Mrs. Mar. No: but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. F. Why had you not as good do it?

Mrs. Mar. O if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

Mrs. F. Ingenious mischief! would thou wert married to Mirabell!

Mrs. Mar. Would I were!

Mrs. F. You change colour.

Mrs. Mar. Because I hate him.

Mrs. F. So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. Mar. I never loved him; he is, and always was, insufferably proud.

Mrs. F. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. Mar. O then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. F. Do I? I think I am a little sick o'the sudden.

Mrs. Mar. VVhat ails you;

Mrs. F. My husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

Enter FAINALL and MIRABELL.

Mrs. Mar. Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. F. For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

Fain. My dear.

Mrs. F. My soul.

Fain. You don't look well to-day, child.

Mrs. F. D'ye think so?

Mir. He's the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. F. The only man that would tell me so, at least; and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

Fain. O my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. F. Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night; I could fain hear it out.

Mir. The persons concern'd in that affair, have yet a tolerable reputation. I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

Mrs. F. He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity; and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another, by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

[Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Mirabell.]

Fain. Excellent creature! well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

Mrs. Mar. Ay?

Fain. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! nothing remains, when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. VVill you not follow 'em?

Fain. No! I think not.

Mrs. Mar. Pray let us; I have a reason.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honour?

Fain. You would intimate then, as if there were a particular understanding between my wife and him?

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceived.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. Mar. VVhat?

Fain. That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! VVhat mean you?

Fain. To let you know, I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him, and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession, reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not. 'Twas for my ease to oversee and willfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that, by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures, and take you off-tener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. VVith infidelity, with loving another, with love of Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to show an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. VVhat cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? to undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

Mrs. Mar. My obligations to my lady urged me: I had profess'd a friendship to her; and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

Fain. VVhat, was it conscience then? Profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Hays I been false to her through strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? and have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it should be meritorious, that I have been vicious; and do you reflect that-guilt upon me, which should lie hurried in your bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. M. 'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice; 'twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall, I can but be exposed; if I do it myself, I shall prevent your baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your wife; own what has past between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my wrongs I'll do't. I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

Fain. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestow'd as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it. 'Tis true, had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconciliation: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife. And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you.

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? what's pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? have I not a wife? nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to bustle through the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you be reconciled to truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent. I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. Mar. I loathe the name of love after such usage: and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

Fain. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mar. I care not.—Let me go.—Break my hands, do—I'd leave 'em to get loose.

Fain. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

Mrs. Mar. Well, I have deserved it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling! O that—Well, it is not yet—

Fain. What? what is it not? what is not yet? is it not yet too late?

Mrs. Mar. Ha, it is not yet too late, I have that comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loathe, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

Fain. Nay, this is extravagance—Come, I ask your pardon—No tears—I was to blame—I could not love you and be easy in my doubts—Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends; I'll hate my wife yet more; damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another world. I'll marry, thee—Be pacified—'Sdeath! they come, hide your face, your tears—You have a mask,

wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded. [Exit.

Enter MIRABELL and MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. They are here yet.

Mir. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. F. While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

Mir. O you should hate with prudence.

Mrs. F. Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

Mir. You should have just so much disgust for your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. F. You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds; and would you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

Mir. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation: If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused, who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. F. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell.

Mir. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. F. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

Mir. Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. F. He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mir. Care is taken for that—she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. F. Who?

Mir. Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might like Mosca in the Fox, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. F. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mir. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. F. She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

Mir. That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. F. Well, I have an opinion of your

success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get a husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mir. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. F. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mir. An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl—'tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. F. Here's your mistress.

Enter Mrs. MILLAMANT, WITWOULD, and MINCING.

Mir. Here she comes, 'Faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—ha, no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. F. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mir. You seem to be unattended, madam.—You used to have the *beau-monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mrs. Mill. O I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the crowd—

Wit. As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

Mrs. Mill. Dear Mr. Witwould, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

Wit. As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mrs. Mill. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. F. But, dear Millamant, why were you so long?

Mrs. Mill. Long! lud! have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Wit. Madam, truce with your similitudes—no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mir. By your leave, Witwould, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Min. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—Mincing, what had I? why was I so long?

Min. O mem,¹⁾ your la'ship staid to peruse a packet of letters.

Mrs. Mill. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do

you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

Mrs. Mill. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwould. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think, I tried once, Mincing.

Min. O mem, I shall never forget it.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift¹⁾ all the morning.

Min. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crips.²⁾

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Min. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwould.

Mrs. Mill. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away—Now I think on't I'm angry—No, now I think on't I'm pleased—For I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mrs. Mill. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Mill. O, I ask your pardon for that—One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover; and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms—Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet, after commendation, can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Mill. O the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mrs. Mill. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say, vain, empty things, if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Mill. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

¹⁾ Mincing minces the word madam into mem.

²⁾ Scolded.

³⁾ Crips.

Mrs. Mill. O fiction! Fainall, let us leave these men.

Mir. Draw off Witwould.

[*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*]

Mrs. F. Immediately: I have a word or two for Mr. Witwould.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Witwould.*]

Mir. I would beg a little private audience too—You had the tyranny to deny me last night; though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concern'd my love.

Mrs. Mill. You saw I was engaged.

Mir. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable; or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mrs. Mill. I please myself—Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mir. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Mrs. Mill. Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it, next to *asa-fatida*.

Mir. You are not in a course of fools?

Mrs. Mill. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you—We shan't agree.

Mir. Not in our physic, it may be.

Mrs. Mill. And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be of one's faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think—You may go—Ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

Mir. I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

Mrs. Mill. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mir. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

Mrs. Mill. Sententious Mirabell! Pry'thee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mir. You are merry, madam; but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mrs. Mill. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

Mir. Can you not find, in the variety of your disposition, one moment—

Mrs. Mill. To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed?—No,

Mir. But how you came to know it—

Mrs. Mill. Without the help of conjuration, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

[*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*]

Mir. I have something more—Gone—Think of you! to think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct—O here comes my pair of turtles—What, billing so sweetly! is not Valentine's day over with you yet?

Enter WAITWELL and FOIBLE.

Sirrah, Waitwell, why sure you think you were married for your own recreation; and not for my convenience.

Wait. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been billing; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mir. Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

Foi. O-las, sir, I'm so ashamed—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, sir.

Foi. I told my lady, as you instructed me, sir, that I had a prospect of seeing sir Rowland, your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to show him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original.

Mir. Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

Wait. I think she has profited, sir, I think so.

Foi. You have seen madam Millamant, sir?

Mir. Yes.

Foi. I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

Mir. Your diligence will merit more—in the mean time—

[*Gives Money.*]
Foi. O, dear sir, your humble servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mir. Stand off, sir, not a penny—Go on and prosper, Foible—The lease shall be made good, and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foi. I don't question your generosity, sir; and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come.—O dear, I'm sure that [*Looking out*] was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'ye, Waitwell.

[*Exit.*]

Wait. Sir Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment, she forgets herself.

Mir. Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself, and transform into sir Rowland?

Wait. Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself. [*Exit Mirabell*] Married, knighted, and attended, all in one day 'tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember, I'm married, and can't be my own again.

Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life;

To lose my title, and yet keep my wife. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in LADY WISHFORT'S House.*

LADY WISHFORT at her Toilet, PEG waiting.

Lady W. Merciful, no news of Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam.

Lady W. I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear? An arrant ash-colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! why dost thou not fetch me a little red? didst thou not hear me, mopsis?

Peg. The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?

Lady W. Ratafia, fool! no, fool, not the ratafia, fool—Grant me patience! I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion. Darling paint, paint, paint; dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient—I cannot come at the paint, madam; Mrs. Foible has lock'd it up, and carried the key with her.

Lady W. Plague take you both—Fetch me the cherry-brandy then. [*Exit Peg*] I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmsick, the curate's wife, that's always breeding—Wench, come, come, wench; what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? save thee, dost thou not know the bottle.

Enter Peg, with a Bottle and China Cup.

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

Lady W. A cup, save thee; and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? why didst thou not bring thy thimble? hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill—So—again. See who that is. [*One knocks*] Set down the bottle first.—Here, here, under the table—What, wouldst thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster? [*Exit Peg*] As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me.

Enter Peg.

No Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady W. O Marwood, let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.

Enter MRS. MARWOOD.

Mrs. M. I'm surprised to find your ladyship in *dishabille* at this time of day.

Lady W. Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. M. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd through the park, in conference with Mirabell.

Lady W. With Mirabell! you call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. M. O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

Lady W. O, he carries poison in his tongue that would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah! dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—There are books over the chimney—Quarles and Pryn, and the Short View of the Stage, with Bunyan's works, to entertain you. [*Exit Mrs. Marwood*] Go, you thing, and send her in. [*Exit Peg.*]

Enter FOIBLE.

Lady W. O Foible, where hast thou been? at least thou being done?

Foi. Madam, I have seen the party.

Lady W. But what hast thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamour'd—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—poor sir Rowland, I say.

Lady W. The miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betray'd me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell?—What hadst thou to do with him in the park? answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So, mischief has been before-hand with me; what shall I say? [*Aside*] Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I could have borne; but he had a sling at your ladyship too; and then I could not hold: but faith I gave him his own.

Lady W. Me! what did the filthy fellow say?

Foi. O madam, 'tis a shame to say what he said—With his taunts and fleers, tossing up his nose. Humph, says he, what, you are hatching some plot, says he, you are so early abroad, or catering, says he, ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—Half-pay is but thin subsistence, says he—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see,

says he, what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated, says he, and—

Lady W. Odds my life, I'll have him—I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer, to have him poison'd in his wine.

Foi. Poison him! poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry sir Rowland, and get him disinherited. O you would bless yourself, to hear what he said.

Lady W. A villain! superannuated!

Foi. Humph, says he, I hear you are laying designs against me too, says he, and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle; he does not suspect a word of your ladyship; but, says he, I'll fit you for that; I warrant you, says he: I'll hamper you for that, says he, you and your old frippery too, says he, I'll handle you—

Lady W. Audacious villain! handle me! would he durst?—Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

Foi. The sooner the better, madam.

Lady W. Will sir Rowland be here, say'st thou?—when, Foible?

Foi. Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood, with that impatience in which sir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

Lady W. Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags; a tatterdemalion—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a Long-lane pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the spendthrift prodigal is in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his tailor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

Foi. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate¹⁾ first, and angle into Blackfriars for brass farthings, with an old mitten²⁾.

Lady W. Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive sir Rowland with any economy of face. The wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, Foible,

Foi. Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernable in the white varnish.

Lady W. Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? why I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

Foi. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

Lady W. But art thou sure sir Rowland will not fail to come? or will he not fail when

he does come? will he be importunate, Foible, and push? for if he should not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forced to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope sir Rowland is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy, neither.—I won't give him despair—But a little disdain is not amiss: a little scorn is alluring.

Foi. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

Lady W. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—You see that picture has a sort of a—ha, Foible? a swimmingness in the eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed—I'll dress above. I'll receive sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know; I'll be surprised, I'll be taken by surprise.

Foi. By storm, madam; sir Rowland's a brisk man.

Lady W. Is he? O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension. Let my things be removed, good Foible. [Exit.

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

Foi. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. F. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

Foi. O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell might have hinder'd his communicating this secret.

Mrs. F. Dear Foible, forget that.

Foi. O dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity. Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot choose but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success. Mrs. Marwood had told my lady; but I warrant I managed myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed, that she'll be contracted to sir Rowland to-night, she says.—I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh maidenhead.

Mrs. F. O rare Foible!

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him; besides, I believe madam Marwood watches me; she has a penchant; but I know Mr.

1) Ludgate prison.

2) Woolen-glove or stocking. That is, she hopes to see him confined in Ludgate-prison, and letting down an old stocking tied to the end of a stick, begging for the charity of persons passing below in Blackfriars; at the present day the prisoners in Fleet prison, which looks out upon Fleet market, are seen begging for the "poor confined debtors who have nothing to live upon."

Mirabell can't abide her. [*Calls*] John—remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. F. I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the *passe-partout*, a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems 'tis over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit: else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant; to procure for him! a pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match. O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveller with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! madam Marwood has a penchant, but he can't abide her 'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair, without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity—he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chemist upon the day of projection.

Enter LADY WISHFORT.

Lady W. O dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness? But my dear friend is all goodness.

Mrs. Mar. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

Lady W. As I'm a person, I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself; but I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do. [*Calls*] Foible!—I expect my nephew, sir Wilsful, every moment too.—Why, Foible!—He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks sir Wilsful should rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

Lady W. O he's in less danger of being spoiled by his travels. I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to choose for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Mrs. Millamant and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

Lady W. I promise you I have thought on't; and, since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word, I'll propose it.

Enter FOIBLE.

Come, come, Foible. I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner. I must make haste.

Fo. Witwould and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

Lady W. O dear, I can't appear till I am dress'd. Dear Marwood, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me. [*Exeunt Lady Wishfort and Foible.*]

Enter Mrs. MILLAMANT and MINCING.

Mrs. Mill. Sure never any thing was so unbred as that odious man. Marwood, your servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a colour: what's the matter?

Mrs. Mill. That horrid fellow, Petulant, has provoked me into a flame. I have broke my fan. Mincing, lend me yours. Is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done?

Mrs. Mill. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted every thing that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwould and he would have quarrell'd.

Min. I vow, mem, I thought once they would have sit¹).

Mrs. Mill. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of choosing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, though never so good, as we are of one suit, though never so fine. A fool and a *doily* stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

Mrs. Mill. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out. They are such *drap-de-berry* things! without one could give 'em to one's chamber-maid after a day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool should be given there, like a new masking-habit after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you would but appear barefaced now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwould, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it: the secret is grown too big for the pretence: 'tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it than my lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which, in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

Mrs. Mill. I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast. Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice. [*Exit Mincing.*] The town has found it! what has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret, that you discover'd it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discover'd it is a secret.

¹ Fought. Fit is the vulgar participle of fight.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettled.

Mrs. Mill. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear I never enjoined it him, to be so coy: if I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to show more gallantry. 'Tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha! though I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and deliver'd with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry!

Mrs. Mill. Dear creature, I ask your pardon. I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

Mrs. Mill. O dear, what? for 'tis the same thing, if I hear it. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

Mrs. Mill. O madam! why, so do I. And yet the creature loves me; ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a Sybil if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer, and within a year or two as young. If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you. But that cannot be. Well, that thought makes me melancholic. Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

Mrs. Mill. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

Enter MINCING.

Min. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

Enter PETULANT and WITWOULD.

Mrs. Mill. Is your animosity composed, gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, raillery, madam; we have no animosity; we hit off a little wit now and then; but no animosity. The falling-out of wits, is like the falling-out of lovers. We agree in the main, like treble and bass. Ha, Petulant!

Pet. Ay, in the main. But when I have a humour to contradict—

Wit. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

Pet. If he says black's black—If I have a humour to say 'tis blue—Let that pass; all's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must—But it may—it may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

Mrs. Mar. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

Wit. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

Pet. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a sign indeed 'tis no enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, 'tis no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

Mrs. Mill. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

Wit. That I confess I wonder at too.

Mrs. Mill. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Pet. Why should a man be any further from being married though he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The ordinary's paid for setting the psalm, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow, in both cases, a man may do it without book; so all's one for that.

Mrs. Mill. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Millamant and Mincing.*]

Enter SIR WILFUL WITWOULD in a Riding-dress, and Footman.

Wit. In the name of Bartholomew and his fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I. Yes, I think it is he. I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir W. Dressing! What, 'tis but morning here I warrant with you in London; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire. Why then belike my aunt han't dined yet. Ha, friend?

Foot. Your aunt, sir?

Sir W. My aunt, sir? yes, my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir. Why, what, dost thou not know me, friend? Why then send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

Foot. A week, sir; longer than any in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir W. Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou seest her; ha, friend!

Foot. Why truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir W. Well, pr'ythee, try what thou can'st do; if thou canst not guess, inquire her out; dost hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, sir Wilful Witwould, is in the house.

Foot. I shall, sir.

Sir W. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: pr'ythee, who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. [*Exit.*]

Sir W. Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a'knows his own name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. VVitwould, your brother is not behind-hand in forgetfulness. I fancy he has forgot you too.

VVil. I hope so. The deuce take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir W. Save you, gentlemen and lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. VVitwould; why won't you speak to him? And you, sir.

VVil. Petulant, speak.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*]

Sir W. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No offence, I hope, sir.

Sir W. May be not, sir; thereafter, as 'tis meant, sir.

VVil. Smoke the boots, the boots; Petulant, the boots. Ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

Sir W. VVhy, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may inquire further of my horse, sir.

Pet. Your horse, sir! your horse is an ass, sir!

Sir W. Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

Mrs. Mar. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir—'Slife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and ass, before they find one another out.—You must not take any thing amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends, here, though it may be you don't know it. If I am not mistaken, you are sir VVilful VVitwould.

Sir W. Right, lady; I am sir VVilful VVitwould, so I write myself; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the lady VVishfort of this mansion.

Mrs. Mar. Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

Sir W. Hum! VVhat, sure 'tis not—yea, by'r lady but 'tis.—'Sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no.—Yea but 'tis, by the wrekin. Brother Anthony! what, Tony, i'faith! what, dost thou not know me? By'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so belaced, and so beperiwigg'd. 'Sheart why dost not speak? art thou o'erjoyed?

VVil. Odso, brother, is it you? your servant, brother.

Sir W. Your servant! why yours, sir.

VVil. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir W. 'Sheart, sir, but there is, and much offence. A plague! is this your inns-o'court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

VVil. VVhy, brother VVilful of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir W. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this; by'r lady, I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a strap of paper, gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena.¹⁾ I might expect this when you left off honoured brother;

¹⁾ A writ commanding a person to appear in court under a certain penalty (subpoena).

and hoping you are in good health, and so forth.—To begin with a *Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch*—Ods heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a wench and a bottle, and so conclude. You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pimplenose, the attorney of Furnival's Inn, you could entreat to be remembered then to your friends round the VVrekin.

Pet. 'Slife, VVitwould, were you ever an attorney's clerk, of the family of the Furnivals? Ha, ha, ha!

VVil. Ay, ay, but that was but for awhile. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'prentice to a feltmaker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

Sir W. 'Sheart, and better than be bound to a maker of fops; where; I suppose, you have served your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to travel, sir, as I'm informed.

Sir W. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

Pet. And the wind serve.

Sir W. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask licence of you, sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam; yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for France at all adventures.

Sir W. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French, as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an academy in town for that, and dancing, and curious accomplishments, calculated purely for the use of grown gentlemen.

Sir W. Is there? 'tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improved.

VVil. Yes, refined like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing.

Enter LADY WISHFORT and FAINALL.

Lady W. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir W. Aunt, your servant.

Fain. Sir VVilful, your most faithful servant.

Sir W. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

Lady W. Cousin VVitwould, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant. Nephew, you are welcome again. VVill you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? dinner's almost ready.

Sir W. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt; however, I thank you for your courteous offer.

'Sheart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony; belike I mayn't call him brother, for fear of offence.

Lady W. O, he's a railer, nephew; my cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to choose. VVhen you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand railery better.

[*Fainall and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.*
Sir W. VVhy then let him hold his tongue in the mean time, and rail when that day comes.

Enter MINGING.

Min. Mem. I am come to acquaint your la'ship that dinner is impatient.

Sir W. Impatient? why then belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of shippers? My man's with his horses I warrant.

Lady W. Fie, fie, nephew, you would not pull off your boots here; go down into the hall; dinner shall stay for you. [*Exeunt Minging and Sir Wifful*] My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam. Gentlemen, will you walk? Marwood?

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, madam, before sir Wifful is ready.

[*Exeunt Lady Wifful, Petulant and Wifwould.*

Fain. VVhy then Foible's a procuress; an errant, rank, match-making procuress. And I it seems am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife, all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, out-jilted, out-matrimony'd—and be out-stripp'd by my wife; 'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off: you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part; and now you have it. But first prevent their plot—the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to Mirabell.

Fain. Ay, that had been mine, had you not made that fond discovery; that had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my dishonour by that increase of fortune. I could have worn 'em tipt with gold, though my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game before she was married.

Fain. Hum! that may be.

Mrs. Mar. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The means, the means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her. My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece and fortune, and all, at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. This has an appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between Millamant and sir Wifful; that may be an obstacle.

Fain. O, for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that; he will drink like a Dane: after dinner, I'll set his hand in.

Mrs. Mar. VVell, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

Fain. VVhy, faith, I'm thinking of it. Let me see—I am married already; so that's over—my wife has play'd the jade with me—well, that's over too—I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time—jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. VVearied of her, I am and shall be—no, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation—as to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question. And as to my part in my wife's—why she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me: 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! faith, and that's well thought on. Marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being derived from so honourable a root?

Mrs. Mar. Nay, I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

Fain. So, so, why this point's clear—well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a letter which shall be deliver'd to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have Foible provoked if I could help it, because you know she knows some passages—nay, I expect all will come out—but let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst, I'll turn my wife to grass: I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinced that I hate Mirabell now; you'll be no more jealous.

Fain. Jealous! no, by this kiss, let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

All husbands must, or pain, or shame endure;

The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LADY WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

Lady W. Is sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible? and are things in order?

Foi. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

Lady W. Have you pulvill'd the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when sir Rowland comes by?

Foi. Yes, madam.

Lady W. And are the danciers and the music ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence to his passion?

Foi. All is ready, madam.

Lady W. And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

Foi. Most killing well, madam.

Lady W. Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—no, that will be too sudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch—yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way; yes, and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion—It shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

Foi. 'Tis he, madam.

Lady W. O dear, has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? I order'd him.

Foi. Sir Wifull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

Lady W. Odds my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—when they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with sir Rowland. *[Exit.]*

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and MRS. FAINALL.

Foi. Madam, I staid here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Though my lady's orders were to leave you and sir Wifull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

Mrs. Mill. No—what would the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself. Bid him come another time.

There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.

[Repeating and walking about.] That's hard!

Mrs. F. You are very fond of sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

Mrs. Mill. He? ay, and filthy verses, so I am.

Foi. Sir Wifull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

Mrs. Mill. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away, or send him hither, just as you will, dear Foible. I think I'll see him: shall I? ay, let the wretch come—

Thyrsis a youth of the inspired train.

[Repeating.]—Dear Fainall, entertain sir Wifull; thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool; thou art married and hast patience; I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. F. I am obliged to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

Enter SIR WIFULL.

Mrs. F. O sir Wifull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir W. Yes, my aunt will have it so: I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—but I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is, upon further acquaintance. *[This while Millamant walks about repeating to herself.]* So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave. If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company.

Mrs. F. O fie, sir Wifull! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir W. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that; for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all—your servant.

Mrs. F. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

[Exit Mrs. Fainall and Foible.]

Sir W. Nay, nay, cousin, I have forgot my gloves. What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a'has lock'd the door indeed, I think; nay, cousin Fainall, open the door; pshaw, what a vixen trick is this!—Nay, now a'has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were—I think this door's enchanted.

Mrs. Mill. *[Repeating]*

I pry'thee spare me, gentle boy,

Press me no more for that slight toy.

Sir W. Anan? cousin, your servant.

Mrs. Mill. That foolish trifle of a heart—
Sir Wifull!

Sir W. Yes—your servant. No offence I hope, cousin?

Mrs. Mill. *[Repeating]*

I swear it will not do its part,

Though thou dost thine, employ't thy power and art.

—Natural, easy Suckling!

Sir W. Anan? Suckling? No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heaven, I'm no minor.

Mrs. Mill. Ah rustic, ruder than Gothic.

Sir W. Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the mean while, I must answer in plain English.

Mrs. Mill. Have you any business with me, sir Wifull?

Sir W. Not at present, cousin. Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening;

if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

Mrs. Mill. A walk? what then?

Sir W. Nay, nothing; only for the walk's sake, that's all.

Mrs. Mill. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir W. Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may: here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confess'd indeed.

Mrs. Mill. *Ah l'etourdi!* I hate the town too.

Sir W. Dear heart, that's much—hah! that you should hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country, 'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

Mrs. Mill. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may. You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir W. Not at present, cousin. 'Tis like, when I have an opportunity to be more private, I may break my mind in some measure. I conjecture you partly guess; however, that's as time shall try: but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Mrs. Mill. If it is of no great importance, sir Willfull, you will oblige me by leaving me. I have just now a little business.

Sir W. Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all at ease; when you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that. Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say—cousin, your servant. I think this door's lock'd.

Mrs. Mill. You may go this way, sir.

Sir W. Your servant: then, with your leave, I'll return to may company. [Exit.]

Mrs. Mill. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

Enter MIRABELL.

Mir. Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.—Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?

Mrs. Mill. Vanity! no, I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment; though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the last?

Mrs. Mill. O, I should think I was poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mrs. Mill. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an as-

sured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with only the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mrs. Mill. Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay, adieu, my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu! I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible: positively, Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

Mir. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mrs. Mill. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will; and d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mir. Names!

Mrs. Mill. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar; I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my lady Fidler and sir Francis: nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Mill. Trifles, as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wit that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mir. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions, that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mir. You have free leave; propose your utmost; speak, and spare not.

Mir. I thank you. Imprimis then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that

you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask; then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out; and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Mill. Detestable inprimis! I go to the play in a mask!

Mir. Item, I article that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oil'd-skins, and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in VVhat-dye-call-it court. Item, I shut my doors against all procuresses with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, China, fans, etc.—Item, when you shall be breeding—

Mrs. Mill. Ah! name it not.

Mir. I denounce against all straight-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugarloaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all anniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary.—But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mrs. Mill. O horrid provisos! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. Mill. Fainall, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. F. Ay, ay, take him, take him; what should you do?

Mrs. Mill. VVell then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. F. Fie, fie, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mrs. Mill. Are you? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd

—here, kiss my hand though—so hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. F. Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience; you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience if she should see you, would fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to sir Rowland, who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back-stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, go, go. In the mean time, I'll suppose you have said something to please me.

Mir. I am all obedience.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. F. Yonder's sir VVillfull drunk! and so noisy, that my mother has been forced to leave sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—what they may have done by this time I know not; but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mrs. Mill. VVell, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. F. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had better take up with sir VVillfull.

Mrs. Mill. How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

Enter VVITWOULD from drinking.

Mrs. F. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

VVit. Left 'em? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christenings—I am tipsy with laughing—If I had staid any longer, I should have burst—I must have been let out and pierced in the sides, like an unsized camel—yes, yes, the fray is composed; my lady came in like a *noli prosequi*, and stopt the proceedings.

Mrs. Mill. VVhat was the dispute?

VVit. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputtering at one another, like two roasting apples.

Enter PETULANT, drunk.

Now, Petulant, all's over, all's well; gad, my head begins to whim it about—why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. Millamant—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off, that's all.

VVit. Thou hast utter'd volumes, folios, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomiser of words.

Pet. Witwould—you are an annihilator of sense.

VVit. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-band.

Pet. Thou art (without a figure) just one-half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest—a *gemini* of asses split, would make just four of you.

Mrs. Mill. VVhat was the quarrel?

Pet. There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

Wit. If there had been words enow between 'em to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

Pet. You were the quarrel.

Mrs. Mill. Me!

Pet. If I have the humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises,—if you are not handsome, what then, if I have a humour to prove it?—if I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge—and hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your mistress's monkey a spider,—go flea dogs, and read romances—I'll go to bed to my maid. *[Exit]*

Mrs. F. He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

Wit. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight.—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

Enter SIR WILFULL, drunk, and LADY WISHFORT.

Lady W. Out upon't, out upon't! at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

Sir W. No offence, aunt.

Lady W. Offence? as I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you—fogh! how you stink of wine! d'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio? you're an absolute Borachio.

Sir W. Borachio!

Lady W. At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

Sir W. 'Sheart, an you grudge me your liquor, make a bill—give me more drink, and take my purse. *[Sings.]*

Pr'ythee fill me the glass
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin, say the word, and I'll do't—Wilfull will do't, that's the word,—Wilfull will do't, that's my crest—my motto I have forgot.

Lady W. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word, you are obliged to him—

Sir W. *In vino veritas*, aunt: if I drunk your health to day, cousin,—I am a Borachio. But if you have a mind to be married, say the word, and send for the piper; Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have 't other round—Tony, odds-heart, where's Tony?—Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault. *[Sings.]*

We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, boys.
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys.
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your Antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your Antipodes—your Antipodes are a good rascally sort of lopsy-turvy fellows; if I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em.—A match or no match, cousin with the hard name?—Aunt, Wilfull will do't.

Mrs. Mill. Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer—sir Wilfull grows very powerful. I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

[Exeunt Mrs. Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.]

Lady W. He would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a! ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan.

Sir W. Turks! no; no Turks, aunt; your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Musselman is a dry stinkard—No offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian—I cannot find by the map that your Musty is orthodox—whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and *(hiccup)* Greek for claret. *[Sings.]*

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:

Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee,
But let British lads sing,
Crown a health to the king,
And a fig for your sultan and Sophi.

Enter FOIBLE, and whispers LADY WISHFORT.

Eh, Tony!

Lady W. Sir Rowland impatient? good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrell?—go lie down and sleep, you sot—or, as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broomsticks. Call up the wenches with broomsticks.

Sir W. Ahey? wenches, where are the wenches?

Lady W. Dear cousin Witwould, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation—you will oblige me to all futurity.

Wit. Come, knight—plague on him, I don't know what to say to him—will you go to a cock-match?

Sir W. With a wench, Tony?

Wit. Horrible! he has a breath like a bag-pipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my Sallopian?

Sir W. Lead on, little Tony—I'll follow thee, my Anthony, my Tanthony; sirrah, thou shalt be my Tantony, and I'll be thy pig.

—And a fig for your sultan and Sophi.

[Exeunt Sir Wilfull, Witwould, and Foible.]

Lady W. This will never do. It will never make a match—at least before he has been abroad.

Enter WAITWELL, disguised as for SIR ROWLAND.

Dear sir Rowland, I am confounded with

confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness.—I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum—and dispense with a little ceremony.

Wait. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalized on the rack; and do but bang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

Lady W. You have excess of gallantry, sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence—But a day or two, for decency of marriage.

Wait. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.—That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

Lady W. Is he so unnatural, say you? truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge.—Not that I respect myself; though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady W. O sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and tremblings, the ardours and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-beatings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes! Oh, no memory can register.

Wait. What, my rival! is the rebel my rival? 'dies.

Lady W. No, don't kill him at once, sir Rowland; starve him gradually, inch by inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms—he shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out like a candle's end upon a saveall.¹⁾

Lady W. Well, sir Rowland, you have the way—you are no novice in the labyrinth of love—you have the clue—But as I am a person, sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence. I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.

Wait. Far be it from me—

Lady W. If you do, I protest I must recede, or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums; but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

Wait. I esteem it so—

Lady W. Or else you wrong my condescension.

Wait. I do not, I do not—

Lady W. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

Lady W. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

1) Lichtkecht.

Wait. Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense, all chastity and odour.

Lady W. Or that—

Enter FOIBLE.

Foi. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

Lady W. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly. [*Exit.*]

Wait. Fie, fie!—What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any cordial? I want spirits.

Foi. What a washy rogue art thou to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady!

Wait. O, she is the antidote to desire. By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days—than act sir Rowland till this time to-morrow.

Enter LADY WISHFORT, with a Letter.

Lady W. Call in the dancers;—sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment.

[*Dance.*] Now with your permission, sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

Foi. By heaven! Mrs. Marwood's. I know it. My heart aches—get it from her. [*To him.*]

Wait. A woman's hand? No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

Lady W. Nay, sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you: I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here. [*Reads.*]—*Madam, though unknown to you.*—Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.—*I have that honour for your character, that I think myself obliged to let you know you are abused. He who pretends to be sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal.*—O heavens! what's this?

Foi. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

Wait. How, how! let me see, let me see—reading, *A rascal and disguised, and suborn'd for that imposture.*—O villany! O villany!—*By the contrivance of—*

Lady W. I shall faint, I shall die, ho!

Foi. Say 'tis your nephew's hand.—Quickly, his plot, swear it, swear it.

Wait. Here's a villain! madam; don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

Lady W. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the hand—A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand; your Roman hand—I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him.

Foi. O treachery! But are you sure, sir Rowland, it is his writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I

love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

Lady W. How!

Foi. O what luck it is, sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! this was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to madam Millamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have bid his face.

Lady W. How, how!—I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when sir W. Willful was to have made his addresses.

Foi. Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship, to discompose you when you were to receive sir Rowland.

Wait. Enough, his date is short.

Foi. No, good sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

Wait. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause—My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, though it cost me my life.

Lady W. No, dear sir Rowland, don't fight; if you should be killed I must never show my face; or hang'd—O consider my reputation, sir Rowland—No, you shan't fight—I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, sir Rowland, by all your love, not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

Lady W. Ay, dear sir Rowland, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a contract to be sign'd this night? May I hope so far?

Lady W. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spite of treachery. Come, my buxom widow:

Ere long you shall substantial proof receive
That I'm an arrant knight—

Foi. Or arrant knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LADY WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

Lady W. Out of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom traitress, that I raised from nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go—That I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chaffing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage,—go, go, starve again, do, do.

Foi. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

Lady W. Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again—do, drive a trade, do, with your three-pennyworth of small ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandyseller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-moun-

ger. Go, hang out an old frisoner-gorget, with a y:rd of yellow colberteen again; do; an old gnaw'd mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted nightcap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade.—These were your commodities, you treacherous trull; this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

Foi. No, no, dear madam. Do but bear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage—or else the wealth of the Indies should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

Lady W. No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast serving-man? No damage! O thou frontless impudence!

Foi. Pray do but hear me, madam! he could not marry your ladyship, madam—no, indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. Yes, indeed, I inquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

Lady W. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,—while you were catering for Mirabell, I have been broker for you? This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a hotcher of secondhand marriages between Abigail and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's-place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already: you shall coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish. [*Exit.*]

Foi. O that ever I was born! O that I was ever married!—a bride, ay, I shall be a Bridewell bride, oh!

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. Poor Foible, what's the matter?

Foi. O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp; poor W. Willful's gone to prison already.

Mrs. F. Have a good heart, Foible; Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing.

Foi. Yes, yes, I know it, madam; she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to arrest W. Willful, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the mean time Mrs. Marwood declared all to my lady.

Mrs. F. Was there no mention made of me in the letter?—My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy; I fancy Marwood has not told her, though she has told my husband.

Foi. Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part: we stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

Mrs. F. Ay, all's out; my affair with Mirabell, every thing discovered. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

Foi. Indeed! madam; and so 'tis a comfort if you knew all—he has been even with your ladyship; which I could have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than set them at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. F. Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this?

Foi. I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. Mincing; we have had many a fair word from madam Marwood, to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when we were at Hyde-park;—and we were thought to have gone a walking: but we went up unawares—though we were sworn to secrecy too; madam Marwood took a book and swore us both upon it: but it was but a book of poems. So long as it was not a Bible oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. F. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish—Now, Mincing!

Enter MINCING.

Min. My lady would speak with Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

Mrs. F. Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

Min. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if sir Wifull be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pounds. O, come Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. F. Foible, you must tell Mincing, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, madam.

Min. O, yes, mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

[*Exeunt Foible and Mincing.*]

Enter LADY WISHFORT and MRS. MARWOOD.

Lady W. O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor sir Rowland: and now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and

retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the treaty.

Lady W. O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and, as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue?

Mrs. F. I don't understand your ladyship.

Lady W. Not understand! why, have you not been naught? have you not been sophisticated?—not understand? here I am ruined to compound for your caprices; I must part with my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough—

Mrs. F. I am wrong'd and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation; as false as your friend there, ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. Mar. My friend, Mrs. Fainall? your husband my friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. F. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady W. O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns;—you ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish—O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity;—no, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. F. I tell you, madam, you're abused—Stick to you? ay, like a leach, to suck your best blood—she'll drop of when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial.

[*Exit.*]

Lady W. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think—and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable—I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men—ay, friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a man, till she was in her teens. As I'm a person 'tis true.—She was never suffer'd to play with a male-child, though but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender.—O, she never look'd a man in the face, but her own father, or the chaplain; and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments and his sleek face; till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

Lady W. I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechized by him; and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays, and profane music-meetings. O, she would have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, madam? what, and have your name prostituted in a public court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers; to be ushered in with an O-yes¹⁾ of scandal; and have your case opened by an old fumbler in a coil like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters, and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Doomsday-book; to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin.

Lady W. O, tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

Lady W. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the short-hand writers to the public press; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's;²⁾ and this you must bear till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

Lady W. O, 'tis insupportable! No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all—any thing, every thing, for composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

Enter FAINALL.

Lady W. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood: no, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

Lady W. Never to marry!

Fain. No more sir Rowlands—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

Lady W. Ay, that's true.

Fain. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

Lady W. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his scarish majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practised in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, sir Jonathan Wistfort), by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd match with sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

Lady W. My nephew was non compos, and could not make his addresses.

Fain. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

Lady W. You will grant me time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected, which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said instrument, and till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion. [*Exit.*]

Lady W. This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's failings.

Lady W. 'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian; but she would have him, though her year was not cut—Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate?—Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and SIR WILFULL.

Sir W. Aunt, your servant.

Lady W. Out, caterpillar! call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir W. I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say,—'Shearl! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you

1) Oyes (Hear ye) from Ouir.

2) One of the melodious cries of London, understood only by the happy few.

I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends; she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

Lady W. How's this, dear niece? have I any comfort? can this be true?

Mrs. Mill. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of knight-hood; and for the contract that pass'd between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence;—he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

Lady W. Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor—I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him, I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

Mrs. Mill. If you disoblige him, he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady W. Are you sure it will be the last time?—if I were sure of that—shall I never see him again?

Mrs. Mill. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir W. 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I; he is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over-seas once already: and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company. 'Sheart, I'll call him in—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and hems.*]

Mrs. Mar. This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

Lady W. O, dear Marwood, you are not going?

Mrs. Mar. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*]

Enter MIRABELL.

Sir W. Look up, man, I'll stand by you! 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you; besides, harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own; 'sheart, and she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

Mir. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offer'd to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy. Ah, madam, there was a time, but let it be forgotten; I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain, I come not to plead for favour; nay, not for pardon; I am a suppliant only for pity, I am going where I never shall behold you more.

Sir W. How, fellow-traveller! you shall go by yourself then.

Mir. Let me be pitied first, and afterwards forgotten: I ask no more.

Sir W. By'r lady a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt. Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt; why you must, an you are a Christian.

Mir. Consider, madam, in reality, you could not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device, though I confess it had a face of guiltiness; it was at most an artifice which love contrived; and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least, think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear; that to your cruel indignation I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir W. An he does not move me, would I may never be o'the quorum. An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again, I would I might never take shipping. Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry; one doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolved.

Lady W. Well, nephew, upon your account—ah, he has a false, insinuating tongue. Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request; I will endeavour what I can to forget, but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mir. It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

Lady W. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue: when I did not see him, I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smother'd in my breast. [*Aside.*]

Enter FAINALL and MRS. MARWOOD.

Fain. Your debate of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady W. If I were prepared, I am not empower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having match'd herself by my direction to sir Wilfull.

Fain. That sham is too gross to pass on me; though 'tis imposed on you, madam.

Mrs. Mill. Sir, I have given my consent.

Mir. And, sir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

Sir W. And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument, sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a mittimus, or a tailor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, or by'r lady I shall draw mine.

Lady W. Hold, nephew, hold.

Mrs. Mill. Good sir Wilfull, respite your valour.

Fain. Indeed! are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepared for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant

to the purport and tenor of this other covenant. I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, sir VVithfull, your right; you may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a bear-garden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my lady VVishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turn'd adrift, to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

Lady W. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

Mir. But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise.

Lady W. O, what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

Mir. Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services; but be it as it may, I am resolved I'll serve you; you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

Lady W. How! dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! but it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

Mir. VVill you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

Lady W. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mir. Foible is one, and a penitent.

Enter Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE, and MANSING.

Mrs. Mar. O, my shame! [*Mirabell and Lady VVishfort go to Mrs. Fainall and Foible*] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [*To Fainall.*]

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the VVay of the VVorld. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

Foi. Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible oath of it.

Min. And so will I, mem.

Lady W. O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false! My friend deceive me! hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

Min. Mercenary, mem! I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's poems. Mercenary! no, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant thing. VVell, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off

no longer; you, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this.

Mrs. F. I despise you, and defy your malice; you have aspersed me wrongfully; I have proved your falsehood; go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together, perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear; madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady W. Ah, Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

Mir. O, in good time. Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

Enter WAITWELL, with a Box of Writings.

Lady W. O sir Rowland—VVell, rascal.

Wait. VVhat your ladyship pleases. I have brought the black box at last, madam.

Mir. Give it me, madam; you remember your promise.

Lady W. Ay, dear sir.

Mir. VVhere are the gentlemen?

Wait. At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes—just risen from sleep.

Fain. 'Sdeath! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

Enter PETULANT and WITWOULD.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? whose hand's out?

Wit. Hey-day! what, are you all together, like players at the end of the last act?

Mir. You may remember gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

Wit. Ay, I do, my hand I remember—Petulant set his mark.

Mir. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear. You do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what that parchment contained. [*Undoing the Box.*]

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mir. Very well, now you shall know. Madam, your promise.

Lady W. Ay, ay, sir, upon my honour.

Mir. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mir. Yes, sir, I say, that this lady, while a widow, having it seems received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which, from her own partial opinion and fondness of you, she could never have suspected—she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mentioned. You may read if you please, [*Holding out the Parchment*] though perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

Fain. Very likely, sir. VVhat's here? Damnation! [*Reads*] A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell.—Confusion!

Mir. Even so, sir: 'tis *The Way of the World*, sir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtained from your lady.

Fain. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd. [Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.

Sir W. Hold, sir; now you may make your beargarden flourish somewhere else, sir.

Fain. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, sir; be sure you shall. Let me pass, oaf. [Exit.

Mrs. F. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment: you had better give it vent.

Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have vent, and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. [Exit.

Lady W. O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. F. Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

Lady W. Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise, and I must perform mine. First, I pardon, for your sake, sir Rowland there and Foible. The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew; and how to do that—

Mir. For that, madam, give yourself no trouble; let me have your consent; sir Wilful is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action for our service; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir W. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts; I have set on't, and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

Pet. For my part, I say little; I think things are best; off or on.

Wait. I gad, I understand nothing of the

matter; I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

Lady W. Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

Mrs. Mill. Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

Mir. Ay, and over and over again. [Kisses her Hand] I would have you as often as possibly I can. Well, heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir W. 'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're married; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the mean time; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

Mir. With all my heart, dear sir Wilful. What shall we do for music?

Fai. O, sir, some that were provided for sir Rowland's entertainment are yet within call. [A Dance.

Lady W. As I am a person, I can hold out no longer; I have wasted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

Mir. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: in the mean time, madam, [To Mrs. Fainall] let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed,

Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:
For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind

[Exeunt.

CUMBERLAND.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, son of Dr. Donison Cumberland, late Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland, by Joanna, youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley (a lady on whom the well-known pastoral of Phebe, by Dr. Hymon, printed in *The Spectator*, No. 605, was written), and great-grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, was born February 19, 1735, in the master's lodge of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the roof of his grandfather Bentley, in what is called the Judge's Chamber. When turned of six years of age, he was sent to the school of Bury St. Edmund's, whence he was in due time transplanted to Westminster. At the age of fourteen Mr. C. was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, whence, after a long and assiduous course of study, he launched into the great world, and became a private confidential secretary to Lord Halifax, then at the head of the Board of Trade; which situation he held with great credit to himself, till his Lordship went out of office. Soon after this, he obtained the lay fellowship of Trinity College, vacant by the death of Mr. Tittle, the Danish Navy. This fellowship, however, he did not hold long; for, on obtaining, through the patronage of Lord Halifax, a small establishment as crown agent for the province of Nova Scotia, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of George Ridge, Esq. of Kilmiston, in Hampshire, in whose family he had long been intimate. When Lord Halifax returned to administration, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. C. went with him to that country, as under-secretary; his father, as one of his chaplains, and his brother in law, Capt. William Ridge, as one of his aides-de-camp. Before Lord Halifax quitted Ireland to become Secretary of State, Mr. Cumberland's father had been made Bishop of Clonfert, and Mr. Cumberland himself, who had declined a baronetcy which had been offered him by his patron, came to England with his Lordship, and was appointed, we believe, to the situation of assistant secretary to the Board of Trade. About the end of the year 1771, the Bishop of Clonfert was translated to Kilmore, which see, however, he held not long, being translated by death to a better world, to which he was followed by his lady in June 1775. The accession of Lord George Germaine to the seals, for the colonial department promoted Mr. Cumberland from a subaltern at the Board of Trade to the post of secretary. In the year 1780 he was sent on a secret and confidential mission to the court of Spain; and it is reported, that his embassy would have been successful, but for the riots in London, and the capture of our East-and West-India fleets, which inspired the Spaniards with more confidence than they had before possessed. In this mission Mr. Cumberland necessarily incurred great expenses; and he was cruelly neglected by the ministers after the conclusion of his negotiation. It was, however, during his residence in that country that he collected the *Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain*, which he afterwards published. By the provisions of Mr. Burke's well-known bill, the Board of Trade was annihi-

lated, and Mr. Cumberland was set adrift with a compensation of scarcely a moiety in value of what he had been deprived of. He now retired, with his family, to Tunbridge Wells, where he has continued, we believe, ever since to reside, universally respected. That a man of such learning, of such versatility of literary talent, such unquestionable genius, and such sound morality, should, in "the vale of years," feel the want of what he has lost by his exertions for the public good, most, to every feeling mind, be a subject of keen regret; yet the fact seems to be placed beyond doubt by the following announcement of his intention, in 1809, to publish a 4to volume of his dramas: "To the Public! It was my purpose to have reserved these MSS. for the eventual use and advantage of a beloved daughter after my decease; but the circumstances of my story, which are before the public, and to which I can appeal without a blush, make it needless for me to state why I am not able to fulfil that purpose; I therefore now, with full reliance on the candour and protection of my countrymen at large, solicit their subscription to these unpublished dramas; conscious as I am, that neither in this instance, nor in any other through the course of my long-continued labours, have I wilfully directed the humble talents, with which God has endowed me, otherwise than to his service, and the genuine interests (so far as I understood them) of benevolence and virtue. Richard Cumberland."

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER,

Comedy by Richard Cumberland. Acted at Drury Lane 1779. This piece followed *The West-Indian* too soon to increase the reputation of its author. It was coldly received the first night; but undergoing some judicious alterations improved in the public favour.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LORD ABBERVILLE.
MORTIMER.
AUBREY.
TYRREL.
BRIDGEMORE.

DOCTOR DRUID.
JARVIS.
NAPTHALL.
LA JEUNESSE.
COLIN MACLEOD.

VISITORS.
SERVANTS.
AUGUSTA AUBREY.
MRS. BRIDGEMORE.
LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE.

MRS. MACINTOSH.
MAID-SERVANT.

SCENE. — London.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in LORD ABBERVILLE'S House, with a Staircase seen through an Arch. Several Domestic servants waiting in rich Liveries. Flourish of French Horns.*

Enter COLIN,¹⁾ hastily.

Colin. Hoor!²⁾ fellows, haud³⁾ your bonds:⁴⁾ pack up your damnd' clarinets, and gang your gait⁵⁾ for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An⁶⁾ you could hundle the bagpipe instead, I would na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whastled⁷⁾ many a brau⁸⁾ braw lad to his grave; but your holiday horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city barge on a swan-hopping⁹⁾ party up the Thames.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Fidon, monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? It is very much the ton in this country for the fine gentlemen to have the horns: upon my word, my lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les macaroni below stairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark, who wait dere? My lord ring his bell. — Voila, monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. [Looking out] Now the de'il burst

the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd¹⁾ over.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare! Here come my lord. [Exit.]

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE.

Lord A. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and supper served at twelve in the great eating-parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my lord, had you ken'd²⁾ the mess of cakes and sweeties³⁾ that was hundle up amongst 'em just now, you would na' think there could be muckle⁴⁾ need of supper this night.

Lord A. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

Lord A. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [Exit.]

Lord A. What a Highland savage it is! — My father indeed made use of him to pay the servants' wages, and post the tradesmen's accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

Enter MORTIMER, repeating to himself.

Mort. Is this a dinner, this a genial room? This is a temple and a hecatomb.

Lord A. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too? — I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home. — Good night to you.

1) Gave. 2) Known. 3) Sweetmeats. 4) Much.

1) Colin portrays the character of a Scotchman, in his station, most admirably, who is so addicted to praise his own country, that, as he says himself, "a true North Briton would give up his virtue before (he would give up) his country, at any time."

2) Scotch exclamation for, out, begone. 3) Hold.

4) Hands. 5) Go away. 6) If. 7) Whistled. 8) Brave.

9) It is customary, in the summer, for the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London to sail in a barge up the Thames towards Richmond, to catch the young swans, and mark them, as the property of the city; it is felony to steal those that are thus marked. The word *hop* in this sense comes from the Norman word *happer*, to catch.

Lord A. What, on the wing so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Brapin could abominate your fleshly meal more than I do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blush'd for it: Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

Lord A. A truce, good cynic: prythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards! Me at a quadrille-table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals; 'sdeath, my lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

Lord A. Out on thee, unconformable being; thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

Lord A. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is form'd by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

Lord A. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And your's too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar in the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

Lord A. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; I did not know your office extended any further.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your hands, I clear'd myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

Lord A. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd¹⁾ at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me: your companions are too dull to laugh at; and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

Lord A. Who, doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him?

Mort. Where is the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welshman, that buffoon, that antiquarian, forsooth, who looks as if you had rak'd him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

Lord A. And so I did: but prythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

Lord A. Nay, I must have you better friends.—Come hither, doctor; hark'e—

Mort. Another time: at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockleshell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing.

[Exit.

Enter DOCTOR DRUID.

Dr. D. Putterflies!²⁾ Putterflies in your

¹⁾ Alluding to the electing or refusing a member in any society by means of white and black balls.

²⁾ The Welsh manner of speaking English will be easily understood, if we bear in mind that they always change

teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surlypoots prabbling about? Cot give her¹⁾ coot luck; will the man never leave off his slings, and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpiting his petters?—Coot, my lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, dy'e sec.

Lord A. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. D. Tedious! ay, in coot truth is he, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of society.

Lord A. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. D. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit; like a loud yell to a pad dinner.

Lord A. Patience, good doctor, patience! Another time you shall have your revenge; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. D. I've done, my lord, I've done: laugh at my putterflies indeed! If he was a pig and as pold as king Gryffyn, doctor Druid would make free to whisper an oord²⁾ or two in his ear.

Lord A. Peace, choleric king of the mountains, peace.

Dr. D. I've done, my lord; I say, I've done.

Lord A. If you have done, let me begin. You must know then, I expect my city madam from Fishstreet-hill.

Dr. D. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young madam Pridgemore, my lady Apperville, that is to be, pleas her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

Lord A. Prythee, good doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you, she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable group; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. D. Going out, my lord, with your house full of company?

Lord A. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but, as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-bar, you must stand gentleman-usher in this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony as if they came up with an address from the whole company of cordwainers.³⁾

Dr. D. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath, or the tevil, could keep you below.

Lord A. You've guest it; such a divine, delicious, little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself could not exorcise her: I am possess'd; and from the hour I saw her by surprise, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine

the hard and soft letters in their pronunciation of words; thus they say Putterflies, for Butterflies, etc.

¹⁾ The word *her* is used by the Welsh for all the pronouns, in all the persons, and all the cases. ²⁾ Word.

³⁾ The company of Shoemakers (Cordubaniarius), one of the most important in the city.

is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. D. Pridgemore's! How so?

Lord A. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else could make it difficult, and what but difficulty could make me pursue it? They prudently enough would have concealed her from me; for who can think of any other, when miss Aubrey is in sight?—But bark! they're come; I must escape—Now, love and fortune stand my friends! *[Exit.]*

Dr. D. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young hussy—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a ooman; I never could persuade him to look upon a beautiful ooman, as if she was a statue.

Enter BRIDGEMORE, MRS. BRIDGEMORE, and LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. B. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leathersellers'-hall.

Luc. Pray recollect yourself, papa; indeed this is not Fishstreet-hill.

Bridge. I wish it was: I'd soon unhouse this trumpery: I'd soon furnish it with better goods: why this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. B. Law, how you stand and stare at things; stopping in the hall to count the servants, gazing at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is doctor Druid, lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very ancient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. D. Without flattery, Mrs. Bridgemore, miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. B. Come, sir, we'll join the company, lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. D. Yes truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. B. How! Not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. D. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business, business must be done.

Mrs. B. I thought my lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is; a man of the first fashion; you cannot have a fresher sample: the worst gallant in nature is your macaroni; with the airs of a coquette you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. B. Well, we must make our courtesies

above stairs—Our card was from lady Caroline; I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. D. Who waits there? show the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up, and show your cloaths, I'll chat with doctor Druid here below. *[Exeunt Ladies.]* I love to talk with men that know the world: they tell me, sir, you've travelled it all over.

Dr. D. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, sir? you're glad to be at home; nothing I warrant like old England. Ah! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders! no, old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. D. Your pelly says as much; 'twill fill the pot, but starve the brain; 'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people: England, to the rest of the world, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, sir; what say you to the people?

Dr. D. Nothing: I never meddle with the human species; man, living man, is no object of my curiosity; nor ooman neither; at least, Mr. Pridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade; money's your object.

Dr. D. Money and trade! I scorn 'em both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain: I've traced the Oxus, and the Po; traversed the Rhipæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Tesarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed! no; I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight: there is the land of wonders; finely depopulated; gloriously laid waste; fields without a hoof to tread 'em; fruits without a hand to gather 'em; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads—oh! 'tis a recreating contemplation, to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on 'em, filthy vermin, I hope you left 'em where you found 'em.

Dr. D. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lack-a-day, there's people enough at home can poison their native country.

Enter MRS. BRIDGEMORE and LUCINDA.

So, ladies, have you finished your visit already?

Mrs. B. We've made our courtesies and come away.

Dr. D. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go, till my lord comes back.

Luc. Why not? if my lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shouldn't I begin to practice the indifference of a wife?

Dr. D. Well, but the supper, Mr. Pridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper? *[Exeunt.]*

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper: scorpions, and bats, and toads—come, let's be gone. *[Exit.]*

Dr. D. Would they were in your pelly! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House.*

Enter MISS AUBREY and TYRREL, and a Maid-servant with Lights.

Aug. How I am watch'd in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you must not stay: what you have done and suffer'd for my sake I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties by the recovery of lord Courtland: may your life never be again exposed on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you: when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas! What hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others?

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him. Farewell, my dear Augusta; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper?

[He goes out, and she enters an inner Apartment. The Maid-servant immediately introduces Lord Abberville.]

Serv. All's safe; follow me, my lord; she is in her bed-chamber.

Lord A. Where; where?

Serv. There; where you see the light through the glass-door. If I thought you had any wicked designs in your head, I wouldn't have brought you here for the world; I should be murder'd if the family were to know it: for pity's sake, my lord, never betray me.

Lord A. Go, get you gone; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. *[The Maid-servant goes out.]* First I'll secure the door: 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. *[Locks the Door, and advances to the Glass-door.]* Ay, there she is!—How pensive is that posture!—Musing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.—Sdeath, she cannot choose but jump at my proposals.—See, she weeps.—I'm glad on't—Grief disposes to compliance.—'Tis the very moment to assail her.

[She comes to the Door, with the Candle in her Hand; seeing Lord Abberville, starts.]

Aug. VWho's there; who's at the door? Ah!—

Lord A. Hush, hush; your screams will rouse the house.—'Tis I, miss Aubrey—'tis lord Abberville—Give me your hand—Nay, be composed.—Let me set down the candle: you are safe.

Aug. Safe, my lord! Yes, I'm safe; but you are mistaken; miss Bridgemore's not at home; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

Lord A. I'm glad of that; bless'd in miss Aubrey's company, I wish no interruption from miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so; an avowal of baseness to one woman, should

never be taken as flattery by another: in short, my lord, I must entreat you to let the servants show you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

Lord A. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, madam; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolic has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me.

[A rapping is heard at the Door.]

Luc. *[From without.]* VWho's within there?

Aug. Hark, bark, miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Luc. Come in! why you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—she must come in.

Lord A. Stay, stay; she must not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there: I may still escape.

Luc. *[From without.]* VWhat are you about, miss Aubrey? Let me in.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself? You've ruined all: if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

Lord A. Be advised then: we have only this chance left. *[Goes to the Bed-room Door.]*

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do. *[After locking Lord Abberville in, opens the outward Door.]* There, madam, you're obeyed.

Luc. VWhy, surely, you affect extraordinary privacy. It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, madam; my poor spirits suit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy I can see, though she attempts to hide it: I can't bear her. *[Aside.]*—Pray, miss Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man?

Aug. Madam!

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as soon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he shall), your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. VWhen were they otherwise?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely: watching the bed-room door—what is it she looks at?

Aug. VWhere a.e you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where—she's alarmed—miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will serve: I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-day; all's fast—you've locked the door—

Aug. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, have you, madam; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no further.

Luc. No, madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there. [*Opens and discovers Lord Abberville.*]

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolics modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest style.

Lord A. Upon my life, miss Bridgemore, my visit has been entirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your lordship's character, the lady's composure, all are innocence itself. Can't you affect a little surprise, ma'am, at finding a gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

Lord A. Indeed, miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No: be assured I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so well-bred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether, I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my innocence to you; heaven and my own heart acquit me; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O madam, with lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this house will not be very welcome. [*Exit.*]

Lord A. [*To her, as she goes out.*] Then, madam, she shall come to mine; my house, my arms are open to receive her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance; resign yourself to my protection; you shall face your tyrant, outface her, shine above her, put her down in splendour as in beauty; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all womankind, the mistress of my happiness—

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my lord, I'll perish first: the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it: from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress yourself created, sinks you deeper in contempt than heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. [*Exit.*]

Lord A. A very unpromising campaign truly; one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library in MORTIMER'S House.*
MORTIMER alone.

Mort. So! so! another day; another twelve hours round offolly and extravagance: 'pshaw! I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, while a vast army of vices overruns the whole country at discretion.

Enter JARVIS.

Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, sir, a breakfast of good deeds. the offerings of a full heart, and the return of an empty purse. There, sir, 've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me, then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; veneer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou my pander, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half-pay officer I met last Sunday—

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee, no more on't: you sav'd him; you relief'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow-creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, sir; but his story's so affecting—

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of nature's spoil children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in.

Enter TYRREL.

So, nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence; to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms

with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle: therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never jostle; besides, they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I'm employed with 't'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl, from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of your's will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one; but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against the prou', the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining her's, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; yours is the task: you are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. [*Exit Tyrrel*] Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encounter'ing a wife, I am convinc'd of it. A wife! 'sdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

Enter COLIN MACLEOD.

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell¹⁾ of news, gude faith; aw²⁾ things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrain take 'em all, sike³⁾ a family of freebooters, maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful economy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an the de'il himsell was to turn housekeeper, he could na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna' count past two generations without a gibbet in their scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably chang'd since your old master died.

1) Quantity. 2) All. 3) Such.

Colin. Ah, maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my laird; i'faith I hanna' stinted him o'that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain, the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod and that's no trifle in this case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Naphthali of St. Mary Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o'the hede; my laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promissory notes, and a damn'd sight of rogueries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Naphtali could carry; I would it had braken his back¹⁾; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-street-hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment; this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, maister Mortimer, I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my lord has got rid of miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he should lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder; yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew since Samson's time that Colin could na' deal with; an he hangs back, and will na' follow kindly, troth, I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his maister the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormorant; if the son of my noble friend will be undone, it ne-

1) Broke his back.

ver shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. *[Exit.]*

Colin. By heaven, you speak that like a noble gentleman. Ah, maister Mortimer, in England, he that wants money, wants every thing; in Scotland, now, few have it, but every one can do without it. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House.*

Enter BRIDGEMORE and DR. DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, doctor? while I have a good house over my head, what care I if the pyramids of Egypt were sunk into the earth? London, thank heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. D. Ay, ay, look ye, I never said it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is like it? Where can you live so well.

Dr. D. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks'-shops and putchers'-shambles; your very streets have savoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fishstreet-hill here; o'my oord, the map of London would furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a lord mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, doctor, I'm contented with Fishstreet-hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. D. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your town a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; pless us, and save us, by-and-by not a monument of antiquity will be left standing from London-stone to Westminster-hall.

Bridge. And if the commissioners of paving would mend the streets with one, and present 'tother as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

Dr. D. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble, and venerable, and ancient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from you progenitors, than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing 'em with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we could serve you with a dried rattlesnake, or a stuft alligator, in all the purlieus of Fishstreet-hill.

Dr. D. A stuft alligator! A stuft alderman would be sooner bad.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman would be in the ruins of Herculaneum; every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the pakry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents at Don Saltero's, as I am with the Jews and jobbers at Jonathan's.

Dr. D. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to say which collection is the most harmless of the two.

Enter MRS. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. B. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to see you stir no brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. B. Recollect the misadventure of last night; the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which would never have had strength to sting, hadn't you warm'd it in your bosom.

Dr. D. Faith and truth now, I haven't heard better reasoning from an ooman this many a day; you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their sting, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurers in Persia play a thousand fancies and fagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, doctor.

Mrs. B. No, nor conjurer neither; you would not else have been the dupe thus of a fairy girl.

Dr. D. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish pacha or a Tartar chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. B. Manage your butterflies, your hats, and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em: we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; magna charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time: we have our commons, doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. D. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if miss is as well instructed in her's, I wish my lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. *[Exit.]*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither?

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade¹), he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt, before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. B. I would he was there, and his pupil with him; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition. I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child; sure there are more men in the world besides lord Abberville.

Luc. Law, papa! your ideas are so gross, as if I car'd for any of the sex, if he hadn't

1) Fellow.

singled her off from all womankind; but it was ever thus; she's born to be my evil genius; sure the men are mad—Tyrrel—lord Abberville—one touch'd my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connexions, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some show of justice; this may be all a frolic of lord Abberville's; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable?

Mrs. B. Come, she's been suffer'd in your house too long; had I been mistress, she should have quitted it last night upon the instant: would she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridgemore; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll send her to you: nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature more. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. B. VWhat is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing. Explain yourself.

Bridge. I can't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you should never know it.

Mrs. B. VWhy, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friend?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that—But hush! my daughter's here—VWell, where's miss Aubrey?

Re-enter LUCINDA, followed by a Maid-servant.

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. B. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. VWhat have you there? A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, sir; I don't choose to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. VWell, then, let's see; I'll read it myself.

[Reads.] *Sir—Since neither lord Abberville's testimony, nor my most solemn protestations can prevail with you to believe me innocent, I prevent miss Bridgemore's threaten'd dismission by withdrawing myself for ever from your family: how the world will receive a destitute, defenceless orphan I am now to prove; I enter on my trial without any armour but my innocence; which, though insufficient to secure to me the continuance of your confidence, will, by the favour of Providence, serve, I hope, to support me under the loss of it.*

AUGUSTA AUBREY.

So! she's elop'd—

Mrs. B. Ay, this is lucky; there's an end of her; this makes it her own act and deed; give me the letter; go, you need not wait.

[To the Servant.]

Serv. Madam!

Luc. Don't you hear? Leave the room.

Serv. Pray don't be angry; I beg to speak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go, another time; I'm busy.

Serv. I've done a wicked thing; and if I don't discharge my heart, 'twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. B. VWhat have you done? Speak out.

Serv. VWhy, I have been the means of ruining an innocent person; for such miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so? Go on.

Serv. 'Twas I that brought lord Abberville last night into her chamber, unknown to her: I thought it was a little frolic to surprise her; but, when I heard her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at the door.

Luc. VWell, and what then?

Serv. VWhy, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone; yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, madam: indeed, she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Serv. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. *[Exit.]*

Bridge. VWhat's to be done now?

Mrs. B. VWhat's to be done? why let her take her course; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that? indeed, had she been really criminal, I could have endur'd her better, for then I had had one qualification, which she had wanted; now she piques me every way.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Lord Abberville, madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. VWho? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. B. Oh, by all means admit him; now, Lucy, show yourself a woman of spirit; receive him, meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt—Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themselves.

[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Bridgemore.]

Luc. Ahem; now, pride support me.

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE.

Lord A. Miss Bridgemore, your most obedient; I come, madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surprised last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain!

Lord A. I dare say, you laugh'd most heartily after I was gone. *[Aside.]*

Luc. Most incontinently-incomparable assurance!

Lord A. VWell, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a foolish frolic, but absolutely harmless be assur'd: I'm glad to find you no longer serious about it—But where's miss Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her probably at your own door; she's gone from hence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Tyrrel, madam.

Luc. Show him in, pray—My lord, you've no objection.

Lord A. None in life; I know him intimately; but if you please, I'll take my leave; you may have business—Curse on't, he is the lady's lover.

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying—Now malice stand my friend!—Good morning to you, sir, you're welcome to town.

Enter TYRREL

Tyr. I thank you—I am wrong, I believe; your servant should not have shown me in here: 'tis with miss Aubrey I request to speak.

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to miss Aubrey; she has left this family, sir.

Tyr. Madam—My lord—I beg to know—I don't understand—

Lord A. Nor I, upon my soul: was ever any thing so malicious? *[Aside.]*

Luc. My lord, why don't you speak? Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with miss Aubrey.

Lord A. Why do you refer to me? How should I know any thing of miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

Lord A. Ay, plac'd her indeed! For heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you would no longer affect any privacy as to your situation with miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, madam? tell me; I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for't, for then you'll not be pleas'd to hear that she admits lord Abberville by night into her bedroom, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My lord, my lord, if this is true—

Lord A. What then?—What if it is? Must I account to you? Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that control which virtue gives me over its opposers: if more you would, with anguish I confess, my heart unhappily was plac'd on her whom you have ruin'd; now you'll not dispute my right.

Lord A. This is no place to urge your right; I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. *[Exit Tyrrel.]*

Lord A. Do so—your servant—Miss Bridgmore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit; I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street, with a distant View of the Square.*

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Ah, Colin, thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon¹⁾ thou'st been, that could na' keep a little pelf to thysall when thou hadst got it; now thou may'st gang in this poor gear²⁾ to thy life's end, and worse too for aught I can tell; 'faith, mon, 'twas a smart little bysack of money thou hadst scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk, in the Isles of Skey and Mull; muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it! There was Jamie Mac Grejor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the two braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin: by my sol I could na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sich auncient families, gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback: I had been na' true Scot, an I could na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft³⁾ upon occasion.

[As he is going out Miss Aubrey enters.]

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I can't resolve to go to it: to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in danger; still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty: wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? *[As she is going out Colin advances.]*

Colin. Haud⁴⁾ a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth, did I; I were loath to let affliction pass beside me, and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in the way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha' can tell that? I may be better than I seem: as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the land; troth, an you be of my country, madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it; but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an if you had the de'il a bit the worse should I ha' lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot; we did na' make oursalls; ⁵⁾ Paradise itsal would na' hald⁶⁾ all mankind, nor Scotland neither; and let me tell you, there's na' braver or more auncient people underneath heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here; I cannot well deliver it myself; if you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot! hoot! I ken him well; I came fra' thence but now.

1) Rascal. 2) Dress. 3) Lift. 4) Hold. 5) Our-
selves. 6) Hold.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, esquire—Ah! an 'tis thereabouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's lost; you may ex'n wear the willow, as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the same time.

Aug. His heart's engag'd it seems: what is the lady's name?

Colin. VVoe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scottish name, I should na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? VVell, sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treason in it against miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to him; I were a sorry child an I could grudge you that: where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will show you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an I could not pay bock a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. VVho you may be I know not; but that sentiment persuades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turn'd his bock upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I could find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he, lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he were dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: would I could say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Macleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. VVhat do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis nought a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol, I hanna' spent it: I serve lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing-space, till I can rally my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so heaven gives life; and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na' smutbly¹⁾ spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we search'd aw the town we could na' find a better. [*Knocks at the Door.*] Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome. [*Mrs. Macintosh comes to the Door.*] Gude day to you, madam, is your name Macintosh, pray you?

Mrs. M. It is: what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scottish kinsman of yours, Colin Macleod by name, I crave a lodgment in your house for this poor lassie.—Gude troth you need na' squant²⁾ at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and though she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own sall I will na' vaunt, but an you've any doubts, you need na' gang a mighty length to satisfy 'em: I'm no impostor.

Mrs. M. I see enough to satisfy me; she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lack-a-day, you seem piteously fatigu'd.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter, and call on you anon.

Aug. I thank you.

[*Enters the House.*]

Mrs. M. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you a bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your honde, and let her want for nought.

Mrs. M. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. Another of my Scottish cousins—Oh, this new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in LORD ABBERVILLE'S House.

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE, followed by several Servants.

Lord A. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reason, my lord; monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has

1) Smoothly. 2) Squint (look).

a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too oeconomique; it is not for the credit of mi lord Anglois to be too oeconomique.

Lord A. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tir'd of him as you are.—[*Exeunt Servants*].—His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deform'd me; gaming has made a monster of me.

Enter COLIN.

Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I should guess a pratty many lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

Lord A. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And so must truth itself, when the de'il turns historian.

Lord A. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; nor shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stable-boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor ever will, till I prefer their interest to yours; hungry curs will bark: but an your lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting yours above, gadzooks, I have a pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

Lord A. 'Tis for such purses and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridian of London, your narrow scale of economy is laid down.

Colin. Economy is no disgrace; 'tis batter living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Lord A. Well, sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My lord, my lord; when you have shad¹⁾ the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, heaven be my judge, the realm of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

Enter DOCTOR DRUID.

Lord A. So, doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

Lord A. Afford it, sirrah? Don't I know

1) Shed.

you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it?

Colin. True; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you should not. [*Exit.*]

Dr. D. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing truly about pedigrees and antiquities, though I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of St. Winifred, as regularly as a monk can tell his beads.

Lord A. Leave your generations to the worms, doctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore—But why do I ask that? VVhen I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty: and really if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they mustn't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. D. Ah, my lord Apperville, my lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

Lord A. Preach not, good sixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least; let them bestow miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. [*A Servant delivers a Letter*]. What have we here?—From Tyrrel I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. [*Reads*].—Chance has thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipses your miss Somers: come to me without loss of time, lest the bird should be on the wing.—What shall I do? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright heresy to follow any other.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. My lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from sir Harry Gamble.

Lord A. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

Lord A. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the antichamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your lordship; they have called a great many times.

Lord A. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow, as you call him, to my closet, and bid those other people call again. [*Exit Servant*]. Doctor, if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let 'em interrupt me here; tell 'em I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. [*Exit.*]

Dr. D. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulf of Finland to the Straits of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion;

where is lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I've business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. D. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. D. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a pody, who follows one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. D. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and despoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious, transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. D. Ay, I suppose miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, sir, she was an angel once: such was the graceful modesty of her deportment, it seemed as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. D. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case; women and politics I never deal in; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory. *[Exit.]*

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoke-dried piece of goat's-flesh. *[Shuts the Door.]* Now we're alone, young gentleman, there's something for your private reading.

[Delivers a Letter.]

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me? Distraction, how this racks my heart.

Colin. Ay, and mine too;—Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the sol of me, get it back into its place again: gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. *[Reads]* *I am the martyr of an accident, which never will find credit; under this stroke, I can't conceal a wish that Mr. Tyrrel would not give me up; but, as his single opposition to the world's reproach might be as dangerous to him, as it must be ineffectual to me, I earnestly advise him to forget the unfortunate* AUGUSTA.

What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence; the words as soft as modesty could utter.—The martyr of an accident! She calls it accident; why that's no crime. Alas! it might be accident which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt which yielded to the tempter; of him she makes no mention. Pray, sir, inform me; you have seen this lady—

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her—

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look: I would na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh! 'tis too palpable! But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own bondes; gude faith, the heart within you would ha' maited to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang '1) the secret to my laird.

Tyr. Well, well, the place—

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely, courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with; one Mrs. Macintosh.

Tyr. 'Sdeath! that confirms it! There, sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pander in this business, I desire never to be troubled more. *[Exit.]*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you? What time o'the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite. There's mischief in the wind; and this same laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—MRS. MACINTOSH'S House.

Enter MRS. MACINTOSH AND TYRREL.

Mrs. M. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short, my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind: you've got a lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. M. What is't you mean? What lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. M. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly, does not Lord Abberville visit a lady here?

Mrs. M. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why then that lady has undone me; she has broke my heart.

Mrs. M. Yes; but her name's not Aubrey; my lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. M. Why you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust? No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. M. Yes, and so have my lord come in
1) Tell.

and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you; no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family:—Hush, as I live, here comes my lord: dear Tyrrel, be advised, come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No; I'll not seek a quarrel with lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him: go, go, and leave us to each other.

• *[Exit Mrs. Macintosh.]*

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE.

Lord A. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon miss Aubrey's account, come to my house: I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My lord, when I'm assured miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

Lord A. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

Lord A. Humph! after all, 'twould be a lucky hit, should this be true: it may be so.

[Aside.]

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, miss Aubrey herself.

Enter Miss AUBREY.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! lord Abberville here too;—'tis what I dreaded. You have mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands. Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this lord, or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly entreat you to desist from any altercation with lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you: lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever. Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever.

[Exit.]

Aug. Astonishing!

Lord A. There, madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that gentleman.

Aug. Could I have thought this of him? Now I'm truly wretched.

Lord A. No, madam, if my purse, my person, my assiduous ardent love can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss: dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my lord, no; you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

Lord A. Inexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; surrounded by creatures whom

I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain; if you refuse my favours, madam, you shall feel my force.

Aug. What is't you mean, my lord?—Stand off!

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my lord?

Lord A. Mortimer! death, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. *[Goes to the Door.]* Nay, my good friend, come in.

Enter COLIN.

This honest man was my conductor: while you, lord Abberville, in a distinguish'd rank are openly assailing innocence, he, in his humble post, is secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

Lord A. This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as heaven first form'd you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank, and fortune at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less-exceptions; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

Lord A. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.—MacLeod, I find miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. *[Exit.]*

Mort. Come, madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardon me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, pass'd the bounds betwixt us, forc'd into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this—

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country, rather than to virtue, which determin'd you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now and all my kindred

with me, if I knew ought about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew, I perceive, has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here: commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a mere voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman, and come to us at my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scottish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blush'd before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gadzooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FISHSTREET-HILL.

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. If Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordain'd me to this hour, and through innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I approach it with an anxious, aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceiv'd, I could but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to.

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter COLIN.

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fishstreet-hill, wherever it may be: I would it had na' got its name for nought,¹⁾ that I might fairly small²⁾ it out, for I am clear bewald³⁾ Johnny Groat's house would as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o'this bonde, one o'that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna' got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auuncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter sort, and peradventure would concede an answer. Speed you, gentleman, I pray you which way leads to Fishstreet-hill.

1) Nothing. 2) small. 3) Bewildered.

Aub. You are there already; this is Fishstreet-hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's, may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore—

Colin. I am.

Aub. And with his family—

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be serious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family,

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base-begotten brats he may have skulking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.—These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no young lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck ber's, but that is over; she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you—She is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I would ha' told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na' more: out on him, filthy porpoise, aw the bowels in his belly, though he has got gude store, dunna' contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again.—Starv'd in the streets! I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, sir, nought else; and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I mysall, by heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps¹⁾ for joy. Are you miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I could

1) To my lips.

na' been more happy. VVall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my sol you've got an angel of a child—But where have you been buried aw the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Ans. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin. Fear nought, she's safe with maister Mortimer; I laft her but this moiment.

Aub. VVho is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. VVhy, maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an you will bait awhile in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bradgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robb'd me—but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my inquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bradgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's. Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Counting-house belonging to BRIDGEMORE.*

Enter BRIDGEMORE and NAPTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Napthali, lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn'd one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine, high, pamper'd carcass to the quick.

Napth. I'faith, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India-stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest.

[*Gives several Papers.*]

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bouds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lie by and breed. [*Puts them by.*] But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no senses in that. Here I have make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make, considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. VVhy this tells well; it mounts; the raw silk was old gold; the carpeting and cottons not amias; and whub! the rhubarb!

Napth. Ah, sir, but vat is that?—Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while newspapers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank heaven; a blessed circumstance, coot seven per cent.

Bridge. Let me see; altogether 'tis a thumping sum: it netted forty thousand: where's the conscience, Napthali, that wouldn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you could not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that wouldn't acquit you. VVell, Mr. Bridge—more, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odso! well recollected! The Seahorse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. VVhat d'ye hear? VVhat passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate-creek?

Napth. No, in the pool; she's brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. [*Exit Napth.*] VVell, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow—The Seahorse come at last!—VVhy be it so.—VVhat ails me; what possesses me? If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.—How now; who's there?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly¹⁾ under favour of your reverence, na' better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my lord Abberville's retinue—VVell, you have some inquiries to make about miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guest as much; but she is gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee the sic a pill should lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance.

[*Aside.*]

Bridge. No, master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country—VVell, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang back to maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'll na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold! what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scanderoon, aboard the what d'ye call the vessel—the Seahorse, I take it.

Bridge. VVhat, who? It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I would it was—the mon is dead.

Bridge. VVhich man is dead; the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! can't you think 'tis Aubrey?—By your leave, truth, awhile; you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falsehood to detect it all.

[*Aside.*]

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart. Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend—and so he's dead, you say—you're sure he is dead—pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. VVhen a mon's in his grave, what

1) From the land of Gael; the language of the Highlanders is called Erse, or Gaelic.

matters which distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter—Zooks! suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome, think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air. *[Exit hastily.]*

Colin. Ecod, the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

Enter NAPTHALL, hastily.

Naph. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot—Vho's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold! friend Naphali; you aud I munna part; you must keep pace wi' me to maister Mortimer's.

Naph. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the Coffee-house on my back. VVould you make me a lame¹⁾ duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, sir, you must travel. *[Drags him out.]*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Hey-day! I never saw the like before; I can't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated; quiet beside himself with this confirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy any woman's preference; If I could draw him from her 'twould be full retaliation for lord Abberville—I'll go to Mortimer's; 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

Enter BRIDGEMORE.

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name. *[Exit hastily.]*

Enter MRS. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. B. VVhere have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you—Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—MORTIMER'S Library.

Enter MORTIMER and TYREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-say circumstances together, shook 'em in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judg'd too hastily.

Mort. Judg'd!—pooh, I would not give a rush for such a judge: a magpie in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemn'd yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if miss Au-

brey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Bless you, gude maister Mortimer, I hanna' slept in your commission: yon fat fellow upon Fishstreet-hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. VVhat mean you? Does he bring his wife with him?

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you man know apace, and yon same buzzard canna' spy it out.

Mort. VVhat plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as pretty a discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes look'd upon; but aw things in their course; I mun gang home the whilst, but I'll be quickly back again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your lord I beg half an hour's conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a gentleman of no vulgar presence, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart could wish.

Mort. VVhy that accounts for it. VVell, what of him?

Colin. VVith your leave, maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd¹⁾ me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himsell; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. *[Exit.]*

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, sir, is welcome: I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper: the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating, and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. VVell, sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you never can be tir'd of.

Mort. VVhy truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be; I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up

1) A lame duck is one who does not fulfil his engagements on 'change

1) Willad (desired).

your time; the honest Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions would annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me: 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think I would betray a trust, a sacred trust: she is a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression, I protect miss Aubrey—who are you, that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why.

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injur'd girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have under Providence preserv'd my child; whilst Bridgemore, whom I rais'd from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O mother nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, sir, you feel the villany of man in every vein; I am more practis'd, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an

honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

Enter TYRREL, hastily.

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees—what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make miss Aubrey mine?

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive pretensions to miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of fortune.—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allow'd me, sir, to talk of love; openly, beneath your eye, I have solicited miss Aubrey's consent and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I should hope, though fortune has not favour'd us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature! While you enjoy it's rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and should it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never would consent to your alliance with miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me that you love money more than beauty, generosity, or honour.

Aub. But is your lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her; I'm in earnest. Upon my honour, nephew, till you've gain'd this gentleman's consent, you never can have mine; so go your ways, and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh! if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand 'em. [Exit.]

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it prepossesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtu-

ous conduct in my child: indeed, sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and 'tother at my death—But see, sir, here your daughter comes.

Re-enter TYRREL, introducing MISS AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed; you see the lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at, but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder! 'Tis her mother's image! Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? Is your uncle angry? How have I offended?—

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks; 'tis she herself, it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what bad I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me; ask him if he knows me?

Tyr. Sir, if you know the lady, if you've any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness, oh! that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear? You was my father's friend?—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself, be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, through toil and peril, through sickness and through sorrow, heaven has graciously preserved, and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did I not tell you this? Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings terminate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness; you have a father living who approves your passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you.

[Embraces her.]

Mort. There; there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both!

Tyr. See how her colour flies—She'll faint.

Aub. What have I done? Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements—I have a father then at last—Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing

else! But look, she changes again—Help me to lead her into the air.

[Tyrrel and Aubrey lead her out.]

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us. Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprise: let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness; for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means would not be wanting to enjoy it. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in LORD ABBERVILLE'S House.*

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE, followed by COLIN.

Lord A. 'Sdeath, sir, am I or you the master of this house? who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

Lord A. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not such?

Colin. Under favour, I took 'em to be sharppers; I know your lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

Lord A. Impertinence! I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Colin. Hang 'em, base vermin, pay them debts; pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. *[Half aside.]*

Lord A. What is't you mutter? It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Colin. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

Lord A. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Colin. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

Lord A. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them: shall I keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist? I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. *[Exit.]*

Colin. Well, well! 'tis vary well! A rascal! Let it pass—Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle—Let it pass—I've seen the world, serv'd a spendthrift, heard myself call'd rascal, and I'll now jog back again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the Isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha! ha! ha! quel spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting—Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my lord have sign your lettre de cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your heak; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of

de Highlands will give you de grand appetit for de bonny clabber¹).

Colin. Take your jest, master Frenchman, at my countrymen, an welcome; the de'il a jest they made of you last war. *[Exit.]*

LaJeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in MORTIMER'S House.*

MORTIMER, AUBREY, and NAPHTALI, *discovered.*

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest.

[Mortimer looks over his Papers.]

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandise from Seanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly.

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so—But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! Do I know of it? I had better make a friend of him; 'tis up with Bridgemore, fail; there is no senses in serving him any longer. *[Aside]* Why you shall know, sir, I was Bridgemore's broker for your merchandise: here is the abstract of the net proceeds.

[Gives a Paper to Aubrey, who peruses it some time.]

Mort. That's lucky, as I live; I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave—And pray, sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust; that is the rule of the trade, I think.

Napth. I work as others; I do nothing below market price.

Mort. You're right, sir; 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made rogues too cheap—But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.—Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me: I'm pretty well accustomed to their dealings. *[Exit with Napthali.]*

Enter DOCTOR DRUID.

Dr. D. Save you, sir, save you; is it true, I pray you, that a learned gentleman, a traveller but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. D. May he be seen, good now? May he be talk'd with? What has he brought home? Is he well stor'd with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, sir, indifferent well he hasly; brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins of ancient Babylon; a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. D. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, sir, mere ballast.

Dr. D. Ballast indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building, the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for perserving: in short, doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. D. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'y'e see, what you have said about my putterflies: 'tis upon my memory; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a tough task; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle; how will that light them, who travel in the night? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.

Enter COLIN.

So, Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, sir, no mighty matter; only laird Abberville has turn'd away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. D. By this coot light, and that is well remember'd; look'e, I've got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Excuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. D. No wages? Why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow, but by my sol, I'll touch n'a siller; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna' merited, heaven knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha pleas'd my laird to say, I am a rascal; but I'll na' wear a rascal's wages in a Scottish pouch: de'il o' my soul, I'd sooner eat my stroud¹ for famine.

Mort. I think thou wouldest, but wait awhile with patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which, if it fails, I shall take leave of him as well as you.

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. Lord Abberville, sir, desires to speak with you.

Mort. That's well. Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your

¹) A mixture of oatmeal and soup or water.

¹) Shoe.

philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste, make haste; here come the Bridgemores. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servant, introducing BRIDGEMORE, his Wife, and Daughter.

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately,

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e friend, I expected to meet a stranger; a gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*]

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly boots we could well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. B. Thank heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand—

Bridge. True, sir, but death you know is common to all men; I look'd to meet a gentleman here—this is all lost time.

Mort. True: therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, sir, I've a nephew—

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel, I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mr. B. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. Law, ma'am, you put me into such a flutter—

Mort. There is a certain lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Couldn't he as well have nam'd my daughter? [*Aside.*]
VVell, sir, what are your expectations from that lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge. VVell, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. VVhy you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long, sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. B. VVhy really, Mr. Mortimer, the

parties should at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: sir, these are the parties.

Enter TYRREL and Miss AUBREY.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. VVhat ails you? have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. B. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties: are they not well match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. VVho shall forbid their union?

Luc. VVho cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the lady are agreed, that's enough: I suppose it is not necessary for us be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chooses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush! you frighten me: pray be compos'd; and let me own that no injustice, no severity, can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and what share of education he allow'd me; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mrs. B. Is the man thunderstruck; why don't you answer?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come, let's be gone: her words have daggers in 'em and her looks have poison.

Aug. Before you go, miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you suppress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber?

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question. [*Exit with Mrs. Bridgemore.*]

Mort. Hold; you and I, sir, must not part.

[*To Bridgemore, as he is going.*]

Bridge. VVell, sir, your pleasure?

Aug. I suffer for him; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [*Exit.*]

Tyr. VVell, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [*Exit.*]

Mort. VVell, sir, we're now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man; let it be so: you shall have justice notwithstanding; innocence requires no more. You are accus'd; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what; and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. VVho waits?

Enter Servant.

Desire the stranger to come hither. [*Exit Servant.*] Fear nothing; we're enough to try

this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say, that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and levell'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. We shall try that! [*Aside*] Do you know this gentleman?

Enter AUBREY.

Bridge. [*Starting*] Aubrey!

Aub. Thou wretch.

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion — Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak scion of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her; and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face! [*Aside*].

Aub. Where have you lodg'd the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But, above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

Enter Miss AUBREY, and throws herself on her Knees to her Father.

Aug. Dear sir, upon my knees, I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise, my beloved child, it shall be so. There, sir, your pardon be your punishment: it was my money only you attempted, my choicest treasure you have left untouched: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of your fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of lord Abberville's: I find you've put miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, show this gentleman into my library, you'll find a lawyer there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already—A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. [*Exit.*]

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Conferring with lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this rickety babe of quality upon his legs—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Enter LORD ABBERVILLE and TYRREL.

Lord A. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug. You've nothing, my lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loath to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta—In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure: I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, sir, will you accept the charge? [*To Tyrrel.*]

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my sight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks—Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

Lord A. O Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why that's well said; there spoke your father from within you: now be gone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason, why you was a gamester.

Lord A. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

Lord A. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Enter DOCTOR DRUID hastily, followed by COLIN.

D. D. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray

gentlemen, bear witness: is master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen that lectures twice a week on oratory at the Seven Dials? And does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. D. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

Lord A. Colin, I've done you wrong; but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yourself na' more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too: like my lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a child, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where

shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty sav'd.

Lord A. Hold, sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enow; heaven sends misfortune, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. D. Well, master Colins, all is past and over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to be quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler, and your passions, and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; in fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart, philosophy, and travel, might have open'd, should know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed: by heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their Empire.

THE WEST INDIAN,

Comedy by Richard Cumberland. Acted at Drury Lane 1771. This comedy may be considered as one of the best that the present time have produced. The frequency of its representation renders it sufficiently known; and it was originally performed with very great and deserved success. "The character of Major O'Flaherty (says a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine*) is not a fictitious one, but copied from the original in the person of Col. O'B-ne, who distinguished himself during many years service in the Austrian army, and is now retired upon a pension of about 300 L. per annum, with a *brevet de colonel*. The last time I saw him was at the court of Bruxelles, in the year 1774, where he then resided, and was much respected both by the noblesse and the military, who paid him all the honours due to so brave and honest a veteran; a man whose courage had stood the test of every trial; whose intrepidity was beyond example in dangerous encounters. Without the least effeminacy, he was sometimes rather too blunt and uncouth; which, however, so far from giving offence, added new lustre to his actions: disdaining every symptom of duplicity, he was often too open and sincere. These qualities, joined to his gallant bravery, were always ready to vindicate any affront offered either to himself or his friends. Respecting the first, he generously condescended to expostulate before a challenge: in the other case, he stood forward the arbiter of disputes, the mediator in quarrels, and, if the offending party obstinately refused to submit to his decisions, he had a sure way to bring him to reason; he immediately espoused the cause of the injured or insulted, and made himself a second where he could not be admitted as principal. In the numberless engagements which he had of this sort, he was never known to have embarked with rashness, or in a wrong cause. His idea of military virtue, and the point of honour, was so great, that he would not suffer the least reflection to be cast on either; notwithstanding, he was a cheerful companion, a solid friend, and of a generous spirit; but an implacable enemy to every species of meanness, which he always either corrected, or exposed to the severest ridicule. In a few words, he was the advocate of the distressed, and the chastiser of the insolent. The coachman of the Flemish baron had designedly, and contrary to the etiquette of rank, drove against and damaged the carriage of the Duke of St. Alban's. This coming to the ears of the colonel, he insisted that the Duke should send a message to the baron, demanding an apology for his servant's conduct; but the latter not complying, he accompanied the Duke to the baron's country-seat, requiring satisfaction for the indignity done to one of his grace's high rank; giving him to understand, that he was come as champion for the duke; upon which the intimidated baron submissively asked pardon. Being formerly an officer of Fandours in the Hungarian army, he was sent to Vienna, charged with dispatches from the general, containing the relation of some important advantages. The colonel, at that time only a private officer, unknown at court, and little acquainted with the place, or the usual ceremonies belonging to it, was impatient to be admitted to the Queen; but, wanting the proper form of introduction, he remained some time unnoticed in the antechambers; till at length the Emperor accidentally passing, and attracted by his manly figure and particular dress, very graciously inquired his business. Our honest Hibernian, not knowing the person of the Emperor, but won by his pleasing manner of address, complained of the intemperance he had received, more especially as he possessed consequential matter in his dispatches, which he declared he would deliver to his royal mistress only. The Emperor, who till then had been occupied in admiring his martial appearance, and ignorant simplicity of court rules, now made himself known: when O'B-ne, somewhat confused at this unexpected declaration, immediately inclined with respect at the Imperial presence, and presented the packet. The emperor, reading the letter, with the other hand conducted him to the Queen, where he was favourably received, and both seemed much pleased at the firmness and integrity of his behaviour; which, joined to other circumstances tending to his reputation, they rewarded by advancing him to the rank of major, wherein he distinguished himself still more by his courage and strict regard to discipline. Many other laudable anecdotes might here be recorded of him; these will suffice to give a sketch of his character. The author of the play has only drawn the outlines of the picture; the colouring is too faint, and not equal to the merit of the original. The Austrian and French annals can bring forward more than one example in natives of our sister-kingdom, who have risen by their valour and abilities to a superiority of rank in those armies, whose names are too

sufficiently known to require a particular specification in this place. It is much to be lamented, that men of such acknowledged merit should be forced into a foreign service through a point of conscience, and excluded from serving at home by the present tenour of our laws. Several of this description, whom I have conversed with in my travels, frankly confessed how pleasing it would be to them to join their legal standard, provided no restraints were laid on their religious principles."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

STOCKWELL.
BELCOUR.
MAJOR O'FLAHERTY.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY.

CHARLES DUDLEY.
VARLAND.
STUKELY.
FULMER.

SERVANTS.
SAILORS.
LADY RUSPORT.
CHARLOTTE RUSPORT.

LOUISA DUDLEY.
MRS. FULMER.
LUCY.
HOUSEKEEPER.

SCENE.—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Merchant's Counting-house.

In an inner Room, set off by glass Doors, are discovered several Clerks, employed at their Desks. A Writing Table in the front Room. STOCKWELL is discovered reading a Letter; STUKELY comes gently out of the back Room, and observes him some Time before he speaks.

Stuke. HE seems disordered: something in that letter; and, I'm afraid, of an unpleasant sort.—He has many ventures of great account at sea; a ship richly freighted for Barcelona; another for Lisbon; and others expected from Cadiz, of still greater value. Besides these, I know he has many deep concerns in foreign bottoms, and underwritings to a vast amount. I'll accost him—Sir—Mr. Stockwell!

Stock. Stukely!—Well, have you shipped the cloths?

Stuke. I have, sir; here's the bill of lading, and copy of the invoice; the assortments are all compared: Mr. Traffic will give you the policy upon 'Change.

Stock. 'Tis very well—lay these papers by; and no more business for awhile. Shut the door, Stukely; I have had long proof of your friendship and fidelity to me; a matter of most intimate concern lies on my mind, and 'twill be a sensible relief to unbosom myself to you; I have just now been informed of the arrival of the young West Indian, I have so long been expecting—you know whom I mean?

Stuke. Yes, sir; Mr. Belcour, the young gentleman, who inherited old Belcour's great estate in Jamaica.

Stock. Hush! not so loud; come a little nearer this way. This Belcour is now in London; part of his baggage is already arrived, and I expect him every minute. Is it to be wondered at, if his is coming throws me into some agitation, when I tell you, Stukely, he is my son?

Stuke. Your son!

Stock. Yes, sir, my only son. Early in life, I accompanied his grandfather to Jamaica as his clerk; he had an only daughter, somewhat older than myself; the mother of this gentleman: it was my chance (call it good or ill) to engage her affections; and, as the inferiority of my condition made it hopeless to expect her father's consent, her fondness provided an expedient, and we were privately married; the issue of that concealed engagement is, as I have told you, this Belcour.

Stuke. That event surely discovered your connexion.

Stock. You shall hear. Not many days after our marriage, old Belcour set out for England; and, during his abode here, my wife was, with great secrecy, delivered of this son. Fruitful in expedients to disguise her situation without parting from her infant, she contrived to have it laid and received at her door as a foundling. After some time her father returned, having left me here; in one of those favourable moments that decide the fortunes of prosperous men, this child was introduced; from that instant he treated him as his own, gave him his name, and brought him up in his family. Old Belcour is dead, and has bequeathed his whole estate to him we are speaking of.

Stuke. Now then you are no longer bound to secrecy.

Stock. True: but before I publicly reveal myself, I could wish to make some experiment of my son's disposition: this can only be done by letting his spirit take its course without restraint; by these means, I think I shall discover much more of his real character under the title of his merchant, than I should under that of his father.

Enter a Sailor, ushering in several Black Servants, carrying Portmantous, Trunks, etc.

Sail. 'Save you honour! is your name Stockwell, pray?

Stock. It is.

Sail. Part of my master Belcour's baggage, an't please you: there's another cargo not far a-stern¹⁾ of us; and the coxswain has got charge of the dumb creatures.

Stock. Pr'ythee, friend, what dumb creatures do you speak of; has Mr. Belcour brought over a collection of wild beasts?

Sail. No, lord love him; no, not he; let me see; there's two green monkeys, a pair of grey parrots, a Jamaica sow and pigs, and a Mangrove dog; that's all.

Stock. Is that all?

Sail. Yes, your honour: Yes, that's all; bless his heart, a' might have brought over the whole island if he would; a' didn't leave a dry eye in it.

Stock. Indeed! Stukely, show them where to bestow their baggage. Follow that gentleman.

Sail. Come, hear a hand, my lads, hear a hand. *[Exit, with Stukely and Servants.]*

Stock. If the principal tallies with his purveyors, he must be a singular spectacle in this place: he has a friend, however, in this seafaring fellow; 'tis no bad prognostic of a man's

1) Behind.

heart, when his shipmates give him a good word. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room.*

Enter Housekeeper and Servant.

Housek. Why, what a fuss does our good master put himself in about this West Indian! see what a bill of fare I've been forced to draw out; seven and nine, ¹⁾ I'll assure you, and only a family dinner, as he calls it: why, if my lord mayor was expected, there couldn't be a greater to-do about him.

Serv. I wish to my heart you had but seen the loads of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus, he has sent hither. An ambassador's baggage, with all the smuggled goods of his family, does not exceed it.

Housek. A fine pickle he'll put the house into: had he been master's own son, and a Christian Englishman, there could not be more rout than there is about this Creolian, as they call them.

Serv. No matter for that; he's very rich, and that's sufficient. They say, he has rum and sugar enough belonging to him, to make all the water in the Thames into punch. But I see my master's coming. [Exit Housekeeper.]

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. Where is Mr. Belcour? Who brought this note from him?

Serv. A waiter from the London Tavern, sir; he says, the young gentleman is just dressed, and will be with you directly.

Stock. Show him in when he arrives.

Serv. I shall, sir. I'll have a peep at him first, however; I've a great mind to see this outlandish spark. The sailor fellow says, he'll make rare doings amongst us. [Aside.]

Stock. You need not wait; leave me. [Exit Servant.] Let me see. [Reads.]

Sir,—I write to you under the hands of the hairdresser; as soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh clothes, I will have the honour of paying you my debts. Yours, BELCOUR. He writes at his ease; for he's unconscious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into; a father's heart! All the reports I ever received give me favourable impressions of his character, wild, perhaps, as the manner of his country is, but, I trust, not frantic or unprincipled.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the foreign gentleman is come. [Exit.]

Enter BELCOUR.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England!

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o'year.

¹⁾ A dinner of two courses, one consisting of seven the other of nine dishes.

Bel. Nor did we: courier like: we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river side I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

Bel. Innumerable! Your town is as full of defiles as the island of Corsica, and I believe they are as obstinately defended; so much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your quays: so many sugar casks, porter butts, and common council men, in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel. Why, 'faith 'twas all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boatmen, tidewaiters and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. All without is as I wish; dear nature, add the rest, I am happy. [Aside.] Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Bel. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better. Was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stock. That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father! [Aside.]

Bel. Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton and a despotic power; but as a subject, which you are bound to govern, with a temperate and restrained authority.

Bel. True, sir, most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right; I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind; but, sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stock. Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself.

Bel. Ah! that's an office I am weary of; I wish a friend would take it up; I would to

heaven you had leisure for the employ; but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged; this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. And were I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion; so if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A Room in Lady Rusport's House.*

Enter LADY RUSPORT and MISS RUSPORT.

Lady R. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of captain Dudley and his destitute family; not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them; because my sister chose to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Miss R. I think you are.

Lady R. You think I am! and pray where do you find the law that tells you so?

Miss R. I am not proficient enough to quote chapter and verse; but I take charity to be a main clause in the great statute of Christianity.

Lady R. I say charity, indeed! I am apt to think the distresses of old Dudley, and of his daughter into the bargain, would never break your heart, if there was not a certain young fellow of two-and-twenty in the case; who, by the happy recommendation of a good person, and the brilliant appointments of an ensigncy, will, if I am not mistaken, cozen you out of a fortune of twice twenty thousand pounds, as soon as ever you are of age to bestow it upon him.

Miss R. A nephew of your ladyship's can never want any other recommendation with me: and if my partiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the rest of the world, I hope lady Rusport will not condemn me for it.

Lady R. I condemn you! I thank heaven, miss Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your conduct; nor is it any concern of mine how you dispose of yourself: you are not my daughter, and, when I married your father, poor sir Stephen Rusport, I found you a forward spoiled miss of fourteen, far above being instructed by me.

Miss R. Perhaps your ladyship calls this instruction.

Lady R. You are strangely pert; but 'tis no wonder: your mother, I'm told, was a fine lady: and according to the modern style of education you was brought up. It was not so in my young days; there was then some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! 'twas an edifying sight, to see the regular deportment observed in our family; no giggling, no gossiping was going on there! my good father, sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh

himself, nor ever allowed it in his children.

Miss R. Ay; those were happy times, indeed.

Lady R. But, in this forward age, we have coquettes in the egg-shell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen, that lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, that have their sentiments and their sensations; and the idle fops encourage them in it: O my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies.

Miss R. True, madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your ladyship's age; witness your admired major Dennis O'Flaherty; there's an example of some discernment; I declare to you, when your ladyship is by, the major takes no more notice of me than if I was part of the furniture of your chamber.

Lady R. The major, child, has travelled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit than falls to the lot of an English home-bred lover; in most other countries, no woman on your side forty would ever be named in a polite circle.

Miss R. Right, madam; I've been told that in Vienna they have coquettes upon crutches, and Venuses in their grand climacteric; a lover there celebrates the wrinkles, not the dimples in his mistress' face. The major, I think, has served in the imperial army.¹⁾

Lady R. Are you piqued, my young madam? Had my sister Louisa yielded to the addresses of one of major O'Flaherty's person and appearance, she would have had some excuse; but to run away as she did, at the age of sixteen too, with a man of old Dudley's sort—

Miss R. Was, in my opinion, the most venial trespass that ever girl of sixteen committed; of a noble family, an engaging person, strict honour, and sound understanding, what accomplishment was there wanting in captain Dudley, but that which the prodigality of his ancestors had deprived him of?

Lady R. They left him as much as he deserves; hasn't the old man captain's half-pay? And is not the son an ensign?

Miss R. An ensign! Alas, poor Charles! Would to heaven he knew what my heart feels and suffers for his sake.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ensign Dudley, to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady R. Who! Dudley! What can have brought him to town?

Miss R. Dear madam, 'tis Charles Dudley, 'tis your nephew.

Lady R. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; sir Oliver renounced him as his grandson; wasn't he son of the eldest daughter, and only male descendant of sir Oliver; and didn't he cut him off with a shilling? Didn't the poor dear good old man leave his fortune to me, except a small annuity to my maiden sister, who spoiled her constitution with nursing him? And, depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune shall ever be disposed of otherwise than according to the will of the donor.

¹⁾ Emperor of Austria.

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

So, young man, whence came you? What brings you to town?

Charles. If there is any offence in my coming to town, your ladyship is in some degree responsible for it, for part of my errand was to pay my duty here.

Lady R. And where is your father, child; and your sister? Are they in town too?

Charles. They are.

Lady R. Ridiculous! I don't know what people do in London, who have no money to spend in it.

Miss R. Dear madam, speak more kindly to your nephew; how can you oppress a youth of his sensibility?

Lady R. Miss Rusport, I insist upon your retiring to your apartment; when I want your advice, I'll send to you. [*Exit Miss Rusport*] So you have put on a red coat too, as well as your father; 'tis plain what value you set upon the good advice sir Oliver used to give you: how often has he cautioned you against the army?

Charles. Had it pleased my grandfather to enable me to have obeyed his caution, I would have done it; but you well know how destitute I am; and 'tis not to be wondered at if I prefer the service of my king to that of any other master.

Lady R. Well, well, take your own course; 'tis no concern of mine: you never consulted me.

Charles. I frequently wrote to your ladyship, but could obtain no answer; and, since my grandfather's death, this is the first opportunity I have had of waiting upon you.

Lady R. I must desire you not to mention the death of that dear good man in my hearing; my spirits cannot support it.

Charles. I shall obey you: permit me to say, that, as that event has richly supplied you with the materials of bounty, the distresses of my family can furnish you with objects of it.

Lady R. The distresses of your family, child, are quite out of the question at present. Tell your father and your sister, I totally disapprove of their coming up to town.

Charles. Must I tell my father that, before your ladyship knows the motive that brought him hither? Allured by the offer of exchanging for a commission on full pay, the veteran, after thirty years service, prepares to encounter the fatal heats of Senegambia; but wants a small supply to equip him for the expedition.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Major O'Flaherty, to wait on your ladyship.

Enter MAJOR.

O'Fla. Spare your speeches, young man; don't you think her ladyship can take my word for that? I hope, madam, 'tis evidence enough of my being present, when I have the honour of telling you so myself.

Lady R. Major O'Flaherty, I am rejoiced to see you. Nephew Dudley, you perceive I'm engaged.

Charles. I shall not intrude upon your ladyship's more agreeable engagements. I presume I have my answer?

Lady R. Your answer, child! What answer can you possibly expect? or how can your romantic father suppose that I am to abet him in all his idle and extravagant undertakings? Come, major, let me show you the way into my dressing-room; and let us leave this young adventurer to his meditation.

[*Exit.*]

O'Fla. I follow you, my lady. Young gentleman, your obedient! Upon my conscience, as fine a young fellow as I would wish to clap my eyes on: he might have answered my salute, however—well, let it pass; Fortune, perhaps, frowns upon the poor lad; she's a damn'd slippery lady, and very apt to jilt us poor fellows that wear cockades in our hats. Fare thee well, bonny, whoever thou art.

[*Exit.*]

Charles. So much for the virtues of a puritan—out upon it; her heart is flint; yet that woman, that aunt of mine, without one worthy particle in her composition, would, I dare be sworn, as soon set her foot in a pest-house, as in a playhouse.

Enter Miss Rusport.

Miss R. Stop, stay a little, Charles; whither are you going in such haste?

Charles. Madam; miss Rusport; what are your commands?

Miss R. Why so reserved? We had used to answer to no other names than those of Charles and Charlotte.

Charles. What ails you? You have been weeping.

Miss R. No, no; or if I have, your eyes are full too; but I have a thousand things to say to you: before you go, tell me, I conjure you, where you are to be found: here, give me your direction; write it upon the back of this visiting ticket—Have you a pencil?

Charles. I have: but why should you desire to find us out? 'tis a poor little inconvenient place; my sister has no apartment fit to receive you in.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lady desires your company directly.

Miss R. I am coming—well, have you wrote it? Give it me. O, Charles! either you do not or you will not understand me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in FULMER'S House.

FULMER discovered seated; MRS. FULMER enters to him.

Mrs. F. Why, how you sit, musing and moping, sighing and desponding! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Fulmer: is this the country you described to me, a second Eldorado, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You found me in a pretty snug retired way of life at Bologna, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and wholly at my ease: but, thank heaven, our partnership is revocable; I am not your wedded wife, praised be my stars! for what have we got, whom have we gulled but ourselves? which of all your trains has taken fire? even this poor expedient of your book-

seller's shop seems abandoned; for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

Ful. Patty, you know it is not upon slight grounds that I despair; there had used to be a livelihood to be picked up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest: I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last: there is not a point to which the wit and faculty of man can turn, that I have not set mine to, but in vain; I am beat through every quarter of the compass.

Mrs. Ful. Ah! common efforts all: strike me a master-stroke, Mr. Fulmer, if you wish to make any figure in this country.

Ful. But where, how, and what? I have blustered for prerogative; I have bellow'd for freedom; I have offered to serve my country; I have engaged to betray it; a master-stroke, truly! why, I have talked treason, writ treason, and, if a man can't live by that, he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a book-seller, why, men leave off reading; and if I was to turn butcher, I believe, o'my conscience, they'd leave off eating.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY crosses de Stage.

Mrs. Ful. Why, there now's your lodger, old captain Dudley, as he calls himself; there's no flint without fire; something might be struck out of him, if you had the wit to find the way.

Ful. Hang him, an old dry-skinned curmudgeon; you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs. Ful. The more fool he! Would any man be poor, that had such a prodigy in his possession.

Ful. His daughter, you mean; she is, indeed, uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Ful. Beautiful! Why, she need only be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. What would some of our young nabobs give—?

Ful. Hush! here comes the captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs. Ful. Captain, truly! if faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older. *[Exit.]*

Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY.

Ful. Captain Dudley, good morning to you.

Dud. Mr. Fulmer, I have borrowed a book from your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram: he is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers: and the divine story of *Le Fevre*, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does honour, not to its author only, but to human nature.

Ful. He's an author I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relished: he is much too loose and profligate for my taste.

Dud. That's being too severe: I hold him to be a moralist in the noblest sense; he plays, indeed, with the fancy, and sometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier

from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Ful. Well, sir, I shall not oppose your opinion; a favourite author is like a favourite mistress; and there, you know, captain, no man likes to have his taste arraigned.

Dud. Upon my word, sir, I don't know what a man likes in that case; 'tis an experiment I never made.

Ful. Sir!—Are you serious.

Dud. 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so.

Ful. What a formal old prig it is! *[Aside]* I apprehend you, sir; you speak with caution; you are married?

Dud. I have been.

Ful. And this young lady, which accompanies you—

Dud. Passes for my daughter.

Ful. Passes for his daughter! humph—
[Aside] She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of a most enchanting shape and air.

Dud. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Ful. How so, pray?

Dud. She has no fortune.

Ful. Rather say, that you have none; and that's a sore defect in one of your years, captain Dudley: you have served, no doubt?

Dud. Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him. *[Aside.]*

Ful. A close old fox! but I'll unkenne! him. *[Aside.]*

Dud. Above thirty years I have been in the service, Mr. Fulmer.

Ful. I guessed as much; I laid it at no less: why, 'tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a profession, fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed: you never could have been so far behindhand in the chase, unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me; but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dud. It may be so; and you, perhaps, can give me better counsel. I am now soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet a thousand bars to that; though, without boasting, I should think the certificate of services which I sent in might have purchased the indulgence to me.

Ful. Who thinks or cares about them? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter; carry her in your hand with you.

Dud. What! Who! My daughter! Carry my daughter! Well, and what then?

Ful. Why, then your fortune's made, that's all.

Dud. I understand you: and this you call knowledge of the world! Despicable knowledge; but, sirrah, I will have you know—

[Threatens him.]
Ful. Help! Who's within? Would you strike me, sir? would you lift up your hand against a man in his own house?

Dud. I in a church, if he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour.

Ful. Have a care what you do; remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery; ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dud. Go, sir; you are too mean for my resentment: 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence!

Ful. An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be revenged of him. [*Aside.*]

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

Charles. What is the matter, sir? Sure I heard an outcry as I entered the house.

Dud. Not unlikely; our landlord and his wife are for ever wrangling.—Did you find your aunt Dudley at home?

Charles. I did,

Dud. And what was your reception.

Charles. Cold as our poverty and her pride could make it.

Dud. You told her the pressing occasion I had for a small supply to equip me for this exchange; has she granted me the relief I asked?

Charles. Alas, sir, she has peremptorily refused it.

Dud. That's hard; that's hard, indeed! My petition was for a small sum; she has refused it, you say: well, be it so; I must not complain. Did you see the broker, about the insurance on my life?

Charles. There again I am the messenger of ill news; I can raise no money, so fatal is the climate: alas! that ever my father should be sent to perish in such a place!

LOUISA DUDLEY enters hastily.

Dud. Louisa, what's the matter? you seem frightened.

Lou. I am, indeed: coming from miss Rusport's, I met a young gentleman in the streets, who has beset me in the strangest manner.

Charles. Insufferable! Was he rude to you?

Lou. I cannot say he was absolutely rude to me, but he was very importunate to speak to me, and once or twice attempted to lift up my hat; he followed me to the corner of the street, and there I gave him the slip.

Dud. You must walk no more in the streets, child, without me, or your brother.

Lou. O Charles! miss Rusport desires to see you directly; lady Rusport is gone out, and she has something particular to say to you.

Charles. Have you any commands for me, sir?

Dud. None, my dear; by all means wait upon miss Rusport. Come, Louisa; I must desire you to go up to your chamber, and compose yourself. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELCOUR, after peeping in at the Door.

Bel. Not a soul, as I'm alive. Why, what an odd sort of a house is this! Confound the little jilt, she has fairly given me the slip. A plague upon this London, I shall have no luck in it: such a crowd, and such a hurry, and such a number of shops, and one so like the other, that whether the wench turned into this house or the next, or whether she went up stairs or down stairs! (for there's a world above and a world below, it seems), I declare I know no more than if I was in the Blue

Mountains. In the name of all the devils at once, why did she run away? If every handsome girl I meet in this town is to lead me such a wildgoose chase, I had better have stay'd in the torrid zone: I shall be wasted to the size of a sugar-cane: what shall I do? give the chase up? hang it, that's cowardly: shall I, a true-born son of Phœbus, suffer this little nimble-footed Daphne to escape me?—"Forbid it, honour, and forbid it, love." Hush! hush! here she comes! Oh! the devil! What tawdry thing have we got here?

Enter MRS. FULMER.

Mrs. Ful. Your humble servant, sir.

Bel. Your humble servant, madam.

Mrs. Ful. A fine summer's day, sir.

Bel. Yes, ma'am; and so cool, that, if the calendar didn't call it July, I should swear it was January.

Mrs. Ful. Sir!

Bel. Madam!

Mrs. Ful. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Fulmer, sir?

Bel. Mr. Fulmer, madam? I hav'n't the honour of knowing such a person.

Mrs. Ful. No! I'll be sworn, have you not; thou art much too pretty a fellow, and too much of a gentleman, to be an author thyself, or to have any thing to say to those that are so. 'Tis the captain, I suppose, you are waiting for.

Bel. I rather suspect it is the captain's wife.

Mrs. Ful. The captain has no wife, sir.

Bel. No wife! I'm heartily sorry for it; for then she's his mistress; and that I take to be the more desperate case of the two. Pray, madam, wasn't there a lady just now turned into your house? 'Twas with her I wished to speak.

Mrs. Ful. What sort of a lady, pray?

Bel. One of the loveliest sort my eyes ever beheld; young, tall, fresh, fair; in short, a goddess.

Mrs. Ful. Nay, but dear, dear sir, now I'm sure you flatter; for 'twas me you followed into the shop door this minute.

Bel. You! No, no, take my word for it, it was not you, madam.

Mrs. Ful. But what is it you laugh at?

Bel. Upon my soul, I ask your pardon; but it was not you, believe me; be assured it wasn't.

Mrs. Ful. Well, sir, I shall not contend for the honour of being noticed by you; I hope you think you wouldn't have been the first man that noticed me in the streets; however, this I'm positive of, that no living woman but myself has entered these doors this morning.

Bel. Why, then, I'm mistaken in the house, that's all; for it is not humanly possible I can be so far out in the lady. [*Going.*]

Mrs. Ful. Coxcomb!—But hold—a thought occurs; as sure as can be, he has seen miss Dudley. A word with you, young gentleman; come back.

Bel. Well, what's your pleasure?

Mrs. Ful. You seem greatly captivated with this young lady; are you apt to fall in love thus at first sight?

Bel. Oh, yes: 'tis the only way I can ever

1) The kitchens are all underground in the houses in London, they receive their light by means of an area, or opening, of about 5 feet broad before the house, so that the houses appear to have been sunk one story lower.

fall in love; any man may tumble into a pit by surprise; none but a fool would walk into one by choice.

Mrs. Ful. You are a hasty lover, it seems; have you spirit to be a generous one? They, that will please the eye, mustn't spare the purse.

Bel. Try me; put me to the proof; bring me to an interview with the dear girl that has thus captivated me, and see whether I have spirit to be grateful.

Mrs. Ful. But how, pray, am I to know the girl you have set your heart on?

Bel. By an undescrivable grace, that accompanies every look and action that falls from her; there can be but one such woman in the world, and nobody can mistake that one.

Mrs. Ful. Well, if I should stumble upon this angel in my walks, where am I to find you? What's your name?

Bel. Upon my soul I can't tell you my name.

Mrs. Ful. Not tell me! Why so?

Bel. Because I don't know what it is myself; as yet I have no name.

Mrs. Ful. No name!

Bel. None; a friend, indeed, lent me his; but he forbade me to use it on any unworthy occasion.

Mrs. Ful. But where is your place of abode?

Bel. I have none; I never slept a night in England in my life.

Mrs. Ful. Hey day!

Enter FULMER.

Ful. A fine case, truly, in a free country; a pretty pass things are come to, if a man is to be assaulted in his own house.

Mrs. Ful. VWho has assaulted you, my dear?

Ful. VWho! why this captain Drawcansir,¹⁾ this old Dudley, my lodger; but I'll unlodge him; I'll unharbour him, I warrant,

Mrs. Ful. Hush! hush! Hold your tongue, man; pocket the affront, and be quiet; I've a scheme on foot will pay you a hundred beatings. VWhy you surprise me, Mr. Fulmer; captain Dudley assault you! Impossible.

Ful. Nay, I can't call it an absolute assault; but he threatened me.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, was that all? I thought how it would turn out—A likely thing, truly, for a person of his obliging, compassionate turn: no, no, poor captain Dudley, he has sorrows and distresses enough of his own to employ his spirits, without setting them against other people. Make it up as fast as you can: watch this gentleman out; follow him wherever he goes, and bring me word who and what he is; be sure you don't lose sight of him; I've other business in hand. *[Exit.]*

Bel. Pray, sir, what sorrows and distresses have befallen this old gentleman you speak of?

Ful. Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him, by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Bel. What did you overhear this morning?

Ful. Why, it seems he wants to join his

regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Bel. VWhy, then your town is a damned good-for-nothing town: and I wish I had never come into it.

Ful. That's what I say, sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccountable. There's an old lady Rusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a-begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

Bel. Is the captain at home?

Ful. He is up stairs, sir.

Bel. Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither! I want to speak to him.

Ful. I'll send him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reason why. *[Exit.]*

Bel. I've lost the girl, it seems, that's clear: she was the first object of my pursuit; but the case of this poor officer touches me; and, after all, there may be as much true delight in rescuing a fellow creature from distress, as there would be in plunging one into it. —But let me see; it's a point that must be managed with some delicacy—A propos! there's pen and ink—I've struck upon a method that will do. *[Writes]* Ay, ay, this is the very thing: 'twas devilish lucky I happened to have these bills about me. There, there, fare you well! I'm glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance of being worse applied, I can tell you. *[Encloses and seals the Paper.]*

FULMER brings in DUDLEY.

Ful. That's the gentleman, sir. I shall make bold, however, to lend an ear. *[Exit.]*

Dud. Have you any commands for me, sir?

Bel. Your name is Dudley, sir?—

Dud. It is.

Bel. You command a company, I think, captain Dudley?

Dud. I did: I am now upon half-pay.

Bel. You have served some time?

Dud. A pretty many years; long enough to see some people of more merit, and better interest than myself, made general officers.

Bel. Their merit I may have some doubt of; their interest I can readily give credit to; there is little promotion to be looked for in your profession, I believe, without friends, captain?

Dud. I believe so too: have you any other business with me, may I ask?

Bel. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you was about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad.

Dud. I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full pay, quartered at James' Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

Bel. VWhy so, pray?

Dud. Why so, sir? 'Tis a home question, for a perfect stranger to put; there is something very particular in all this.

Bel. If it is not impertinent, sir, allow me

1) The title given to a boasting cowardly soldier. There is a character of this sort and of this name in an old play.

to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

Dud. Why, really, sir, mine is an obvious reason, for a soldier to have—Want of money; simply that.

Bel. May I beg to know the sum you have occasion for?

Dud. Truly, sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed: but I should guess, in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

Bel. And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dud. The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to insure my life.

Bel. Oh! that's a circumstance may make for you, as well as against: in short, captain Dudley, it so happens, that I can command the sum of two hundred pounds: seek no further; I'll accommodate you with it upon easy terms.

Dud. Sir! do I understand you rightly?—I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earnest?

Bel. What is your surprise? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to speak truth? Or is it incredible that one fellow-creature should assist another?

Dud. I ask your pardon—May I beg to know to whom?—Do you propose this in the way of business?

Bel. Entirely: I have no other business on earth.

Dud. Indeed! you are not a broker, I'm persuaded.

Bel. I am not.

Dud. Nor an army agent, I think?

Bel. I hope you will not think the worse of me for being neither; in short, sir, if you will peruse this paper, it will explain to you who I am, and upon what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money: and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. *[Exit hastily.]*

Dud. Humph! there's something very odd in all this—let me see what we've got here—This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it? Hey-day! what's here? Two Bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. *Accept this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper.* Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

Enter MAJOR O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. 'Save you, my dear! Is it you now that are captain Dudley, I would ask? *[Exit Dudley]*—VWhuh!¹⁾ What's the hurry the man's in? If 'tis the lad that run out of the shop you would overtake, you might as well stay where you are; by my soul he's as nimble as a Croat; you are a full hour's march in his rear—Ay faith, you may as well turn back, and give over the pursuit.

Re-enter DUDLEY.

Well, captain Dudley, if that's your name, there's a letter for you. Read, man; read it;

¹⁾ Whistling.

and I'll have a word with you after you have done.

Dud. More miracles on foot! So, so, from lady Rusport.

O'Fla. You're right; it's from her ladyship.

Dud. Well, sir, I have cast my eye over it; 'tis short and peremptory; are you acquainted with the contents?

O'Fla. Not at all, my dear; not at all.

Dud. Have you any message from lady Rusport?

O'Fla. Not a syllable, honey: only when you've digested the letter, I've a little bit of a message to deliver you from myself.

Dud. And may I beg to know who yourself is?

O'Fla. Dennis O'Flaherty, at your service; a poor major of grenadiers; nothing better.

Dud. So much for your name and title, sir; now be so good to favour me with your message.

O'Fla. Why then, captain, I must tell you I have promised lady Rusport you shall do whatever it is she bids you to do in that letter there.

Dud. Ay, indeed; have you undertaken so much, major, without knowing either what she commands, or what I can perform?

O'Fla. That's your concern, my dear, not mine; I must keep my word, you know.

Dud. Or else, I suppose, you and I must measure swords.

O'Fla. Upon my soul you've hit it.

Dud. That would hardly answer to either of us; you and I have, probably, had enough of fighting in our time before now.

O'Fla. Faith and troth, master Dudley, you may say that; 'tis thirty years, come the time, that I have followed the trade, and in a pretty many countries.—Let me see—In the war before last I served in the Irish brigade, d'ye see; there, after bringing off the French monarch, I left his service, with a British bullet in my body, and this riband in my button-hole. Last war I followed the fortunes of the German eagle, in the corps of grenadiers; there I had my bellyful of fighting, and a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. After six-and-twenty engagements, great and small, I went off with this gash on my skull, and a kiss of the empress queen's sweet hand, (heaven bless it!) for my pains. Since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the confederates there in Poland—but such another set of madcaps!—by the lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about.

Dud. Well, major, I won't add another action to the list; you shall keep your promise with lady Rusport: she requires me to leave London; I shall go in a few days, and you may take what credit you please from my compliance.

O'Fla. Give me your hand, my dear boy! this will make her my own; when that's the case, we shall be brothers, you know, and we'll share her fortune between us.

Dud. Not so, major; the man, who marries lady Rusport, will have a fair title to her fortune without division. But, I hope, your expectations of prevailing are founded upon good reasons.

O'Fla. Upon the best grounds in the world; first, I think she will comply, because she is

a woman; secondly, I am persuaded she won't hold out long, because she's a widow; and thirdly, I make sure of her, because I have married five wives (*en militaire*, captain), and never failed yet; and, for what I know, they are all alive and merry at this very hour.

Dud. Well, sir, go on, and prosper; if you can inspire lady Rusport with half your charity, I shall think you deserve all her fortune; at present, I must beg your excuse: good morning to you. *[Exit.]*

O'Fla. A good sensible man, and very much of a soldier; I did not care if I was better acquainted with him: but 'tis an awkward kind of country for that; the English, I observe, are close friends, but distant acquaintance. I suspect the old lady has not been over generous to poor Dudley; I shall give her a little touch about that: upon my soul, I know but one excuse a person can have for giving nothing, and that is, like myself, having nothing to give. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—LADY RUSPORT'S House. A Dressing-room.

Enter Miss Rusport and Lucy.

Miss R. Well, Lucy, you've dislodged the old lady at last; but methought you was a tedious time about it.

Lucy. A tedious time, indeed; I think they who have least to spare, contrive to throw the most away; I thought I should never have got her out of the house: then madam, this being a visit of great ceremony to a person of distinction at the west end of the town, the old state chariot was dragg'd forth on the occasion, with strict charges to dress out the box with the leopard skin hammercloth.

Miss R. Yes, and to hang the false tails on the miserable stumps of the old crawling cattle: well, well, pray, heaven, the old crazy affair don't break down again with her.—But where's Charles Dudley? Run down, dear girl, and be ready to let him in; I think he's as long in coming as she was in going.

Lucy. Why, indeed, madam, you seem the more alert of the two, I must say. *[Exit.]*

Miss R. Now the deuce take the girl, for putting that notion into my head: I am sadly afraid Dudley does not like me; so much encouragement as I have given him to declare himself, I never could get a word from him on the subject! This may be very honourable, but upon my life it's very provoking. By the way, I wonder how I look to-day: Oh! shockingly! hideously pale! like a witch!—This is the old lady's glass, and she has left some of her wrinkles on it.—How frightfully have I put on my cap! all awry! and my hair dressed so unbecomingly! altogether, I'm a most complete fright—

Enter CHARLES, unobserved.

Charles. That I deny.

Miss R. Ah!

Charles. Quarrelling with your glass, cousin? Make it up, make it up, and be friends; it cannot compliment you more than by reflecting on you as you are.

Miss R. Well, I vow, my dear Charles, that is delightfully said, and deserves my very best courtesy; your flattery, like a rich jewel, has

a value not only from its superior lustre, but from its extraordinary scarceness: I verily think, this is the only civil speech you ever directed to my person in your life.

Charles. And I ought to ask pardon of your good sense, for having done it now.

Miss R. Nay, now you relapse again: don't you know, if you keep well with a woman on the great score of beauty, she'll never quarrel with you on the trifling article of good sense?—But any thing serves to fill up a dull, yawning hour, with an insipid cousin; you have brighter moments, and warmer spirits, for the dear girl of your heart.

Charles. Oh, fie upon you! fie upon you!

Miss R. You blush, and the reason is apparent:—you are a novice at hypocrisy; but no practice can make a visit of ceremony pass for a visit of choice: love is ever before its time; friendship is apt to lag a little after it.—Pray, Charles, did you make any extraordinary haste hither?

Charles. By your question, I see, you acquit me of the impertinence of being in love.

Miss R. But why impertinence? Why the impertinence of being in love?—You have one language for me, Charles, and another for the woman of your affection.

Charles. You are mistaken—the woman of my affection shall never hear any other language from me, than what I use to you.

Miss R. I am afraid, then, you'll never make yourself understood by her.

Charles. It is not fit I should; there is no need of love to make me miserable; 'tis wretchedness enough to be a beggar.

Miss R. A beggar do you call yourself! O Charles, Charles, rich in every merit and accomplishment, whom may you not aspire to? And why think you so unworthy of our sex, as to conclude there is not one to be found with sense to discern your virtue, and generosity to reward it?

Charles. You distress me;—I must beg to hear no more.

Miss R. Well, I can be silent.—Thus does he always serve me, whenever I am about to disclose myself to him. *[Aside.]*

Charles. Why do you not banish me and my misfortunes for ever from your thoughts?

Miss R. Ay, wherefore do I not, since you never allowed me a place in yours?—But go, sir; I have no right to stay you; go where your heart directs you; go to the happy, the distinguished, fair one.

Charles. Now, by all that's good, you do me wrong; there is no such fair one for me to go to; nor have I an acquaintance among the sex, yourself excepted, which answers to that description.

Miss R. Indeed!

Charles. In very truth—there, then, let us drop the subject.—May you be happy, though I never can!

Miss R. O Charles! give me your hand; if I have offended you, I ask your pardon: you have been long acquainted with my temper, and know how to bear with its infirmities.

Charles. Thus, my dear Charlotte, let us seal our reconciliation!—*[Kissing her Hand.]* Bear with thy infirmities! By heaven, I know not any one failing in thy whole composition,

except, that of too great a partiality for an undeserving man.

Miss R. And you are now taking the very course to augment that failing.—A thought strikes me;—I have a commission that you must absolutely execute for me;—I have immediate occasion for the sum of two hundred pounds; you know my fortune is shut up till I am of age; take this paltry box (it contains my earrings, and some other baubles I have no use for), carry it to our opposite neighbour, Mr. Stockwell (I don't know where else to apply), leave it as a deposit in his hands, and beg him to accommodate me with the sum.

Charles. Dear Charlotte, what are you about to do? How can you possibly want two hundred pounds?

Miss R. How can I possibly do without it, you mean? Doesn't every lady want two hundred pounds?—Perhaps, I have lost it at play—perhaps, I mean to win as much to it—perhaps, I want it for two hundred different uses.

Charles. Pooh! pooh! all this is nothing; don't I know you never play?

Miss R. You mistake; I have a spirit to set, not only this trifle, but my whole fortune upon a stake; therefore make no wry faces, but do as I bid you. You will find Mr. Stockwell a very honourable gentleman.

Enter LUCY, in haste.

Lucy. Dear madam, as I live, here comes the old lady in a hackney coach.

Miss R. The old chariot has given her a second tumble:—away with you! you know your way out, without meeting her. Take the box, and do as I desire you.

Charles. I must not dispute your orders. Farewell! [*Exeunt Charles and Miss Rusport.*]

Enter LADY RUSPORT, leaning on MAJOR O'FLAHERTY'S Arm.

O'Fla. Rest yourself upon my arm: never spare it: 'tis strong enough; it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy. Mercy upon me, what is the matter? I am frightened out of my wits—Has your ladyship had an accident?

Lady R. O Lucy, the most untoward one in nature. I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla. Never go about to repair it, my lady; even build a new one; 'twas but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy. Bless me, is the old chariot broke down with you again?

Lady R. Broke, child! I don't know what might have been broke, if by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy. Dear madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops.

Lady R. Do, Lucy. [*Exit Lucy.*] Alas, sir! ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces:—there hangs his beloved picture; that precious relic, and a plentiful jointure, is all that remains to console me for the best of men.

O'Fla. Let me see—'faith a comely personage; by his fur cloak, I suppose, he was in the Russian service; and by the gold chain

round his neck, I should guess, he had been honoured with the order of St. Catharine.

Lady R. No, no; he meddled with no St. Catharines—that's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; sir Stephen was lord mayor of London—but he is gone, and has left me, a poor, weak, solitary widow, behind him.

O'Fla. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man, to repair his loss:—if such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur gown there—

Lady R. What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla. Not I, my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

Re-enter LUCY, with a Bottle and Glass.

Lady R. Oh, are you come? Give me the drops—I'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla. Harkye, sweetheart, what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy. Oh, sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Fla. Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies, that stand in need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

Lady R. Well, major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone.

O'Fla. You are obeyed—he's on his march.

Lady R. That's well; you have managed this matter to perfection; I didn't think he would have been so easily prevailed upon.

O'Fla. At the first word: no difficulty in life; 'twas the very thing he was determined to do, before I came; I never met a more obliging gentleman.

Lady R. Well, 'tis no matter; so I am but rid of him, and his distresses: would you believe it, major O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he sent a-begging to me for money to fit him out upon some wildgoose expedition to the coast of Africa, I know not where.

O'Fla. Well, you sent him what he wanted?

Lady R. I sent him what he deserved, a flat refusal.

O'Fla. You refused him?

Lady R. Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla. You sent him nothing?

Lady R. Not a shilling.

O'Fla. Good morning to you—Your servant—

[*Going.*]

Lady R. Hey day! what ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Fla. Out of your house, before the roof falls on my head—to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum, that thirty years hard service has left me; I wish it was more, for his sake.

Lady R. Very well, sir; take your course; I sha'n't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart, if I never see you more.

O'Fla. Break your heart! No, o'my conscience will it not.—You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the

while you are as hard-hearted as a hyena.—A hyena, truly! by my soul, there isn't in the whole creation so savage an animal as a human creature without pity!

Lady R. A hyena, truly!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Stockwell's House.*

Enter STOCKWELL and BELCOUR.

Stock. Gratify me so far, however, Mr. Belcour, as to see miss Rusport; carry her the sum she wants, and return the poor girl her box of diamonds, which Dudley left in my hands: you know what to say on the occasion better than I do; that part of your commission I leave to your own discretion, and you may season it with what gallantry you think fit.

Bel. You could not have pitched upon a greater bungler at gallantry than myself, if you had rummaged every company in the city, and the whole court of aldermen into the bargain:—part of your errand, however, I will do; but whether it shall be with an ill grace or a good one, depends upon the caprice of a moment, the humour of the lady, the mode of our meeting, and a thousand undefinable small circumstances, that, nevertheless, determine us upon all the great occasions of life.

Stock. I persuade myself you will find miss Rusport an ingenious, worthy, animated girl.

Bel. Why, I like her the better, as a woman; but name her not to me as a wife! No, if ever I marry, it must be a stayed, sober, considerate damsel, with blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's: quick of scent as a vulture when danger's in the wind; wary and sharp-sighted as a hawk when treachery is on foot: with such a companion at my elbow, for ever whispering in my ear—Have a care of this man, he's a cheat; don't go near that woman, she's a jilt; overhead there's a scaffold, underfoot there's a well. Oh, sir! such a woman might lead me up and down this great city without difficulty or danger; but with a girl of miss Rusport's complexion, heaven and earth, sir! we should be duped, undone, and distracted, in a fortnight.

Stock. Ha! ha! ha! Why, you are become wonderful circumspect of a sudden, pupil: and if you can find such a prudent damsel as you describe, you have my consent—only beware how you choose: discretion is not the reigning quality amongst the fine ladies of the present time; and, I think, in miss Rusport's particular, I have given you no bad counsel.

Bel. Well, well, if you'll fetch me the jewels, I believe, I can undertake to carry them to her: but as for the money, I'll have nothing to do with that: Dudley would be your fittest ambassador on that occasion: and, if I mistake not, the most agreeable to the lady.

Stock. Why, indeed, from what I know of the matter, it may not improbably be destined to find its way into his pockets. *[Exit.]*

Bel. Then, depend upon it, these are not the only trinkets she means to dedicate to captain Dudley.—As for me, Stockwell, indeed, wants me to marry; but till I can get this bewitching girl, this incognita, out of my

head, I can never think of any other woman.

Enter a Servant, and delivers a Letter.

Hey day! Where can I have picked up a correspondent already? 'Tis a most execrable manuscript—Let me see—*Martha Fulmer*—Who is Martha Fulmer?—Pshaw! I won't be at the trouble of deciphering her damned pot-books.¹⁾—Hold, hold, hold; what have we got here?

Dear Sir,—*I have discovered the lady you was so much smitten with, and can procure you an interview with her; if you can be as generous to a pretty girl, as you was to a paltry old captain.*—How did she find that out?—*you need not despair; come to me immediately; the lady is now in my house, and expects you.*

Yours, MARTHA FULMER.

O thou dear, lovely, and enchanting paper! which I was about to tear into a thousand scraps, devoutly I entreat thy pardon: I have slighted thy contents, which are delicious; slandered thy characters, which are divine; and all the atonement I can make, is implicitly to obey thy mandates.

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to miss Rusport, you'll have no further trouble on that score.

Bel. Ah! sir, the letter, which I have been reading, disqualifies me for delivering the letter, which you have been writing; I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

Stock. Hey day! What has turned you thus on a sudden?

Bel. A woman; one that can turn, and overturn, me and my tottering resolutions every way she will. Oh, sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

Stock. Mere rhapsody: mere childish rhapsody: the libertine's familiar plea—Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creatures of our own faults and follies.

Bel. Sir!

Stock. Slave of every face you meet, some hussey has inveigled you; some handsome profligate (the town is full of them); and, when once fairly bankrupt in constitution as well as fortune, nature no longer serves as your excuse for being vicious, necessity, perhaps, will stand your friend, and you'll reform.

Bel. You are severe.

Stock. It fits me to be so—it well becomes a father—I would say, a friend—How strangely I forgot myself!—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a mask upon the heart!

Bel. How could you tempt me so? Had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear our friendship, short as it has been, would scarce have held me—But even

¹⁾ A curve formed by a beginner in learning to write.

your mistake I reverence—Give me your hand—
—tis over.

Stock. Generous young man! because I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly took up the authority of one. I ask your pardon—pursue your course; I have no right to stop it—VWhat would you have me do with these things?

Bel. This, if I might advise; carry the money to miss Rusport immediately; never let generosity wait for its materials; that part of the business presses. Give me the jewels: I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands: and your visit may pave the way for my reception. *[Exit.*

Stock. Be it so; good morning to you. Farewell, advice! Away goes he upon the wing for pleasure. VWhat various passions he awakens in me! He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my heart. His very failings set him off—for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: I must dissemble longer; and yet how painful the experiment!—Even now he's gone upon some wild adventure; and who can tell what mischief may befall him: O nature, what it is to be a father! *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—FULMER'S House.

Enter FULMER and MRS. FULMER.

Ful. I tell you, Patty, you are a fool, to think of bringing him and miss Dudley together; 'twill ruin every thing, and blow your whole scheme up to the moon at once.

Mrs. Ful. Why, sure, Mr. Fulmer, I may be allowed to rear a chicken of my own hatching, as they say. VWho first sprung the thought, but I, pray? Who first contrived the plot? Who proposed the letter, but I, I?

Ful. And who dogged the gentleman home? Who found out his name, fortune, connexion: that he was a West Indian, fresh landed, and full of cash; a gull to our heart's content; a hot-brained, headlong spark, that would run into our trap, like a wheatear under a turf, but I, I, I?

Mrs. Ful. Hark! he's come; disappear, march; and leave the field open to my machination. *[Exit Fulmer.*

Enter BELCOUR.

Bel. O, thou dear minister to my happiness, let me embrace thee! VWhy, thou art my polar star, my propitious constellation, by which I navigate my impatient bark into the port of pleasure and delight.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, you men are sly creatures! Do you remember now, you cruel, what you said to me this morning?

Bel. All a jest, a frolic; never think on't; bury it for ever in oblivion: thou! why, thou art all over nectar and ambrosia, powder of pearl and odour of roses; thou hast the youth of Hebe, the beauty of Venus, and the pen of Sappho; but, in the name of all that's lovely, where's the lady? I expected to find her with you.

Mrs. Ful. No doubt you did, and these raptures were designed for her; but where have you loitered? the lady's gone—you are too late; girls of her sort, are not to be kept wait-

ing, like negro slaves in your sugar plantations.

Bel. Gone! whither is she gone? tell me, that I may follow her.

Mrs. Ful. Hold, hold, not so fast, young gentleman, this is a case of some delicacy; should captain Dudley know that I introduced you to his daughter, he is a man of such scrupulous honour—

Bel. VWhat do you tell me! is she daughter to the old gentleman I met here this morning?

Mrs. Ful. The same; him you was so generous to.

Bel. There's an end of the matter then at once; it shall never be said of me, that I took advantage of the father's necessities to trepan the daughter. *[Going.*

Mrs. Ful. So, so, I've made a wrong cast; he's one of your conscientious sinners, I find; but I won't lose him thus—Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. VWhat is it you laugh at?

Mrs. Ful. Your absolute inexperience; have you lived so very little time in this country, as not to know that, between young people of equal ages, the term of sister often is a cover for that of mistress? This young lady is, in that sense of the word, sister to young Dudley, and consequently daughter to my old lodger.

Bel. Indeed! are you serious?

Mrs. Ful. Can you doubt it? I must have been pretty well assured of that, before I invited you hither.

Bel. That's true; she cannot be a woman of honour, and Dudley is an unconscionable young rogue, to think of keeping one fine girl in pay, by raising contributions on another: he shall therefore give her up: she is a dear, bewitching, mischievous little devil, and he shall positively give her up.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, now the freak has taken you again; I say give her up; there's one way, indeed, and certain of success.

Bel. VWhat's that?

Mrs. Ful. Out-bid him, never dream of out-blustering him. All things, then, will be made easy enough; let me see; some little genteel present to begin with: what have you got about you? Ay, search; I can bestow it to advantage, there's no time to be lost.

Bel. Hang it, confound it; a plague upon't, say I! I haven't a guinea left in my pocket; I parted from my whole stock here this morning, and have forgot to supply myself since.

Mrs. Ful. Mighty well; let it pass, then: there's an end; think no more of the lady, that's all.

Bel. Distraction! think no more of her? let me only step home, and provide myself; I'll be back with you in an instant.

Mrs. Ful. Pooh, pooh! that's a wretched shift; have you nothing of value about you? Money's a coarse, slovenly vehicle, fit only to bribe electors in a borough; there are more graceful ways of purchasing a lady's favours; rings, trinkets, jewels!

Bel. Jewels! Gadso, I protest I had forgot: I have a case of jewels; but they won't do, I must not part from them; no, no, they are appropriated; they are none of my own.

Mrs. Ful. Let me see, let me see! Ay, now, this were something like: pretty creatures, how they sparkle; these would ensure success.

Bel. Indeed!

Mrs. Ful. These would make her your own for ever.

Bel. Then the deuce take them, for belonging to another person; I could find in my heart to give them the girl, and swear I've lost them.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, do, say they were stolen out of your pocket.

Bel. No, hang it, that's dishonourable; here, give me the paltry things, I'll write you an order on my merchant, for double their value.

Mrs. Ful. An order! No order for me! no order upon merchants, with their value received, and three days grace; their noting, protesting, and endorsing, and all their counting-house formalities; I'll have nothing to do with them; leave your diamonds with me, and give your order for the value of them to the owner: the money would be as good as the trinkets, I warrant you.

Bel. Hey! how! I never thought of that; but a breach of trust; 'tis impossible: I never can consent, therefore give me the jewels back again.

Mrs. Ful. Take them; I am now to tell you, the lady is in this house.

Bel. In this house?

Mrs. Ful. Yes, sir, in this very house; but what of that? you have got what you like better: your toys, your trinkets; go, go; Oh! you are a man of notable spirit, are you not?

Bel. Provoking creature! bring me to the sight of the dear girl, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Mrs. Ful. And of the diamonds too?

Bel. Damn them, I would there was not such a bauble in nature! But, come, come, dispatch; if I had the throne of Delhi, I should give it to her.

Mrs. Ful. Swear to me then, that you will keep within bounds; remember, she passes for the sister of young Dudley. Oh! if you come to your flights and your rhapsodies, she'll be off in an instant.

Bel. Never fear me.

Mrs. Ful. You must expect to hear her talk of her father, as she calls him, and her brother, and your bounty to her family.

Bel. Ay, ay, never mind what she talks of, only bring her.

Mrs. Ful. You'll be prepared upon that head?

Bel. I shall be prepared, never fear: away with you.

Mrs. Ful. But, hold, I had forgot: not a word of the diamonds; leave that matter to my management.

Bel. Hell and vexation! Get out of the room, or I shall run distracted. [*Exit Mrs. Fulmer*] Of a certain, Belcour, thou art born to be the fool of women! sure no man sins with so much repentance, or repents with so little amendment, as I do. I cannot give away another person's property, honour forbids me; and I positively cannot give up the girl; love, passion, constitution, every thing protests against that. How shall I decide? I cannot bring myself to break a trust, and I am not at present in the humour to baulk my inclinations. Is there no middle way? Let me consider—There is, there is: my good genius has presented me with one: apt, obvious, honourable, the girl

shall not go without her baubles: I'll not go without the girl; miss Rusport shan't lose her diamonds; I'll save Dudley from destruction, and every party shall be a gainer by the project.

Enter Mrs. Fulmer, introducing Miss Dudley.

Mrs. Ful. Miss Dudley, this is the worthy gentleman you wish to see; this is Mr. Belcour.

Lou. As I live, the very man that beset me in the streets! [*Aside.*]

Bel. An angel, by this light! Oh, I am gone, past all retrieving! [*Aside.*]

Lou. Mrs. Fulmer, sir, informs me, you are the gentleman from whom my father has received such civilities.

Bel. Her father! [*Aside.*] Oh, never name them.

Lou. Pardon me, Mr. Belcour, they must be both named and remembered; and if my father was here—

Bel. Her father again! [*Aside.*] I am much better pleased with his representative.

Lou. That title is my brother's, sir; I have no claim to it.

Bel. I believe it.

Lou. But as neither he nor my father were fortunate enough to be at home, I could not resist the opportunity—

Bel. Nor I neither, by my soul, madam: let us improve it, therefore. I am in love with you to distraction; I was charmed at the first glance; I attempted to accost you; you fled; I followed; but was defeated of an interview; at length I have obtained one, and seize the opportunity of casting my person and my fortune at your feet.

Lou. You astonish me! Are you in your senses, or do you make a jest of my misfortunes? Do you ground pretences on your generosity, or do you make a practice of this folly with every woman you meet?

Bel. Upon my life, no: as you are the handsomest woman I ever met, so you are the first to whom I ever made the like professions: as for my generosity, madam, I must refer you on that score to this good lady, who I believe has something to offer in my behalf.

Lou. Don't build upon that, sir; I must have better proofs of your generosity, than the mere divestment of a little superfluous dross, before I can credit the sincerity of professions so abruptly delivered. [*Exit hastily.*]

Bel. Oh! ye gods and goddesses, how her anger animates her beauty! [*Going out.*]

Mrs. Ful. Stay, sir; if you stir a step after her, I renounce your interest for ever; why, you'll ruin every thing.

Bel. Well, I must have her, cost what it will: I see she understands her own value though; a little superfluous dross, truly! She must have better proofs of my generosity.

Mrs. Ful. 'Tis exactly as I told you; your money she calls dross; she's too proud to stain her fingers with your coin; bait your hook well with jewels; try that experiment, and she's your own.

Bel. Take them; let them go; lay them at her feet; I must get out of the scrape as I can; my propensity is irresistible: there; you have them; they are yours; they are hers; but, remember, they are a trust; I commit

them to her keeping, till I can buy them off, with something she shall think more valuable; now tell me when shall I meet her?

Mrs. Ful. How can I tell that? Don't you see what an alarm you have put her into? Oh! you're a rare one! But go your ways for this while; leave her to my management, and come to me at seven this evening; but remember not to bring empty pockets with you—Ha! ha! ha! *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.—LADY RUSPORT's House.

Enter MISS RUSPORT, followed by a Servant.

Miss R. Desire Mr. Stockwell to walk in. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. Madam, your most obedient servant: I am honoured with your commands, by captain Dudley; and have brought the money with me, as you directed; I understand the sum you have occasion for is two hundred pounds.

Miss R. It is, sir; I am quite confounded at your taking this trouble upon yourself, Mr. Stockwell.

Stock. There is a Bank note, madam, to the amount; your jewels are in safe hands, and will be delivered to you directly. If I had been happy in being better known to you, I should have hoped you would not have thought it necessary to place a deposit in my hands for so trifling a sum as you have now required me to supply you with.

Miss R. The baubles I sent you may very well be spared; and, as they are the only security, in my present situation, I can give you, I could wish you would retain them in your hands: when I am of age (which if I live a few months I shall be), I will replace your favour, with thanks.

Stock. It is obvious, miss Rusport, that your charms will suffer no impeachment by the absence of those superficial ornaments; but they should be seen in the suite of a woman of fashion, not as creditors to whom you are indebted for your appearance, but as subservient attendants, which help to make up your equipage.

Miss R. Mr. Stockwell is determined not to wrong the confidence I reposed in his politeness.

Stock. I have only to request, madam, that you will allow Mr. Belcour, a young gentleman, in whose happiness I particularly interest myself, to have the honour of delivering you the box of jewels.

Miss R. Most gladly; any friend of yours cannot fail of being welcome here.

Stock. I flatter myself you will not find him totally undeserving your good opinion; an education not of the strictest kind, and strong animal spirits, are apt sometimes to betray him into youthful irregularities; but a high principle of honour, and an uncommon benevolence, in the eye of candour, will, I hope, atone for any faults, by which these good qualities are not impaired.

Miss R. I dare say Mr. Belcour's behaviour wants no apology: we have no right to be

over strict in canvassing the morals of a common acquaintance.

Stock. I wish it may be my happiness to see Mr. Belcour in the list, not of your common, but particular acquaintance—of your friends, miss Rusport—I dare not be more explicit.

Miss R. Nor need you, Mr. Stockwell: I shall be studious to deserve his friendship; and, though I have long since unalterably placed my affections on another, I trust, I have not left myself insensible to the merits of Mr. Belcour; and hope, that neither you nor he will, for that reason, think me less worthy your good opinion and regards.

Stock. Miss Rusport, I sincerely wish you happy: I have no doubt you have placed your affection on a deserving man; and I have no right to combat your choice. *[Exit.]*

Miss R. How honourable is that behaviour! Now, if Charles was here, I should be happy. The old lady is so fond of her new Irish acquaintance, that I have the whole house at my disposal. *[Exit.]*

Enter BELCOUR, preceded by a Servant.

Serv. I ask your honour's pardon; I thought my young lady was here: who shall I inform her would speak to her?

Bel. Belcour is my name, sir; and pray beg your lady to put herself in no hurry on my account; for I'd sooner see the devil, than see her face. *[Exit Servant.]* In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, I shall make! an ambassador, without credentials! Blockhead that I was, to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade, Fulmer, wouldn't part even with a sight of them, though I would have ransomed them at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits, to bring me off: a lamentable dependence. Fortune be my helper: Here comes the girl—If she is noble-minded, as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

Enter MISS RUSPORT.

Miss R. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect this honour; and I am happy in the opportunity of being known to you.

Bel. A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a cursed hang dog do I look like! *[Aside.]*

Miss R. You are newly arrived in this country, sir?

Bel. Just landed, madam; just set ashore, with a large cargo of Muscavado sugars, rum punchcons, mahogany slabs, wet sweetmeats, and green paroquets.

Miss R. May I ask you how you like London, sir?

Bel. To admiration: I think the town and the town's folk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, rich, overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the whole morning is a bustle to get money, and the whole afternoon is a hurry to spend it.

Miss R. Are these all the observations you have made?

Bel. No, madam; I have observed the wo-

men are very captivating, and the men very soon caught.

Miss R. Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw that conclusion?

Bel. From infallible guides; the first remark I collect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel.

Miss R. Oh, the deuce take you! But, to waver this subject; I believe, sir, this was a visit of business, not compliment; was it not?

Bel. Ay; now comes on my execution. [*Aside.*]

Miss R. You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; hav'n't you?

Bel. No, in truth; they are gone in search of a trinket, still more foolish than themselves.

[*Aside.*]

Miss R. Some diamonds I mean, sir; Mr. Stockwell informed me you was charged with them.

Bel. Oh, yes, madam; but I have the most treacherous memory in life—Here they are! Pray put them up; they're all right; you need not examine them.

[*Gives a Box.*]

Miss R. Hey day! right, sir! Why these are not my diamonds; these are quite different; and, as it should seem, of much greater value.

Bel. Upon my life I'm glad o'n't; for then I hope you value them more than your own.

Miss R. As a purchaser I should, but not as an owner; you mistake; these belong to somebody else.

Bel. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody else.

[*Aside.*]

Miss R. What is it you mean? I must insist upon your taking them back again.

Bel. Pray, madam, don't do that; I shall infallibly lose them; I have the worst luck with diamonds of any man living.

Miss R. That you might well say, was you to give me these in the place of mine; but, pray, sir, what is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? And where have you disposed of mine?

Bel. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I couldn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fellow, not worth your notice: in short, I am a West Indian; and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: the truth is, I have given away your jewels; caught with a pair of sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded theirs, I served your property as I should my own, and lavished it away; let me not totally despair of your forgiveness; I frequently do wrong, but never with impunity; if your displeasure is added to my own, my punishment will be too severe. When I parted from the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing their owner.

Miss R. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me; I enter at once into your character, and I make all the allowances for it you can desire. I take your jewels for the present, because I know there is no other way of reconciling you to yourself; but, if I give way to your spirit in one point, you must yield to mine in another: remember, I will not keep more than the value of my own jewels: there is no need to be pillaged by more than one woman at a time, sir.

Bel. Now, may every blessing that can

crown your virtues, and reward your beauty, be shower'd upon you; may you meet admiration without envy, love without jealousy, and old age without malady; may the man of your heart be ever constant, and you never meet a less penitent, or less grateful offender, than myself!

Enter Servant, and delivers a Letter.

Miss R. Does your letter require such haste?

Serv. I was bade to give it into your own hands, madam.

Miss R. From Charles Dudley, I see—have I your permission? Good heaven, what do I read! Mr. Belcour, you are concerned in this—

[*Reads.*]

Dear Charlotte—In the midst of our distress, Providence has cast a benefactor in our way, after the most unexpected manner: a young West Indian, rich, and with a warmth of heart peculiar to his climate, has rescued my father from his troubles, satisfied his wants, and enabled him to accomplish his exchange: when I relate to you the manner in which this was done, you will be charmed: I can only now add, that it was by chance we found out that his name is Belcour, and that he is a friend of Mr. Stockwell's. I lose not a moment's time, in making you acquainted with this fortunate event, for reasons which delicacy obliges me to suppress; but, perhaps, if you have not received the money on your jewels, you will not think it necessary now to do so. I have the honour to be, dear madam, most faithfully yours,

CHARLES DUDLEY.

Is this your doing, sir? Never was generosity so worthily exerted.

Bel. Or so greatly overpaid.

Miss R. After what you have now done for this noble, but indigent family, let me not scruple to unfold the whole situation of my heart to you. Know then, sir (and don't think the worse of me for the frankness of my declaration); that such is my attachment to the son of that worthy officer, whom you relieved, that the moment I am of age, and in possession of my fortune, I should hold myself the happiest of women to share it with young Dudley.

Bel. Say you so, madam! then let me perish if I don't love and reverence you above all womankind; and, if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you are of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive; the soul grows narrower every hour. I'll equip you for your escape—I'll convey you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable parson that will take you in.

Miss R. O blessed be the torrid zone for ever, whose rapid vegetation quickens nature into such benignity! But, had I spirit to accept your offer, which is not improbable, wouldn't it be a mortifying thing, for a fond girl to find herself mistaken, and sent back to her home, like a vagrant?—and such, for what I know, might be my case.

Bel. Then he ought to be proscribed the society of mankind for ever—Ay, ay, 'tis the sham sister, that makes him thus indifferent;

'twill be a meritorious office, to take that girl out of the way. [Aside.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miss Dudley, to wait on you, madam.

Bel. Who?

Serv. Miss Dudley.

Miss R. What's the matter, Mr. Belcour? Are you frightened at the name of a pretty girl?—'Tis the sister of him we were speaking of—Pray admit her. [Exit Servant.]

Bel. The sister!—So, so; he has imposed on her too—this is an extraordinary visit, truly. Upon my soul, the assurance of some folks is not to be accounted for. [Aside.]

Miss R. I insist upon your not running away;—you'll be charmed with Louisa Dudley.

Bel. O yes, I am charmed with her.

Miss R. You have seen her then, have you?

Bel. Yes, yes, I've seen her.

Miss R. Well, isn't she a delightful girl?

Bel. Very delightful.

Miss R. Why, you answer as if you was in a court of justice. O my conscience, I believe you are caught; I've a notion she has tricked you out of your heart.

Bel. I believe she has, and you out of your jewels; for, to tell you the truth, she's the very person I gave them to.

Miss R. You gave her my jewels! Louisa Dudley my jewels! admirable! inimitable! Oh, the sly little jade!—but, hush! here she comes; I don't know how I shall keep my countenance.

Enter LOUISA.

My dear, I'm rejoiced to see you; how do you do?—I beg leave to introduce Mr. Belcour, a very worthy friend of mine. I believe, Louisa, you have seen him before.

Lou. I have met the gentleman.

Miss R. You have met the gentleman!—well, sir, and you have met the lady; in short, you have met each other, why, then, don't you speak to each other? How you both stand! tongue-tied and fixed as statues—Ha! ha! ha! Why, you'll fall asleep by-and-by.

Lou. Fie upon you, fie upon you! is this fair?

Bel. Upon my soul, I never looked so like a fool in my life—the assurance of that girl puts me quite down. [Aside.]

Miss R. Sir—Mr. Belcour—Vvas it your pleasure to advance any thing? Not a syllable. Come, Louisa, woman's wit, they say, is never at a loss—Nor you neither?—Speechless both—Why, you was merry enough before this lady came in.

Lou. I am sorry I have been any interruption to your happiness, sir.

Bel. Madam!

Miss R. Madam! Is that all you can say? But come, my dear girl, I won't tease you—a propos! I must show you what a present this dumb gentleman has made me—Are not these handsome diamonds?

Lou. Yes, indeed, they seem very fine; but I am no judge of these things.

Miss R. Oh, you wicked little hypocrite; you are no judge of these things, Louisa; you have no diamonds, not you.

Lou. You know I haven't, miss Rusport: you know those things are infinitely above my reach.

Miss R. Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. She does tell a lie with an admirable countenance, that's true enough. [Aside.]

Lou. VVhat ails you, Charlotte?—VVhat impertinence have I been guilty of, that you should find it necessary to humble me at such a rate?—If you are happy, long may you be so: but, surely, it can be no addition to it to make me miserable.

Miss R. So serious; there must be some mystery in this—Mr. Belcour, will you leave us together? You see I treat you with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance already.

Bel. Oh, hy all means; pray command me. *Miss Rusport*, I am your most obedient! By your condescension in accepting these poor trifles, I am under eternal obligations to you.—To you, miss Dudley, I shall not offer a word on that subject;—you despise finery; you have a soul above it; I adore your spirit; I was rather unprepared for meeting you here, but I shall hope for an opportunity of making myself better known to you. [Exit.]

Miss R. Louisa Dudley, you surprise me; I never saw you act thus before: can't you bear a little innocent raillery before the man of your heart?

Lou. The man of my heart, madam! Be assured I never was so visionary to aspire to any man whom miss Rusport honours with her choice.

Miss R. My choice, my dear! Why, we are playing at cross-purposes: how entered it into your head that Mr. Belcour was the man of my choice?

Lou. VVhy, didn't he present you with those diamonds?

Miss R. Well: perhaps he did—and pray, Louisa, have you no diamonds?

Lou. I diamonds, truly! VVho should give me diamonds?

Miss R. VVho but this very gentleman: a propos! here comes your brother—

Enter CHARLES.

I insist upon referring our dispute to him: your sister and I, Charles, have a quarrel; Belcour, the hero of your letter, has just left us—somehow or other, Louisa's bright eyes have caught him; and the poor fellow's fallen desperately in love with her—(don't interrupt me, hussy)—Well, that's excusable enough, you'll say; but the jest of the story is, that this hair-brain'd spark, who does nothing like other people, has given her the very identical jewels, which you pledged for me to Mr. Stockwell; and will you believe that this little demure slut made up a face, and squeezed out three or four hypocritical tears, because I rallied her about it?

Charles. I'm all astonishment! Louisa, tell me, without reserve, has Mr. Belcour given you any diamonds.

Lou. None, upon my honour.

Charles. Has he made any professions to you? *Lou.* He has; but altogether in a style so whimsical and capricious, that the best which can be said of them is to tell you, that they seemed more the result of good spirits than good manners.

Miss R. Ay, ay, now the murder's out; be's in love with her, and she has no very great

dislike to him; trust to my observations, Charles, for that: as to the diamonds, there's some mistake about them, and you must clear it up: three minutes conversation with him will put every thing in a right train: go, go, Charles, 'tis a brother's business; about it instantly; ten to one you'll find him over the way, at Mr. Stockwell's.

Charles. I confess I'm impatient to have the case cleared up; I'll take your advice, and find him out: good bye to you.

Miss R. Your servant: my life upon it, you'll find Belcour a man of honour. Come, Louisa, let us adjourn to my dressing-room; I've a little private business to transact with you, before the old lady comes up to tea, and interrupts us. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in FULMER'S House.

Enter FULMER and MRS. FULMER.

Ful. Patty, wasn't Mr. Belcour with you?

Mrs. Ful. He was; and is now shut up in my chamber, in high expectation of an interview with miss Dudley: she's at present with her brother, and 'twas with some difficulty I persuaded my hot-headed spark to wait till he has left her.

Ful. Well, child, and what then?

Mrs. Ful. Why, then, Mr. Fulmer, I think it will be time for you and me to steal a march, and be gone.

Ful. So this is all the fruit of your ingenious project; a shameful overthrow, or a sudden flight.

Mrs. Ful. Why, my project was a mere impromptu, and can at worst but quicken our departure a few days: you know we had fairly outliv'd our credit here, and a trip to Boulogne is no ways unseasonable. Nay, never droop, man—Hark! hark! here's enough to bear charges. [Showing a Purse.]

Ful. Let me see, let me see: this weighs well; this is of the right sort: why your West Indian bled freely.

Mrs. Ful. But that's not all: look here! Here are the sparklers! [Showing the Jewels] Now what d'ye think of my performances? Heh! a foolish scheme, isn't it—a silly woman—

Ful. Thou art a Judith, a Joan of Arc, and I'll march under thy banners, girl, to the world's end: come, let's be gone; I've little to regret; my creditors may share the old books amongst them; they'll have occasion for philosophy to support their loss; they'll find enough upon my shelves: the world is my library; I read mankind—Now, Patty, lead the way.

Mrs. Ful. Adieu, Belcour. [Exeunt.]

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY and LOUISA.

Charles. Well, Louisa, I confess the force of what you say: I accept miss Rusport's bounty; and when you see my generous Charlotte, tell her—but have a care, there is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be overthankful for any one favour, is in effect to lay out for another; the best return I could make my benefactress would be, never to see her more.

Lou. I understand you.

Charles. We, that are poor, Louisa, should be cautious: for this reason, I would guard you against Belcour; at least, till I can unravel the mystery of miss Rusport's diamonds; I was disappointed of finding him at Mr. Stockwell's, and am now going in search of him again: he may intend honourably; but, I confess to you, I am staggered; think no more of him, therefore, for the present; of this be sure, while I have life and you have honour, I will protect you, or perish in your defence. [Exit.]

Lou. Think of him no more! Well, I'll obey; but if a wandering, uninvited thought should creep by chance into my bosom, must I not give the harmless wretch a shelter? Fie, fie upon it! Belcour pursues, insults me; yet, such is the fatality of my condition, that what should rouse resentment, only calls up love.

Enter BELCOUR.

Bel. Alone, by all that's happy!

Lou. Ah!

Bel. Oh! shriek not, start not, stir not, loveliest creature! but let me kneel and gaze upon your beauties.

Lou. Sir! Mr. Belcour, rise! What is it you do? Should he that parted from me but this minute, now return, I tremble for the consequence.

Bel. Fear nothing; let him come: I love you, madam, he'll find it hard to make me unsay that.

Lou. You terrify me; your impetuous temper frightens me; you know my situation; it is not generous to pursue me thus.

Bel. True, I do know your situation, your real one, miss Dudley, and am resolved to snatch you from it; 'twill be a meritorious act; the old captain shall rejoice; miss Rusport shall be made happy; and even he, even your beloved brother, with whose resentment you threaten me, shall in the end applaud and thank me. Come, thou art a dear enchanting girl, and I'm determined not to live a minute longer without thee.

Lou. Hold! are you mad? I see you are a bold assuming man; and know not where to stop.

Bel. Who that beholds such beauty can? Provoking girl! is it within the stretch of my fortune to content you? What is it you can further ask, that I am not ready to grant?

Lou. Yes, with the same facility, that you bestowed upon me miss Rusport's diamonds. For shame! for shame! was that a manly story?

Bel. So! so! these devilish diamonds meet me every where. Let me perish if I meant you any harm: Oh! I could tear my tongue out for saying a word about the matter.

Lou. Go to her then, and contradict it; till that is done, my reputation is at stake.

Bel. Her reputation!—Now she has got upon that, she'll go on for ever. [Aside]—What is there I will not do for your sake? I will go to miss Rusport.

Lou. Do so; restore her own jewels to her, which I suppose you kept back for the purpose of presenting others to her of a greater value; but for the future, Mr. Belcour, when you would do a gallant action to that lady, don't let it be at my expense.

Bel. I see where she points: she is willing enough to give up miss Rusport's diamonds, now she finds she shall be a gainer by the exchange. Be it so! 'tis what I wished.—Well, madam, I will return to miss Rusport her own jewels, and you shall have others of tenfold their value.

Lou. No, sir, you err most widely; it is my good opinion, not my vanity, which you must bribe.

Bel. Why what the devil would she have now?—Miss Dudley, it is my wish to obey and please you; but I have some apprehension that we mistake each other.

Lou. I think we do: tell me, then, in few words, what it is you aim at.

Bel. In few words, then, and in plain honesty, I must tell you, so entirely am I captivated with you, that had you but been such as it would have become me to have called my wife, I had been happy in knowing you by that name; as it is, you are welcome to partake my fortune, give me in return your person, give me pleasure, give me love; free, disencumbered, antimatrimonial love.

Lou. Stand off, and never let me see you more.

Bel. Hold, hold, thou dear, tormenting, tantalizing girl! Upon my knees, I swear you shall not stir till you have consented to my bliss.

Lou. Unhand me, sir: O, Charles! protect me, rescue me, redress me. [Exit.]

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

Charles. How's this?—Rise, villain, and defend yourself.

Bel. Villain!

Charles. The man who wrongs that lady is a villain—Draw!

Bel. Never fear me, young gentleman; brand me for a coward if I balk you.

Charles. Yet hold! let me not be too hasty: your name, I think, is Belcour.

Bel. Well, sir.

Charles. How is it, Mr. Belcour, you have done this mean, unmanly wrong; beneath the mask of generosity, to give this fatal stab to our domestic peace? You might have had my thanks, my blessing; take my defiance now. 'Tis Dudley speaks to you; the brother, the protector, of that injured lady.

Bel. The brother! give yourself a truer title.

Charles. What is't you mean?

Bel. Come, come, I know both her and you: I found you, sir (but how or why I know not), in the good graces of miss Rusport—(yes, colour at that name) I gave you no disturbance there, never broke in upon you in that rich and plenteous quarter, but, when I could have blasted all your projects with a word, spared you, in foolish pity spared you, nor roused her from the fond credulity in which your artifice had lulled her.

Charles. No, sir, nor boasted to her of the splendid present you had made my poor Louisa; the diamonds, Mr. Belcour: how was that? What can you plead to that arraignment?

Bel. You question me too late; the name of Belcour and of villain never met before; had you inquired of me before you uttered that rash word, you might have saved yourself or me a mortal error; now, sir, I neither give

nor take an explanation; so, come on!

[They fight.]

Enter LOUI莎 and O'FLAHERTY.

Lou. Hold, hold, for heaven's sake!

O'Fla. Hell and confusion! What's all this uproar for? Can't you leave off cutting one another's throats, and mind what the poor girl says to you? You've done a notable thing, hav'n't you both, to put her into such a flurry? I think, o'my conscience, she's the most frightened of the three.

Charles. Dear Louisa, recollect yourself; why did you interfere? 'tis in your cause.

Bel. Now could I kill him for caressing her.

O'Fla. O sir, your most obedient! You are the gentleman I had the honour of meeting here before; you was then running off at full speed, like a Calmuck, now you are tilting and driving like a bedlamite, with this lad here, that seems as mad as yourself: 'tis pity but your country had a little more employment for you both.

Bel. Mr. Dudley, when you have recovered the lady, you know where I am to be found.

[Exit.]

O'Fla. Well, then, can't you stay where you are, and that will save the trouble of looking after you? Yon volatile fellow thinks to give a man the meeting by getting out of his way: by my soul, 'tis a roundabout method that of his. But I think he called you Dudley: harkye, young man, are you son of my friend, the old captain?

Charles. I am. Help me to convey this lady to her chamber, and I shall be more at leisure to answer your questions.

O'Fla. Ay, will I: come along, pretty one; if you've had wrong done you, young man, you need look no further for a second; Dennis O'Flaherty's your man for that: but never draw your sword before a woman, Dudley; damn it, never while you live draw your sword before a woman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—LADY RUSPORT'S House.

Enter LADY RUSPORT and Servant.

Serv. An elderly gentleman, who says his name is Varland, desires leave to wait on your ladyship.

Lady R. Show him in: the very man I wish to see. Varland, he was sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy to all his affairs: he brings some good tidings; some fresh mortgage, or another bond come to light; they start up every day.

Enter VARLAND.

Mr. Varland, I'm glad to see you; you are heartily welcome, honest Mr. Varland; you and I hav'n't met since our late irreparable loss: how have you passed your time this age?

Var. Truly, my lady, ill enough: I thought I must have followed good sir Oliver.

Lady R. Alack-a-day, poor man! Well, Mr. Varland, you find me here overwhelmed with trouble and fatigue; torn to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs; a great fortune poured upon me, unsought for and unexpected: 'twas my good father's will and pleasure it should be so, and I must submit.

Var. Your ladyship inherits under a will made in the year forty-five, immediately after

captain Dudley's marriage with your sister.

Lady R. I do so, Mr. Varland; I do so.

Var. I well remember it; I engrossed every syllable; but I am surprised to find your ladyship set so little store by this vast accession.

Lady R. Why, you know, Mr. Varland, I am a moderate woman; I had enough before; a small matter satisfies me; and sir Stephen Rusport (heaven be his portion!) took care I shouldn't want that.

Var. Very true, very true; he did so; and I am overjoyed to find your ladyship in this disposition; for, truth to say, I was not without apprehension the news I have to communicate would have been of some prejudice to your ladyship's tranquillity.

Lady R. News, sir! what news have you for me?

Var. Nay, nothing to alarm you; a trifle in your present way of thinking; I have a will of sir Oliver's, you have never seen.

Lady R. A will! impossible! how came you by it, pray?

Var. I drew it up, at his command, in his last illness: it will save you a world of trouble: it gives his whole estate from you to his grandson, Charles Dudley.

Lady R. To Dudley! his estate to Charles Dudley? I can't support it! I shall faint! You have killed me, you vile man! I never shall survive it!

Var. Lookye there, now: I protest, I thought you would have rejoiced at being clear of the encumbrance.

Lady R. 'Tis false; 'tis all a forgery, concerted between you and Dudley; why else did I never hear of it before?

Var. Have patience, my lady, and I'll tell you: By sir Oliver's direction, I was to deliver this will into no hands but his grandson Dudley's: the young gentleman happened to be then in Scotland; I was dispatched thither in search of him: the hurry and fatigue of my journey brought on a fever by the way, which confined me in extreme danger for several days; upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, found young Dudley had left Scotland in the interim, and am now directed hither; where, as soon as I can find him, doubtless, I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfil my commission.

Lady R. Dudley then, as yet, knows nothing of this will?

Var. Nothing: that secret rests with me.

Lady R. A thought occurs: by this fellow's talking of his conscience, I should guess it was upon sale. [*Aside*].—Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I must submit. I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot myself: I ask your pardon: this is no place to talk of business; step with me into my room; we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly—Oh! would your fever had you, and I had your paper!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss Rusport, Charles, and O'Flaherty.

Miss R. So, so! My lady and her lawyer have retired to close confabulation: now, major, if you are the generous man I take you for, grant me one favour.

O'Fla. Faith will I, and not think much of

my generosity neither; for, though it may not be in my power to do the favour you ask, look you, it can never be in my heart to refuse it.

Charles. Could this man's tongue do justice to his thoughts, how eloquent would he be!

[*Aside.*]

Miss R. Plant yourself, then, in that room: keep guard for a few moments upon the enemy's motions in the chamber beyond; and if they should attempt a sally, stop their march a moment, till your friend here can make good his retreat down the back stairs.

O'Fla. A word to the wise! I'm an old campaigner: make the best use of your time; and trust me for tying the old cat up to the picket.¹⁾

Miss R. Hush! hush! not so loud.

Charles. 'Tis the office of a sentinel, major, you have undertaken, rather than that of a field-officer.

O'Fla. 'Tis the office of a friend, my dear boy; and therefore no disgrace to a general.

[*Exit.*]

Miss R. Well, Charles, will you commit yourself to me for a few minutes?

Charles. Most readily; and let me, before one goes by, tender you the only payment I can ever make for your abundant generosity.

Miss R. Hold, hold! so vile a thing as money must not come between us. What shall I say? O Charles! O Dudley! What difficulties have you thrown upon me! Familiarly as we have lived, I shrink not at what I am doing; and anxiously as I have sought this opportunity, my fears almost persuade me to abandon it.

Charles. You alarm me! [*don it.*]

Miss R. Your looks and actions have been so distant, and at this moment are so deterring, that, was it not for the hope that delicacy, and not disgust, inspires this conduct in you, I should sink with shame and apprehension; but time presses; and I must speak, and plainly too—Was you now in possession of your grandfather's estate, as justly you ought to be, and was you inclined to seek a companion for life, should you, or should you not, in that case, honour your unworthy Charlotte with your choice?

Charles. My unworthy Charlotte! So judge me, heaven, there is not a circumstance on earth so valuable as your happiness, so dear to me as your person; but to bring poverty, disgrace, reproach from friends, ridicule from all the world, upon a generous benefactress; thievishly to steal into an open and unreserved ingenuous heart, O Charlotte! dear unhappy girl, it is not to be done.

Miss R. Come, my dear Charles, I have enough; make that enough still more by sharing it with me: sole heiress of my father's fortune, a short time will put it in my disposal; in the mean while you will be sent to join your regiment; let us prevent a separation, by settling out this very night for that happy country, where marriage still is free: carry me this moment to Belcour's lodgings.

Charles. Belcour's?—The name is ominous; there's—murder in it: bloody, inexorable honour!

[*Aside.*]

¹⁾ Not to allow the old lady to pass beyond the Picket as he calls his post.

Miss R. D'ye pause? Put me into his hands, while you provide the means for our escape: he is the most generous, the most honourable of men.

Charles. Honourable! most honourable!

Miss R. Can you doubt it? Do you demur? Have you forgot your letter? Why, Belcour 'twas that prompted me to this proposal, that promised to supply the means, that nobly offered his unasked assistance—

Enter O'FLAHERTY, hastily.

O'Fla. Run, run; for holy St. Anthony's sake, to horse, and away! The conference is broke up, and the enemy advances upon a full Piedmontese trot, within pistol-shot of your encampment.

Miss R. Here, here, down the back stairs! O Charles, remember me!

Charles. Farewell! Now, now I feel myself a coward. *[Exit.]*

Miss R. What does he mean?

O'Fla. Ask no questions, but be gone: she has cooled the lad's courage, and wonders he feels like a coward. There's a damned deal of mischief brewing between this hyena and her lawyer: 'egad I'll step behind this screen and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush, as well as open field. *[Retires.]*

Enter VARLAND.

Var. Let me consider—Five thousand pounds, prompt payment, for destroying this scrap of paper, not worth five farthings; 'tis a fortune easily earned; yes, and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away; 'tis a good round sum, to be paid down at once for a bribe: but 'tis a damned rogue's trick in me to take it.

O'Fla. So, so! this fellow speaks truth to himself, though he lies to other people. *[Aside.]*

Var. 'Tis breaking the trust of my benefactor, that's a foul crime; but he's dead, and can never reproach me with it: and 'tis robbing young Dudley of his lawful patrimony, that's a hard case; but he's alive, and knows nothing of the matter.

O'Fla. These lawyers are so used to bring off the rogues of others, that they are never without an excuse for their own. *[Aside.]*

Var. Were I assured now that Dudley would give me half the money for producing this will, that lady Rusport does for concealing it, I would deal with him, and be an honest man at half price: and I wish every gentleman of my profession could lay his hand on his heart, and say the same thing.

O'Fla. A bargain, old gentleman! Nay, never start nor stare; you wasn't afraid of your own conscience, never be afraid of me.

Var. Of you, sir! who are you, pray?

O'Fla. I'll tell you who I am: you seem to wish to be honest, but want the heart to set about it; now I am the very man in the world to make you so; for if you do not give up that paper this very instant, by the soul of me, fellow, I will not leave one whole bone in your skin that shan't be broken.

Var. What right have you, pray, to take this paper from me?

O'Fla. What right have you, pray, to keep it from young Dudley? I don't know what it contains, but I am apt to think it will be safer

in my hands than in yours; therefore give it me without more words, and save yourself a beating: do now; you had best.

Var. Well, sir, I may as well make a grace of necessity. There; I have acquitted my conscience, at the expense of five thousand pounds.

O'Fla. Five thousand pounds! Mercy upon me! When there are such temptations in the law, can we wonder if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Var. Well, you have got the paper; if you are an honest man, give it to Charles Dudley.

O'Fla. An honest man! look at me, friend, I am a soldier, this is not the livery of a knave; I am an Irishman, honey; mine is not the country of dishonour. Now, sirrah, be gone; if you enter these doors, or give lady Rusport the least item of what has passed, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pillory of its due.

Var. I wish I was once fairly out of his sight. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in STOCKWELL'S House.

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. I must disclose myself to Belcour; this noble instance of his generosity which old Dudley has been relating, allies me to him at once; concealment becomes too painful; I shall be proud to own him for my son—But see, he's here.

Enter BELCOUR, and throws himself upon a Sofa.

Bel. O my curs'd tropical constitution! 'Vould to heaven I had been dropped upon the snows of Lapland, and never felt the blessed influence of the sun, so I had never burnt with these inflammatory passions!

Stock. So, so, you seem disordered, Mr. Belcour.

Bel. Disordered, sir! Why did I ever quit the soil in which I grew; what evil planet drew me from that warm, sunny region, where naked nature walks without disguise, into this cold, contriving, artificial country.

Stock. Come, sir, you've met a rascal; what o'that? general conclusions are illiberal.

Bel. No, sir, I have met reflection by the way; I have come from folly, noise, and fury, and met a silent monitor—Well, well, a villain! 'twas not to be pardoned—pray never mind me, sir.

Stock. Alas! my heart bleeds for him.

Bel. And yet, I might have heard him: now, plague upon that blundering Irishman, for coming in as he did; the hurry of the deed might palliate the event: deliberate execution has less to plead—Mr. Stockwell, I am bad company to you.

Stock. Oh, sir, make no excuse. I think you have not found me forward to pry into the secrets of your pleasures and pursuits; 'tis not my disposition; but there are times, when want of curiosity would be want of friendship.

Bel. Ah, sir, mine is a case wherein you and I shall never think alike.

Stock. 'Tis very well, sir; if you think I can render you any service, it may be worth

your trial to confide in me; if not, your secret is safer in your own bosom.

Bel. That sentiment demands my confidence: pray, sit down by me. You must know, I have an affair of honour on my hands with young Dudley; and, though I put up with no man's insult, yet I wish to take away no man's life.

Stock. I know the young man, and am surprised of your generosity to his father; what can have bred a quarrel between you?

Bel. A foolish passion on my side, and a haughty provocation on his. There is a girl, Mr. Stockwell, whom I have unfortunately seen, of most uncommon beauty; she has withal an air of so much natural modesty, that, had I not had good assurance of her being an attainable wanton, I declare I should as soon have thought of attempting the chastity of Diana.

Enter Servant.

Stock. Hey day, do you interrupt us?

Serv. Sir, there's an Irish gentleman will take no denial: he says he must see Mr. Belcour directly, upon business of the last consequence.

Bel. Admit him: 'tis the Irish officer that parted us, and brings me young Dudley's challenge; I should have made a long story of it, and he'll tell you in three words.

Enter O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. 'Save you, my dear; and you, sir, I have a little bit of a word in private for you.

Bel. Pray deliver your commands: this gentleman is my intimate friend.

O'Fla. Why, then, ensign Dudley will be glad to measure swords with you yonder, at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate-street, at nine o'clock—you know the place.

Bel. I do, and shall observe the appointment.

O'Fla. Will you be of the party, sir? we shall want a fourth hand.

Stock. Savage as the custom is, I close with your proposal; and though I am not fully informed of the occasion of your quarrel, I shall rely on Mr. Belcour's honour for the justice of it, and willingly stake my life in his defence.

O'Fla. Sir, you are a gentleman of honour, and I shall be glad of being better known to you—But, harkye, Belcour, I had like to have forgot part of my errand: there is the money you gave old Dudley: you may tell it over, faith: 'tis a receipt in full; now the lad can put you to death with a safe conscience, and when he has done that job for you, let it be a warning how you attempt the sister of a man of honour.

Bel. The sister?

O'Fla. Ay, the sister; 'tis English, is it not? Or Irish; 'tis all one; you understand me, his sister, or Louisa Dudley, that's her name, I think, call her which you will. By St. Patrick, 'tis a foolish piece of business, Belcour, to go about to take away a poor girl's virtue from her, when there are so many to be met with in this town, who have disposed of theirs to your hands. [*Exit.*]

Stock. Why, I am thunderstruck! what is it you have done, and what is the shocking business in which I have engaged? If I under-

stand him right, 'tis the sister of young Dudley you've been attempting: you talked to me of a professed wanton; the girl he speaks of has beauty enough indeed to inflame your desires, but she has honour, innocence, and simplicity, to awe the most licentious passion; if you have done that, Mr. Belcour, I renounce you, I abandon you, I forswear all fellowship or friendship with you for ever.

Bel. Have patience for a moment; we do indeed speak of the same person, but she is not innocent, she is not young Dudley's sister.

Stock. Astonishing! who told you this?

Bel. The woman, where she lodges, the person who put me on the pursuit, and contrived our meetings.

Stock. What woman? What person?

Bel. Fulmer her name is: I warrant you I did not proceed without good grounds.

Stock. Fulmer, Fulmer? Who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Send Mr. Stukely hither directly; [*Exit Servant*] I begin to see my way into this dark transaction. Mr. Belcour, Mr. Belcour, you are no match for the cunning and contrivances of this intriguing town.

Enter STUKELY.

Pr'ythee, Stukely, what is the name of the woman and her husband, who were stopped upon suspicion of selling stolen diamonds at our next-door neighbours, the jeweller?

Stuke. Fulmer,

Stock. So!

Bel. Can you procure me a sight of those diamonds?

Stuke. They are now in my hand; I was desired to show them to Mr. Stockwell.

Stock. Give them to me—What do I see?—as I live, the very diamonds miss Rusport sent hither, and which I entrusted to you to return.

Bel. Yes, but I betrayed that trust, and gave them Mrs. Fulmer, to present to miss Dudley.

Stock. With a view, no doubt, to bribe her to compliance?

Bel. I own it.

Stock. For shame, for shame;—and 'twas this woman's intelligence you relied upon for miss Dudley's character.

Bel. I thought she knew her;—by heaven, I would have died, sooner than have insulted a woman of virtue, or a man of honour.

Stock. I think you would; but mark the danger of licentious courses; you are betrayed, robbed, abused, and, but for this providential discovery, in a fair way of being sent out of the world, with all your follies on your head.—

Dear Stukely, go to my neighbour, tell him, I have an owner for the jewels; and beg him to carry the people under custody to the London Tavern, and wait for me there. [*Exit Stukely*] I see it was a trap laid for you, which you have narrowly escaped: you addressed a woman of honour with all the loose incense of a profane admirer; and you have drawn upon you the resentment of a man of honour, who thinks himself bound to protect her. Well, sir, you must atone for this mistake.

Bel. To the lady, the most penitent submission I can make is justly due; but in the

execution of an act of justice, it never shall be said my soul was swayed by the least particle of fear. I have received a challenge from her brother; now, though I would give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour;—I have been branded with the name of villain.

Stock. Ay, sir, you mistook her character, and he mistook yours: error begets error.

Bel. Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

Stock. It is a harsh word; and should be unsaid.

Bel. Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

Stock. Or else, what follows? Why, the sword is drawn; and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends by murdering the brother.

Bel. Murdering!

Stock. 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word; in the vocabulary of modern honour, there is no such term.—But, come, I don't despair of satisfying the one, without alarming the other; that done, I have a discovery to unfold, that you will then, I hope, be fited to receive.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—STOCKWELL'S House.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY, LOUISA, and STUKELY.

Dud. And are those wretches, Fulmer and his wife, in safe custody?

Stuke. They are in good hands; I accompanied them to the tavern, where your son was to be, and then went in search of you. You may be sure, Mr. Stockwell will enforce the law against them as far as it will go.

Dud. What mischief might their cursed machinations have produced, but for this timely discovery!

Lou. Still I am terrified; I tremble with apprehension.

Stuke. Mr. Stockwell is with them, madam, and you have nothing to fear; you may expect them every minute;—and see, madam, agreeably to your wish, they are here. [*Exit.*]

Enter CHARLES; afterwards STOCKWELL and O'FLAHERTY.

Lou. O Charles, O brother! how could you serve me so? how could you tell me you was going to lady Rusport's, and then set out with a design of fighting Mr. Belcour? But where is he; where is your antagonist?

Stock. Captain, I am proud to see you; and you, miss Dudley, do me particular honour. We have been adjusting, sir, a very extraordinary and dangerous mistake, which, I take for granted, my friend Stukely has explained to you.

Dud. He has—I have too good an opinion of Mr. Belcour, to believe he could be guilty of a designed affront to an innocent girl; and I am much too well acquainted with your character, to suppose you could abet him in such design; I have no doubt, therefore, all things will be set to rights in a very few words, when we have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Belcour.

Stock. He has only stepped into the counting-house, and will wait upon you directly. You will not be over strict, madam, in weighing Mr. Belcour's conduct to the minutest scruple;—his manners, passions, and opinions, are not as yet assimilated to this climate; he comes amongst you a new character, an inhabitant of a new world, and both hospitality, as well as pity, recommend him to our indulgence.

Enter BELCOUR; bows to Miss DUDLEY.

Bel. I am happy, and ashamed, to see you;—no man in his senses would offend you; I forfeited mine, and erred against the light of the sun, when I overlooked your virtues; but your beauty was predominant, and hid them from my sight;—I now perceive, I was the dupe of a most improbable report, and humbly entreat your pardon.

Lou. Think no more of it; 'twas a mistake.

Bel. My life has been composed of little else; 'twas founded in mystery, and has continued in error:—I was once given to hope, Mr. Stockwell, that you was to have delivered me from these difficulties; but either I do not deserve your confidence, or I was deceived in my expectations.

Stock. When this lady has confirmed your pardon, I shall hold you deserving of my confidence.

Lou. That was granted the moment it was asked.

Bel. To prove my title to his confidence, honour me so far with yours, as to allow me a few minutes' conversation in private with you. [*She turns to her Father.*]

Dud. By all means, Louisa;—come, Mr. Stockwell, let us go into another room.

Charles. And now, major O'Flaherty, I claim your promise, of a sight of the paper, that is to unravel this conspiracy of my aunt Rusport's. I think I have waited with great patience.

O'Fla. I have been endeavouring to call to mind what it was I overheard; I have got the paper, and will give you the best account I can of the whole transaction. [*Exeunt.*]

Bel. Miss Dudley, I have solicited this audience, to repeat to you my penitence and confusion: How shall I atone? What reparation can I make to you and virtue?

Lou. To me there's nothing due, nor any thing demanded of you but your more favourable opinion for the future, if you should chance to think of me. Upon the part of virtue, I am not empowered to speak; but if hereafter, as you range through life, you should surprise her in the person of some wretched female, poor as myself, and not so well protected, enforce not your advantage, complete not your licentious triumph; but raise her, rescue her from shame and sorrow, and reconcile her to herself again.

Bel. I will, I will; by bearing your ideas ever present in my thoughts, virtue shall keep an advocate within me: but tell me, loveliest, when you pardon the offence, can you, all perfect as you are, approve of the offender? As I now cease to view you in that false light I lately did, can you, and in the fulness of your bounty will you, cease also to reflect

upon the libertine addresses I have paid you, and look upon me as your reformed, your rational admirer?

Lou. Are sudden reformations apt to last? and how can I be sure the first fair face you meet will not ensnare affections to unsteady, and that I shall not lose you lightly as I gained you?

Bel. Because though you conquered me by surprise, I have no inclination to rebel; because since the first moment that I saw you, every instant has improved you in my eyes; because by principle as well as passion I am unalterably yours; in short, there are ten thousand causes for my love to you, would to heaven I could plant one in your soft bosom that might move you to return it!

Lou. Nay, Mr. Belcour—

Bel. I know I am not worthy your regard; I know I am tainted with a thousand faults, sick of a thousand follies; but there's a healing virtue in your eyes, that makes recovery certain; I cannot be a villain in your arms.

Lou. That you can never be: whomever you shall honour with your choice, my life upon't, that woman will be happy: it is not from suspicion that I hesitate, it is from honour; 'tis the severity of my condition, it is the world that never will interpret fairly in our case.

Bel. Oh, what am I, and who in this wide world concerns himself for such a nameless, such a friendless thing as I am? I see, miss Dudley, I've not yet obtained your pardon.

Lou. Nay, that you are in full possession of.

Bel. Oh, seal it with your hand, then, loveliest of women; confirm it with your heart: make me honourably happy, and crown your penitent, not with your pardon only, but your love.

Lou. My love!—

Enter O'FLAHERTY; afterwards DUDLEY and CHARLES, with STOCKWELL.

O'Fla. Joy, joy! sing, dance, leap, laugh for joy. Ha! done making love, and fall down on your knees, to every saint in the calendar, for they are all on your side, and honest St. Patrick at the head of them.

Charles. O Louisa, such an event! by the luckiest chance in life, we have discovered a will of my grandfather's, made in his last illness, by which he cuts off my aunt Rusport with a small annuity, and leaves me heir to his whole estate, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds to yourself.

Lou. What is it you tell me? O sir, instruct me to support this unexpected turn of fortune.

Dud. Name not fortune; 'tis the work of Providence; 'tis the justice of heaven that would not suffer innocence to be oppressed, nor your base aunt to prosper in her cruelty and cunning. [*A Servant whispers Belcour, and he goes out.*]

O'Fla. You shall pardon me, captain Dudley, but you must not overlook St. Patrick neither; for, by my soul, if he had not put it into my head to slip behind the screen, I don't see how you would ever have come at the paper there, that master Stockwell is reading.

Dud. True, my good friend, you are the father of this discovery; but how did you contrive to get this will from the lawyer?

O'Fla. By force, my dear; the only way of getting any thing from a lawyer's clutches.

Stock. Well, major, when he brings his action of assault and battery against you, the least Dudley can do is to defend you with the weapons you have put into his hands.

Charles. That I am bound to do; and after the happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Fla. And upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there, for 'tis now thirty long years since I set foot in my native country, and by the power of St. Patrick I swear I think it's worth all the rest of the world put together.

Dud. Ay, major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over; we have stood many a tough gale, and abundance of hard blows, but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe, harbour, where we'll rest from our labours, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Fla. Agreed, and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man, that major O'Flaherty accepts a favour at your hands; for, by heaven, I'd sooner starve, than say I thank you, to the man I despise; but I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounc'd the old cat; for, on my conscience, I believe I must otherwise have married her myself, to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Stock. Hey day, what's become of Belcour?

Lou. One of your servants called him out just now, and seemingly on some earnest occasion.

Stock. I hope, miss Dudley, he has atoned to you as a gentleman ought.

Lou. Mr. Belcour, sir, will always do what a gentleman ought, and in my case I fear only you will think he has done too much.

Stock. What has he done? and what can be too much? Pray heaven, it may be as I wish! [*Aside.*]

Dud. Let us hear it, child.

Lou. With confusion for my own unworthiness, I confess he has offered me—

Stock. Himself.

Lou. 'Tis true.

Stock. Then I am happy; all my doubts, my cares, are over, and I may own him for my son.—Why, these are joyful tidings; come, my good friend, assist me in disposing your lovely daughter to accept this returning prodigal; he is no unprincipled, no hardened libertine: his love for you and virtue is the same.

Dud. 'Twere vile ingratitude in me to doubt his merit.—What says my child?

O'Fla. Begging your pardon now, 'tis a frivolous sort of a question, that of yours, for you may see plainly enough by the young lady's looks, that she says a great deal, though she speaks never a word.

Charles. Well, sister, I believe the major has fairly interpreted the state of your heart.

Lou. I own it; and what must that heart be, which love, honour, and beneficence, like Mr. Belcours's, can make no impression on?

Stock. I thank you: What happiness has this hour brought to pass!

O'Fla. Why don't we all sit down to supper, then, and make a night on't?

Enter BELCOUR, introducing MISS RUSPORT.

Bel. Mr. Dudley, here is a fair refugee, who properly comes under your protection; she is equipped for Scotland, but your good fortune, which I have related to her, seems inclined to save you both the journey—Nay, madam, never go back! you are amongst friends.

Charles. Charlotte!

Miss R. The same; that fond, officious girl, that haunts you every where: that persecuting spirit—

Charles. Say rather, that protecting angel; such you have been to me.

Miss R. O Charles, you have an honest, but proud heart.

Charles. Nay, chide me not, dear Charlotte.

Bel. Seal up her lips, then; she is an adorable girl; her arms are open to you; and love and happiness are ready to receive you.

Charles. Thus, then, I claim my dear, my destined wife. *[Embracing her.]*

Enter LADY RUSPORT.

Lady R. Hey day! mighty fine! wife, truly! mighty well! kissing, embracing—did ever any thing equal this? Why, you shameless hussy!—But I won't condescend to waste a word upon you.—You, sir, you, Mr. Stockwell; you fine, sanctified, fair-dealing man of conscience; is this the principle you trade upon? is this your neighbourly system, to keep a house of reception for runaway daughters, and young beggarly fortune hunters?

O'Fla. Be advised now, and don't put yourself in such a passion; we were all very happy till you came.

Lady R. Stand away, sir; hav'n't I a reason to be in a passion?

O'Fla. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew all.

Lady R. Come, madam, I have found out your haunts; dispose yourself to return home with me. Young man, let me never see you within my doors again: Mr. Stockwell, I shall report your behaviour, depend on it.

Stock. Hold, madam, I cannot consent to lose miss Rusport's company this evening, and I am persuaded you won't insist upon it; 'tis an unmotherly action to interrupt your daughter's happiness in this manner, believe me it is.

Lady R. Her happiness truly! upon my word! and I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin; for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar? I think my sister had a proof of that, sir, when she made choice of you. *[To Captain Dudley.]*

Dud. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, lady Rusport.

O'Fla. By my soul, you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial elixir by-and-by.

Stock. It don't appear to me, madam, that Mr. Dudley can be called a beggar.

Lady R. But it appears to me, Mr. Stockwell; I am apt to think a pair of colours can-

not furnish settlement quite sufficient for the heiress of sir Stephen Rusport.

Miss R. But a good estate, in aid of a commission, may do something.

Lady R. A good estate, truly! where should he get a good estate, pray?

Stock. Why, suppose now a worthy old gentleman, on his death-bed, should have taken it in mind to leave him one—

Lady R. Hah! what's that you say?

O'Fla. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Stock. Suppose there should be a paper in the world, that runs thus—"I do hereby give and bequeath all my estates, real and personal, to Charles Dudley, son of my late daughter Louisa, etc. etc. etc."

O'Fla. There's a fine parcel of etc.'s for your ladyship.

Lady R. Why, I am thunderstruck! by what contrivance, what villany, did you get possession of that paper?

Stock. There was no villany, madam, in getting possession of it; the crime was in concealing it, none in bringing it to light.

Lady R. Oh, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Fla. You may say that, 'faith; he is a cursed lawyer; and a cursed piece of work I had to get the paper from him; your ladyship now was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it: I forced him to give it me of his own accord, for nothing at all, at all.

Lady R. Is it you that have done this? am I foiled by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Fla. 'Twas a blunder, 'faith, but as natural a one as if I had made it o'purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen; do right even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

Lady R. Am I become an object of your pity, then? Insufferable! confusion light amongst you! marry, and be wretched: let me never see you more. *[Exit.]*

Miss R. She is outrageous; I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

Charles. Come, Charlotte, don't let this angry woman disturb our happiness: we will save her, in spite of herself; your father's memory shall not be stained by the discredit of his second choice.

Miss R. I trust implicitly to your discretion, and am in all things yours.

Bel. Now, lovely, but obdurate, does not this example soften?

Lou. What can you ask for more? Accept my hand, accept my willing heart.

Bel. O, bliss unutterable! brother, father, friend, and you, the author of this general joy—

O'Fla. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'tis a night of wonderful and surprising ups and downs: I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't.

Stock. Hold for a moment! I have yet one word to interpose—Entitled by my friendship to a voice in your disposal, I have approved your match; there yet remains a father's consent to be obtained.

Bel. Have I a father?

Stock. You have a father; did not I tell you I had a discovery to make?—Compose your

self—you have a father, who observes, who knows, who loves you.

Bel. Keep me no longer in suspense; my heart is softened for the affecting discovery, and nature fits me to receive his blessing.

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. My father!—Do I live?

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. It is too much—my happiness overpowers me—to gain a friend, and find a father, is too much: I blush to think how little I deserve you. [They embrace.]

Dud. See, children, how many new relations spring from this night's unforeseen events, to endear us to each other.

O'Fla. O my conscience, I think we shall be all related by-and-by.

Stock. Yes, Belcour, I have watched you with a patient, but inquiring eye, and I have discovered through the veil of some irregularities, a heart beaming with benevolence, and animated nature; fallible indeed, but not incorrigible; and your election of this excellent young lady makes me glory in acknowledging you to be my son.

Bel. I thank you, and in my turn, glory in the father I have gained. Sensibly impressed with gratitude for such extraordinary dispensations, I beseech you, amiable Louisa, for the time to come, whenever you perceive me deviating into error or offence, bring only to my mind the providence of this night, and I will turn to reason and obey.

GEORGE FARQUHAR

Was born at Londonderry, in 1678, where he received the rudiments of erudition and from whence, as soon as he was properly qualified, he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered as a sizar, July 17, 1696; but the modes of study in that place being calculated rather for making deep than polite scholars, and Mr. Farquhar being totally averse to serious pursuit, he was reckoned by all his fellow-students one of the dullest young men in the university, and even as a companion he was thought extremely heavy and disagreeable. On quitting college, he engaged himself to Mr. Ashbury, the manager of the Dublin theatre, and was soon introduced on the stage, in the character of Othello. In this situation he continued no longer than that part of one season, nor made any very considerable figure. For though his person was sufficiently in his favour, and he was possessed of the requisites of a strong retentive memory, a just manner of speaking, and an easy and elegant deportment, yet his natural diffidence and timidity, or what is usually termed the *stage-terror*, which he was never able to overcome, added to a thin insufficiency of voice, were strong bars in the way of his success, more especially in tragedy. However, notwithstanding these disadvantages, it is not improbable, as from his amiable private behaviour he was very much esteemed, and has never met with the least repulse from the audience in any of his performances, that he might have continued much longer on the stage, but for an accident which determined him to quit it on a sudden; for being to play the part of Goyomir, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, who kills Velasquez, one of the Spanish generals, Mr. Farquhar, by some mistake, took a real sword instead of a foil on the stage with him, and in the engagement wounded his brother-tragedian, who acted Velasquez, in so dangerous a manner, that, although it did not prove mortal, he was a long time before he recovered it; and the consideration of the fatal consequences that might have ensued, wrought so strongly on our author's humane disposition, that he took up a resolution never to go on the stage again, or submit himself to the possibility of such another mistake. Notwithstanding the several disappointments and vexations which this gentleman met with during his short stay in this transitory world, (only thirty years) nothing seems to have been able to overcome the readiness of his genius, or the easy good-nature of his disposition; for he began and finished his well-known comedy of *The Beaux Strategem* in about six weeks, during his last illness; notwithstanding he, for a great part of the time, was extremely sensible of the approaches of death, and even foretold what actually happened, viz. that he should die before the run of it was over. Nay, in so calm and manly a manner did he treat the expectation of that fatal event, as even to be able to exercise his wonted pleasantry on the very subject. For while his play was in rehearsal, his friend Mr. Wilks, who frequently visited him during his illness, observing to him that Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt too freely with the character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to Archer, without such a proper divorce as might be a security for her honour,—"Oh," replied the author, with his accustomed vivacity, "I will, if she pleases, save that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond, that she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight." But nothing can give a more perfect idea of that disposition we have hinted at in him, than the very laconic but expressive billet which Mr. Wilks found, after his death, among his papers, directed to himself, and which, as a curiosity in its kind, we cannot refrain from giving to our readers; it was as follows: "Dear Bob, I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of life, thine George Farquhar." Of his character as a man, we have an account by himself in a piece, addressed to a lady, which he calls *The Picture*. It begins thus: "My outside is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it; and the piece being drawn by so great an artist, it were presumption to say there were many strokes amiss. I have a body qualified to answer all the ends of its creation, and that is sufficient. As to the mind, which in most men wears as many changes as their body, so in me it is generally dressed like my person, in black. Melancholy is its every day apparel; and it has hitherto found few holidays to make it change its clothes. In short, my constitution is very splenetic, and yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former should offend others, and that the latter might incommode myself. And my reason is so vigilant in restraining these two failings, that I am taken for an easy-natured man with my own sex, and an ill-natured clown by yours. I have very little estate, but what lies under the circumference of my hat, and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three hours study live one and twenty with satisfaction to myself, and contribute to the maintenance of more families than some who have thousands a year. I have somewhat in my outward behaviour, which gives strangers a worse opinion of me than I deserve; but I am more than recompensed by the opinion of my acquaintance, which is as much above my desert. I have many acquaintance, very few intimates, but no friend, I mean in the old romantic way; I have no secret so weighty, but what I can hear in my own breast; nor any duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a second; nor can I love after the old romantic discipline. I would have my passion, if not led, yet at least waited on, by my reason; and the greatest proof of my affection that a lady must expect, is this: I would run any hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory pleasure make either of us miserable. If ever, Madam, you come to know the life of this piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe the name to the picture." As a writer, the opinions of critics have been various; the general character which has been given of his comedies is, that the success of most of them far exceeded the author's expectations, that he was particularly happy in the choice of his subjects, which he always took care to adorn with a great variety of characters and incidents, that his style is pure and unaffected, his wit natural and flowing, and that his plots are generally well contrived. But then, on the contrary, it has been objected, that he was too hasty in his productions, that his works are loose, though indeed not so grossly libertine as those of some other wits of his time; that his imagination, though lively, was capable of no great compass, and his wit, though passable, not such as would gain ground on consideration. In a word, he seems to have been a man of a genius rather sprightly than great, rather flowing than solid; his characters are natural yet not voraciously marked, nor peculiarly heightened; yet, as it is apparent he drew his observations from those he con-

versed with, and formed all his portraits from nature, it is more than probable, that if he had lived to have gained a more general knowledge of life, or if his circumstances had not been so straitened as to prevent his mingling with persons of rank, we might have seen his plays embellished with more finished characters, and adorned with a more polished dialogue.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER,

Com. by George Farquhar. Acted at Drury Lane 1705. This most entertaining and lively comedy, which is at this time, and probably will ever continue to be, one of the most standard and established amusements of the British stage, was written on the very spot where the author has fixed his scene of action, viz. at Shrewsbury, and at a time when he was himself a recruiting officer in that town, and, by all accounts of him, the very character he has drawn in that of Captain Plume. His Justice Balance was designed, as he tells us himself, as a compliment to a very worthy gentleman in that neighbourhood (Mr. Berkely, then recorder of Shrewsbury). Worthy, was a Mr. Owen, of Russason, on the borders of Shropshire. Brazen is unknown. Melinda was a Miss Harnage, of Balsadine, near the Wrekin. Sylvia was the daughter of Mr. Berkely, above-mentioned. He has dedicated the play in a familiar and at the same time grateful manner, to all friends round the Wrekin. The story is of the author's invention; the characters are natural, the dialogue is easy, and the wit entirely spirited and genuine. In short, to say the least we can in its praise, we can scarcely keep within the limits assigned us; and, were we to say the most, we could scarcely do justice to its merit. An anecdote, connected with this play, is related of Quin, which only shows that great, as well as humble actors, will occasionally trip. Quin was performing the part of Balance with Mrs. Woffington, who was playing the part of his daughter, Quin, having, it is supposed, taken a little more wine than usual after dinner, addressed her thus: "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother was married?"—"What, Sir!" said the actress, titling—"Pshaw!" says he, "I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?"—"I regret, Sir, that I cannot answer you precisely on either of those questions; but I can tell you, if that be necessary, how old I was when my mother died!"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BALANCE.
SCALE.
SCRUPLE.
WORTHY.
CAPTAIN PLUME.
CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

KITE.
BULLOCK.
COSTAR PEARMAIN.
THOMAS APPLETREE.
WELSH COLLIER.
MELINDA.

SYLVIA.
LUCY.
ROSE.
WOMAN.
WIFE.

Constable,
Recruits,
Mob,
Servants,
and
Attendants.

SCENE.—Shrewsbury.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Market Place.

Drum beats the Grenadier's March. Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the Mob.

Serg. K. If any gentlemen soldiers or others have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any, prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. — Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers; grenadiers, gentlemen.—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man.—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head? [*To Costar Pearmain.*

Cos. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list¹ me?

Serg. K. No, no, no more than I can.—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cos. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Serg. K. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cos. My mind misgives me plaguily.—Let me see it. [*Going to put it on*] It smells wondrously of sweat and brimstone: smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns, does it.

1) Enlist.

Cos. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Serg. K. The crown, or the bed of honour

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cos. My wife and I would do well to lie in't—But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cos. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Serg. K. Say you so! then I find, brother—

Cos. Brother! hold, there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet.—Lookye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see; if I have a mind to list, why so; if not, why 'tis not so: therefore, take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing.—No coaxing; no broothering me, faith!

Serg. K. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have serv'd twenty campaigns—But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man.—Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cos. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Serg. K. Give me your hand then; and

now, gentlemen, I have no more to say than this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money, and the king's drink: he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health.

Mob. No, no, no.

Serg. K. Huzza, then! buzza, for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

Mob. Huzza!

Serg. K. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt shouting; Drum beating a Grenadier's March.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, in a Riding Habit.

Capt. P. By the grenadier's march, that should be my drum; and by that shout it should beat with success. Let me see—four o'clock. [*Looks at his Watch*] At ten yesterday morning I left London—pretty smart riding; but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble captain! from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble captain! you're welcome.

Capt. P. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite. I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain—Pray what success?

Serg. K. I've been here a week, and I've recruited five.

Capt. P. Five! Pray what are they?

Serg. K. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the gipsies, a Scotch pedler, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welch parson.

Capt. P. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Serg. K. Why, sir?

Capt. P. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write: I say, this minute discharge him.

Serg. K. And what shall I do with the parson.

Capt. P. Can he write?

Serg. K. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Capt. P. Keep him by all means. But how stands the country affected? were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town?

Serg. K. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business. But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Capt. P. Who?

Serg. K. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your old friend Molly, at the Castle.

Capt. P. She's not—I hope—

Serg. K. She was brought to bed yesterday.

Capt. P. Kite, you must father the child.

Serg. K. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Capt. P. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Serg. K. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Capt. P. To how many?

Serg. K. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-

roll. [*Draws it out*] Let me see—[*Reads*] Imprimis, Mrs. Shely Snikereyes, she sells potatoes upon Ormond Key in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the Horse Guards at Whitehall—Dolly Wagon, the carrier's daughter at Hull—Mademoiselle Van Bottomflat, at the Buss—then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain.

Capt. P. A full company—you have named five—Come, make them half a dozen. Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Serg. K. A chopping boy.

Capt. P. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Serg. K. I shall, sir.

Capt. P. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Serg. K. Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie. I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret for the convenience of keeping it so; but he is an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. 'This device, sir, will get you men, and me money, which I think is all we want at present.—But yonder comes your friend, Mr. Worthy. Has your honour any further commands?

Capt. P. None at present. [*Exit Sergeant Kite*] 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter WORTHY.

What, arms across, Worthy! methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near. The man has got the vapours in his ears I believe. I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,

Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume! my dear captain! return'd! safe and sound, I hope.

Capt. P. You see I have lost neither leg nor arm; then, for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Capt. P. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in Wales I hope! Has your father rose from the dead, and reassumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are married, surely?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are mad, or turning methodist?

Wor. Come, I must out with it. Your once gay roving friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Capt. P. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Capt. P. Shake hands, brother. If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thought-

ful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.
Wor. For whom?

Capt. P. For a regiment—but for a woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one. Pray who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed! not to be won under ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Capt. P. But who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Capt. P. That's impossible. I know no woman that will hold out a ten years siege.

Wor. VVhat think you of Melinda?

Capt. P. Melinda! you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility. VVould you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to make love to her chambermaid. Suppose we lampooned all the pretty women in town, and left her out; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Capt. P. VVhat! no young ones? and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain! witness our friend Molly at the Castle; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Capt. P. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh, sir! have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Capt. P. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. If people would but try one another before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say that.

Capt. P. I have country towns for that reason. If your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia it deserves to be burned to the ground. I love Sylvia, I admire her frank generous disposition; in short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason; for were you but a corporal, she would marry you. But my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees; I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you.

Capt. P. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it if she does.

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Captain, captain! a word in your ear.

Capt. P. You may speak out; here are none but friends.

Serg. K. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molly; my wife, Mr. VVorthy.

Wor. O ho! very well. I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Serg. K. Your worship very well may; for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour. But as I was saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly—my wife, I mean—But what do you think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Capt. P. As how?

Serg. K. VVhy, sir, a footman in livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-clothes.

Capt. P. VVho, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Serg. K. Nay, sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. Sylvia.

Capt. P. Sylvia! generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impossible!

Serg. K. Here are the guineas, sir. I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, further, sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with the news, called after me, and told me that his lady would speak with me: I went; and upon hearing that you were come to town she gave me half-a-guinea for the news, and ordered me to tell you that justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Capt. P. There's a girl for you, VVorthy. Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, though she dies for the man. Come, VVorthy, where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved it for your welcome to town.

Capt. P. Let's away, then. Mr. Kite, go to the lady, with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite! have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Serg. K. No, sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Capt. P. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow: but I'll tell you more as we go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Apartment.

Enter MELINDA and SYLVIA, meeting.

Mel. VVelcome to town, cousin Sylvia. [They salute] I envied you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living: here we have smoke, noise, scandal, affectation and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen, and nothing to divert it: then the air is intolerable.

Syl. Oh, madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Sylvia, how long I have lived in! for I can assure you, that to a lady the least nice in her constitu-

tion, no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs?

Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste. Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air! But, prythee, my dear Melinda! don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ache in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of a horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen, cholic, nor vapours. I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle.

Mel. I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl.—And there's a pleasure in being mad Which none but madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor romantic quixote! hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young sprightly officer, that rambles over half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Pshaw! what care I for his thoughts! I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shows a narrowness of soul.

Mel. O my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world. But now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly; he's a gentleman of parts and fortune, and besides that he's my Plume's friend; and by all that's sacred if you don't use him better I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches in good earnest. But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, ill-mannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh, madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds: you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam, for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakish officer as you do.

Syl. Again! lookye madam, you are in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours I should have excused you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit returned.

Mel. The sooner, therefore, you make an end of this the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow me inclinations; and so, madam, your humbly servant. [Exit.]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. What's the matter, madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swelled upon the arrival of her fellow?

Lucy. I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't, if I can help it. Let me see—I have it—bring me pen and ink—Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam. [Presents a Letter.]

Mel. Who sent it?

Lucy. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him: send it back unopened.

Lucy. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment.

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and CAPTAIN PLUME.

Just B. Lookye, captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. Adds my life, captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier.

Capt. P. Pray, Mr. Balance, how does your fair daughter?

Just B. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France? we're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the last battle.

Capt. P. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see; but we were all so intent upon victory that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Mrs. Sylvia?

Just B. Still upon Sylvia! for shame, captain! you are engaged already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Capt. P. As a mistress I confess, but as a friend, Mr. Balance.

Just B. Come, come, captain, never mince

the matter; would not you debauch my daughter if you could?

Capt. P. How, sir? I hope she is not to be debauched.

Just B. Faith, but she is, sir, and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and person. Lookye, captain, once I was young, and once an officer, as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman as like me as I was then like you.

Capt. P. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Just B. Not much of that.

Capt. P. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that—

Just B. Pho, pho! I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service, captain, it was to please myself. I love thee, and if I could part with my girl you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know; but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal; she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so—*Sylvia, Sylvia!* [*Calls.*]

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Just B. And here is a gentleman from Germany. [*Presents Capt. B. to her*] Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go and read my letters and wait on you. [*Exit.*]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Capt. P. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe public report?

Capt. P. You may, when 'tis backed by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

Capt. P. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open this paper, which was drawn the evening before our last battle, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs. Sylvia Balance. [*Opens the Will and reads*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but, methinks, sir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Capt. P. That's home. [*Aside*] My little

boy! lack-a-day, madam! that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine: why, the girl, madam, is my sergeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was the father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity—That was all, madam—My boy! no, no, no!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my master has received some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the captain's pardon that the can't wait on him as he promised. [*Exit.*]

Capt. P. Ill news! Heaven avert it! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and SYLVIA.

Syl. Whilst there is life there is hope, sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Just B. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands he fears I shall have no son—Poor Owen!—but the decree is just; I was pleased with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punished with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Just B. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about two thousand pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title: you must set a just value upon yourself, and in plain terms, think no more of captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Just B. And I do so still; he's a very pretty fellow; but though I liked him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family: fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but, odds my life! two thousand pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain. A captain of foot worth two thousand pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Just B. Come, show me the messenger.

[*Exit with Servant.*]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am prince Prettyman exactly. If my brother dies, ah, poor brother! if he lives, ah, poor sister! It is bad both ways. I'll try it again—Follow my own inclinations and break my father's heart, or obey his commands

and break my own! Worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus: a moderate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass. That will never do neither.

Re-enter JUSTICE BALANCE.

Just. B. Put four horses to the coach. [*To a Servant without*] Ho, Sylvia!

Syl. Sir.

Just. B. How old were you when your mother died?

Syl. So young that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Just. B. Have I ever denied you any thing you asked of me?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Just. B. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that, once in your life, you will grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir?

Just. B. I don't; but I would rather counsel than command. I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend, that you would take the coach this moment and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now?

Just. B. No matter; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons. But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Just. B. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Just. B. Very well; and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent: and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready. Farewell, [*Leads her to the Door, and returns*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads*] *Sir,—My intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend, captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it: The captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country is the advice of, sir, your humble servant, MELINDA.—Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age; they are ten times worse than they were in my time.—Hang it! I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.*

Enter WORTHY.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Just. B. I apprehend it, sir; you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Just. B. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehensions of wrong from any body.

Just. B. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Just. B. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. [*Takes up a Piece*] Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Just. B. Hold, sir; the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me!—Dear sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a power over her pride to have her own an intimacy under her hand. This was the luckiest accident! [*Gathers up the Letter*] The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs. Sylvia.

Just. B. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account?

Just. B. No, no, poor girl! she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company she begged leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Just. B. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir?—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda; and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Just. B. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal.—I am glad my daughter's fairly off though.

[*Aside*] Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's: I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Just. B. Your pardon, dear Worthy. I must allow a day or two to the death of my son. Afterwards, I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt apart.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter SERGEANT KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one Hand, and THOMAS APLFRETREE in the other, drunk.

Serg. K. [*Sings*] Our 'prentice Tom, may now refuse

To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.—Over, etc.

[*The Mob sings the Chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.—Over, etc.
Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing,
dance, play—we live, as one should say—we
live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we
are all princes—why—why, you are a king—
you are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now
—an't we?

Tho. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Serg. K. No?

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Serg. K. A justice of peace, man?

Tho. Ay, wauns, will I.

Serg. K. Done; you are a justice of peace,
and you are a king, [*To Cos.*] and I am a
duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cos. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Serg. K. What then?

Cos. I'll be a queen.

Serg. K. A queen?

Cos. Ay, of England; that's greater than
any king of 'em all.

Serg. K. Bravely said, faith! huzza for the
queen. [*Huzza*] But harkye, you Mr. Justice,
and you Mr. Queen, did you ever see the
king's picture?

Cos. Tho. No, no, no.

Serg. K. I wonder at that; I have two of
'em set in gold, and as like his majesty—bless
the mark! see here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two broad Pieces out of his
Pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature!

[*Looks at it.*]

Cos. What's this written about? here's a
posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus!—what's that, ser-
geant?

Serg. K. O! Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin
for king George; that's all.

Cos. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Ser-
geant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on
you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Serg. K. A crown! never talk of buying;
'tis the same thing among friends, you know;
I'll present them to ye both: you shall give
me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and re-
member your old friend, when I am over the
thills and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the Money.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, singing.

Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it;
I'll make one among ye. Who are these
hearty lads?

Serg. K. Off with your hats! 'ounds! off
with your hats! This is the captain, the cap-
tain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now,
mun.

Cos. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh!
I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I've scarcely d'off mine for any
captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Capt. P. Who are those jolly lads, ser-
geant?

Serg. K. A couple of honest, brave fellows,

that are willing to serve the king. I have en-
tertained 'em just now as volunteers under
your honour's command.

Capt. P. And good entertainment they shall
have: volunteers are the men I want; those
are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, ge-
nerals.

Cos. Wounds, Tummas! what's this? are
you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I. Are you, Costar?

Cos. Wounds! not I.

Serg. K. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a
very good jest, i'faith.

Cos. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Serg. K. Home! for shame, gentlemen! be-
have yourselves better before your captain.
Dear Tummas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Serg. K. Nay, then, I command you to stay.
I place you both sentinels in this place for
two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's
clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's;
and he that dares stir from his post till he be
relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the
next minute.

Capt. P. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm
afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Serg. K. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey
command, sir; and one of 'em should be shot
for an example to the other.

Cos. Shot, Tummas?

Capt. P. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know; the noble sergeant
is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir; but—

Serg. K. They disobey command; they deny
their being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright
deny it neither; that we dare not do for fear
of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a
civil way, and begging your worship's pardon,
that we may go home.

Capt. P. That's easily known. Have either
of you received any of the king's money?

Cos. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Serg. K. They have each of them received
one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their
pockets.

Cos. Wounds! if I have a penny in my
pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to
be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I. Look ye here, sir.

Cos. Nothing but the king's picture, that
the sergeant gave me just now.

Serg. K. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty
shillings; 'oother has the fellow on't.

Capt. P. The case is plain, gentlemen; the
goods are found upon you; those pieces of
gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cos. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-
twenty shillings in Latin. [are listed.]

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we

Cos. 'Flesh! but we an't, Tummas. I desire
to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite
whisper.*]

Capt. P. 'Twill never do, Kite; your damn'd
tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the
fellows though, if I can help it. [*Apart*]
Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick
in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath
that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Capt. P. Lookye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog.—Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay, then we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon—and—

Cos. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read.—And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money, for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Capt. P. How! by way of a present? the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you! scoundrel! rogue! villain!

[Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.]

Tho. Cos. O brave, noble captain: huzza. A brave captain, faith.

Cos. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw.—Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you—Lookye, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cos. Mind that, Tummas.

Capt. P. I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you or you may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar—a sweet gentleman!

Capt. P. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets; my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing: you are both of you at your liberty.

Cos. Thank you, noble captain—Ecod! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind?

Capt. P. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours; what think you now of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the butt end of your firelock, eh?

Cos. Wwau! I'll have it. Captain, give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na: be advis'd.

Capt. P. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do further for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar!

[Gries, and pulls back his Arm.]

Cos. I wull—I wull.—Wwau! my mind misgives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Capt. P. Give me thy hand; and now you

and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread.—Bring your friend with you if you can. [Apart.]

Cos. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee.—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Capt. P. Here, my lad. [Gives him Money] Now your name.

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Capt. P. And yours?

Cos. Costar Pearmain.

Capt. P. Well said, Costar! Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Capt. P. Very well. Courage, my lads—Now we'll [Sings.]

Over the hills and far away.

Courage, boys, it is one to ten

But we return all gentlemen;

While conq'ring colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE.

Kite; take care of 'em.

Serg. K. A'n't you a couple of pretty fellows now? Here you have complained to the captain, I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Cos. Tho. I.

Serg. K. So you shall—in your guts.—March, you sons of— [Exit, beating them off.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Market Place.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we love two ladies; they meet us half way; and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, and away they run.

Capt. P. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore, a couple of poor melancholy monsters.—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine: the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Capt. P. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Capt. P. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Capt. P. No; I think myself above admiring to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous, good-natur'd Sylvia, when poor, I admire; but the haughty and scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise.—What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment!—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Captain, captain! Sir, look yonder, she's a-coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit!

Capt. P. Now, Worthy, to show you how much I'm in love—here she comes. But, Kite, what is that great country fellow with her?

Serg. K. I can't tell, sir.

Enter ROSE, followed by her brother BULLOCK, with Chickens in a Basket on her Arm.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Capt. P. Here, you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Capt. P. Come hither, pretty maid!

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Capt. P. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for yourself—Come, child, I'll buy all your stock.

Rose. Then it's all at your service.

[*Courtesies.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself I find.

[*Exit.*]

Capt. P. Let me see; young and tender you say?

[*Chucks her under the Chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Capt. P. Come, I must examine your basket, my dear!

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.

Capt. P. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Capt. P. Come, then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds.—Pray what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, sir. My father is a farmer within three short miles o'the town: we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter; and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late home.

[*Whistles about the Stage.*]

Capt. P. Kite! [*Tips him the Wink, he returns it*] Pretty Mrs. Rose, you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, sir; and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, Rouse; I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgie and higgie for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf? I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure. The gentleman bids fair; and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him.—And so, sir, I say for a crown-piece the bargain's yours.

Capt. P. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, sir.

Capt. P. Indeed, indeed, but you can. My lodging is hard by, chicken. and we'll make change there.

[*Exit; Rose follows him.*]

Serg. K. So, sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these bussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards picked his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, sir, what is a rabelin?

Serg. K. Why, 'tis like a modern minced pie; but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray what may he be?—Come, Rouse, pray ha' done.

Serg. K. Your palisado is a pretty sort of

bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's Rouse? — Rouse, Rouse! 'Slish! where's Rouse gone?

Serg. K. She's gone with the captain.

Bul. The captain! wauns! there's no pressing of women sure?

Serg. K. But there is sure.

Bul. If the captain should press Rouse, I should be ruined. Which way went she?—Oh! the devil take your rabelins and palisadoes.

Serg. K. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Re-enter WORTHY.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find:

Serg. K. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Serg. K. You must know, sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learned canting and lying: I was bought from my mother Cleopatra, by a certain nobleman, for three pistoles; who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learned impudence and pimping: I was turned off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing: I at last got into the army; and there I learned wenching and drinking—so that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting sergeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Serg. K. Hunger and ambition. The fears of starving, and hopes of a truncheon, led me to a gentleman with a fair tongue, who loaded me with promises; but, 'gad, it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life.—He promised to advance me; and indeed he did so—to a garret in the Savoy. I asked him, "Why he put me in prison?" he call'd me, "Lying dog," and said, "I was in a garrison;" and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes justice Balance.

Re-enter BULLOCK, with JUSTICE BALANCE.

Just. B. Here you, sergeant, where's your captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint that your captain has press'd his sister. Do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodgings, to sell him some chickens.

Just. B. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Just. B. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe enough.

Serg. K. I hope so too.

[*Aside.*]

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women?

Bul. I know not whether they list them, or

what they do with them; but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Just. B. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, friend, did you?

[*To Sergeant Kite.*]

Serg. K. Lack-a-day, sir, not I—only that I believe I shall marry her to-morrow.

Just. B. I begin to smell powder. [*Aside*] Well, friend, but what did that gentleman do with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the wild Irish.

Serg. K. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle, the captain carried off the baggage.

Just. B. Sergeant, go along with this fellow to your captain; give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has listed her.

Bul. Ay, and if she be'n't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Serg. K. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's.

[*Aside, and exit with Bullock.*]

Just. B. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll overrun the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Just. B. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age.—But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. Cupid had formerly wings; but I think in this age he goes upon crutches; or, I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple, Vulcan, when my amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely. My mistress has got a captain too; but such a captain!—As I live, yonder he comes!

Just. B. Who, that bluff fellow? I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living; for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice: then he's a Caesar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress: but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Just. B. I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a postboy; but for any thing else as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir: add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses. This is the picture: behold the life.

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. Mr. Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth—Harkye, my dear!

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company is not manners; and when nobody's by 'tis foolish.

Capt. B. Company! mort de ma vie! I beg the gentleman's pardon—who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Capt. B. So I will. My dear! I am your servant, and so forth—Your name, my dear!

[*To Justice Balance.*]

Just. B. Very laconic, sir.

Capt. B. Laconic! a very good name, truly. I have known several of the Laconics abroad. Poor Jack Laconic! he was killed at the battle—I remember that he had a blue riband in his hat that very day; and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Just. B. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or we them?

Capt. B. The French attack us! No, sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Just. B. Or perhaps, sir, you rid upon half-a-dozen horses at once.

Capt. B. What do ye mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed; all torn to pieces by cannon shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemy's chevaux-de-frise.

Just. B. Noble captain! may I crave your name?

Capt. B. Brazen, at your service.

Just. B. Oh, Brazen! a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one captain Plume, sir?

[*To Captain Brazen.*]

Capt. B. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles, that was concerned in the India Company; he married the daughter of old Tonguepad, the master in Chancery; a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little: she died in childbed of her first child; but the child surviv'd: 'twas a daughter—but whether it was called Margaret or Margery, upon my soul, I can't remember. [*Looks at his Watch*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water. Worthy, your servant; Laconic, yours. [*Exit.*]

Just. B. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation: I must go see. Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Just. B. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here?

Re-enter ROSE, singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to London and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an' please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting,

begging your worship's pardon. Pray what may this lace be worth a yard?

[Shows some Lace.]

Just. B. Right, Mechlin, by this light! Where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir; I came honestly by it.

Just. B. I question it much. [Aside.]

Rose. And see 'ere, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere: see here. [Takes Snuff affectedly.] The captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Just. B. Oh, ho! the captain! now the murderer's out. [Aside.] And so the captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too. Will your worship please to taste my snuff?

[Offers it affectedly.]

Just. B. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid! And pray what did you give the captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts I have in the country: they shall all go with the captain. Oh! he's the finest man, and the humblest withal. Would you believe it, sir? he talked to me with as much fam—mam—mil—ya—ra—ral—ity as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Just. B. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman as can be.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME, singing.

But it is not so
With those, that go
Through frost and snow—
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail.

[Takes hold of Rose.]

How, the justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned, and executed.

Just. B. Oh, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble captain too, sir.

Capt. P. 'Sdeath! child, are you mad? [To Rose]—Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits that I haven't a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to—

Just. B. Nay, captain, I must speak to you.

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Capt. P. Any other time, sir—I cannot for my life, sir—

Just. B. Pray, sir—

Capt. P. Twenty thousand things—I would—but—now, sir, pray—devil take me—I cannot—I must—

[Breaks away.]

Just. B. Nay, I'll follow you.

Rose. And I too.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Walk by the SEVERN Side.*

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots; or in what shape was the almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from officers to their women. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trades?

Lucy. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I have had nothing said to me these two days: one may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope, as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor.—Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he should speak o'the assignation, I should be ruined, [Aside, and exit.]

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. True to the touch, faith! [Aside] Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam. A fine river this same Severn. Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty, melancholy amusement for lovers.

Capt. B. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I never was so much in love before; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Capt. B. Some of us, madam; but there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes: for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers, madam. I might have married a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year; but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me too when I was a prisoner among the infidels: she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me; but I don't know how, my time was not come. Hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserved me for a Shropshire lady, worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you know any such person, madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! [Aside] To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs. Brazen.

Capt. B. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh, are you there, gentleman? [Aside] Come, captain, we'll walk this way. Give me your hand.

Capt. B. My hand and heart are at your service.—Mr. Worthy, your servant, my dear. [Exit, leading Mel.]

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Capt. P. The March beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men and raising the excise. Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You an't drunk?

Capt. P. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic. There's your play then; recover me that vessel from that Tangerine.

Capt. P. She's well rigged, but how is she manned?

Wor. By captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day. She is called the Melinda; a first rate, I can assure you. She sheered off with him just now on purpose to affront me; but, according to your advice, I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour. But have a care of a quarrel.

Capt. P. No, no; I never quarrel with any thing in my cups but an oyster-wench or a cookmaid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Capt. P. So! now must I look as sober and demure as a whore at a christening.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN and MELINDA.

Capt. B. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Capt. B. Ay.—My dear! [*To Captain Plume.*]

Capt. P. My dear! [*Rushes and embraces him.*]

Capt. B. My dear boy! how is't? Your name, my dear. If I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Capt. P. I never saw yours in my life, my dear; but there's a face well known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Capt. B. Have you any pretensions, sir?

Capt. P. Pretensions!

Capt. B. That is, have you ever served abroad?

Capt. P. I have served at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair; and that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel. So, between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands!

[*Aside.*]

Capt. B. Will you fight for the lady, sir?

Capt. P. No, sir; but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs, and worshipp'd by the
 svains—

Capt. B. Oons! sir, not fight for her?

Capt. P. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out. Behold how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet thee princess of the Severn side.

Capt. B. Don't mind him, madam. If he were not so well dressed I should take him for a poet; but I'll show you the difference presently. Come, madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her.

[*Draws. Melinda shrieks.*]

Re-enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh, Mr. Worthy! save me from these madmen.

[*Exit with Worthy.*]

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Capt. B. No, sir, you are my man.

Capt. P. I don't like the wages; I won't be your man.

Capt. B. Then you're not worth my sword.

Capt. P. No! pray what did it cost?

Capt. B. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Capt. P. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA, in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye! gentlemen.

Capt. B. My dear! I'm yours.

Capt. P. Do you know the gentleman?

Capt. B. No, but I will presently. Your name, my dear?

Syl. Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service.

Capt. B. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Syl. Both, sir, both: I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe; and I'm head of the family at present.

Capt. P. Do you live in this country, sir?

Syl. Yes, sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Capt. B. What are you, sir?

Syl. A rake.

Capt. P. In the army, I presume?

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately. Lookye, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest has me.

Capt. B. Sir, I'll prefer you; I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Capt. P. Corporal! I'll make you my companion; you shall eat with me.

Capt. B. You shall drink with me; you shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field-officer.

Capt. P. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for sergeant.

Capt. B. Can you read and write, sir?

Syl. Yes.

Capt. B. Then your business is done; I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to choose. There is one Plume, that I hear much commended in town; pray which of you is captain Plume?

Capt. P. I am captain Plume.

Capt. B. No, no, I am captain Plume.

Syl. Hey-day!

Capt. P. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my dear!

Capt. B. Captain Brazen! I'm yours.—The fellow dares not fight.

[*Aside.*]

Enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Sir, if you please—

[*Goes to whisper Captain Plume.*]

Capt. P. No, no, there's your captain.—Captain Plume, your sergeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Capt. B. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

[*To Sylvia.*]

Capt. P. I forbid the banns. Lookye, friend, you shall list with captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see captain Brazen hanged first; I will list with captain Plume. I am a free-born Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Lookye, sir, will you stand by me?

[*To Captain Brazen.*]

Capt. B. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, captain Brazen, that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb. [*To Captain Plume.*]

Capt. P. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble captain Plume.

Capt. P. Then you won't list with captain Brazen?

Syl. I won't.

Capt. B. Never mind him, child; I'll end the dispute presently.—Harkye, my dear!

[*Takes Captain Plume to one Side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*]

Serg. K. Sir, he in the plain coat is captain Plume; I am his sergeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! you are sergeant Kite?

Serg. K. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Serg. K. A very understanding youth! of his age. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, let me look you full in your face.

Syl. Well, sir, what have you to say to my face?

Serg. K. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliber were never so like: sure it must be Charles—Charles—

Syl. What do you mean by Charles?

Serg. K. The voice too, only a little variation in E flat. My dear brother! for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, sir; I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Serg. K. Ambition there again! 'tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gained this glorious halberd. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already. But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, sergeant, I shall see who is your captain by your knocking down the other.

Serg. K. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Capt. B. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but, prythee, resign the man, prythee do: you are a very honest fellow.

Capt. P. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Captain Brazen.*]

Capt. B. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the lady? [*Retiring.*]

Capt. P. I always do, but for a man I'll fight kneedeep; so you lie again.

[*Capt. P. and Capt. B. fight a traverse or two about the Stage; Sylvia draws, and is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his Mouth, takes Sylvia in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*]

Capt. B. Hold! where's the man?

Capt. P. Gone.

Capt. B. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my dear.

Capt. P. With all my heart, my dear! [*Puts up.*] I suppose Kite has listed him by this time [*Embraces.*]

Capt. B. You are a brave fellow: I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight I never quar-

rel with 'him afterwards. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend! that lady we frightened out of the walk just now I found at home this morning, so beautiful, so inviting; I presently locked the door—but I'm a man of honour—but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a pretty conveniency. I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoild my sport. Curse you, my dear! but don't do so again—

Capt. P. No, no, my dear! men are my business at present. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK, meeting.

Rose. Where have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, and hold up your head.

Bul. Ah, Rouse, Rouse! I here has been Cartwheel, your sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Lookye, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations. I told the captain how finely he played on the tabor and pipe, so he set him down for drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always loved to be a drumming, if it were but on a table or on a quart pot.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy this dress would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here? Rose, my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise. Come, child, kiss me at once. [*Kisses Rose.*] And her brother too! Well, honest Dungleck, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart and a cart-horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your clothes and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, friend?

Rose. No, no; though your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you. My brother is engaged to captain Plume.

Syl. Plume! do you know captain Plume?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way, sir. Have a care what you say, Rouse; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So! And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!—I expect—but be ordered me to tell nobody—but suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear! men will promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that; but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Vvauns! Rouse, what have you said? *Syl.* Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens: I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. What, Mr. Wifful, so close with my market-woman?

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside*] Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir. Come, my pretty maid! you and I will withdraw a little.

Capt. P. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good a right as you have.

Capt. P. Thou'rt a bloody impudent fellow!

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Capt. P. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Capt. P. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice. Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider: you're both very handsome.

Capt. P. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child? I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Capt. P. Pho! that's easily done: I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy you a new gown, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play! vvauns! Rouse, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Lookye, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with captain Brazen this minute.

Capt. P. VVill you list with me if I give up my title?

Syl. I will.

Capt. P. Take her; I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before indeed that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, captain, do not send Rouse to the VWestern Indies.

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! VWest Indies! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you nor she shall move a step further than I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Capt. P. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—VWhat would you be?

Bul. Oh, sir, if you had not promised the place of drum-major—

Capt. P. Ay, that is promised; but what think you of barrack-master? you are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. But what's become of this same Cartwheel, you told me of, my dear?

Rose. VVell go fetch him. Come, brother barrack-master. VVe shall find you at home, noble captain? [*Exit with Bullock.*]

Capt. P. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean.—But now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command.

Capt. P. Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault I will excuse it, if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they would be less terrible to me than to stay behind you. And now your hand; this lists me—and now you are my captain.

Capt. P. Your friend, 'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that charms me. [*Aside.*]

Syl. One favour I must beg—this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private sentinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impressed by the act of parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Capt. P. VVhat you please as to that. VVill you lodge at my quarters in the mean time?

Syl. No, no, captain; you forget Rose; she's to be my bedfellow you know.

Capt. P. I had forgot: pray be kind to her. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant: we are so weak that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholick—I am at this minute so sick of a secret that I'm ready to faint away—Help me, Lucy!

Lucy. Bless me! madam, what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only; I begin to recover. If Sylvia were in town I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You are thoughtful, madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. Oh, Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer. You must know, that hearing of a famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites: he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear madam! if you should believe him it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours.—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I passed for you.

Lucy. So, 'tis I that am to die a maid. But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid: I've put it out of his power already.

[*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest. I would have passed for you, and called myself Lucy, but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference. I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excused his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath, I could have stabb'd him or myself, 'twas the same thing. Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a woman not to die a maid.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed; I must strike while the iron is hot. [*Aside.*] You've a great deal of courage, madam, to venture where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence, to appear before me that you so lately have affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam; and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed I hope you'll withdraw to another place.

Wor. The place is broad enough for us both [*They walk by one another, she fretting and tearing her Fan*] Will you please to take snuff, madam?

[*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; he gather's up the Snuff.*

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, who takes Melinda round the Waist; she cuffs him.

Capt. B. What, here before me, my dear?

Mel. What means this insolence?

Lucy. Are you mad? don't you see Mr. Worthy?

[*To Brazen.*

Capt. B. No, no; I'm struck blind. Worthy! odso! well turn'd—My mistress has wit at her finger's ends—Madam, I ask your pardon; 'tis our way abroad—Mr. Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr. Worthy; and he assured 'tis the last and only favour you must

expect at my hands. Captain, I ask your pardon.

[*Exit with Lucy.*

Capt. B. I grant it. You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas only a random shot; it might have taken off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear! 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons! sir, what do ye mean by withdraw?

Capt. B. I'll show you.

[*Exit.*

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruined me. 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

KITE, disguised in a strange Habit, discovered sitting at a Table, with Books and Globes.

Serg. K. [*Rises*] By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that Luna was a tidewaiter; Sol, a surveyor; Mercury, a thief; Venus, a whore; Saturn, an alderman; Jupiter, a rake; and Mars, a sergeant of grenadiers—and this is the system of Kite, the conjurer.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Capt. P. Well, what success?

Serg. K. I have sent away a shoemaker and a tailor already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons. I am to manage them at night. Have you seen the lady, Mr. Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do. Have you showed her her name that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Serg. K. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Capt. P. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Serg. K. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[*Exeunt Captain Plume and Worthy.*

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Serg. K. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we shan't stay, doctor.

Serg. K. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Serg. K. For a husband. For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband.

[*To Lucy.*

Lucy. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Serg. K. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Serg. K. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh, heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Serg. K. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool. Do you think, sir, that because I'm a woman I'm to be fooled out of my reason, or frightened out of my senses? Come, show me this devil.

Serg. K. He's a little busy at present, but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Serg. K. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Serg. K. Lookye, fair lady! the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody unless they seek him first; he's chained up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose. You come to me to have your fortune told—do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now, to convince you of your incredulity, I'll show you a trial of my skill. Here, you Cacodemo del Plumo, exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand-writing—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done.—Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Serg. K. Seeing is believing. [*Goes to the Table and lifts up the Carpet*] Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper. Behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle!

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand, madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Serg. K. Here's a chambermaid that will outlie the devil?

Lucy. Lookye, madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces. Come, madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands. [*Takes out a Paper and folds it.*]

Serg. K. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam—Here's pen and ink.

[*Mel. writes, Lucy holds the Paper.*]

Lucy. Let me see it, madam; 'tis the same—the very same. But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Serg. K. 'Tis so, madam—the word demonstration comes from demon, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced: and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Serg. K. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate?

Serg. K. Let me see—About the hour of ten to-morrow morning, you will be saluted

by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other—In short, if the gentleman travels he will die abroad, and if he does you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he?

Serg. K. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Serg. K. Because, madam—because it is so.—A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Serg. K. Ten—about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. [*Gives Money*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Lucy. Oh, madam, a thousand.

Serg. K. I must beg your patience till another time, for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Lucy. O pray, sir, discharge us first!

Serg. K. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs. [*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. Your servant, my dear!

Serg. K. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Capt. B. Are you bewitched, my dear?

Serg. K. Yes, my dear! but mine is a peaceable spirit, and bates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; [*Draws a Circle round himself*] and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Capt. B. Lines! what dost talk of lines? You have something like a fishing-rod there indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man.—What's your name, my dear?

Serg. K. Conundrum.

Capt. B. Conundrum? rat me! I knew a famous doctor in London of your name.—Where were you born?

Serg. K. I was born in Algebra.

Capt. B. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands in Scotland.

Serg. K. Right; I told you I was bewitched.

Capt. B. So am I, my dear; I am going to be married. I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours. Shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay or no?

Serg. K. Certainly.

Capt. B. Gadso, ay.

Serg. K. Or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Capt. B. Why, you old bitch! did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Serg. K. They are not so good, my dear; but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Capt. B. Contents! that you shall, old boy! here they be both.

Serg. K. Only the last you received, if you

please. [*Takes the Letter*] Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter enclosed to you, with the determination of the stars upon it, to your lodgings.

Capt. B. With all my heart. I must give him—[*Puts his Hands in his Pockets*] Algebra! I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity?—Here. [*Gives him Money*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales, for the study of astrology and the benefit of the Conundrums. [*Exit*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million. Let me see it—and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Capt. P. Pho! let me see it. [*Opens the Letter*] If she be a jilt—damn her, she is one! there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. By all my hopes, 'tis Lucy's hand.

Capt. P. Lucy's?

Wor. Certainly. 'Tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Capt. B. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Braxen for a husband. But are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see. Where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil wrote Melinda upon?

Serg. H. Here, sir.

Capt. P. 'Tis plain they are not the same. And is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr. Balance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same. The other fragments I showed you just now I once intended for another use; but I think I have turned it now to a better advantage.

Capt. P. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the prenicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change. Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia, you mean, and poor captain; ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

Capt. P. No, she's above my hopes; but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex. By some the sex is blam'd without design:

Light, harmless censure, such as yours and mine,

Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine:

Others the justice of the sex condemn,

And wanting merit to create esteem,

Would hide their own defects by cens'ring them:

But they, secure in their all-conqu'ring charms,

Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms.

He magnifies their conquests who complains,

For none would struggle, were they not in chains. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—JUSTICE BALANCE'S House.

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and JUSTICE SCALE.

Just. Scale. I say 'tis not to be borne, Mr. Balance.

Just. B. Lookye, Mr. Scale, for my own

part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, Prisoners, Constable, and Mob.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, re infecta, sir. The gentleman indeed behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Just. B. Give the gentleman his sword again. Wait you without. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch*] I'm sorry, sir, [*To Sylvia*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour; my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Just. Scale. Innocence! Have you not seduced that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear; for she proposed marriage first.

Just. B. What! then you are married, child? [*To Rose*]

Rose. Yes, sir, to my sorrow.

Just. B. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I. I danced, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Just. B. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister. They were married by the articles of war.

Just. B. Hold thy prating, fool.—Your appearance, sir, [*To Sylvia*] promises some understanding; pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think; but that, you know, is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred. Our sword, you know, is our honour; that we lay down; the hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after: the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed: that's all. The ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony; so full of pastime and prodigality—

Just. B. What! are you a soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am. Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll show you how I can exercise?

Just. B. Take it. *Strikes him over the Head* Pray, sir, what commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia*]

Syl. I'm called captain, sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Just. Scale. Your name, pray, sir?

Syl. Pinch.

Just. B. And pray, sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch, sir: I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money; and so—

Just. B. I understand you, sir.—Here, constable!

Re-enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till further orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, dont be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Just. Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once? 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Just. B. Harkye, constable. [*Whispers him.*]

Const. It shall be done, sir.—Come along, sir. [*Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.*]

Just. B. Come, Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MELINDA'S Apartment.

Enter MELINDA and WORTHY.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. [*Aside*] And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. Worthy; I am not so fond of variety as to travel fort; nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expense and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasures, which at best never answer expectation, as it is evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a great while: I fancy if we made our accounts we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! oh, Mr. Worthy, what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven year's servitude. How did you use me the year before! when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave?—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits: remember those, those, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside*] But you may remember, madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'tis your interest that I should forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other. Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs,

and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over: here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentleman should be, may this be my poison.

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the coach is at the door.

[*Exit.*]

Mel. I am going to Mr. Balance's country house to see my cousin Sylvia: I've done her an injury, and can't be easy till I've ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse, and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring captain Plume with you we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it.

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

SCENE III.—A Court of Justice.

JUSTICE BALANCE, JUSTICE SCALE, and JUSTICE SCRUPLE discovered upon the Bench, with Constable, SERGEANT KITE, and Mob standing by. SERGEANT KITE, and Constable advance.

Serg. K. Pray who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is justice Balance, he on the right is justice Scale, and he on the left is justice Scruple; and I am Mr. Constable: four very honest gentlemen.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Just. B. Captain, you're welcome.

Capt. P. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Just. Scr. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [*Captain Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench*] Now produce your prisoners—Here, that fellow there, set him up. Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an' please you.

Just. B. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an' please your worship.

Just. Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an' please ye; I can't read.

Just. Scr. A very pretty constable, truly. I find we have no business here.

Serg. K. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the king.

Just. B. Come, sergeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Serg. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five feet ten inches high: he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbath day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie; an' please

your worship, he's the best-natured pains-takingst man in the parish; witness my five poor children.

Just. Scr. A wife and five children! you constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Just. Scale. Discharge him, discharge him!

Just. B. Hold, gentlemen. Hearkye, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Capt. P. They live upon wildfowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Just. B. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.

Serg. K. Ay, ay, I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*]

Just. Scale. Here, you constable, the next. Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company for the novelty's sake.

Just. B. What are you, friend?

Welsh C. A collier; I work in the coal-pits.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Serg. K. May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

Capt. P. Well said, Kite; besides, the army wants miners.

Just. B. Right; and had we an order of government for't, we could raise you in this, and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers, that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Just. Scr. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Welsh C. I'm married.

Serg. K. Lack-a-day! so am I.

Welsh C. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Just. B. Are you married, good woman?

Woman. I'm married in conscience.

Just. Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Woman. My husband. We agreed that I should call him husband, and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

Just. Scr. A very pretty couple! Pray, captain, will you take them both?

Capt. P. What say you, Mr. Kite? will you take care of the woman?

Serg. K. Yes, sir; she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Just. B. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Constable*] Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never listed in your life.

Re-enter Constable, with SYLVIA.

Oh, my friend Pinch! I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then?

Just. Scale. What then! is that your respect to the bench.

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Just. Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Just. B. What think you, captain?

Capt. P. I think he is a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Just. B. Pray, captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him listed immediately.

Capt. P. [*Reads*] *Articles of war against mutiny and desertion, etc.*—

Syl. Hold, sir—Once, more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. Balance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Capt. P. Lookye, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good captain Huffcap! but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false; I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench; and I am heir to two thousand pounds a year.

Just. B. He's certainly mad. Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold, once more. Pray, Mr. Balance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Just. B. No, faith; were you mine I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I'm his only child: perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Just. B. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Capt. P. Kite, do you distribute the levy money to the men while I read,

Serg. K. Ay, sir. Silence, gentlemen.

[*Captain Plume reads the Articles of War.*]

Just. B. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Just. B. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, sir; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because he said the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All. Just. How?

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go

away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me: this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Serg. K. And I'll swear it; give me the book; 'tis for the good of the service.

Welsh C. May it please your worship I gave him half-a-crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Just. B. 'Tis my opinion that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Just. Scale. Just. Scr. Agreed, agreed.

Capt. P. Mr. Kite, take the constable into custody.

Serg. K. Ay, ay, sir. Will you please to have your office taken from you, or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you?

[*To the Constable, who drops his Staff.*]

Just. B. Come, gentlemen, here needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. Captain, you shall dine with me.

Serg. K. Come, Mr. Militia Sergeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in JUSTICE BALANCE'S House.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then, searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son left in the press when he went to London was gone.

Just. B. You haven't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your worship.

Just. B. And be sure you don't. Go, and tell captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Just. B. Was ever man so imposed upon? I had her promise indeed that she would never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed; and this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon. Her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his. I'll know the truth presently.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Pray, captain, what have you done with our young gentleman soldier?

Capt. P. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Just. B. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Capt. P. No, he's generally with me; but the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Just. B. So that between you both Rose has been finely managed.

Capt. P. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm from me.

Just. B. All's safe, I find. [*Aside*] Now, captain, you must know that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded: he said I should heartily repent his being listed; and so I do from my soul.

Capt. P. Ay! for what reason?

Just. B. Because he is no less than what he said he was; born of as good a family as any in the county, and he is heir to two thousand pounds a year.

Capt. P. I'm very glad to hear it; for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of England.

Just. B. Won't you discharge him?

Capt. P. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Just. B. You shall have it; for his father is my intimate friend.

Capt. P. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Just. B. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Capt. P. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Just. B. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity. Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? [*Gives his Book*] In the mean time we'll send for the gentleman.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Go to the captain's lodging, and inquire for Mr. Wilful; tell him his captain wants him here immediately.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, inquiring for the captain.

Capt. P. Bid him come up. [*Exit Servant*] Here's the discharge, sir.

Just. B. Sir, I thank you.—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aside.*]

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have used me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew;—and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Capt. P. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality. But now you are at liberty; I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me?

Just. B. Yes, sir; and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! then I am discovered.—Oh, sir! [*Kneels*] I expect no pardon.

Just. B. Pardon! no, no, child; your crime shall be your punishment. Here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband. When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Capt. P. And are you Sylvia in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir.

Capt. P. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Just. B. If you please to take her, sir.

Capt. P. Why then I have saved my legs and arms, and lost my liberty. Secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout. Farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes.—Sir, my liberty and the hopes of being a general are much dearer to me than your two thousand pounds a year; but to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition; greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Balance, that your daughter is lost.

Just. B. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her,

Enter MELINDA.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia?

Just. B. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. And Worthy.—How?

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change? But I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy. I altered my outside because I was the same within, and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have the world on your side; and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Capt. P. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend: make Mr. Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great

way.—When my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. Gentlemen, I am yours.—Madam, I am not yours.

[*To Melinda.*]

Mel. I'm glad on't, sir.

Capt. B. So am I.—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. Laconic.

Just. B. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—my name, sir, is Balance.

Capt. B. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation—had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands some years ago?

Just. B. Did you know him?

Capt. B. Intimately, sir—He played at billiards to a miracle. You had a brother too that was a captain of a fire-ship—poor Dick—he had the most engaging way with him of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat—but his poor boy Jack was the most comical hastard—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog; I shall never forget him.

Capt. P. Have you got your recruits, my dear?

Capt. B. Not a stick, my dear!

Capt. P. Probably I shall furnish you, my dear! instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me. My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit and less good fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field;
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.

[*Exeunt.*]

GARRICK.

DAVID GARRICK was born at Hereford and baptized Feb. 28, 1726. At the age of ten years he was put under the care of Mr. Hunter, master of the Grammar school of Lichfield, but made no great progress in Literature. He very early showed his attachment to dramatic entertainments; having in the year 1737 represented the character of Sergeant Kite in the *Recruiting Officer*, with great applause. From school he went to Lisbon to visit his uncle, but stayed only a short time there before he returned to England, on which he went again to Mr. Hunter; and in 1755 became the pupil of Dr. Johnson.

The progress he made under this able tutor was not such as the brilliancy of his parts might seem to promise; the vivacity of his character unfitted him for serious pursuits, and his attention to the drama prevailed over every other object. After a time Johnson grew tired of teaching; and Mr. Garrick being desirous of a more active life, it was agreed by both the pupil and his tutor to quit Lichfield and try their fortunes in the metropolis. They accordingly set out together on the 2d of March 1756; and on the 9th of the same month Mr. Garrick was entered of Lincoln's Inn, it being intended that the law should be his profession.

His father died soon after, and was not survived by his mother. He then engaged in the wine-trade, in partnership with his brother Peter Garrick; but this connexion lasting for a short time he resolved to try his talents on the stage, and in the summer of 1741 went down to Ipswich, where he acted with great applause under the name of Lyddal. The part which he first performed was that of *Boan*, in the Tragedy of *Oroonoko*. He made his first appearance at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields the 19th of Oct. 1741, in the character of Richard the Third, his excellence dazzled and astonished every one; and the seeing a young man, in no more than his twenty-fourth year, and a novice to the stage, reaching at one single step to that height of perfection which maturity of years and long practical experience had not been able to bestow on the then capital performers on the English stage, was a phenomenon which could not but become the object of universal speculation and as universal admiration. The theatres towards the court-end of the town were on this occasion deserted, persons of all ranks flocking to Goodman's Fields where Mr. Garrick continued to act till the close of the season; in the ensuing winter he engaged himself to Mr. Fleetwood, then manager of Drury Lane play-house, in which theatre he continued till the year 1745, in the winter of which he went over to Ireland, and continued there through the whole of that season, being joint manager with Mr. Sheridan in the direction and profits of the Theatre Royal in Smock Alley. From there he returned to England, and was engaged for the sea-

son of 1746 with the late Mr. Rich, patentee of Covent-garden. This however was his last performance as a hired actor; for in the close of the season, Mr. Garrick, in conjunction with Mr. Lacy purchased the property of that theatre, together with the renovation of the patent.

In this station Mr. Garrick continued until the year 1776, with an interval of two years, from 1763 to 1765, which he devoted to travelling abroad.

While Mr. Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Previle. They were on horseback, and Previle took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him, he wanted one thing which was essential to complete the picture, he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I will show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of Port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse, until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction: at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Previle gave an involuntary cry of horror; and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answers to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt. Garrick whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccuped, and, with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Previle was astonished; and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed — "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

The 10th of June 1776, after performing the character of Don Felix in Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy of the *Wonder* for the benefit of the fund for decayed actors he took leave of the stage.

He died at his house in the Adelphi, after a few day's sickness, on the 30th of January 1779. His body was interred with great funeral pomp at Westminster Abbey, on the 1st of February following. Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, the lover and the hero, the jealous husband who suspects his wife's virtue without cause and the thoughtless lively rake who attacks it without design, were all alike open to his imitation and all alike did honour to his execution. Every passion of the human breast seemed subjected to his powers of expression; nay, even time itself appeared to stand still or advance as he would have it. Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, and simplicity, all took in turn possession of his features, while each of them in turn appeared to be sole possessor of those features. One night old age sat on his countenance, as if the wrinkles he had stamped there were indelible; the next the gaiety and bloom of youth seemed to overspread his face, and smooth even those marks which time and muscular conformation might have really made there. As if Nature had from his cradle marked him out for her truest representative, she bestowed on him such powers of expression in the muscles of his face, as no performer ever possessed; not only for the display of a single passion, but also for the combination of those various conflicts with which the human breast at times is fraught, so that in his countenance, even when his lips were silent, his meaning stood portrayed in characters too legible for any to mistake it. In a word, the beholder felt himself affected he knew not how; and it may be truly said of him, by future writers, what the poet has said of Shakespeare, that in *his acting*, as in *the other's writing*: "His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed, And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

Notwithstanding the numberless and laborious avocations attending on his profession as an actor, and his station as a manager, yet still his active genius was perpetually bursting forth in various little productions both in the dramatic and poetical way, the merit of which cannot but make us regret his want of time for the pursuit of more extensive and important works.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE,

was first acted at Drury Lane, in 1766. When two such names as Colman the Elder and Garrick, united to write a play upon an original idea of such a third man as Hogarth, much was to be expected; and all that expectation could rationally form is here most amply fulfilled. The Epilogue artfully tells us that Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode* is the foundation, we find all our faculties seised on by the irresistible effect of caricature; and we are in imagination hurried through the whole list of his imitable productions; *The two Apprentices*, *The Gates of Calais*, *Midnight Conversation*, *Players in a Burn*, and *Marriage à la mode*, put us in the best humour in the world to judge of an author's productions; and before our reason has had time to examine, our heart has approved. Mrs. Inchbald says, "Lord Ogleby, once the most admired part in this comedy, is an evidence of the fluctuation of manners, modes, and opinions; — forty years ago, it was reckoned so natural a representation of a man of fashion, that several noblemen are said to have been in the author's thoughts when he designed the character; now, no part is so little understood in the play; and his foibles seem so discordant with the manly faults of the present time, that his good qualities cannot atone for them." To this it has been well replied, that, "considered merely as a delineation of manners, Lord Ogleby is, no doubt, a fleeting and fugacious being; but the foundation of his artificial character is so noble, so generous, and so kindly, that, whenever it can find a proper representative, it must continue to excite our sympathies." But we must observe, that the part of Canton, however amusing to the galleries, is an illiberal caricature of the Swiss nation, and therefore disgraceful to the English stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD OGLEBY.
SIR JOHN MELVIL.
STERLING.
LOVEWELL.

SERGEANT FLOWER.
TRAVERSE.
TRUAMAN.
CANTON.

BRUSH.
MRS. HEIDELBERG.
MISS STERLING.
FANNY.

BETTY.
CHAMBERMAID.
TRUSTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in STERLING's House.

Enter FANNY and BETTY, meeting.

Bet. [Running in] MA'AM! Miss Fanny! Ma'am!

Fan. What's the matter, Betty?

Bet. Oh, la! ma'am! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fan. I am glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again on any account. You know we have agreed never to drop any expressions

of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Bet. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it is never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doomsday for Betty.

Fan. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Bet. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fan. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then I hope you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Bet. The sooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fan. Fie, Betty!

Bet. Ah! you may well blush. But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fan. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Bet. Angry—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it as much as if it was my own.—I meant no harm, heaven's knows.

Fan. Well, say no more of this—it makes me uneasy.—All I have to ask of you is, to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Bet. Me reveal it!—If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—and as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother.—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evening.—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and wife, as—

Fan. See there now again! Pray be careful.

Bet. Well, well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife—I'll say no more.—What I tell you is very true, for all that—

Love. [Within] William!

Bet. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fan. What!

Bet. I say here comes Mr. Lovewell.—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped now if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family. However, if you choose it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, so you must reap—as you brew, so you must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back stairs, and leave you together. [Exit.]

Fan. I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Love. My love!—How's this?—In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fan. Oh, Mr. Lovewell, the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family, and

am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Love. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fan. End how it will, I am resolv'd it shall end soon—very soon. I would not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Love. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from lord Ogleby and sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling. They will be here this evening—and I dare say within this hour.

Fan. I am sorry for it.

Love. Why so?

Fan. No matter—only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Love. As soon as possible.

Fan. But directly.

Love. In a few days, you may depend on it.

Fan. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Love. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fan. Nay, but you must.

Love. Must! Why?

Fan. Indeed you must—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Love. Alarming, indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—What are they?

Fan. I cannot tell you.

Love. Not tell me?

Fan. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Love. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can this mean? Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fan. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assur'd, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Love. You put me upon the rack—I would do any thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know, too, your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendour of high life; her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family. Now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might perhaps be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fan. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Love. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fan. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.—Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Love. Depend on my care! But pray, be cheerful.

Fan. I will.

Enter STERLING, as she is going.

Ster. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fan. [Confused] Mr. Lovewell, sir.

Ster. And where are you going, hussy?

Fan. To my sister's chamber, sir. [Exit.

Ster. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner?—Well—well—let us but once see her eldest sister fast married to sir John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Love. Would to heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Ster. Yourself! eh, Lovewell?

Love. With your pleasure, sir.

Ster. Mighty well!

Love. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to miss Fanny.

Ster. Better and better!

Love. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir—

Ster. VVhat! You marry Fanny?—no—no—that will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy, to be sure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—There's no stuff in the case; no money, Lovewell!

Love. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate; but though not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour—

Ster. But not the stuff, Lovewell!—Add one little round 0 to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Love. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Ster. Pshaw! pshaw! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Love. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Ster. Inclinations! why you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell?

Love. I cannot absolutely answer for miss Fanny, sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Ster. VVhy, indeed, now if your kinsman, lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Love. [Hesitating] I am afraid, sir, I should

not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you.

Ster. VVhy, you would not offer to marry her without my consent! would you, Lovewell?

Love. Marry her, sir!

[Confused.

Ster. Ay, marry her, sir!—I know very well, that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark as you are would go much further towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her. But you would not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner.—I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Love. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I beg, sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Ster. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Love. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no further.

Ster. VVell—well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you.—Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense!—VVhat's doing in town?—Any news upon 'Change?

Love. Nothing material.

Ster. Have you seen the currants, the soap, and Madeira safe in the warehouse? Have you compared the goods with the invoice and bills of lading, and are they all right?

Love. They are, sir.

Ster. And how are stocks?

Love. Fell one and a half this morning.

Ster. VVell, well—some good news from America, and they'll be up again.—But how are lord Ogleby and sir John Melvil?—when are we to expect them?

Love. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them. [Giving Letters.

Ster. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed!—It takes my breath away. [Opening it] And French paper too!—with a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes.—My dear Mr. Sterling—[Reading]—Mercy on me! his lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise.—But how's this?—Eh!—VVith you to-night—Lawyers to-morrow morning.—To-night!—that's sudden, indeed—VVhere's my sister Heidelberg? She should know of this immediately.—Here, John! Harry! Thomas! [Calling the Servants] Harkye, Lovewell!

Love. Sir.

Ster. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and sir John—VVe'll show your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold.—Here, cook! butler! [Calling] What signifies your birth, and education, and titles!—Money, money!—that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Love. Very true, sir.

Ster. True, sir!—VVhy then have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his bu-

siness.—Where are these fellows?—John! Thomas!—*[Calling]* Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course—Ah! Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe.—Blife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob.—Where are all my rascals?—Here, William!—*[Exit, calling.]*

Love. So—as I suspected.—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best to be done?—Let me see.—Suppose I get sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! it hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—MISS STERLING'S Dressing-room.

MISS STERLING and FANNY discovered.

Miss S. O, my dear sister, say no more!—This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all, it is extremely natural.—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fan. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss S. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fan. Not in the least.

Miss S. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fan. No, indeed I don't. Why should I?

Miss S. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I 'had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature, Mr. Lovewell, in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fan. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss S. Pretty peevish soul!—O, my dear, grave, romantic sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats! Love and a cottage!—eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!

Fan. And why not a coach and six without the indifference?—But pray when is this happy marriage of yours to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss S. In a day or two—I cannot tell exactly—Oh, my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little: *[Aside]* I know you have a pretty taste. Pray give me your opinion of my jewels. How do you like the style of this esclavage?

[Showing Jewels.]

Fan. Extremely handsome indeed, and well fancied.

Miss S. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds to one, and sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings!—set

transparent!—Here, the tops, you see, will take off, to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like them? *[Shows Jewels.]*

Fan. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss S. Ha, ha, ha! very well, my dear!—I shall be as fine as a little queen indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixed—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life!—The jeweller says I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except lady Brilliant, and Polly What-d'ye-call-it, lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fan. But what are your wedding-clothes, sister?

Miss S. O, white and silver, to be sure, you know.—I bought them at sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fan. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking?

Miss S. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you ever observe the airs of lady Lutestring, dressed in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's hall—whilst the civil smirking sir Joseph, with a saug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fan. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a bye-word in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple-bar again.

Miss S. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at court!—gift chariot!—pieballed horses!—laced liveries!—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—"Who is that young lady? Who is she?"—"Lady Melvil, ma'am!"—Lady Melvil! My ears tingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—"Any news upon Change?"—to cry, "Well, sir John! any thing new from Arthur's?"—or, to say to some other woman of quality, "Was your ladyship at the duchess of Rubber's last night?"—Did you call in at lady Thunder's?—In the immensity of crowd I swear I did not see you—Scarce a soul at the opera last Saturday—Shall I see you at Carlisle-house next Thursday?"—Oh, the dear beau monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fan. And so in the midst of all this happiness you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss S. *[Affectedly]* You?—You're above pity.—You would not change conditions with me.—You're over head and ears in love, you

know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say.—He will mind his business—you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season, perhaps, you'll sit together in a front box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing-master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer, with some other citizens at Tunbridge.¹⁾ For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations. You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fan. Oh, you're too kind, sister!

Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H. [At entering] Here this evening!—I vow and perjest²⁾ we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [To *Miss Sterling*] I am glad to see you're not quite in a dishabille. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss S. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. H. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dawdle of a house-keeper?

Enter TRUSTY.

Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. VWell—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. VWell—but mind what I say to you.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bedchamber—dye hear?³⁾—and sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-chamb in the opposite—

Trus. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. H. VWell—well—Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George.—But harkye, Trusty!

Trus. Ma'am!

Mrs. H. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains, take the kivers³⁾ off the couch and the chairs, and, do you hear—take the china dolls out of my closet, and put them on the mantelpiece immediately—

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

[Going.]

Mrs. H. And mind, as soon as his lordship comes in, be sure you set all their heads a nodding.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Be gone, then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling?

Trus. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Very well. [Exit *Trusty*] *Miss Fanny*, I perjest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fan. With me! Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I vow and perjest.—And then you have drest

yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the quality will be here by-and-by. Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [Exit *Fanny*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely trying, I vow and perjest.—This ridiculous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss S. Poor soul! she can't help it.

[Affectedly.]

Mrs. H. VWell, my dear! Now I shall have an opportunity of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss S. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. H. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister! What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss S. O, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of forms, bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. H. Jealous!—I say, jealous, indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss S. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am; and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. H. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, cannot distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child! It is all politeness and goodbreeding. Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss S. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizened face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING.

Ster. [At entering] No fish?—Why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackrell.

Mrs. H. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Ster. I warrant you.—But pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them such a glass of champagne as they never drank

1) A Watering-place. 2) Protest. 3) Covers.

in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. H. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of quality. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep you awake—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laugh. It is monstrous vulgar.

Ster. Never fear, sister!—Who have he here?

Mrs. H. It is Mons. Cantoon, the Swiss gentleman that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTON.

Ster. Ah, mounseer! your servant.—I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Can. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am your—Matemoiselle, I am your.

[Bowing round.]

Mrs. H. Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoon!

Can. Kiss your hand, matam!

Ster. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family?—when are we to see his lordship and sir John?

Can. Mons. Sterling! milor Ogleby and sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter hour.

Ster. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. H. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afeard of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Cantoon, after your journey?

Can. No, tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Shall I go and show you the apartments, sir?

Can. You do me great honneur, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Come then!—come, my dear.

[To Miss Sterling. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber to LORD OGLEBY'S Bed-chamber. Table with Chocolate, and small Case for Medicines.*

BRUSH and Chambermaid discovered.

Brush. You shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Cham. Nay pray, sir, don't be so positive; I cannot stay indeed.

Brush. You shall drink one cup to our better acquaintance.

Cham. I seldom drinks chocolate; and, if I did, one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one—if my lord should wake, or the Swiss gentleman should see one, or madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frightened to death—besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord.

[In a fright.]

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Cham. But should he come upon us without ringing—

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—This key *[Takes a Vial out of the Case]* locks him up till I please to let him out.

Cham. Law! sir, that's potecary's stuff.

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed—that he can read without

spectacles—*[Sips]* What with qualms, age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding-up, to set him a going for the day.

Cham. *[Sips]* That's prodigious indeed—*[Sips]* My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, *[Sips]* a mere corpse, till he is reviv'd and refresh'd from our little magazine here—When the restorative pills and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Cham. *[Sips]* Poor gentleman! but should the Swiss gentleman come upon us.

[Frightened.]

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry.—No foreigner must break in upon my privacy. *[Sips]* But I can assure you Monsieur Cantoon is otherwise employ'd—He is obliged to skim the cream of half a score newspapers for my lord's breakfast—ha, ha, ha! Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably—My lord's chocolate is remarkably good; he won't touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Cham. *[Sipping]* 'Tis very fine indeed! *[Sips]* and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam; and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking; *[Takes them out of a Drawer in the Table]* and in return I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips. *[Kisses her]*—A small return of favours, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to us both. *[He bows, she courtesies]*—Come, pray sit down—Your young ladies are fine girls, faith; *[Sips]* though, upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's mind about them; and were I inclined to matrimony, I should take the youngest. *[Sips.]*

Cham. Miss Fanny! The most affablest, and the most best natur'd creter!—

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so—

Cham. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn¹⁾ himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. *[Sips.]*

Brush. By no means; but you cannot hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy. Give us plenty of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars, ha, ha, ha!

Cham. Bless me, here's somebody!—*[Bell rings]*—Oh, 'tis my lord!—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I sha'n't go this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Cham. Not for the world, Mr. Brush—I'll be here to set all things to rights—But I must not drink tea indeed—and so your servant.

[Exit, with Teaboard. Bell rings again.]

Brush. Yes, yes, I hear you.—It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week, without some little flirting with the Abigail;—this is much the handsomest wench

1) Satan.

in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her.—[*Bell rings*] O, my lord—
[*Going.*]

Enter CANTON, with Newspapers in his Hand.

Can. Monsieur Brush!—Maistre Brush!—my lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him. [*Exit.*]

Can. Depechez vous donc. [*Puts on his Spectacles*]—I wish de deveil had all dese papiers—I forget as fast as I read—de Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Chronique, and so dey all go l'un après l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'll be enragé contre moi.—Voyons! [*Reads the Paper*] Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus and advertise—

Enter Maid, with Chocolate Things.

Vat you want, chil?—

Maid. Only the chocolate things, sir.

Can. O, ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit too. [*Exit Maid.*]

Lord O. [*Within*] Canton! he, he!—[*Coughs*] Canton!—

Can. I come, my!—vat shall I do?—I have no news—he will make great tintamarre!—

Lord O. [*Within*] Canton! I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter LORD OGLEBY, Waving on BRUSH.

Can. Here, my lor!—I ask pardon, my lor, I have not finish de papiers.—

Lord O. D—n your pardon and your papiers—I want you here, Canton.

Can. Den I run, dat is all.

[*Shuffles along. Lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.*]

Lord O. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Can. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help—

Lord O. [*Cries out*] O Diavolo!

Can. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor?

Lord O. Indeed but I am, my lor.—That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew and the east wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screw'd to my body.

Can. A little veritable eau d'arquistade vil set all to right—

[*Lord Ogleby sits down, and Brush gives Chocolate.*]

Lord O. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord! [*Pours out.*]

Lord O. Quelles nouvelles avez vous, Canton?

Can. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord O. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Can. Oui, my lor, I have little advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lies about nothing at all. La voila!

[*Puts on his Spectacles.*]

Lord O. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and good discretion.

Can. I vil, my lor. [*Reads*] Dere is no

question but that the cosmetique royale vi utterly take away all heats, pimples, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, etc. etc.—A great deal more, my lor.—Be sure to ask for de cosmetique royale, signed by the docteur own hand—Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink.—Eh bien, my lor.

Lord O. Eh bien, Canton!—Will you purchase any?

Can. For you, my lor?

Lord O. For me, you old puppy? for what?

Can. My lor!

Lord O. Do I want cosmetics?

Can. My lor!

Lord O. Look in my face—come, be sincere.—Does it want the assistance of art?

Can. [*With his Spectacles*] En verité non—'Tis very smoose and brilliant—but tote dat you might take a little by way of prevention.

Lord O. You thought like an old fool, monsieur, as you generally do. Try it upon your own face, Canton, and if it has any effect, the doctor cannot have a better proof of the efficacy of his nostrum.—The surfeit water, Brush! [*Brush pours out*]—What do you think, Brush, of this family we are going to be connected with?—Eh!

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it would never do to live with.

Lord O. You are right, Brush—There is no washing the blackmoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars—always taste of the Borachio—and the poor woman, his sister, is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over the fatigue of her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation!—I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff?

[*Brush gives him a Box.*]

Can. Dey tink so of you, my lor, for dey look at noying else, ma foi.

Lord O. Did they? Why I think they did a little—Where's my glass?—[*Brush puts one on the Table*] The youngest is delectable.

[*Takes Snuff.*]

Can. O oui, my lor, very delect inteed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord O. She was particular.—The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased mother.—Some peppermint water, Brush—How happy is it, Canton, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Can. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord O. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed side.—[*Brush goes for it*] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Can. Mush good may do your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Lord O. [*To Brush, who brings the Pamphlet*] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies. [*Exit Brush*]—What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism: It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. [*Gets off his Chair*] He! courage, my lor! by heavens, I'm another creature. [*Hums and dances a little*] It will do, faith.—Bravo, my lor! these

girls have absolutely inspir'd me—If they are for a game of romps—Me voila prêt! [*Sings and dances*]—Oh!—that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone.—I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day. [*Unlocks a Drawer of the Bottom of the Glass, and takes out Rouge; while he is painting himself, a knocking at the Door*] Who's there? I won't be disturb'd.

Can. [*Without*] My lor! my lor! here is monsieur Sterling, to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord O. What a fellow! [*Softly*]—I am extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling.—Why don't you see him in, monsieur? [*Aloud*]—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal. [*Softly. Door opens*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING and LOVEWELL.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well last night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get them, nor money to buy them.—His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord O. Your beds are like every thing else about you—incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden? You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flowering trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips.—Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord. I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about—I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord O. I pray heaven you may! [*Aside.*

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord O. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world, he, he, he!

Can. Bravissimo, my lor! ha, ha, ha!

Ster. They shall meet your lordship in the garden—we won't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go the grand tour, as I call it, ha, ha, ha!

Lord O. Not a foot I hope, Mr. Sterling; consider your gout, my good friend—you'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness, he, he, he!

Can. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis admirable, en vérité!

[*Laughs very heartily.*

Ster. If my young man [*To Lovewell*] here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as mounseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord O. What say you, Canton, will you take my kinsman into your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Can. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord O. Well said, Canton! But here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL.

Well, sir John, what news from the island of love? Have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir J. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord O. I'm sorry to see you so dull, sir—What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these very young fellows are! They make love with faces as if they were burying the dead—though indeed a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—Ha, ha, ha!

Can. Dat is all monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir J. Pr'ythee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.

[*Apart to Lovewell.*

Love. We'll go together. [*Apart*] If your lordship and Mr. Sterling please, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[*Exeunt Sir John Melvil and Lovewell.*

Ster. My girls are always ready; I make them rise soon, and to-bed early; their husbands shall have them with good constitutions and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

Lord O. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Fine things indeed, my lord!—Ah, my lord, had you not run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

Lord O. Very pleasant, he, he, he!—

[*Half laughing.*

Ster. Here's a mounseer now, I suppose, is pretty near your lordship's standing; but having little to eat, and little to spend in his own country, he'll wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord O. Very pleasant, I protest—What a vulgar dog!

[*Aside.*

Can. My lor so old as me!—He is chicken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Ster. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha!—But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden: we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter!

[*Exit.*

Lord O. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange beast it is!

Can. C'est un barbare.

Lord O. He is a vulgar dog; and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, monsieur!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Garden.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL and LOVEWELL.

Love. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir J. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Love. On what occasion?

Sir J. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—but I found that you could not sleep neither—The bird was flown, and the nest long since cold—Where was you, Lovewell?

Love. Pooh! pr'ythee! ridiculous!

Sir J. Come now, which was it? Miss Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue! or miss Fanny's Abigail? a sweet soul too—or—

Love. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir J. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Love. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was?

Sir J. Walking! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet, refreshing showers to walk in! No, no, Lovewell. Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids—

Love. But your business! your business, sir John!

Sir J. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Love. Pshaw!

Sir J. Poor Lovewell! he can't bear it, I see. [*Aside*] She charged you not to kiss and tell, eh, Lovewell?—However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine.—What do you think of Miss Sterling?

Love. What do I think of Miss Sterling?

Sir J. Ay, what do you think of her?

Love. An odd question!—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir J. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Love. How?

Sir J. But her person—what d'ye think of that?

Love. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir J. A little grisette thing.

Love. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir J. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—[*A loud laugh heard without*] We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter LORD OGLEY, STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, MISS STERLING, FANNY, and CANTON.

Lord O. Great improvements! indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the bason with Neptune in the middle, are in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-park corner.

Ster. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expense, not I.—This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack smooth—as you see.—Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery.—The high octagon summerhouse, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East India captain, who has

turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches, and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord.

Lord O. No, I thank you, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle, and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord O. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling; for it looks like a cabin in the air.—If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. H. My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord!—But you'll excuse him.—I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste.—In the evening, I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the cow.

Lord O. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy and cream of politeness.

Mrs. H. O. my lord!—

[*Leers at Lord Ogley.*]

Lord O. O, madam!—

[*Leers at Mrs. Heidelberg.*]

Ster. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord?

Lord O. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true-lover's knot.

Ster. Ay, here's none of your straight lines here—but all taste—zigzag—crinkum—crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord O. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks.—You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way.—It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch-street.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lord O. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Can. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! so clever what you say, mi lor!—

Lord O. You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

[*To Fanny.*]

Fan. Only making up a nosegay, my lord!—Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it?

[*Presents it.*]

Lord O. I'll wear it next my heart, madam!—I see the young creature dotes on me! [*Aside.*]

Miss S. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook, or the nurse, carries to town, on a Monday morning, for a beaput.—Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweetbriar?

Lord O. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul!

[*Aside.*]

Ster. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. H. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over walking, brother!

a) Every citizen that can acquire an independency, retires to his box at Hackney, Hammer-smith, or some other village on the high road within a league of London: and there he encloses about 50 or 60 yards of ground before his door into what he calls his garden, proceeding to dig little canals, plant small woods, erect summer-houses, and make other improvements, till, by the help of a statue or two, he has filled the whole of his ground, and has hardly any room to stir about to take the dust comfortably, and get a good view of the stage-coaches, which in his opinion greatly tend to enliven his retirement.

Lord O. Not at all, madam! We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty.

[*Leers at the Women.*]

Mrs. H. Quite the man of quality, I vow and periest.

Can. Take a my arm, mi lor!

[*Lord Ogleby leans on him.*]

Ster. I'll only show his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord O. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones, too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord O. [*Going, stops*] What steeple's that we see yonder?—the parish church, I suppose.

Ster. Ha, ha, ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord!

Lord O. Very ingenious, indeed! For my part, I desire no finer prospect than this I see before me. [*Leers at the Women*] Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extensive.—Get away, Canton! [*Pushes Canton away*] I want no assistance—I'll walk with the ladies.

Ster. This way, my lord!

Lord O. Lead on, sir!—We young folks here will follow you.—Madam!—Miss Sterling!—Miss Fanny! I attend you.

[*Exit after Sterling, gallanting the Ladies.*]

Can. [*Following*] He is cock o'de game, ma foi! [*Exit.*]

Sir J. Harkye, Lovewell, you must not go— at length, thank heaven! I have an opportunity to unbosom.—I know you are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself you would rejoice to serve me.

Love. Be assured you may depend upon me.

Sir J. You must know then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me will come to nothing.

Love. How!

Sir J. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Love. No match?

Sir J. No.

Love. You amaze me. What should prevent it?

Sir J. I.

Love. You! Wherefore?

Sir J. I don't like her.

Love. Very plain indeed! I never supposed that you were extremely devoted to her from inclination, but thought you always considered it as a matter of convenience rather than affection.

Sir J. Very true. I came into the family without any impressions on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference, ready to receive one woman as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious sober love, as a chimera, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I, who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of

its sincerest votaries.—In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Love. Another! So, so! here will be fine work. And pray who is she?

Sir J. Who is she! who can she be but Fanny—the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny?

Love. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir J. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is not she an angel, Lovewell?

Love. Her sister? Confusion!—You must not think of it, sir John.

Sir J. Not think of it? I can think of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell, was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her?—You seem confounded—Why don't you answer me?

Love. Indeed, sir John, this event gives me infinite concern. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir J. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? Nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now; and yet I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Love. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir J. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Love. You'll find I'm in the right.

Sir J. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Love. You have not declared your passion to her already?

Sir J. Yes, I have.

Love. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir J. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Love. Encouragement!—did she give you any encouragement?

Sir J. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I pressed her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Love. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir J. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Love. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir J. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Love. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir J. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk yonder, d'ye see! I'll go to her immediately.

Love. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing.

Sir J. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Love. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits.—The shock will be too much for her.

[*Detains him.*]

Sir J. Nothing shall prevent me.—Ha! now she turns into another walk—Let me go!

[*Breaks from him*] I shall lose her. [*Going, turns back*] Be sure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Love. 'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face!—I shall break out before my time.—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him—I am sure she could not.—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—Leave him to solicit my wife? I can't submit to it.—They come nearer and nearer.—If I stay, it will look suspicious—It may betray us, and incense him.—They are here—I must go—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIR JOHN MELVIL and FANNY.

Fan. Leave me, sir John—I beseech you, leave me! Nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir J. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! Consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to entreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fan. For shame, for shame, sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation, and think of mine! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so hold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me be gone.

Sir J. Nay stay, madam, but one moment.—Your sensibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have been pretended on either side, more than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of a matrimonial negotiation, with a blind submission to your father and lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fan. Have a care, sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination.

By these common pretences of the heart half our sex are made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir J. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix—but when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fan. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit, nay if I did not even express the quickest resentment at your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you in honour to my sister; and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her.

[*Going.*]

Sir J. One word, and I have done. [*Stops her*]—Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own? I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you—and hope to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling.—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fan. Hear me, sir; hear my final determination.—Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other, I could not listen to your proposals.—What! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister; I, living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness, and not to conspire against her peace, the peace of a whole family, and that of my own too!—Away, away, sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go.

Sir J. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope!

[*Falls on his knees.*]

Fan. I cannot,—Pray, sir John!—

[*Struggles to go.*]

Sir J. Shall this hand be given to another? [*Kisses her Hand*] No, I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Re-enter MISS STERLING.

Fan. Ha! my sister is here. Rise, for shame, sir John.

Sir J. Miss Sterling!

[*Rises.*]

Miss S. I beg pardon, sir! You'll excuse me, madam!—I have broke in upon you a little unopportunist, I believe—but I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir J. I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but—

Miss S. O dear, sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—the thing explains itself.

Sir J. It will soon, madam.—In the mean time, I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions.—And—and—your humble servant, madam!

[*Exit in confusion.*]

Miss S. Respect!—Insolence!—Esteem!—Very fine, truly!—And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fan. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me you can't be more offended at this behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss S. Make me miserable!—You are mightily deceived, madam; it gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, miss, the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fan. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss S. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No, no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fan. Sir John I own is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss S. We shall try that, madam.—I hope, miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt, for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you. [*Exit.*]

Fan. How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me.—Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with sir John's behaviour to me, and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgressions, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace.—Yet, on all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter a Servant, conducting in SERJEANT FLOWER, and COUNSELLORS TRAVERSE and TRUAMAN, all booted.

Serv. This way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at breakfast with the family at present, but I'll let him know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flow. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flow. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Sergeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him according to his appointment.

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Going.*]

Flow. And barkye, young man, [*Servant returns*] desire my servant—Mr. Sergeant Flower's servant, to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall, with my portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Flow. Well, gentlemen! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits.—Let me see—the Home, the Midland, and Western; ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations.—Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford?

Trav. The day after to-morrow.

Flow. That is commission-day with us at Warwick too; but my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there next morning. Besides I've half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again; so I'll take the evening before me, and then *currente calamo*, as I say, eh, Traverse?

Trav. True; but pray, Mr. Sergeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas, at Lincoln?

Flow. I am—for the plaintiff.

Trav. And what do you think on't?

Flow. A nonsuit.

Trav. I thought so.

Flow. Oh, no matter of doubt on't—*luce clarius*—we have no right in us.—We have but one chance.

Trav. What's that?

Flow. Why, my lord chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

True. Ay, that may do indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's counsel.

Flow. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for lord Ogleby in this affair?

True. I am, sir—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flow. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

True. About nine years and three quarters.

Flow. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!

Enter STERLING.

Ster. Oh, Mr. Sergeant Flower, I am glad to see you—your servant, Mr. Serjeant! gentlemen, your servant!—Well, are all matters concluded? Has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's-inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold, tight and strong?—Eh, master Sergeant?

Flow. My friend Ferret's slow and sure,

sir—But then, *serus aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do.—My clerk has brought the writings, and all other instruments along with him; and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth!

Ster. But that d—n'd mortgage of sixty thousand pounds.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Trav. I can answer for that, sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion.—You agree, on your part, to come down with eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleases—he shall have it in India bonds, or notes, or how he chooses.—Your lords and your dukes, and your people at the court end of the town, stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—Eh, Mr. Sergeant?

Flow. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine and suffered a recovery, has hitherto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate, for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of two thousand pounds per annum is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster; and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Trav. Very true—and sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thousand pounds per annum, and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL.

Ster. Ah, sir John! Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony.—First the lawyers, then comes the doctor.—Let us but dispatch the longrobe,¹⁾ we shall soon get pudding-sleeves²⁾ to work, I warrant you.

Sir J. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me.—Having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately. [*To Ster.*]

Ster. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Sergeant, you'll excuse it—business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.³⁾

1) The lawyer's official covering is called a robe; it is distinguished from the clergy's gown in shape, though they are both of the black colour.

2) Sterling calls the clergy by the name of pudding-sleeves, from the white lawn surplice in which they are dressed, in performing the ceremony of marriage. The meaning of this phrase is, "let us finish the marriage settlement and we will soon dispatch the marriage ceremony."

3) This is a simile from the pantry: the writings, like meat, will not be spoiled in so short a time from being cold.—It is a terrible task in a small family in England, to be working at the same round of cold boiled beef, or leg of mutton, from when it comes

Flow. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Ster. Nay, nay, I shan't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you.—My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game at bowls and a cool tankard?—My servants shall attend you.—Do you choose any other refreshment?—Call for what you please; do as you please; make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you.—Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!—[*Follows the Lawyers out, bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John*] And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, sir John?

Sir J. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length; after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Ster. Uneasiness! what uneasiness?—Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir J. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Ster. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir J. In one word, then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Ster. How, sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuse to—

Sir J. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family, by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Ster. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir J. True.—But you have another daughter, sir—

Ster. VVell!

Sir J. VVho has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it; and if you will

piping hot to table on Sunday, to its appearing and re-appearing, hashed up, for the last time, the Friday or Saturday following.

but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Ster. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, sir John? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the grand seignior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to 't'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them, and—

Sir J. A moment's patience, sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for miss Fanny should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Ster. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, sir John?

Sir J. Come, come, Mr. Sterling, I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Ster. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, sir John?

Sir J. I'll tell you, sir.—You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Well!

Sir J. Now, if you will but consent to my waving that marriage—

Ster. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impossible, sir John!

Sir J. I hope not, sir; as, on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Ster. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir J. Yes, sir; and accept of miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Ster. Fifty thousand— [Pausing.]

Sir J. Instead of fourscore.

Ster. Why—why—there may be something in that.—Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore.—But how can this be, sir John? for you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my lord Ogleby; who I believe, between you and me, sir John, is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present encumbrances on the estate, sir John.

Sir J. That objection is easily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.—Ten thousand

pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Ster. Why—to do you justice, sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir J. Nothing was ever further from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.—And after all the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day; and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Ster. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir J. The very thing!

Ster. Odsso! I had quite forgot.—We are reckoning without our host here—there is another difficulty—

Sir J. You alarm me. What can that be?

Ster. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir J. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Ster. I don't know that, Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir J. I'll fly to her immediately—you promise me your assistance?

Ster. I do.

Sir J. Ten thousand thanks for it! And now, success attend me! [Going.]

Ster. Harkye, sir John! [Sir John returns] Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, sir John.

Sir J. O, I am dumb, I am dumb, sir. [Going.]

Ster. You'll remember it is thirty thousand?

Sir J. To be sure I do.

Ster. But, sir John! one thing more. [Sir John returns] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir J. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! [Offering to go.]

Ster. [Holding him] And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir J. To be sure. A bond, by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [Exit hastily.]

Ster. I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality, that cry for a plaything one minute and throw it by the next!—as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the

interest of the nation, truly! Here does this whirling man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his terra firma; and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family.—VWell, thus it is, that the children of citizens who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment.

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG and MISS STERLING.

Miss S. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-miling, affable miss Fanny, for you!

Mrs. H. My miss Fanny! I disclaim her.—VWith all her arts, she never could insinuate herself into my good graces; and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss S. O ay—she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. H. Just as I was drawn, at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss S. And then she's so mighty good to servants—"Pray, John, do this—pray, Thomas, do that—thank you, Jenny"—and then so humble to her relations—"To be sure, papa—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best."—But with all her demureness and humility, she has no objection to be lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. H. She lady Melvil! Compose yourself, niece! I'll ladyship her, indeed:—a little creppin, cantin—She shan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatenation here.

Miss S. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealings into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. H. My spirit to a T.¹)—My dear child! [Kisses her]—Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheese-mongers, and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help diffusing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little

¹) My spirit exactly.

confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns too: but Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another guess sort of a figur; and were as perfect a pictur of two distrest lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo. As to sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss S. Matter of fact, madam! Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? VWas not sir John kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion? Is not that matter of fact? and did not sir John, the moment that papa was called out of the room to the lawyer-men, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—Oh, that some other person, an earl or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster!

Mrs. H. Be cool, child! you shall be lady Melvil, in spite of all their caballins; if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss S. As I live, madam, yonder comes sir John. A base man! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant.

[Disordered.]

Mrs. H. Poor thing! VWell, retire to your own chamber, child; I'll give it him, I warrant you; and by-and-by I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss S. Pray do, madam.—[Looking back]—A vile wretch! [Exit in a rage.]

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL.

Sir J. Your most obedient humble servant, madam. [Bowing very respectfully.]

Mrs. H. Your servant, sir John.

[Dropping a half-courtesy and pouting.]

Sir J. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what passed this morning.

Mrs. H. I am very sorry, sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion which I would always wish to entertain of a person of quality. [Pouting.]

Sir J. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh circumstances, I flatter myself—

Mrs. H. You do flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, sir John.—And give me leave to tell you, sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, sir John. [Warmly.]

Sir J. I would not offend you for the world, madam; but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the

change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. H. I disclaim her as a niece, sir John; miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister; and the whole fammaly must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir J. Indeed she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself and Mr. Sterling. And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, madam.

Mrs. H. Indeed!

Sir J. Quite certain, madam.

Enter STERLING.

Ster. [*Behind*] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. H. To marry Fanny?

[*Sterling advances by degrees.*]

Sir J. Yes, madam.

Mrs. H. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir J. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, madam. [*Sees Sterling*]—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. H. VVhat! have you consented to give up your eldest daughter in this manner, brother?

Ster. Give her up, heaven forbid! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you—Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, sir John.

[*Apart to Sir J.*]

Mrs. H. Yes, yes; I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her. Pray, does lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir J. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. H. No, I warrant you. I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted till the last.

Ster. VVhat! did not you consult my lord? Oh, fie for shame, sir John!

Sir J. Nay, but Mr. Sterling—

Mrs. H. VVe, who are the persons of most consequence and experuence in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your qualaty, sir John.—And as for you, brother—

Ster. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister.

Mrs. H. I am perfectly ashamed of you.—Have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly then to consent—

Ster. Consent! I consent! As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent.—Did I consent, sir John?

Sir J. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of her approbation—

Ster. Ay, in case I grant you, that is, if my sister approved—But that's quite another thing, you know—

[*To Mrs. Heidelberg.*]

Mrs. H. Your sister approve, indeed!—I

thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!—VVhat! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger?—I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Ster. I tell you, I never did listen to it.—Did not I say, that I would be entirely governed by my sister, sir John?—And unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs. H. I agree to his marrying Fanny!—abominable!—The man is absolutely out of his senses.—Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will sir John take Fanny without a fortune?—No!—After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest?—No!—Does not this overturn the whole systum of the fammaly?—Yes, yes, yes!

Ster. Do you see now what you've done?—Don't betray me, sir John.

[*Apart to Sir John.*]

Mrs. H. You know I was always for my niece Betsy's marrying a person of the very first qualaty. That was my maxum:—and, therefore, much the largest settlement was of course to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common council-man, for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir J. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. H. VVhat, at the expense of her elder sister?—O fie, sir John!—How could you hear to hear such an indignaty, brother Sterling?

Ster. If I say, I sha'nt hear of it, I promise you.—I can't hear of it indeed, sir John.

Mrs. H. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling—You know you have, and sent sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I sha'nt forsake my niece, I assure you.—Ah, if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg, and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Ster. Did I, sir John?—Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined. [*Apart to Sir John.*]

Sir J. VVhy be I sure, to speak the truth—*Mrs. H.* To speak the truth!—To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both.—But have a care what you are about, brother! have a care, I say.—The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years—I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspraken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a sarden of my money, I promise you. [*Exit.*]

Ster. I thought so. I knew she never would agree to it.

Sir J. Sdeath, how unfortunate! VVhat can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Nothing.

Sir J. VVhat, must our agreement break off the moment it is made, then?

Ster. It can't be helped, sir John.—The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter pro-

ceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidelberg was a warm man—a very warm man; and died worth a plum¹ at least:—a plum! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plum and a half.

Sir J. Well; but if I—

Ster. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents, and old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir J. I can only say, sir—

Ster. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand was very fair and handsome, to be sure, sir John.

Sir J. Nay, but I am willing to—

Ster. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will, I might lose above a hundred thousand; so you see the balance is against you, sir John.

Sir J. Suppose I was to prevail on lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Ster. I think he would be more likely to persuade her to it than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir J. I'll apply to him this very day.—And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so your servant, sir John. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room.

Enter MR. STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, and MISS STERLING.

Ster. What! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. H. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed!

Mrs. H. Positively.

Ster. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. H. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother.—This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Ster. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsy?

Miss S. No indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not.—For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs. H. Hold your tongue, Betsy; I will have my way.—When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do.—Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigour on our part; and the sending her out of the way, shall be the purliminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Ster. Well, but sister—

Mrs. H. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will.—Come along, child. [To Miss

¹) A plum is 100,000 pounds sterling.

Sterling]. The post-shay shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if miss Fanny does not get into it, why I will—and so there's an end of the matter. [Bounces out with Miss Sterling; then returns] One word more, brother Sterling—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to lord Ogleby, of sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother;—show a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [Exit.

Ster. The devil's in the women for tyranny!—Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us.—As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it.—“I will do this,” and “you shall do that,” and “you shall do t'other—or else the fammaly shan't have a farden of”—[Mimicking]—So absolute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Garden.

Enter LORD OGLEBY and CANTON.

Lord O. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away?—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Can. Je ne sais pas—I know nothing.

Lord O. It can't be—it shan't be:—I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us.—Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change-alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever showing that she is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing: isn't she, Canton?

Can. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous and that young lady, my lor.

Lord O. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Can. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat, I believe, nor mademoiselle neither too—ha, ha, ha!

Lord O. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires?—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Can. As de fine girl to you, my lor, ha, ha, ha! you alway fly togedre like une paire de pigeons—

Lord O. Like une paire de pigeons—[Mocks him]—Vous êtes un sot, monsieur Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me badiner but you suspect mischief, you old fool you.

Can. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, my lor, he, he, he!

Lord O. He, he, he!—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here, [Takes out his Box] a most

ridiculous superfluity; but a pinch of thee now and then is a more delicious treat.

Can. You do me great honneur, mi lor.

Lord O. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Can. Your flatterie, my lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord O. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but pr'ythee, Cant, is not that miss Fanny yonder!

Can. [*Looks with a Glass*] Ah—la voilà! En vérité, 'tis she, mi lor—'tis one of de pigeons—de pigeons d'amour.

Lord O. Don't be ridiculous, your old monkee.

Can. I am monkee, I am ole; but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.

Lord O. Taisez vous, bête!

Can. Elle vous attend, my lor.—She vil make a love to you.

Lord O. Will she? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more.—Egad, I find myself a little enjoué—Come along, Cant! she is but in the next walk—but there is such a deal of this d—ned crinkum—crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them—Allons, monsieur Canton, allons donc!

[*Exeunt, singing in French.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Garden.*

Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY.

Love. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress! it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fan. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Love. I'll tell you.—Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once. His influence and authority will put an end to sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fan. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Love. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately. To-morrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak, and make us happy!

[*Exit.*]

Fan. What shall I do? What shall I say to him? I am all confusion.

Enter LORD OGLEBY and CANTON.

Lord O. To see so much beauty so solitary,

madam, is a satire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex. I say one, madam; for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Can. Noting at all, indeed.

Fan. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

Lord O. A favour, madam?—To be honoured with your commands is an inexpressible favour done to me, madam.

Fan. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What's the matter with me?

[*Aside.*]

Lord O. The girl's confused—He!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tête-à-tête with her. [*Aside*—Allez vous en!

[*To Canton.*]

Can. I go—Ah, pauvre mademoiselle! My lor, have pitie upon the poor pigeon!

[*Apart to Lord O.*]

Lord O. I'll knock you down, Cant. [*Smiles.*]

Can. Den I go—[*Shuffles along*]—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Fan. I shall sink with apprehension. [*Aside.*]

Lord O. What a sweet girl!—she's a civilized being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family. [*Aside.*]

Fan. My lord! I—[*Courtesies and blushes.*]

Lord O. I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally the humblest of your servants.

Fan. I think myself greatly honoured by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me that I am obliged, in my present situation, to apply to it for protection.

Lord O. I am happy in your distress, madam, because it gives me an opportunity to show my zeal.—Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*Aside.*]

Fan. There is not, perhaps, at this moment, a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord O. Does it, madam?—Venus forbid!—My old fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. [*Aside, and smiling*] Take courage, madam! dear miss Fanny, explain.—You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—My heart, madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy and delicacy.—By my honour, I am.

Fan. Then I will venture to unburden my mind—Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord O. How, madam? Has sir John made his addresses to you?

Fan. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say that my duty to my father, love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the

great respect I entertain for your lordship, [*Courtesies*] made me shudder at his addresses.

Lord O. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear miss Fanny, proceed!

Fan. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!—But if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure—

Lord O. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter it.

Fan. Then, my lord, sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more particularly disagreeable to me at this time—as—as— [*Hesitates.*]

Lord O. As what, madam?

Fan. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely devoted to another.

Lord O. If this is not plain, the devil's in it. [*Aside*].—But tell me, my dear miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where—Tell me—

Re-enter CANTON, hastily.

Can. My lor, my lor, my lor!

Lord O. D—n your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical, melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Can. I demande pardon, my lor! Sir John Melvil, my lor, sent me to beg you do him de honour to speak a little to you, my lor.

Lord O. I'm not at leisure—I am busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll—

Can. Fort bien, my lor. [*Goes out on Tiptoe.*]

Lord O. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed. Let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fan. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it; and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burden. [*Aside.*]

Lord O. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*Aside*] I presume, madam (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption), that—

Fan. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend—

Lord O. Upon me, madam?

Fan. Upon you, my lord. [*Sighs.*]

Lord O. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [*Sighs.*]

Fan. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed—

Lord O. [*Takes her Hand*] Thou amiable creature, command my heart, for it is vanquished. Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fan. I cannot, my lord; indeed I cannot. Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses; and

when you know them, pity and protect me.

[*Exit in Tears.*]

Lord O. How the devil could I bring her to this? It—it is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness. [*Wipes his Eyes*] My heart, overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired. [*Stifles a Tear*] Can I be a man, and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite apropos. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby-house to-morrow morning. But what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now? No conquest there—no, no, that would be too much desolation in the family.

Enter STERLING and MISS STERLING.

Ster. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsy.

Lord O. Your eyes, miss Sterling, for I always read the eyes of a young lady, betray some little emotion. What are your commands, madam?

Miss S. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord O. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostasy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss S. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of sir John's inconstancy.

Lord O. Nay, now, my dear miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear miss Sterling, believe me, miss Fanny has no passion for sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed. [*Conceitedly.*]

Miss S. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord.

Lord O. Lovewell! No, poor lad! she does not think of him. [*Smiles*]. I know better; however, a little time will solve all mysteries.

Miss S. Have a care, my lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of sir John's artifice, and my sister's dissimulation! You don't know her; indeed, my lord, you don't know her; a base, insinuating, perfidious!—It is too much—She has been beforehand with me, I perceive, endeavouring to prejudice your lordship in her favour; and I am to be laughed at by every body. Such unnatural behaviour to me! But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge. [*Exit.*]

Ster. This is foolish work, my lord!

Lord O. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Ster. It is touching indeed, my lord; and very moving for a father.

Lord O. To be sure, sir! You, with your exquisite feelings, must be distressed beyond measure! Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feeling, suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Ster. With all my heart, my lord.

Lord O. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make

no union in our families by the proposed marriage.

Ster. And I am very sorry to see it, my lord.

Lord O. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. 'Tis my only wish at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord O. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

Ster. Shall they, my lord? but how—how?

Lord O. I'll marry in your family.

Ster. What! my sister Heidelberg?

Lord O. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister, but your daughter.

Ster. My daughter?

Lord O. Fanny;—now the murder's out!

Ster. What you, my lord?

Lord O. Yes, I, I, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. No, no, my lord; that's too much.

[*Smiles.*]

Lord O. Too much! I don't comprehend you.

Ster. What you, my lord, marry my Fanny? Bless me! what will the folks say?

Lord O. Why, what will they say?

Ster. That you're a bold man, my lord; that's all.

Lord O. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit, for aught I know. Do you court my alliance?

Ster. To be sure, my lord.

Lord O. Then I'll explain—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter, nor I neither.—Your youngest daughter won't marry him; I will marry your youngest daughter.

Ster. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord O. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the demon interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry.

Ster. Who told you so, my lord? [me.]

Lord O. Her own sweet self, sir.

Ster. Indeed!

Lord O. Yes, sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble; your daughter will be a countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings, and you'll be father to an earl instead of a baronet.

Ster. But what will my sister say? and my daughter?

Lord O. I'll manage that matter; nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter in spite of you.

Ster. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good; I wish you had my constitution; but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord O. I'll answer for your sister, sir. A propos, the lawyers are in the house. I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Ster. Very well! and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want; you must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match.—He, he, he! what will the folks say? [*Exit.*]

Lord O. What a fellow am I going to make a father of! He has no more feeling than the post in his ware-house—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Re-enter LOVEWELL, hastily.

Love. I beg your lordship's pardon; are you alone, my lord?

Lord O. No, my lord, I am not alone; I am in company, the best company.

Love. My lord!

Lord O. I never was in such exquisite, enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted, pleasure.

Love. Where are they, my lord?

[*Looks about.*]

Lord O. In my mind, Horatio.

Love. What company have you there, my lord? [*Smiles.*]

Lord O. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of ecstasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each in perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Love. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord O. You shall rejoice at it, sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Love. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you; you have heard; miss Fanny has informed you—

Lord O. She has; I have heard, and she shall be happy; 'tis determined.

Love. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes. And will your lordship pardon the folly?

Lord O. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it? 'Twas unavoidable—fate and necessity.

Love. It was indeed, my lord. Your kindness distracts me.

Lord O. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Love. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections?

Lord O. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Love. [*Bows*] You are too good, my lord.—And do you really excuse the rashness of the action?

Lord O. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Love. [*Bows*] I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord O. More fool you then. [*Beauty,* Who pleads her cause with never failing Here finds a full redress.

[*Strikes his Breast.*]

She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Love. Her beauty, my lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding—

Lord O. Her choice convinces me of that.

Love. [*Bows*] That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord O. No, no, not altogether; it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Love. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person—

Lord O. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind, touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold, unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Love. My lord!

Lord O. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Love. Marry her!—Who do you mean, my lord?

Lord O. Miss Fanny Sterling that is; the countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Love. I am astonished!

Lord O. Why, could you expect less from me?

Love. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord O. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Love. No indeed, my lord.

[*Sighs.*]

Lord O. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves, do I, Lovewell?

Love. No indeed, my lord. [*Sighs*] What an accident!

[*Aside.*]

Lord O. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Love. O, I do, my lord.

[*Sighs.*]

Lord O. She said that you would explain what she had not power to utter; but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Love. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord O. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Love. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, sir John.

Lord O. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Love. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to sir John.

Lord O. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Love. But what will become of miss Sterling, my lord?

Lord O. What's that to you?—You may have her, if you will. I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city philosophy to be reconciled to lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of sir John Melvil, baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations, eh, Lovewell?

Love. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord O. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer.—I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL.

What news with you, sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir J. After a battle indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement; and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord O. To the business then, and be as concise as possible, for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell? [*Smiles, and Lovewell bows.*]

Sir J. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord O. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion—shan't I, Lovewell? [*Smiles, and Lovewell bows.*]

Sir J. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you that I cannot marry miss Sterling.

Lord O. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine.—Any thing more?

Sir J. But this, my lord; that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord O. O yes, by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew? Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[*Smiles and winks at Lovewell.*]

Love. I think not, my lord.

[*Gravely.*]

Lord O. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir J. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord O. Mrs. Heidelberg?—Had not you better begin with the young lady first? It will save you a great deal of trouble, won't it, Lovewell? [*Smiles*] But do what you please, it will be the same thing to me: won't it, Lovewell? [*Conceitedly*] Why don't you laugh at him?

Love. I do, my lord.

[*Forces a smile.*]

Sir J. And your lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with miss Fanny?

Lord O. I'll speak to Mrs. Heidelberg about the adorable Fanny as soon as possible.

Sir J. Your generosity transports me.

Lord O. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. [*Aside.*]

Sir J. And your lordship is not in the least offended at this seeming inconstancy?

Lord O. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charms will even excuse infidelity. I look upon women as the fœr nature—lawful game—and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to pursue them;—Lovewell as well as you, and you as well as he, and I as well as either of you.—Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir J. You have made me happy, my lord.

Love. And me, I assure you, so.

Lord O. And I am superlatively so—allons donc! To horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—suivons l'amour.

[*Sings. Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—FANNY'S Apartment.

Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY, followed by BETTY.

Fan. Why did you come so soon, Mr. Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Bet. My mistress is right, sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Love. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Bet. I think we have wickedness and curiosity enough in this family, sir, to expect the worst.

Fan. I do expect the worst. — Pr'ythee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Bet. I warrant you, madam—the Lord bless you both!

Fan. What did my father want with you this evening?

Love. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to lord Ogleby.

Fan. And why did you not obey him?

Love. Because I am certain that his lordship has opened his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account.—But as we shall discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fan. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble! —I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me—this situation may have very unhappy consequences.

[Weeps.]

Love. But it sha'n't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risk of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such case the meanest consideration—of our fortune?—Where we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds will weigh against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice, you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fan. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake, my dear Lovewell; don't be so warm! your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered.—I am satisfied—indeed I am.—Excuse this weakness, this delicacy, this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Love. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment.

[Kisses her.]

Re-enter BETTY.

Bet. [In a low Voice] I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fan. Ha! what's the matter?

Love. Have you heard any body?

Bet. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard you too, or I'm mistaken—if they had seen you too, we should have been in a fine quandary.

Fan. Pr'ythee don't prate now, Betty!

Love. What did you hear?

Bet. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap—

Love. A nap!

Bet. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrapped this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ache from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my

head two or three times, and went so with my hand.

Fan. VVell—well—and so—

Bet. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise—

[Makes an indistinct sort of noise, like speaking.]

Fan. VVell, and what did they say?

Bet. O! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Love. The outward door is lock'd?

Bet. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fan. Why did you? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Bet. And I did it on purpose, madam, and coug'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fan. What shall we do?

Love. Fear nothing; we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon—but Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy, and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Bet. I can distinguish a man from a mouse as well as my betters—I'm sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fan. He compliments you, don't be a fool! —Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll mutter for an hour. [To Lovewell] I'll go and hearken myself.

Bet. I'll turn my back upon no girl for sincerity and service.

[Half aside and muttering.]

Love. Thou art the first in the world for both; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Bet. I am not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good carretter¹).

Re-enter FANNY.

Fan. All seems quiet.—Suppose, my dear, you go to your own room—I shall be much easier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Bet. You may discover, if you please; but for my part, I shall still be secret.

[Half aside, and muttering.]

Love. Should I leave you now; if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay. Besides, we should consult upon to-morrow's business. Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this; and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Bet. Shall I, madam?

Fan. Do let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after.

Love. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [Going.]

Fan. Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her—

Bet. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [Going hastily.]

Fan. Softly—softly—Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise. Softly, I beg of you! See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

¹ Charioteer.

Love, But love, Fanny, makes amends for all. [Exit softly.]

SCENE II.—*A Gallery, which leads to several Bed-chambers. The Stage dark.*

Enter MISS STERLING, leading Mrs. HEIDELBERG in a Night-cap.

Miss S. This way, dear madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. H. Nay but, niece—consider a little—don't drag me out this figure; let me put on my fly-cap!—If any of my lord's fammaly, or the counsellors at law should be stirring, I should be perdigus disconcerted.

Miss S. But, my dear madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber!—O! she's all craft and wickedness.

Mrs. H. Well, but softly. Betsy!—you are all in emotion—your mind is too much frustrated—you can neither eat, nor drink, nor take your natural rest—compose yourself, child; for if we are not as warisome as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole fammaly.

Miss S. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir John Melvil has forsaken me; my lord cares for nobody but himself; or if any body, it is my sister: my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change broker: so that if you, madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her treachery—trample with scorn upon the rights of her elder sister—the will of the best of aunts—and the weakness of a too interested father.

[She pretends to be bursting into Tears during this speech.]

Mrs. H. Don't, Betsy—keep up your spirit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every particular.—But be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discovered.

Miss S. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart:—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward;—she immediately came back and told me, that they were in high consultation; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conduct sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs. H. And how did you conduct yourself in this dilemma?

Miss S. I returned with her, and could bear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. H. Why, the brazen slut! she has got her sister's husband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too!—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss S. Hush, madam! I hear something!

Mrs. H. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figure for the world.

Miss S. 'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. H. I protest there's a candle coming, and a man too!

Miss S. Nothing but servants;—let us retire a moment! [They retire.]

Enter BRUSH, half drunk, laying hold of the Chamber-maid, who has a Candle in her Hand.

Cham. Be quiet, Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet, and most amiable chambermaid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Cham. But you may do me harm, Mr. Brush, and a great deal of harm too;—pray let me go; I am ruined if they hear you; I tremble like an asp¹.

Brush. But they shan't hear us; and if you have a mind to be ruined, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore, I say it again, if you have no love, bear a little reason!

Cham. I wonder at your impudence², Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you. You are a town-rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by heavens! but your frowns, most amiable chambermaid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret drinker. Come now, my dear little spider-brusher!

Cham. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruined—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Cham. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go. That is miss Sterling's chamber, that miss Fanny's, and that madam Heidelberg's.

Brush. We know all that. And that lord Ogleby's, and that my lady VVhat-d'y-e-call-'em's: I don't mind such folks when I'm sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that, too.

Cham. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O, but I have, my sweet spider-brusher—for instance, I reverence miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel, and fit for a prince.—VVith all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss S. [Within] There, there, madam, all in a story!

Cham. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something!

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two d—n'd things at once.

Cham. Law! law! how you blaspheme!—

¹ An aspen leaf,

² Impudence,

we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but, as I was saying, the eldest sister—Miss Jezebel—

Cham. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoked her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us.—No, no, she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Cham. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you don't have pity upon me, I will break open that door, and ravish Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. H. [Coming forward] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Cham. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous.

Miss S. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow.

Mrs. H. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss S. What have you to say for yourself?

Cham. I can say nothing—I'm so frightened, and so ashamed.—But indeed I am virtuous—I am virtuous, indeed.

Mrs. H. Well, well—don't tremble so; but tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss S. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Cham. Why, madam, don't let me betray my fellow-servants—I shan't sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. H. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Cham. O dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. H. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Cham. Why our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forced us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss S. Holiday! for what?

Cham. Nay, I only made one.

Miss S. Well, well; but upon what account?

Cham. Because as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, sir John, was to marry miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss S. And so you make a holiday for that—Very fine!

Cham. I did not make it, ma'am.

Mrs. H. But do you know nothing of sir John's being to run away with miss Fanny to-night?

Cham. No indeed, ma'am.

Miss S. Nor of his being now locked up in my sister's chamber?

Cham. No, as I hope for mercy, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Cham. Now, ma'am?—'Tis so very late, ma'am—

Mrs. H. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is on fire—tell him to come here immediately—Go, I say.

Cham. I will, I will, though I'm frighten'd out of my wits.

Mrs. H. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myself in order to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counterplot 'em too.

[Exit into her Chamber.]

Miss S. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as in being made a countess.—Ha! they are unlocking the door.—Now for it!

[Retires.]

FANNY'S Door is unlocked, and BETTY comes out; MISS STERLING approaches her.

Bet. [Calling within] Sir! sir!—now's your time—all's clear. [Seeing Miss Sterling] Stay, stay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miss S. And so you are, madam Betty. [Miss Sterling lays hold of her, while Betty locks the Door, and puts the Key into her Pocket.]

Bet. [Turning round] What's the matter, madam?

Miss S. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Bet. I am no tell-tale, madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss S. You have a great deal of courage, Betty, and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Bet. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter STERLING.

Ster. What's all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturb'd in this manner?

Miss S. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, with another Head-dress.

Mrs. H. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter.—Well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Ster. Not I—But what is it? speak.—I was got into my little closet, all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I'm quite in the dark.

Mrs. H. No, no, there's no rape, brother! all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss S. Who's in that chamber?

[Detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.]

Bet. My mistress.

Miss S. And who's with your mistress?

Bet. Why, who should there be?

Miss S. Open the door then, and let us see.

Bet. The door is open, madam. [Miss Sterling goes to the Door.] I'll sooner die than peach.

[Exit hastily.]

Miss S. The door is lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. H. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Ster. But, zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. H. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bed-chamber—There is the particular.

Ster. The devil he is!—That's bad.

Miss S. And he has been there some time too.

Ster. Ditto!

Mrs. H. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Ster. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister!—The best way is to insure privately—let me alone! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss S. Make him marry her! this is beyond all patience!—You have thrown away all your affection, and I shall do as much by my obedience; unnatural fathers make unnatural children. My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it.—Had they made their escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world: but the deriders shall be derided; and so—Help, help, there!—Thieves! thieves!

Mrs. H. Tit-for-tat, Betsy! you are right, my girl.

Ster. Zounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family—The devil's in the girl.

Mrs. H. No, no; the devil's in you, brother: I am ashamed of your principles.—What! would you connive at your daughter's being locked up with her sister's husband? Help! Thieves! thieves, I say! [*Cries out.*]

Ster. Sister, I beg you! daughter, I command you!—If you have no regard for me, consider yourselves!—we shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting above twenty per cent, for our money.

Miss S. What, by my disgrace and my sister's triumph? I have a spirit above such mean considerations: and to show you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar, 'Change-alley spirit!—Help! help! Thieves! thieves! thieves, I say!

Ster. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs—the house is in an uproar.

Enter CANTON, in a Night-gown and Slippers.

Can. Eh, diable! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tintamarre?

Ster. Ask those ladies, sir; 'tis of their making.

Lord O. [*Calls within*] Brush!—Brush!—Canton!—Where are you?—What's the matter? [*Rings a Bell*] Where are you?

Ster. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Can. I com, mi lor!

[*Exit L. Ogleby still rings.*]

Flow. [*Calls within*] A light! a light here!—where are the servants? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Ster. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. H. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss S. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, with Lights; before SERGEANT FLOWER, with one Boot and a Slipper, and TRAVERSE.

Ster. This way, sir! this way, gentlemen!

Flow. Well but, Mr. Sterling, no danger, I hope? Have they made a burglarious entry? Are you prepared to repulse them? I am

very much alarmed about thieves at circuit time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

Trav. No danger, Mr. Sterling—no trespass, I hope?

Ster. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies' making.

Mrs. H. You'll be asham'd to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment locked up with this lady's younger sister.

Flow. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure; but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss S. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, in his Robe-de-chambre, Night-cap, etc. leaning on CANTON.

Lord O. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest. VWhat's the matter with you all?

Ster. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my lord, too.

Lord O. VWhat's all this shrieking and screaming? VWhere's my angelic Fanny? She's safe, I hope?

Mrs. H. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is lock'd up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

Lord O. My nephew! Then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. H. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with miss Fanny, and miss Fanny has been plotting to run away with your nephew: and if we had not watch'd them and call'd up the fammaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord O. Lookye, ladies! I know that sir John has conceived a violent passion for miss Fanny; and I know too that miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person; and I am so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.—Eh, shan't I Mr. Sterling? [*Smiling*] VWhat say you?

Ster. [*Sulkily*] To be sure, my lord.—These bawling women have been the ruin of every thing.

[*Aside.*]

Lord O. But come, I'll end this business in a trice—If you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will ensure miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the key-hole.

Mrs. H. The horrid creatures!—I say, my lord, break the door open.

Lord O. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate! Now to our experiment!

[*Advancing towards the Door.*]

Miss S. Now, what will they do? My heart will beat through my bosom.

Re-enter BETTY, with the Key.

Bet. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my lord; we have done nothing that

we ought to be ashamed of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

[*Going to unlock the Door.*]

Mrs. H. There's impudence!

Lord O. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bed-chamber, [*To Betty*] open the door, and entreat sir John Melvil (for the ladies will have it that he is there) to appear, and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors.—Call sir John Melvil into the court!

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, on the other side.

Sir J. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. H. Hey-day!

Sir J. What's all this alarm and confusion? There is nothing but hurry in this house! What is the reason of it?

Lord O. Because you have been in that chamber;—have been! nay, you are there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it—

Trav. This is the clearest alibi I ever knew, Mr. Sergeant.

Flow. Luce clarius.

Lord O. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these frolics, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come [*To Betty*] open the door, and entreat your amiable mistress to come forth and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Bet. [*Opening the Door*] Madam, you are wanted in this room. [*Pertly.*]

Enter FANNY, in great confusion.

Miss S. You see she's ready dressed—and what confusion she's in!

Mrs. H. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage! Her guilt confounds her!

Flow. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fan. I am confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord O. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind.—Pour conviction into their ears, and rapture into mine. [*Smiling.*]

Fan. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—

[*Faints away.*]

LOVEWELL rushes out of the Chamber.

Love. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer! Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were lost in this! Speak, speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny! let me but hear thy voice: open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[*During this Speech they are all in Amazement.*]

Miss S. Lovewell!—I am easy.

Mrs. H. I am thunderstruck!

Lord O. I am petrified!

Sir J. And I undone.

Fan. [*Recovering*] O, Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship in the face.

Ster. What now? did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord O. Eh!—What! How's this? By what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Love. By that right which makes me the happiest of men! and by a title which I would not forego for any the best of kings could give.

Bet. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnanimity.

Lord O. I am annihilated!

Ster. I have been choaked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Lovewell, you are a villain!—You have broke your word with me.

Fan. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbade him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you—we have been married these four months.

Ster. And he shan't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam!

Fan. Indeed, sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Ster. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly! and you shall follow him, madam!

Lord O. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Lookye, Mr. Sterling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them, is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune; 'tis a debt of honour, and must be paid.—You swore as much too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without—errors excepted.

Ster. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls, like herself, to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Love. I hope there will be no danger of that, sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. H. Indiscretion, quotha! a mighty pretty delicate word to express obedience!

Lord O. For my part, I indulge my own passions too much to tyrannise over those of other people. Poor souls! I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Why, why, as to that, my lord—to be sure, he is a relation of yours, my lord—What say you, sister Heidelberg?

Mrs. H. The girl's ruin'd, and I forgive her.

Ster. Well—so do I then.—Nay, no thanks—[*To Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak*]—there's an end of the matter.

Lord O. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Love. Your kindness, my lord—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and grati-

tude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship.—For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, sir John—

Sir J. No apologies to me, Lovewell; I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have

saved me, yourself, and that lady (who I hope will pardon my behaviour), a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Love. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be damped, if his lordship's generosity and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors. *[To the Audience. Exit.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, November 29, 1728. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith had four sons, of whom Oliver was the third. He was instructed in the classics at the school of Mr. Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford; whence he was removed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was admitted a sizar on the 11th of June 1744. At the university he exhibited no specimen of that genius which distinguished him in his maturer years. On the 27th of February 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time), he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts. He then turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. Hero, however, that incautious spirit of benevolence, which so strongly marked his life, soon involved him in difficulties. Having imprudently engaged as security, in a considerable sum of money, for a fellow-student, who, from want either of means or of principle, failed to pay the debt, he sought to shun the horrors of imprisonment by a precipitate flight; and early in the year 1754 he reached Sunderland. In this place, however, he had not been long before he was arrested, at the suit of Mr. Barclay, a tailor in Edinburgh, the person to whom he had imprudently become security for his friend. From this difficulty he was at length released by the kindness of Dr. Sleight and Mr. Laughlin MacLaine, whose friendship he probably acquired at the College of Edinburgh. He then embarked for Rotterdam, proceeded to Leyden, where he resided about a year, studying chemistry and anatomy, and afterwards visited a great part of Flanders and Brabant, on foot, subsisting frequently by his voluntary performances on the German flute; his learning, we are told, made him a welcome guest to the monks, and his pipe to the peasants. After passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain (where he obtained the degree of bachelor in physic) he accompanied an English gentleman to Berne and Geneva. On his arrival at the latter place, it is said, he was recommended as a proper person to be travelling tutor to a young man who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S—, a pawnbroker, near Holborn. This youth, who had been articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world; but, on engaging with Goldsmith, as his preceptor, made a proviso that he should be permitted to govern himself; and our traveller soon found that his pupil understood extremely well the art of directing in money concerns, for avarice was his predominant passion. During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated a poetical talent, of which he had given some promising proofs at the college of Edinburgh; and it was from hence that he sent the first sketch (about 200 lines) of his poem called *The Traveller*, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, with a beloved wife, was living in retirement and obscurity, on an income of forty pounds a year. With a youth of a disposition so opposite to his own, as it appears his pupil was, it will not be supposed that Goldsmith could long continue. A disagreement happened on their arrival in the South of France, where the young man paid him such part of his salary as remained due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the wide world, and encountered numberless difficulties, in traversing the greater part of France; whence, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course toward England, and arrived at Dover in the winter of 1757–58. When he reached London, his stock of cash did not amount to two livres. He applied to several apothecaries, in the hope of engaging himself as a journeyman; but his awkward appearance, and broad Irish accent, almost every where met with repulse and insult: at length a chemist, near Fish Street Hill, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, employed him in his laboratory where he remained till he learned that his old friend Dr. Sleight was in town. The worthy Doctor received Goldsmith into his family, and undertook to support him till some establishment could be procured. Goldsmith, however, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him, to assist the late Dr. John Milner, a dissenting minister of eminence, in instructing the young gentlemen of the academy at Peckham. It was during the time of his being usher at Dr. Milner's that Goldsmith commenced author; and the earliest performance of his, now known, was, *The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion. Written by himself. Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington*; 1758, two volumes, 12mo. for which Mr. Edward Dilly paid him twenty guineas. At Dr. Milner's table, sometime in the year 1758, he happened to meet with Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the originator and proprietor of *The Monthly Review*, who invited him to become a writer in that work, and offered him such terms as our author deemed worth acceptance, viz. lodging, board, and a liberal salary. By a written agreement, this engagement was to last for a year; but at the expiration of seven or eight months it was dissolved by mutual consent; and Goldsmith took a smoky, miserable apartment, in Green Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey, immediately over Breakneck Steps, as they are vulgarly called; where he completed a work that he had before begun, entitled, *An Inquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe*. This was published by Dodley in 1759, and obtained its writer some reputation. In October, of the same year, he began *The Bee*, a weekly publication, of which, however, only eight numbers were printed. In the following year he became known to T. T. Smollett, who was then editor of *The British Magazine*; and for that work he wrote most of those essays and tales which were afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also contributed occasionally to *The Critical Review*; in fact, it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's *Epistles*, by a schoolmaster, and his *Inquiry into the present State of polite Learning*, that first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett, who recommended him to some respectable booksellers, by whom he was afterwards patronized. Among these, Goldsmith's most fortunate connexion was with the celebrated Mr. John Newbery, of philanthropic memory, who being a principal proprietor of *The Public Ledger*, engaged him at a salary of 100l. a year to write a periodical paper. Our author accordingly undertook a series of what he called *Chinese Letters*, which were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, under the title of *The Citizen of the World*; and they exhibit striking proofs of judgment, wit, and humour. On embarking in this undertaking, Goldsmith quitted his hovel in Green Arbour Court, removed in a decent apartment in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, dropped the plain *Mister*, dubbed himself *Doctor*, and was afterwards commonly known and addressed as Dr. Goldsmith. Here he finished his *Vicar of Wakefield*; but at the time of its completion he was much embarrassed in his circumstances, and very apprehensive of arrest; in fact, he was at last entangled by the following artifice. An ingenious limb of the law, ycleped a bailiff, being apprised of one of Goldsmith's foibles (a vanity of being noticed by distinguished persons), wrote a letter, stating that he was steward to a nobleman, who was charmed with reading Goldsmith's last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor

to appoint a place, where he might have the honour of meeting with him, to conduct him to his Lordship. Poor Goldsmith swallowed the bait, and appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of *The Critical Review*, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On their entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to Goldsmith, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him: but they had scarcely entered Pall Mall, when the officer produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and rescued his critic from incarceration. It may be supposed, however, that Goldsmith was now out of cash. He sent to represent his case to Dr. Johnson, with whose acquaintance he had been sometimes honoured; and Johnson disposed of the MS. of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, to Mr. Newbery, for 60l. a sum (as Goldsmith used to say) which he had been so little accustomed to receive in a lump, that he felt himself under the embarrassment of Brazen in the play, whether he should build a privy or a playhouse with the money. But though the money was paid to him at the time, so little reputation had he then acquired, that the book was not published till two or three years after, when *The Traveller* had fixed his fame. In the spring of the year 1765, Goldsmith took lodgings at Cannonbury House, Islington, where he compiled, or revised and corrected, several publications, for his patron Mr. Newbery: particularly *The Art of Poetry*, 2 vols. 12mo. and a *Life of Nash*, 8vo. Here also he wrote his *History of England*, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, 2 vols. 12mo, a work which was by some attributed to the Earl of Orrery, but more commonly to George Lord Lyttleton; and what is rather singular, this generally-received opinion was never contradicted, either directly or indirectly, by those noblemen or their friends. In the year 1764, Goldsmith removed his abode to the Inner Temple, where he took chambers in the upper story of the Library Staircase. He was still, however, not much known, except among the booksellers, till the year 1765, when he completed and published *The Traveller*; or, *A Prospect of Society*; a poem, which, as we have before remarked, he had begun to write while he was in Switzerland; and of which Dr. Johnson pronounced, "that there had not been so fine a poem since the time of Pope." This charming performance procured him the friendship of Lord Nugent, afterwards Earl of Clare, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Langton etc., and he was elected one of the first members of "*The Literary Club*," which was just then instituted by Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Burke. In 1765, Goldsmith published his pathetic ballad of *The Hermit*, which he dedicated to the Countess (afterwards Dutchess) of Northumberland, and which soon became popular with those who could appreciate poetic merit. Having been thus successful in the several walks of a critic, a novelist, and a moral poet, our author was encouraged to try his hand at the drama; and, on the 29th of January 1768, his *Good-natured Man* was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre. It kept possession of the stage nine nights; but was not received with that general approbation which its intrinsic merit led his friends to expect. By the profit of his three third nights however, and the sale of the copy-right, he netted 500l. With this money, and the savings made from the produce of his *Roman History*, a vols. and other compilations (which he used to call "building of books"), he descended from his attic story, on the Library Staircase, Inner Temple, and purchased chambers on the first floor of No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, for which he gave 400l. These he furnished in rather an elegant manner, enlarged his library, and commenced quite the man of lettered ease and consequence. At the establishment of the Royal Academy of Painting, in 1769, Goldsmith had, by the recommendation of Sir Joshua Reynolds to His Majesty, the honorary professorship of history conferred upon him; and in the spring of 1770 his beautiful poem, *The Deserted Village*, was first published. A well-authenticated and characteristic anecdote of our author has been related, respecting this poem. Previous to its publication, the bookseller (the late Mr. Griffin, of Catherine Street, Strand) had given him a note for one hundred guineas, for the copy; which Goldsmith mentioned some hours after to one of his friends, who observed, that it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth (replied Goldsmith) I think so too; it is nearly five shillings a couplet, which is much more than the honest man can afford; and, indeed, more than any modern poetry is worth. I have not been easy since I received it, I will, therefore, go back and return him his note;" which he actually did, and left it to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which proved to be very considerable, and at least equal to the first donour. In 1771 appeared his *History of England, from the earliest Times to the Death of George II.*, 4 vols. 8vo. For this, Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, gave him 500l. He also wrote this year a *Life of Burnell*, which was prefixed to a new edition of his poems. On the 15th of March 1773, his Comedy of *the Scops to Conquer*, or, *The Mistakes of a Night*, was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre. Notwithstanding this drama is in some parts rather too farcical, and very improbable, it had a surprising run, and produced to Goldsmith a clear profit of 800l. In return for Mr. Quick's exertions in the part of Tony Lumpkin, Goldsmith is said to have reduced Ledley's comedy of *The Grumbler* to a farce of one act; and it was performed for the benefit of that comedian on the 8th of May. The principal character of this little piece (the Grumbler), was acted by Mr. Quick, and furnished great entertainment, especially in a scene with a dancing-master, who insists upon teaching the touchy old man to dance an Allemande, against his inclination. The piece, upon the whole, was well received; but it wants incident, and, excepting the parts represented by Mr. Quick and Mr. Sanders, was but indifferently supported in the performance. One of the last of his publications, of any consequence, was, *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, in 8 vols. 8vo. which was printed in 1774, and for which he received 850l. He had at this time ready for the press *The Grecian History, from the earliest State to the Death of Alexander the Great*; which was afterwards printed in 2 vols. 8vo. He had also written at intervals, about this time, his *Hamlet of Fenelon, Retaliation*, and some other little sportive sallies, which were not printed till after his death; *Retaliation*, indeed, was left unfinished. But, though his receipts had for a long time been very considerable, yet by his literal and indiscreet benefactions to poor authors, as Farson, Pilkington, Hifferman, Lloyd etc. and poor Irishmen, in fact, needy adventurers from all countries, together with an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was little acquainted, and an habitual carelessness as to money-matters, he became much embarrassed in his circumstances, and, in consequence, uneasy, fretful, and peevish. To this mental iniquitude was superadded a violent stragguery, with which he had been some years afflicted; and this at length brought on a sort of occasional despondency, in which he used to express his great indifference about life. A nervous fever added to this despondency, which induced him, against the advice of his physicians, to take so large a portion of James's powder, that it was supposed to have contributed to his dissolution, which happened on the 4th of April 1774, after an illness of ten days.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN,

Comedy by Oliver Goldsmith. Acted at Covent Garden 1768. Many parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is perhaps no character on the stage more happily imagined and more highly finished than Croaker's; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident as that of the letter which he conceives to be the composition of an incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. Our audiences, however, having been recently exalted on the sentimental stilts of *Fales Delicacy*, a comedy by Kelly, regarded a few scenes in Dr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless, *The Good-natured Man* succeeded, though in a degree inferior to its merit. Dr. Samuel Johnson declared the present to be the best comedy produced since *The Provoked Husband*, and that there had not been lately any such character on the stage as that of Croaker. Dr. Goldsmith seems to have taken the hint of the character from whom his play is named from the lover of Miss Braddock, in his own *Life of Henry Nash*, p. 85.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

HONEYWOOD.

CROAKER.

LOFTY.

SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.

LEONTINE.

JARVIS.

BUTLER.

RAILIFF.

DUBARDIEU.

POSTROY.

MISS RICHLAND.

OLIVIA.

MRS CROAKER.

GARNET.

LANDLADY.

SCENE.—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in HONEYWOOD'S House.**Enter SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD and JARVIS.*

Sir W. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity, like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jar. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of dis-inheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir W. Say rather that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jar. I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir W. What signifies his affection to me, or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

Jar. I grant you that he's rather too good-natur'd; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir W. Not mine, sure? My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

Jar. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, this same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. Whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir W. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jar. What it rises from I don't know; but, to be sure, every body has it that asks it.

Sir W. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jar. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance generosity, and his trusting every body universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir W. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity; to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer¹⁾ upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jar. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed—yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

1) To have him arrested.

Sir W. We must try him once more, however; and I don't despair of succeeding; as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction; yet there are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*]

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honey. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jar. You have no friends.

Honey. Well, from my acquaintance then?

Jar. [*Pulls out Bills*] A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor, this from your mercer, and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honey. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jar. He has lost all patience.

Honey. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jar. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Honey. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jar. 'Sdeath! sin, the question now is how to relieve yourself—yourself! Hav'n't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?¹⁾

Honey. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jar. You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so. Every thing upon the waste. There's miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honey. I'm no man's rival.

Jar. Your uncle in Italy preparing to dis-inherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honey. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jar. So!—What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

Honey. In the fact! If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jar. Yes, he shall be turned off, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honey. No, Jarvis; it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen, let us not add to it the loss of a fellow creature.

Jar. Well, here was the footman just now to complain of the butler; he says he does

1) In disorder.

most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honey. That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jar. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

Enter Butler, drunk.

But. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan; you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex—ex—position of the matter, sir.

Honey. Explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

But. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir; and I shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such company.

Honey. Ha, ha! he has such a diverting way.

Jar. O quite amusing.

But. I find my wines a going, sir; and liquors don't go without mouths. I hate a drunkard, sir.

Honey. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time; so go to bed now.

Jar. To bed! Let him go to the devil!

But. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither: I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honey. Why didn't you show him up, blockhead?

But. Show him up, sir? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. *[Exit.]*

Jar. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose; the match between his son, that's just returned from Paris, and miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honey. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jar. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honey. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No; that she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own; but never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connexion with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jar. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honey. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife? who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

Jar. Opposite enough, heaven knows; the very reverse of each other: she, all laugh, and no joke; he, always complaining, and never sorrowful; a fretful, poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty.

Honey. Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll bear you.

Jar. One whose voice is a passing-bell—

Honey. Well, well, go, do.

Jar. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross-bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly night-shade; a—

[Honeywood stops his Mouth, and pushes him off.]

Honey. I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.

Enter CROAKER.

Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Croak. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this? You look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—but God send we be all better this day three months.

Honey. I heartily concur in the wish, though I own not in your apprehensions.

Croak. May be not! Indeed what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Then so many foreigners, that I'm afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honey. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croak. May be not. And what signifies? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days the devil a thing of their own manufactures about them, except their faces.

Honey. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland.

Croak. By-the-by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

Honey. I thought otherwise.

Croak. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honey. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Croak. My dear friend you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroach'd upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honey. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croak. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes. But what then? Always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honey. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new dissatisfactions.

Croak. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick.—Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Honey. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Croak. I don't know, some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick. He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick.

[*Going to Cry.*]

Honey. His fate affects me.

Croak. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honey. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croak. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer, on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [*Exit.*]

Honey. Poor Croaker! I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, an hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish, but not the power to serve them— [*Pauses and sighs.*]

Re-enter Butler.

But. More company below, sir; Mrs. Croaker and miss Richland; shall I show them up? But they're showing themselves up. [*Exit.*]

Enter MRS. CROAKER and MISS RICHLAND.

Miss R. You're always in such spirits.

Mrs. C. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! Herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

Honey. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you'll pardon me.

Mrs. C. I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here will pardon you, I must.

Miss R. You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

Mrs. C. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss R. I own I should be sorry, Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honey. There's no answering for others, madam. But I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss R. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you than the most passionate professions from others.

Honey. My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss R. And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested or more capable of friendship than Mr. Honeywood.

Mrs. C. And indeed I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, miss Odbody, and miss VWinterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

Miss R. Indeed! an admirer! But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honey. The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*]

Mrs. C. But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems. For as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age, by every where exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a sidebox; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honey. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss R. But then the mortifications they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honey. And yet I'll engage has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age; from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs. C. Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

Honey. I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs. C. What! with my husband? Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honey. Why, if I must, I must. Do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Leon. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are.

Oli. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world when I must be detected—

Leon. The world! my love, what can it say? At worst it can only say, that being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where yours could remain without censure.

Oli. But consider, Leontine, your being sent to France to bring home a sister; and instead of a sister bringing home—

Leon. One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Oli. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leon. Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Oli. But mayn't she write? mayn't her aunt write?

Leon. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Oli. But won't your refusing miss Richland, for whom, you know, the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

Leon. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father, to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Oli. Your heart and fortune!

Leon. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.

Oli. Mr. Honeywood! you'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

Leon. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming compliance with my father's commands; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

Oli. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I

consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly perhaps: I allow it; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart, may be powerful over that of another.

Leon. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and—

Re-enter CROAKER.

Croak. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leon. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too in the next room; he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croak. Can I believe my eyes or ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunn'd with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! [*A Laugh behind the Scenes; Croaker mimics it*] Ha, ha, ha! there it goes; a plague take their balderdash; yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party.

Leon. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Croak. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family.

Leon. But, sir, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Croak. I'll tell you once for all how it stands: a good part of miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofly, assures me the Treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leon. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Croak. I tell you I'm fix'd, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leon. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

Croak. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leon. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croak. An only father, sir, might expect more obedience; besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you.

Oli. Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

Croak. Well, well, say no more; but come

with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you; old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state: I'm told he becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine; and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—CROAKER'S House.

Enter MISS RICHLAND and GARNET.

Miss R. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister?

Gar. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss R. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Gar. Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went further than Paris; there he saw and fell in love with this young lady; by-the-by, of a prodigious family.

Miss R. And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

Gar. Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss R. Well, I own they have deceived me—And so demurely has Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

Gar. And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her; she was loath to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss R. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals; and you know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Gar. Yet, what can you do? for being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam—

Miss R. Well, no more of this! As to my guardian, and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them; I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and throw the refusal at last upon them.

Gar. Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness?

Miss R. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Gar. Then you're likely not long to want employment; for here they come.

Enter CROAKER and LEONTINE.

Leon. Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting the lady so important a question.

Croak. Lord, good sir! moderate your fears; I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin! Well, why don't you? Eh! What? Well then—I must, it seems—Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which nearly concerns your happiness, as well as my son's.

Miss R. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Croak. How, boy; could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin, I say?

[*To Leontine.*]

Leon. 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, madam.

Croak. Yes, my dear, it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam.

Leon. The whole affair is only this, madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Croak. In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss R. I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croak. That's not the thing, my little sweetening; my love! No, no, there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog.—But then had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

Miss R. I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Croak. Himself, madam! he would die before he could make such a confession.

Miss R. I must grant, sir, that a silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croak. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother tongue.

Miss R. And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet, I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

Leon. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. [*Aside*] Don't imagine, from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me, your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you; he admires you; I adore you: and when we come together, upon my soul, I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

Miss R. If I could flatter myself, you thought as you speak, sir—

Leon. Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory; ask cowards if they covet safety—

Croak. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leon. Ask the sick if they long for health; ask misers if they love money; ask—

Croak. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss R. Why, indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me, forces me to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gain'd with too much ease; won't you, Mr. Leontine?

Leon. Confusion! [*Aside*] O, by no means,

madam; by no means. And yet, madam, you talk of force: there is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croak. But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing: silence gives consent.

Leon. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

Croak. But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a roundabout way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room; and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

Leon. But, sir, I must beg leave to insist—

Croak. Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp. But I don't wonder; the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt Miss Richland and Leontine.*]

Enter MRS. CROAKER.

Mrs. C. Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

Croak. I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs. C. A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Croak. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs. C. Pooh, it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

Croak. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities; but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs. C. Fold a fiddlestick. Read what it contains.

Croak. [*Reads*] Dear Nick—An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly; and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her. Yours ever, RACHEL CROAKER.

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news indeed: my heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how silly the little baggage has carried it since she came home. Not a word on't to the old ones for the world. Yet, I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs. C. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Croak. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony.

Mrs. C. But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a backstairs favourite; one that can do what he

pleases with those that do what they please? Isn't he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

Croak. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet, what amazes me is, that while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs. C. That, perhaps, may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter a French Servant.

Serv. An expresse from monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honour's instamment. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. C. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. [*Exit French Servant*] Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

Croak. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect than he; but he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claim'd.

Mrs. C. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect; [*A loud rapping at the Door*] and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Croak. Ay, verily, there he is, as close upon the heels of his own express, as an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature, the marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack-horse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his grace be ready, let them be sent off: they're of importance. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. C. Sir, this honour—

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. C. Sir, this honour—

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say. Madam, I ask you ten thousand pardons—And if the Russian—ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness, in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. C. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Thus it is

eternally: solicited for places here; teased for pensions there; and courted every where. I know you pity me.

Mrs. C. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires' deasures are," as Waller says—

Lofty. Waller! Waller! is he of the house?

Mrs. C. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! we men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand, that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. C. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees; yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. C. What importance! and yet, what modesty.

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam! there I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible. It was so the duke of Brentford used to say of me: "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say; "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord, he's prodigious; he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults: too much modesty is his," says his grace.

Mrs. C. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. O, there indeed I'm in bronze. A propos, I have just been mentioning miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button: a fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That's my way, madam.

Mrs. C. Bless me, you said all this to the secretary of state, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it: it was to the secretary.

Mrs. C. This was going to the fountain head at once; not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he, he! He was indeed a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs. C. Poor, dear man! no accident, I hope.

Lofty. Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. C. A prisoner in his own house! How! I'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured; but then I could never find that he had any thing in him.

Mrs. C. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some indeed thought it a little dull: for my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam, the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! A poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groomporter to an orange barrow.

Mrs. C. How differently does miss Richland think of him! for, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! Does she? You should cure her of that by all means. Let me see: what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter LEONTINE, with OLIVIA.

Leon. And yet trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me!

Oli. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leon. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her.

Oli. We have both dissembled too long; I have always been ashamed, I am now quite weary of it.—Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leon. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance.

Oli. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

Leon. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Oli. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leon. However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Oli. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leon. And that's the best reason for trying

another.—As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger or confirm your victory. [Exit.]

Re-enter CROAKER.

Croak. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority. [Aside.]

Oli. How I tremble to approach him! [Aside] Might I presume, sir?—If I interrupt you—

Croak. No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me.

Oli. Sir, I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality; yet heaven knows there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croak. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive any thing.

Oli. But when you know my guilt—yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croak. Why then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Oli. Indeed! Then I'm undone.

Croak. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match. I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children; no, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china, to be stuck up in a corner.

Oli. Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croak. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up, with a pipe in his mouth, till there comes a thaw.

Oli. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it.

Croak. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy.

Oli. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

Croak. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment. I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

Oli. O transport! This kindness overpowers me.

Croak. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Oli. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation—

Croak. You did indeed dissemble; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for an husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Oli. It shall be my future care never to

put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that—

Re-enter LEONTINE.

Leon. Permit him thus to answer for himself. [Kneels] Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croak. And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leon. How, sir, is it possible to be silent when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

Croak. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough, without your coming in to make up the party.

Leon. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croak. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!

Leon. My sister!

Croak. What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning?

Leon. Mean, sir? Why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; that is, of giving her away, sir. I have made a point of it.

Croak. O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Oli. O yes, sir, very happy.—How have I been mistaken! [Aside.]

Croak. Do you foresee any thing, child? You look as if you did. I think if any thing was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing. [Exit.]

Oli. What can it mean?

Leon. He knows something; and yet, for my life, I can't tell what; but whatever it be, I'm resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasiness, he will at least share them. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Young HONEYWOOD'S House.*

Enter HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, and Follower.

Bail. Lookye, sir, I have arrested as good

men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honey. Without all question, Mr.—. I forget your name, sir.

Bail. How can you forget what you never knew? He, he, he!

Honey. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bail. Yes, you may.

Honey. Then pray, sir, what is your name, sir?

Bail. That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practice the law.

Honey. You may have reason for keeping it a secret perhaps?

Bail. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honey. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bail. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practice the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honey. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe you'll have no scruple. [*Pulls out his Purse*] The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at furthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bail. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honey. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Bail. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honey. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch, and humanity—

Bail. Humanity, sir, is a jewel; it's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we, in our way, have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children; a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honey. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation.

[*Gives Money to the Follower.*]

Bail. Sir, you're a gentleman: I see you know what to do with your money. But to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose; but set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face, a very good face; but then he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practice the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes¹).

Honey. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, miss Richland is below.

Honey. How unlucky. Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Serv. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honey. The white and gold then.

Serv. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honey. Well, the first that comes to hand then: the blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue.

[*Exeunt Servant and Follower.*]

Bail. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound; sticks like a weasle. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me.

Re-enter Follower.

Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honey. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bail. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another; that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss RICHLAND and Maid.

Miss R. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit; but you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honey. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss R. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so.

[*Aside.*]

Bail. [*After a Pause*] Pretty weather, very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

Fol. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honey. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure

¹) Look at the pocket-holes of his coat.

you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss R. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honey. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam: a dangerous service.

Miss R. I'm told so; and I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honey. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could.

Miss R. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honey. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam; it is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Fol. Damn the French, the *parle vous*, and all that belongs to them.

Miss R. Sir!

Honey. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss R. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary: it was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bail. Taste us! by the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss R. Very extraordinary this.

Fol. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the *parle vous* that devour us. What makes the mutton tenceance a pound? the *parle vous* that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence halfpenny a pot?—

Honey. Ah, the vulgar rogues! all will be out. [*Aside*] Right, gentlemen; very right upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injur'd as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss R. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bail. That's all my eye; the king only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case—

Honey. I'm quite of your opinion, sir: I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bail. By his *habus corpus*. His *habus corpus* can set him free at any time: for set in case—

Honey. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Fol. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd¹⁾, you know—

¹⁾ Caught.

Honey. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bail. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honey. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive: for where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bail. Justice! O, by the heavens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law—

Honey. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss R. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bail. Madam, this here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing—

Honey. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside*].

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business. [*Exit*].

Honey. That's lucky. [*Aside*] Dear madam, you'll excuse me, and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

Bail. Before and behind, you know.

Fol. Ay, ay, before and behind; before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*]

Miss R. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Gar. Mean, madam? why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriffs' officers.

Miss R. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure; yet, I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Gar. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time: he ought at least to have been here before now.

Enter Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.

Sir W. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected; it has totally unbunged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet, it gives me pleasure to find, that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me! I'll endeavour to sound her affections. [*Aside*] Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss R. The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir W. Partly, madam; but I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss R. It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir W. That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless: our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers, or dupes; men who desire to cover their private ill nature, by a pretended regard for all; or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendour, than of useful virtues.

Miss R. I am surprised, sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir W. Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss R. Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted; and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir W. Thou amiable woman! I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude; my pleasure. You see before you one who has been equally careful of his interest: one who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies; and only punished, in hopes to reclaim them—his uncle.

Miss R. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? [*Aside*] I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I—

Sir W. Don't make any apologies, madam: I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learned, madam, that you had some demands upon government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss R. Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions; but my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

Sir W. VWho? the important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

Miss R. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir W. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown: my return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit to his grace's in a chair. Miss

Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shown every where, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss R. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? one man can't do every thing: and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see: something considerable might be done for him by subscription: it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir W. And after all, it's more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know, I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir W. His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours?

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, "My dear sir William, you are sensible I would do any thing, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family;" but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss R. I have heard of sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

Lofty. Why, yes, madam; I believe sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss R. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

Sir W. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss R. That, Mr. Lofty, was very kind, indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss R. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure he was as dull as a choice spirit; but, hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir W. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle, among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir W. Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something; a consequence of form; a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss R. O perfectly; you courtiers can do any thing, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let

me suppose you the first lord of the Treasury, you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir W. A thought strikes me. [*Aside*] Now you mention sir William Honeywood, madam; and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours; you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is! [*Aside*.

Sir W. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him; there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require dispatch and his inspection.

Miss R. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir W. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir W. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But, damn it, that's unfortunate; my lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

Sir W. A short letter to sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

Sir W. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, do you pretend to direct me; direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir! who am I?

Miss R. Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Sweet creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight; to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter; where is my secretary, Dubardieu? And yet, I protest I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to sir William—But you will have it so. [*Exit with Miss Richland*.

Sir W. Ha, ha, ha! This too is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us. Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview; exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter JARVIS.

How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew?

Jar. At his wits end, I believe; he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir W. How so?

Jar. The house has but just been cleared

of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir W. Ever busy to serve others.

Jar. Ay, any body but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir W. Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

Jar. Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said no to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir W. How?

Jar. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir W. To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jar. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir W. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finish'd; I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CROAKER'S House.

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha! Honeywood here before me. Could miss Richland have set him at liberty?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honey. It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How? not know the friend that served you?

Honey. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Inquire.

Honey. I have, but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

Lofty. Must be fruitless?

Honey. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that?

Honey. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damned if you shall ever know it from me.

Honey. How, sir?

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world to be sure says such things of me.

Honey. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

Lofty. To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronised a man of merit.

Honey. I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood, and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear from myself.

Honey. Ha, dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions: I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

Honey. I will ask no further. My friend, my benefactor, it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. Blood, sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade?

Honey. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it, sir. Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. I hate ostentation; you know I do. I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us.

Honey. Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle. But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honey. How? Teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honey. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honey. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honey. And to whom?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest. Miss Richland.

Honey. Miss Richland! Was ever any thing more unfortunate?

Lofty. Unfortunate indeed! And yet I can endure it. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honey. Indeed! But do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. Let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered, it shall be so. [Exit.]

Honey. Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion!—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship, a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that has been my tormenter; a friend, that has, perhaps, distress'd himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another! Insupportable. But then to betray a generous trusting friend!—Worse, worse. Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [Exit.]

Enter OLIVIA and GARNET, who carries a Milliner's Box.

Oli. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Gar. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, "a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards."

Oli. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

Gar. I'll lay my life, Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn; and here you are left behind.

Oli. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

Gar. Not a stick, madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in any thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red; and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Oli. No matter. I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Gar. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding-ring!—The sweet little thing!—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, madam? But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Oli. O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly!

Jar. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Oli. How? What's the matter?

Jar. Money, money, is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Oli. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so? What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jar. Go to Scotland without money? To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography!

Oli. What a base-insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner. Is this his good nature?

Jar. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam. I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Gar. Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Oli. I'll write immediately. How's this? Bless me, my hand trembles so I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thoughts, it will be better for you.

Gar. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was cute at my larning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

Oli. Whatever you please.

Gar. [*Writes*] *Muster Croaker—Twenty guineas, madam?*

Oli. Ay, twenty will do.

Gar. *At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition—will be blown up—all of a flame—quick, dispatch—Cupid, the little god of love.*—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Oli. Well, well, what you please—any thing. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Gar. Odso, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do any thing for me.

Jar. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder: he's drunk and sober ten times a day.

Oli. No matter. Fly, Garnet. Any body we can trust will do. [*Exit Garnet*] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things and carry them on to the inn.—Have you no hands, Jarvis?

Jar. Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast; but we that are old, and know what we are about, must clope methodically, madam.

Oli. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again—

Jar. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

Oli. Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me—

Jar. Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be mar-

ried myself. I'll tell you a story about that.

Oli. A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!

Jar. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march, that's all. Though, odds bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving-powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going*].

Re-enter GARNET.

Gar. Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Oli. Unfortunate! We shall be discovered.

Gar. No, madam, don't be uneasy; he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means, for all that.—O lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Oli. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask further questions. In the mean time, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt*].

Enter CROAKER.

Croak. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. [*Reads*] *To muster Croaker, these with speed.*—Ay, ay, plain enough the direction. All in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil.—*With speed.*—O, confound your speed!—But let me read it once more.—*Muster Croaker, as some as yeow see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for, or yeow and yower experection will be at blown up.*—Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up!—Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up?—*Our pockets are low, and money we must have.*—Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets.—*It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame.*—Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it.—*Make quick dispatch. And so no more at present; but may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go.*—The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together! I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds.—*Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!*

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss R. Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Croak. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss R. I hope not, sir.

Croak. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss R. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croak. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without?—Here, John! Nicodemus! search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity.

[*Exit.*]

Miss R. What can he mean by all this? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever showed any thing in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to—But he's here.

Re-enter HONEYWOOD.

Honey. I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted—

Miss R. Indeed! Leaving town, sir?

Honey. Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview, in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

Miss R. His fears! What are his fears to mine? [*Aside*] We have indeed been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's. Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

Honey. Perfectly, madam. I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss R. And yet you only meant it, in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

Honey. Yes, and was rewarded the next night by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wished to take out.

Miss R. Well, sir, if you thought so then,

I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally show to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

Honey. The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious, flattered beauty; I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss R. This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity which his own lessons had taught me to despise.

Honey. I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss R. Sir! I beg you'd reflect, though I fear I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours; yet you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

Honey. I own my rashness; but as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—don't be alarmed, madam—who loves you with the most ardent passion, whose whole happiness is placed in you.

Miss R. I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean by this description of him.

Honey. Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out, though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

Miss R. Well, it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honey. I see she always loved him. [*Aside*] I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it.

Miss R. Your friend, sir? What friend?

Honey. My best friend—my friend, Mr. Lofly, madam.

Miss R. He, sir?

Honey. Yes, he, madam. He is indeed what your warmest wishes might have formed him; and to his other qualities, he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss R. Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

Honey. I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

Miss R. By no means.

Honey. Excuse me, I must; I know you desire it.

Miss R. Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him, who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friend-

ship, who ceases to be a friend to himself.

[Exit.]

Honey. How is this? She has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done any thing to reproach myself with? No; I believe not: yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person.

Re-enter CROAKER, with a Letter in his Hand, and MRS. CROAKER.

Mrs. C. Ha, ha, ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? Ha, ha!

Croak. [Mimics] Ha, ha, ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs. C. Positively, my dear, what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air, like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I'm to be miserable in it.

Croak. Would to heaven it were converted into an house of correction, for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs. C. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the one they want, and have done with them.

Croak. Give them my money?—And pray what right have they to my money?

Mrs. C. And pray what right then have you to my good humour?

Croak. And so your good humour advises me to part with my money? Why then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife.—Here's Mr. Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs. C. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Croak. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. C. Speak, Mr. Honeywood, is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honey. It would not become me to decide, madam; but doubtless the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

Mrs. C. I told you he'd be of my opinion.

Croak. How, sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my tears or complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honey. Pardon me, sir; the surest way to have redress is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croak. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs. C. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honey. What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croak. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Mrs. C. But can any thing be more absurd than to double our distresses by our appre-

hensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

Honey. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Croak. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honey. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Croak. Then you are of my opinion?

Honey. Entirely.

Mrs. C. And you reject mine?

Honey. Heavens forbid, madam. No, sure no reasoning can be more just than yours.

Croak. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right.

Honey. And why may not both be right, madam?—Mr. Croaker, in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again.

—I have it.—This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Croak. My dear friend, it's the very thing, the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar, burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery, extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honey. Yes; but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Croak. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? [Ironically.]

Honey. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Croak. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honey. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[Exit Honeywood and Mrs. Croaker.]

Croak. Yes, and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Inn.

Enter OLIVIA and JARVIS.

Oli. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

Jar. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time. Besides, you don't consider, we have got no answer from our fellow traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Oli. What way?

Jar. The way home again.

Oli. No; I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jar. Well, I'll go hasten things without; and I'll call too at the bar, to see if any thing should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster. [Exit.]

Enter LEONTINE.

Leon. My dear Olivia, my anxiety till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you

set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Oli. May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leon. How! an offer of his own too. Sure he could not mean to deceive us.

Oli. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I wish the post-chaise was ready.

[*They go up the Stage.*]

Enter CROAKER, unperceived.

Croak. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for whenever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark.—Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

[*Aside.*]

Oli. Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds more to my apprehensions.

Leon. There's no danger, if Honeywood has kept my father, as he promised, in employment.

Oli. My fears are from your father's suspicions.

Leon. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others; he only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Oli. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shocking.

Croak. [*Discovers himself*] How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Oli. Ah!

Leon. Undone.

Croak. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours. What, you are going off, are you? Then first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going? and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

Leon. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croak. I want no information from you, puppy: and you too, good madam, what answer have you got, eh? [*A cry without, Stop him*] I think I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no; for now I hear no more on't.

Leon. Honeywood, without! Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither?

Croak. No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leon. Then, sir, he's a villain.

Croak. How, sirrah, a villain! because he takes most care of your father? Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leon. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Croak. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earn-

estly he entered into my griefs, you would love him as I do. [*A cry without, Stop him*] Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him, stop an incendiary, a murderer; stop him.

[*Exit*]

Oli. Oh, my terrors! what can this new tumult mean?

Leon. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity; but we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Oli. It must not be, my Leontine; whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes: you must forgive him.

Leon. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us? promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Oli. Don't be precipitate; we may yet be mistaken.

Enter Postboy, dragging in JARVIS, followed by HONEYWOOD.

Post. Ay, master, we have him fast enough: here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward. I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honey. Come, bring him along; let us see him. [*Discovers his Mistake*] Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jar. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honey. Confusion.

Leon. Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

Honey. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leon. Peace, peace, for shame; I know you, sir; I know you.

Honey. Why, won't you hear me? By all that's just, I knew not—

Leon. Hear you, sir! to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request; your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honey. Ha! contemptible to the world! that reaches me.

[*Aside.*]

Leon. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Re-enter CROAKER, out of Breath.

Croak. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? [*Seizes the Postboy*] Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

Post. Zounds, master, what do you throttle me for?

Croak. [*Beats him*] Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

Post. Zounds, master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croak. How?

Honey. Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty: it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

Croak. What, you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose; I'll hear nothing.

Honey. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Oli. Excuse me.

Honey. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jar. What signifies explanations when the thing is done?

Honey. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice!—My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you—

[*To the Postboy.*]

Post. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croak. Come then, you, madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Oli. Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, sir, one that with false pretences has stepped into your family to betray it: not your daughter—

Croak. Not my daughter!

Oli. Not your daughter; but a mean deceiver—who—support me—I cannot—

Honey. Help—give her air.

Croak. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose ever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither. [*Exeunt all but Croaker*] Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so. And yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think: there's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand; we never feel them when they come.

Enter Miss RIGHLAND and Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.

Sir W. But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss R. My maid assured me he was come to this inn; and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? to what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Croak. To a fool, I believe.

Miss R. But to what purpose did you come?

Croak. To play the fool.

Miss R. But with whom?

Croak. With greater fools than myself.

Miss R. Explain.

Croak. Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here; so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss R. Married! to whom, sir?

Croak. To Olivia; my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir W. Then, sir, it will be enough at present to assure you, that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, sir James Woodville—

Croak. Sir James Woodville! What, of the west?

Sir W. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent into France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croak. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofly, sir?

Sir W. Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you. [*Croaker and Sir William Honeywood talk apart.*]

Re-enter HONEYWOOD.

Honey. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaken all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss R. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

Honey. Yes, madam, I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss R. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

Honey. I have the best assurances of it. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? what hope but in being forgotten?

Miss R. A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honey. No, madam; my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies. I will even confess, that, among

the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own.

Miss R. You amaze me!

Honey. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. *[Going.]*

Miss R. Stay, sir, one moment. Ha! he here!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence: but it goes no further; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss R. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies. Eh, Honeywood.

Miss R. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say; that's all. I have just had assurances from lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. Quietus is the word, madam.

Honey. But how his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed! Then sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss R. He? Why, sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month? It must certainly be so. Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me, I'll read it to you. *[Taking out a large Bundle.]* That's from Paoli of Corsica, that from the marquis of Squilachi. Have you a mind to see a letter from count Poniatowski, now king of Poland? Honest Pon—*[Searching.]* O, sir, what are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir W. Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croak. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir W. Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the anti-chamber, after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good; let me die, very good. Ha, ha, ha!

Croak. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't? Ha, ha!

Croak. No, for the soul of me; I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why I was in the house at that very time. Ha, ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha, ha!

Croak. Indeed! How? why?

Lofty. In one word, things between sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with lord Buzzard, I side with sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croak. And so it does indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What then you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends, we are friends no longer.

Croak. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's? Have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant-tailors' Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops, and talk to me of suspect!

Croak. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified! Suspect! Who am I? To be used thus, have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the Treasury, sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspect! Who am I, I say, who am I?

Sir W. Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are. A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics, as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion, as with modesty; with lords of the Treasury, as with truth; and with all, as you are with sir William Honeywood. I am sir William Honeywood.

[Discovers his Ensigns of the Bath.]

Croak. Sir William Honeywood!

Honey. Astonishment! my uncle! *[Aside.]*

Lofty. So then my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croak. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You who have been dreaded by the ins and outs: you who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will, for, by the Lord, it outs but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir W. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croak. Ay, sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate

fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofly, in helping him to a better.

Sir W. I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Re-enter MRS. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, and OLIVIA.

Mrs. C. Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croak. I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it.

[*Joining their Hands.*]

Leon. How blest, and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And, as for this gentleman, to whom we owe—

Sir W. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. [*Turning to Honeywood*] Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw, with indignation, the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition, which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw, with regret, those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw, with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms: but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honey. Cease to upbraid me, sir; I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined, this very hour, to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all; and to seek among strangers that fortitude

which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofly—

Lofly. Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation, as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*]

Honey. How have I been deceived?

Sir W. No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour. To miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss R. After what is past, it would be but affection to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him. [*Giving her Hand.*]

Honey. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Croak. Well, now I see content in every face; but heaven send we be all better this day three months.

Sir W. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honey. Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,

or, *The Mistakes of a Night*; Comedy by Oliver Goldsmith, acted at Covent-Garden 1773. When this piece was originally brought forward, the taste of the nation had sickened with a preposterous love for what was termed sentimental comedy; that is, a dramatic composition, in which the ordinary business of life, which, in a free country, like Great Britain, produces such a diversity of character, was to be superseded by an unnatural affectation of polished dialogue, in which the usages and singularities of the multitudes were to be nearly, if not altogether, rejected. This false taste was borrowed from France; where it was the practice then, more than at the present day, to keep, what they were pleased to term, the higher order of comedy, in a material sense unconnected with the unshackled oscillations of nature; and Kelly, and others, were enforcing this principle with ardour, when Oliver Goldsmith planted the standard of Thalia on the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre, and banished, triumphantly, those mawkish monsters of fashion, which were tending to make sentiment ridiculous, by dissolving its ties with common incidents, and thereby rendering it somewhat independent of social virtue, by weakening its moral interest. The elder Colman, whose theatrical judgment was highly esteemed by the critical world, had suffered himself to be so inoculated with this sentimental influence of the mind, that he rather tolerated this comedy from a respect to the author, than encouraged it from a hope of its success; even the actors caught the contagion; and Woodward and Smith, who were designed to play Tony Lumpkin and Young Marlow, resigned their parts. It was to this fanciful resignation that Quick and Lee Lewen owed

much of their early celebrity; for, contrary to the declarations of the knowing ones, John Hull welcomed this comedy with cheers; and, by the aid of Goldsmith, Nature and Laughter resumed their honours on the British stage. We know that this piece is, by some critics, considered as a farce; but still it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains (that of the robbery) is borrowed from *Albumazar*. It met with great success, and is still frequently acted.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.
HARDCASTLE.
YOUNG MARLOW.
HASTINGS.
TONY LUMPKIN.

STINGO.
DIGGORY.
ROGER.
RALPH.
GREGORY.

TOM TWIST.
JACK SLANG.
TIM TICKLE.
JEREMY.
MAT MUGGINS.

SERVANT.
MRS. HARDCASTLE.
MISS HARDCASTLE.
MISS NEVILLE.
MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE and MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two miss Hogg's, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affection to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. H. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancingmaster; and all our entertainment your old stories of prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy, [*Taking her Hand*] you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. H. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. H. Its false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. H. No matter; Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. H. Humour, my dear; nothing but

humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him an horsepond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popp'd my bald head into Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. H. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! a cat and a fiddle. No, no, the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. H. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now; for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. H. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. H. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—[*Tony hallooing behind the Scenes*—] O there he goes—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the Stage.

Mrs. H. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, love?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I can't stay.

Mrs. H. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expect me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the alehouse, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. H. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminidab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. H. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind: but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. H. [*Detaining him*] You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. H. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hauling her out.*]

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But as not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dress'd out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! what a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss H. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement: and, by-the-by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss H. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss H. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss H. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss H. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss H. My dear papa, say no more; [*Kissing his Hand*] he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in the world.

Miss H. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss H. He must have more striking features

to catch me; I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*]

Miss H. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he puts last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I!—But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss H. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well looking days, child? am I in face to-day?

Miss N. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me! sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss H. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss N. And his name—

Miss H. Is Marlow.

Miss N. Indeed!

Miss H. The son of sir Charles Marlow.

Miss N. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss H. Never.

Miss N. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss H. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him; but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss N. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss H. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has

the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss N. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss H. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss N. It is a good natur'd creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Altho's, courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss H. Would it were bed time and all were well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An Alehouse-room.*

Several shabby Fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. TONY at the Head of the Table, a little higher than the Rest: a Mallet in his Hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo.

1 Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song¹).

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Give genius a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethe, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their quis, and their quæz, and their quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skiful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquours are stout;
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

¹) It is the business of the President at a free and easy club, such as this, to call to silence, proclaim a toast, call for a song, etc., by striking on the table with his hammer, which every one is bound to obey, under penalty of a fine of glasses round (a glass of whatever the company is drinking to every person present), or to drink a pint glass of salt and water, this, of course, means as long as the members are not quite intoxicated.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1 Fel. The squire has got spunk in him.

2 Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3 Fel. O, damn any thing that's low; I can't bear it.

4 Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 Fel. I like the maxum of it, master Muggins. VVhat though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteeldest of tunes.—“VVater parted,” or the minuet in Ariadne.

2 Fel. VVhat a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 Fel. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. VVell, Slingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [Exit Landlord] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [Exeunt Mob] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and bound, this half-year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Mar. VVhat a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it. VVe were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one

I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence: but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole—the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apronstring.

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; [*Winking upon the Landlord*] Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane.

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Sounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a Pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*] I have hit it; don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—than let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you; let them find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house by the road side: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door: that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and eod if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord*] Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd, mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—An old fashioned House.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead you. See how

Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them: I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests: You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, bonest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. [*To Diggory*—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starv'd. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit.*]

Dig. By the elvens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2 *Serv.* My place is to be no where at all; and so I've go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about, as if frightened, different Ways.*]

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady: but tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single woman—except my mother.—But among females of another class, you know—

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Mar. They are of us, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Mar. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Mar. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad start-question, of madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you; but how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't know you; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire; I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate: I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Mar.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship, by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. Marlow, what's a clock.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Mar. Five minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. Yes, sir, punch, A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable.

Enter Servant, with a Tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

[*Aside.*]

Hard. [*Taking the Cup*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge¹⁾ me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks, and gives the Cup to Marlow.*]

Mar. A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little.

[*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks, gives the Cup to Hastings.*]

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I suppose.

[*Gives the Tankard to Hardcastle.*]

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

[*Gives the Tankard to Hastings.*]

Hast. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*]

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ba! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

¹⁾ At the time of the conquest, the enmity between the Saxons and Normans was so great, that a Norman did not scruple to stab a Saxon, when drinking or otherwise not on his guard; and to such a degree was this aversion, that the Saxons used, when they wanted to drink in company, to appeal to a countryman to *pledge* to protect him whilst he was drinking. This custom has since passed into a sort of toast (an excuse for drinking).

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir!—Was ever such a request to a man in his own house! [*Aside.*]

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with Surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare, for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, colonel VVallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings on the Bill of Fare, and exit.*]

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare. [*Aside.*]

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] For the first course; at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating. — Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it.—A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*]

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolv'd at least to attend you.—This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*]

Hast. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss N. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss N. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss N. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss N. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss N. I have often told you, that, though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are

put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss N. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we persuade him she is come to this house as to an inn?—come this way. *[They confer.]*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashion'd wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family—VWhat have we got here?—

Hast. My dear Charles, let me congratulate you—The most fortunate accident!—VWho do you think has just alighted?

Mar. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy; miss Hardcastle and miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. VWasn't it lucky? eh!

Mar. I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment. *[Aside.]*

Hast. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—VWhat if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house—it will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be. *[Offering to go.]*

Miss N. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Mar. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know, I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Psbaw, man! 'tis but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Mar. And of all women she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE as returning from walking, a Bonnet, etc.

Hast. *[Introducing them]* Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons together, who only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss H. *[Aside]* Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. *[After a Pause, in which he appears very uneasy and dis-*

concerted] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry, madam—or, rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. *[To Mar]* You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss H. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. *[Gathering courage]* I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss H. An observer, like you, upon life, were I fear disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, madam; I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of my mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. *[To Mar.]* Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. VWell! miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. VWe like your company of all things. *[To Hast.]* Zounds! George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. *[To Mar.]* You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. *[Exeunt.]*

Miss H. *[After a Pause]* But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir? The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. *[Relapsing into Timidity]* Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss H. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, madam; but I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss H. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um.

Miss H. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, madam; but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing, that in this age of hypocrisy—a—

Miss H. Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! [*Aside*] You were going to observe, sir—

Mar. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss H. I vow, and so do I. [*Aside*] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, sir.

Mar. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—

Miss H. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Mar. Egad! and that's more than I do myself. [*Aside.*]

Miss H. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I see miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Mar. Yes, madam. I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you.

Miss H. Well then, I'll follow.

Mar. This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Miss H. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd me in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*]

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not asham'd to be so very engaging.

Miss N. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but I won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back Scene.*]

Mrs. H. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! you amaze me! from your air and manner, I conclude you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James', or Tower-wharf.

Mrs. H. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a

manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort; all I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Ricketts of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and degagée, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose.

Mrs. H. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box at the playhouse, would draw as many gazers as my lady mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. H. One must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. [*Bowing.*]

Mrs. H. Yet what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? all I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was held to plaster it over, like my lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. H. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! at your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. H. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town!

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. H. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. H. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. H. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them*] Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. H. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss N. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. H. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*]

Miss N. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. H. O the monster! for shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I, that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel?

Tony. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. H. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. H. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. H. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. H. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*]

Tony. [*Singing.*]

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.

Rang do dillo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better, the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little she kicks up, and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well but you must allow her a little beauty—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as aloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin, beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [*Singing.*]

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. What could my old friend, sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, plainly dressed.

Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss H. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss H. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties.

Miss H. I never saw any thing like it; and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad.

Miss H. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

Miss H. Sure you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss H. Mr. Marlow's? his mauvaise bonte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss H. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss H. Surprising! he met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss H. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, madam, I would not for the world detain you.

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, he ask'd if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch.

Miss H. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss H. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss H. Yes, but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss H. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance. But as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss H. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [Exit.]

Enter TONY, running in with a Casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they

are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortune, neither. O! my genius, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last: Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way. [Giving the Casket] Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker! Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance.

[Exit Hastings.]

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. H. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss N. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. H. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-daylight, and Mr. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss N. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my finery about me?

Mrs. H. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as hereafter may be.

Miss N. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. H. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and

table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [Apart to *Mrs. Hardcastle*] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. [Apart to *Tony*] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He, he, he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss N. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Mrs. H. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss N. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. H. Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. H. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss N. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. H. Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss N. I detest garnets.

Mrs. H. The most becoming things in the world, to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. [Exit.]

Miss N. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir—Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss N. My dear cousin,

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.¹⁾

Enter *Mrs. Hardcastle*.

Mrs. H. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the mat-

ter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family.

Mrs. H. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that! ha! ha! ha! stick to that; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. H. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. H. Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[Runs off; *Mrs. Hardcastle* follows him.]

Enter *Miss Hardcastle* and *Maid*.

Miss H. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

Miss H. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me how you do like my present dress. Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux' Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss H. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss H. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

1) A sort of Firework.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss H. In the first place, I shall be seen; and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance; and that's no small victory gained over one who never addressed any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person.

Miss H. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam, but he's here.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

Miss H. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

Mar. [*Musing*] As for miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss H. Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

Mar. No, child. [*Musing*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss H. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. [*Musing*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his Tablets, and perusing.*]

Miss H. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

Mar. I tell you, no.

Miss H. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Mar. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss H. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Mar. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss H. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Mar. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss H. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Mar. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss H. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss H. O! sir; I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Mar. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching*] Yet nearer I don't think so much. [*Approaching*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss H. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss H. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstreperous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of the peace.

Mar. 'Egad! she has hit it, sure enough.

[*Aside*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing. No, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss H. O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss H. Hold, sir, you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, lady Betty Blackleg, the countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss H. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Mar. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss H. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. 'Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. [*Aside*] You laugh, child!

Miss H. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*Aside*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss H. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Mar. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns

myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me.

[Seizing her Hand.] Miss H. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning.

[Struggling.] Mar. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. —Pshaw! the father here! My old luck! I never nick'd seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following.¹⁾

[Exit.] Enter **HARDCASTLE**, who stands in Surprise.

Hard. So, madam! So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not asham'd to deceive your father so?

Miss H. Never trust me, my dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss H. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss H. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss H. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An old-fashioned House.

Enter **MARLOW**, followed by a Servant.

Mar. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a postcoach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Mar. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[Exit.]

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however.

¹⁾ At dice I never (by chance threw) nicked seven that I did not throw ames (ames, double) ace three times following.

What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter **HASTINGS**.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Mar. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well! and what then?

Mar. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Mar. Why, man, she talk'd of showing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Mar. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Mar. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself.

—I have—

Hast. What!

Mar. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Mar. The landlady.

Hast. You did?

Mar. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. He must not see my uneasiness.

[Aside.]

Mar. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Mar. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it [*Aside*] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Thank ye, George; I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*Aside*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

Mar. Sir, your humble servant. — What's to be the wonder now? [*Aside.*]

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

Mar. I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Mar. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame: I ordered them not to spare the cellar; I did, I assure you. [*To the side Scene*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To Hard*]. My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

Mar. They had, I assure you: you shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. I begin to lose my patience. [*Aside.*]

Jer. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever, though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man; I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon — hiccup — upon my conscience, sir.

Mar. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. [*Aside*] Mr. Marlow, sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house! — Sure you jest, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious. At this time o'night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious Tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, this house is mine, sir. By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir, [*Bantering*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a firescreen, and a pair of bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Mar. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a bright, brazen warming-pan, that you may see your own brazen face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*]

Mar. How's this? sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, coming! The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whether so fast, child? a word with you.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Miss H. Let it be short then; I'm in a hurry. — I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss H. A relation of the family, sir.

Mar. What, a poor relation?

Miss H. Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss H. Inn! O law! — What brought that

in your head? One of the best families in the county to keep an inn. Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Mar. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss H. Ay, sir, whose else should it be?

Mar. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss H. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—This house I no more show my face in.

Miss H. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry, [*Pretending to cry*] if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Mar. By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. [*Aside.*

Miss H. I'm sure my family is as good as miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and until this moment I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss H. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to.

Mar. This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [*Aside*] Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely. [*Exit.*

Miss H. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who perhaps may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time; I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss N. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly

be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like VWhistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I am alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! VWhat, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. H. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss N. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss N. Agreeable cousin! who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—[*Patting his Cheek*] Ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. H. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the harpsicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. H. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your whorship mun ask that o'the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though.

[*Turning the Letter, and gazing on it.*]
Miss N. [*Aside*] Undone, undone. A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can. [*To Mrs. Hardcastle*] But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr.

Marlow. We so laugh'd—You must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us.

[They confer.]
 Tony. *[Still gazing]* A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life.* I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. To *Anthony Lumpkin, Esq.* It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buz. That's hard, very hard: for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. H. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss N. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. H. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. *[Still gazing]* A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. *[Reading]* Dear sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an *izzard*¹⁾ or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. H. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss N. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. *[Twitching the letter from her]* Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss N. Ay, so it is. *[Pretending to read]* Dear squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—old battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up.

[Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.]

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence.

[Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.]
 Mrs. H. How's this?

Dear Squire,—I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden; but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay, the hag), your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, HASTINGS. Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss N. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. H. *[Courtesying very low]* Finespoken, madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. *[Changing her Tone]* And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf,

1) An omelet, Z.

with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut, were you too joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory; I'll show you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. *[Exit.]*

Miss N. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss N. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss N. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I say to him, a mere booby, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss N. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Mar. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Mar. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But, sir—

Miss N. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. *[Exit.]*

Miss N. I come. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Mrs. H. [Within] Miss Neville. Constance; why, Constance, I say.

Miss N. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [Exit.]

Hast. My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Mar. [To Tony] You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. [From a Reverie] Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sully. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An old-fashioned House.

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir C. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir C. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir C. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness, and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man, I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir C. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again.—She'll never like you the worse for it.

Mar. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Mar. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Mar. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You

don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

Hard. Impudence. No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence.—Girls like to be played with, and rumbled too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Mar. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her.—

Mar. Dear sir, I protest, sir—

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Mar. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing. [Aside.]

Sir C. And you never grasp'd her hand, or made any protestations?

Mar. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [Exit.]

Sir C. I'm astonish'd at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonish'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir C. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Kate, come hither, child. Answer me sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss H. The question is very abrupt, sir: but since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. [To Sir C.] You see.

Sir C. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss H. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. [To Sir C.] You see.

Sir C. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss H. A lasting one.

Sir C. Did he talk of love?

Miss H. Much, sir.

Sir C. Amazing! and all this formally?

Miss H. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir C. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss H. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir C. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss H. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will

place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir C. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. *[Exit.]*

Miss H. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Back of the Garden.*

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment¹⁾.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud.—I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree-heath,—and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodg'd them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting,

¹⁾ Wormie.

I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we shake hands and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go shake hands with the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve miss Neville! if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. *[Exit.]*

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got into the pond, and is dragged up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Oh, Tony, I'm kill'd! Shook! Battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset-hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull-common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. H. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma! don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. *[Aside]* Ah! it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. H. Good heaven defend us! he approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[Mrs. H. hides behind a Tree in the back Scene.]

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. O, Tony, is that you. I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. H. *[From behind]* Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. H. [From behind] Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved [Raising his Voice] to find the other out.

Mrs. H. [Running forward from behind] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. H. [Kneeling] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home?—What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [To Tony] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. [To Mrs. H.] Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [To Tony] And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will.

[Beats him off the Stage.]

Hard. Ha! ha! ha!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Parlour.

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir C. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss H. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir C. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [Exit.]

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. Though prepared for setting out, I

come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss H. [In her own natural Manner] I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. This girl every moment improves upon me. [Aside] It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart, and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss H. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education I hope not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fix'd on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES MARLOW from behind.

Mar. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss H. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity, but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Mar. [Kneeling] Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir C. I can hold it no longer. [Coming forward] Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me. Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Mar. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say, and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter!—this lady your daughter?

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter, my Kate. Whose else should she be?

Mar. Oh, the devil.

Miss H. Yes, sir, that very identical, tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me

for. [*Courtesying*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Battle of the ladies' club, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. Zounds! there's no bearing this.

Miss H. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Mrs. Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. O, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back Scene.*]

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and TONY.

Mrs. H. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who's gone?

Mrs. H. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town; he who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir C. Who, my honest George Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. H. What, returned so soon, I begin not to like it.

Hard. [*To Hardcastle*] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss N. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was read, even to

give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Hard. Be it what it will. I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miss Neville's Hand*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of Blank-place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir C. O brave squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. H. My undutiful offspring!

Mar. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. [*To Miss Hardcastle*] Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. [*Joining their Hands*] And I say so too. And Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so, boy, take her: and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

BENJAMIN JONSON,

one of the most considerable dramatic poets of the seventeenth century, whether we consider the number or the merit of his productions, was born at Westminster June 11, 1574, and was educated at the public school there, under the great Camden. He was descended from a Scots family; and his father, who lost his estate under Queen Mary, dying before our poet was born, and his mother marrying a bricklayer for her second husband, Ben was taken from school to work at his father-in-law's trade. Not being captivated with this employment, he went into the Low Countries, and distinguished himself in a military capacity. On his return to England he entered himself at St. John's College, Cambridge; but how long he continued there we are not informed. On his quitting the university he applied to the stage for a maintenance, and became a member of an obscure company, which performed at the Curtain in Shoreditch. At the same time he turned his thoughts to composition; but is generally supposed to have been unsuccessful in his first attempts. His performance as an actor met with little more applause; and, to complete his misery, he had the misfortune in a duel to kill his opponent, for which he was committed to prison; but how long he remained there, or by what methods he obtained his liberty, we have no account. It was, however, while in custody for this offence that he was made a convert to the church of Rome, in whose communion he steadily persisted for twelve years. It is supposed, that about this time he became acquainted with Shakespeare; who, according to tradition, assisted him in some of his dramatic attempts, and considerably promoted his interest, though he could not by means of it secure himself from the virulence of our author's pen. For many years from this period Ben produced some piece annually, for the

most part with applause, and established his reputation with the public as one of the supports of the English stage. In 1613 he was in France; but the occasion of his going, and the stay he made, are alike uncertain. In 1619 he went to Oxford, resided some time at Christchurch College, and in July 1619 was created M. A. in a full house of convocation. On the death of Samuel Daniel, in October, the same year, he succeeded to the vacant laurel; the salary of which was then one hundred marks per annum; but on our author's application in 1630, it was augmented to the annual sum of one hundred pounds and a tierce of Spanish wine. As we do not find Jonson's economical virtues any where recorded, it is the less to be wondered at, that quickly after we learn that he was very poor and sick, lodged in an obscure alley; on which occasion it was, that king Charles, being prevailed on in his favour, sent him ten guineas; which Beauregard said, "His Majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor, and live in an alley; go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley." In justice, however, to the memory of Charles, it should be observed, that this story was probably formed from the cynicalness of Ben Jonson's temper, rather than from any real fact; as it is certain that the king once bestowed a bounty of one hundred pounds on him, which is acknowledged in an epigram written on the occasion. He died of the palsy Aug. 16, 1637, aged 65 years, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. We shall here add a character of Ben Jonson as sketched by Dryden: "If we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Caesars*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us."

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Comedy by Ben Jonson. Acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants 1598. This comedy is, perhaps, in point of the redundancy of characters and power of language, not inferior to any of our author's works. From the character of Kitemy it is pretty evident that Dr. Headly took the idea of his Strickland in *The Suspicious Husband* in which, however, he has fallen far short of the original. This play had lain dormant and unemployed for many years, from its revival after the Restoration, until the year 1725; when it was again restored to the stage, with alterations, at Lincoln's Inn Fields. From this time it was no more heard of, until Mr. Garrick, in the year 1751, brought it once more on the stage, with some few alterations, and an additional scene of his own in the fourth act; ever since which time it has continued to be a stock-play, and to be performed very frequently every season. Yet it may be doubted if in any future period this piece will ever appear to the advantage it did at that time; since, exclusive of Mr. Garrick's own abilities in Kitemy, and those of Messrs. Woodward and Shuter, in the respective parts of Captain Bobadil and Master Stephen, there was scarcely any one character throughout the whole, that could be conceived by an audience in the strong light, that they were represented by each several performer: such is the prodigious advantage, with respect to an audience, of the conduct of a theatre being lodged in the hands of a man, who, being himself a perfect master in the profession, is able to distinguish the peculiar abilities of each individual under him, and to adapt them to those characters in which they are, either by nature or acquirement, the best qualified to make a figure. Mr. Whalley observes, that, in this play, as originally written, "the scene was at Florence, the persons represented were Italians, and the manners in great measure conformable to the genius of the place; but in this very play, the humours of the under characters are local, expressing not the manners of a Florentine, but the gulls and bullies of the times and country in which the poet lived. And as it was thus represented on the stage, it was published in the same manner in 1661. When it was printed again in the collection of his works, it had a more becoming and consistent aspect. The scene was transferred to London; the names of the persons were changed to English ones, and the dialogue, incidents, and manners, were suited to the place of action. And thus we now have it in the folio edition of 1616, and in the several editions that have been printed since."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KITEMY.
CAPTAIN BOBADIL.
KNO'WELL.
YOUNG KNO'WELL.

BRAINWORM.
MASTER STEPHEN.
DOWNRIGHT.
WELLBRED.

JUSTICE CLEMENT.
FORMAL.
MASTER MATTHEW.
CASH.

COR.
DAME KITEMY.
BRIDGET.
TIB.

SCENE.—London.

ACT I

SCENE I.—A Court-yard before KNO'WELL'S House.

Enter KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.

Kno. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning. Brainworm, Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir. Tell him I have some business to employ him.

Brain. I will, sir, presently.

Kno. But hear you, sirrah, If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brain. VVell, sir.

Kno. How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy From one vain course of study he affects. He is a scholar, if a man may trust The liberal voice of fame in her report, Of good account in both our universities; Either of which have favour'd him with graces; But their indulgence must not spring in me A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen, What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir, I would not have come else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. Oh, well, coz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No worse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but citizens! A fine jest, if faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb! go to!

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak. Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you. Ha! you not yet found means enow, to waste That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it, when you've done?

So, now you're told on it, you look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive; That would I have thee do; and not to spend Your coin on every bauble that you fancy, Or every foolish brain that humours you. Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pretty living o'my own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why? And in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! You were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too. Go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought talk with you, and that pres-

Serv. Good master Stephen, would sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good day, companion, an' you were out o'my ground, I can tell you; though I do not upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be le-

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! A mechanical servingman! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself Modestly towards you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion: And still you buff it, with a kind of carriage, As void of wit as of humanity.

Go get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[Exit Stephen.]

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this master Kno'-well's house?

Kno. Yes, marry, is't, sir.

Step. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Kno'-well. Do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir, I was required by a gentleman i'the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir? *[Reads]* To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'-well.—What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred! A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; master Kitley married his sister: the rich merchant i'the Old-jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brainworm!

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in.

[Exit Brainworm and Servant.]

This letter is directed to my son:

Yet I am Edward Kno'-well too, and may, With the safe conscience of good manners, use The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope, old men are curious. What's this?

[Reads.] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old-jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o'the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since; if, taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But, prithee, come over to me quickly this morning: I have such a present for thee. One is a rhymist, sir, o'your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o'the town; willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen.

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*venture his description, because I would not worth your journey with bill of charges as uncon-
the other—ha' you my Guildhall verdict will give
the two, you shall be allow'd your vi-
sion—From the Windmill.
it the Burdello, it might come as well!
Hospital! Is this the man,
my son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch.
Brainworm!*

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it my son; But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brain. O Lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey;

Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrained, grows more impatient.

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free;
He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;
But, 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit,
Then if they stray, but warn 'em; and, the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Young KNO'WELL'S Study.*

Enter Young KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.

Young K. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brain. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

Young K. That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i'the reading of it? Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

Young K. No! how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

Young K. That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter, e'en now.

Brain. Yes, master Stephen, what of him?

Step. O! I ha' such a mind to beat him—where is he? canst thou tell?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went he? How long since?

Step. He is rid hence. He took horse at the street door.

Step. And I staid i'the fields! Whoreson, Scanderbeg rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whip of hay, roll'd hard, master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now, let him e'en go and hang. Prythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brain. You'll be worse vex'd when you are trussed, master Stephen; best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against the winter, that I go to dwell i'the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't. [*Exit.*]

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy, for this.

Re-enter Young KNO'WELL.

Young K. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Stid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—

[*Aside.*]

Young K. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What! my wise cousin? Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; O for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou't use thine eyes, I entreat thee—

[*Aside.*]

Step. O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh'd at me—

[*Aside.*]

Young K. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh'd at me, cousin.

Young K. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

Young K. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

Young K. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then—

Young K. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

Young K. Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning, by a friend i'the Old-jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

Young K. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.

Young K. Your speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither; you shall pardon me; but I speak to serve my turn.

Young K. You turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o'your turn i'this company, and to me alone, like a water-bearer at a conduit! Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head so; and let the idea of what you are be pourtray'd i'your face, that men may read i'your physiognomy, here, within this place, is to be seen, the true and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll assure you.

Young K. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds. [*Aside*]: Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

Young K. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The Street before Con's House.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, ho!

Enter COB, from the House.

Cob. VWho's there? O, master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob.

Cob. Ay, sir; I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean!

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, pray thee, advice thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house. He!

he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night! VWell, sir, though he lie not o'my bed, he lies o'my bench. An't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, ho. God b'w'you, sir, it's six o'clock; I should ha' carried two turns by this. What, ho! my stopple! come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! well, I'll tell him my mind. [*Aside*]

Enter TIB.

Cob. What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the captain. [*Tib shows Master Matthew into the House*] You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by saint George—the foot of Pharaoh—the body of me—as I am a gentleman and a soldier—such dainty oaths! And withal, he does take this same filthy roughish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tunnels! VWell, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time, besides his lodging; I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter-skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, uptails all, and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Con's House.*

CAPTAIN BOBADIL discovered upon a Bench.

Enter TIB.

Capt. B. Hostess, hostess!

Tib. What say you, sir?

Capt. B. A cup o'thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Capt. B. A gentleman! 'Ods so: I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Capt. B. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. [*Within*] Captain Bobadil!

Capt. B. VWho's there?—Take away the bason, good hostess. Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here. [*Exit*]

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

Capt. B. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Capt. B. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom, good captain.

Capt. B. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. Why, hostess! a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Capt. B. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.

Capt. B. Ay, sir; sit down. I pray you, master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. VWho? I, sir? No?

Capt. B. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain; I conceive you.

Capt. B. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

[*Pulls out a Paper, and reads.*]

Capt. B. I confess, I love cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. [*Reads*] *To thee, the purest object of my sense,*

The most refined essence heaven covers.

Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle-billing lovers,

Capt. B. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. What's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o'mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Capt. B. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o'the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I happen'd to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most preperatory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pious and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Capt. B. Squire Downright, the half-brother, wasn't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Capt. B. Hang him, rook! He! Why he has no more judgement than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The most peremptory

absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs; a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still; where he comes, he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Capt. B. How? He the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said, cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Capt. B. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Capt. B. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warrant by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll show you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stopcata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Capt. B. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Capt. B. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i'the earth; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profess'd it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir; exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, sir, come on! Oh, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o'your left leg; note your distance; keep your due proportion of time.—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Capt. B. 'Tis somewhat with the least, but come, we will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along. Mr. Matthew.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE II.—*A Warehouse belonging to KITELY.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.

Kite. Thomas, come hither.

There lies a note within, upon my desk; Here, take my key—It is no matter, neither.

Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i'the warehouse.

Kite. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,

And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you see the delivery of those silver stuffs To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will, He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him; And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. *[Exit.]*

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Down. I, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother—I took him of a child, up, at my door, And christened him; gave him my own name, Thomas;

Since bred him at the hospital; where proving A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him

So much, as I have made him my cashier; And find him, in his faith, so full of faith, That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I, in any bastard's brother,

As it is like he is, although I knew Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat To tell me, gentle brother. What is't? What is't?

Kite. Faith, I am very loath to utter it, As fearing it may hurt your patience; But that I know your judgment is of strength Against the nearness of affection—

Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct. Come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus: My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how, Of late is much declin'd in what he was, And greatly alter'd in his disposition. When he came first to lodge here in my house, Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him: But now his course is so irregular, So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace; He makes my house here common as a mart, A theatre, a public receptacle For giddy humour, and diseased riot; And here, as in a tavern or a stew, He and his wild associates spend their hours In repetition of lascivious jests; Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night;

Control my servants; and indeed what not.

Down. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him i'the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o'the flesh that's bred i'the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, fore George!). Let him spend and spend, and domineer, till his heart-ache; an' he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o'your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong say by the ear, i'faith, and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath, he made me—I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak

to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. Oh, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother;

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it, Though but with plain and easy circumstance, It would both come much better to his sense, And savour less of stomach or of passion.

You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives and warrants you authority:

Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect:

Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak, He would be ready, from his heat of humour, And overflowing of the vapour in him, To blow the ears of his familiars

With the false breath of telling what disgraces And low disparagements I had put on him:

Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,

Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er; And out of their impetuous rioting phant'asies, Beget some slander that shall dwell with me

And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:

They would give out, because my wife is fair, Myself but newly married, and my sister Here sojourning a virgin in my house, That I were jealous; nay, as sure as death, That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd

My brother purposely, thereby to find An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would believe it: so should I

Try experiments upon myself: Lend scorn and envy opportunity To stab my reputation and good name.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. I will speak to him—

Capt. B. Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Capt. B. The time of day to you, gentleman o'the house. Is Mr. Wellbred stirring?

Down. How then? what should he do?

Capt. B. Gentleman of the house, it is you: is he within, sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear? you!

Capt. B. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no scavenger.

[Exit with Matthew.]

Down. How, scavenger? Stay, sir, stay!

Kite. Nay, brother Downright.

Down. Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother; good faith, you shall not! I will overrule you.

Down. Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little; but by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward ever lived. 'Sdains, an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again, while I live

I'll sit in a barn with Madge Howlet¹⁾, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

Kite. Oh, do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's comforts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too; right, hangman, cut! Let me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, fore George again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i'faith.

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehension then

Run in an easy current, not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*]

Kite. How now? Oh, the bell rings to breakfast.

Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order For some dispatch of business to my servant.

Down. I will—Scavenger! scavenger! [*Exit.*]

Kite. Well, though my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,

It's not repos'd in that security
As I could wish; but I must be content
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world!
Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold!
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath balk'd 'em yet.
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.

Enter DAME KITELY.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kite. An' she overheard me now!

Dame K. I pray thee, good Muss, we stay for you.

Kite. By heav'n, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ails you, sweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good Muss.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame K. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth, it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withal! For loves sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtile are her answers!

And new disease, and many troubled with it! Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing.

¹⁾ Shakespeare calls a hen, Dame Parluet, and Ben Jonson here calls an ew, Madge Howlet.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heav'n it do.

[*Exit.*]

Kite. A new disease! I know not, new or old, But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague; For, like a pestilence, it doth infect

The houses of the brain. Well, I will once more strive,

In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a Soldier.

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever to have that outwardly in vilest estimation that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay any thing to cut him off, that is to stay his journey—Veni, vidi, vici, I may say with captain Caesar; I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [*Retires.*]

Enter Young KNO'WELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Young K. So, sir, and how then, cos?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

Young K. How? lost your purse! Where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell: stay.

Brain. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them! [*Aside.*]

Young K. What! ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitched, I—

Young K. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

Young K. A jet ring! Oh, the poesy, the poesy!

Step. Fine, i'faith!—“Though fancy sleep, my love is deep”—meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

Young K. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesy was, “The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.”

Young K. How by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

Young K. Well, there the saint was your good patron; he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave of 'em so; I will venture, come what will. [*Aside. Comes forward*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good-blade, here! I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that in the better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame; however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.

Young K. Where hast thou served?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo; once at the relief of Vienna. I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf; a gentleman slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend—but what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

Young K. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay, and't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard: but tell me what I shall give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

Young K. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a bigginbottom, and may have a rapier for money?

Young K. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this 't' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't! because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

Young K. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

Young K. Come away; you are a fool. [*Exit.*]

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. He says I am a fool. [*Exit.*]

Brain. The gentleman seems to know you, sir. I follow. [*Exit.*]

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter

Sent to my son; nor leave to admire the change Of manners, and the breeding of our youth, Within the kingdom, since myself was one. When I was young, he liv'd not in the stewes, Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it, On a grey head; and a man had then A certain reverence paid unto his years That had none due unto his life. But now we are fall'n; youth from their fear, And age from that which bred it, good example.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My master! Nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well; though I must attack you in a different way. [*Aside*] Worshipful sir, I beseech you respect the state of a poor soldier! I am ashamed of this base course of life (God's my comfort), but extremity provokes me to't—what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Prythee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate—

Brain. Oh, tender air, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much. [*Weeps*] 'Tis hard, when a man has served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you; it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else, sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence, Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind, Be so degenerate and sordid base!

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg? To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election; Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or service of some virtuous gentleman, Or honest labour.

Brain. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so—

Kno. An, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas! sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wish'd for (the air's my comfort). I know what I would say.

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, Fitz-sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-sword, sir.

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths!

Speak plainly, man: what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words.

[*Exit.*]

Brain. Yes, sir, straight: I'll but garter my bosc.—Oh, that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid! was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now I shall be possess'd of all his counsels! and by that conduct my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty: faith, and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant.

Why, this is better than to have staid his journey.—

Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,

I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Stocks-market.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Capt. B. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? My brother Downright?

Capt. B. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Capt. B. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

Well. Good captain, [*Faces about*] to some other discourse.

Capt. B. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Well. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to few.

Enter Young Kno'well and Master Stephen.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I

shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls, the better while I live for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love in thee!—Sirrah, these be the two I writ to you of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

Young K. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, wasn't not rare?

Young K. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Well. Why?

Young K. Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

Young K. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

Young K. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What, what?

Young K. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute, young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up.—But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man.

Young K. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please; he has his humour, sir.

Well. Oh, what is't, what is't?

Young K. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehensions.—I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

Well. Well, captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here: he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection.—I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you. [*To Master Stephen.* Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir: his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Capt. B. I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

Young K. And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it? [*To Master Stephen.*]

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and then do I no more but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, it is well; am I melancholy enough? [*Apart To Young Knowell.*]

Young K. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

Young K. He is melancholy too.

Capt. B. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

Young K. In what place, captain?

Capt. B. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as ay were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best league; that I ever beheld with these eyes, except the taking of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoese; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. So I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Young K. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call it?

Capt. B. Oh Lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that enter'd the breach: had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

Young K. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, I faith. But was it possible?

Capt. B. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

Young K. You must bring me to the rack first.

Capt. B. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach: now, sir, as we were to give on, their master gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intendment, discharg'd my petriol in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the sword.

Well. To the sword? to the rapier, captain!

Young K. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir.—But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Capt. B. Without any impeach o'the earth. You shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindina, or so? Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the bolder maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo or no?

Capt. B. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you let's see, sir.—Yes, faith, it is.

Capt. B. This a Toledo? Pish!

[*Bends the Blade double.*]

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Capt. B. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

Young K. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier; he swore it was a Toledo.

Capt. B. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

Young K. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the captain's oath—I thought to have sworn by it—[*Aside*] an' e'er I meet him—

Well. O, 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

Step. I could eat the very hilts for anger.

Young K. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Young K. A miracle, cousin! look here! look here!

Step. O, god'slid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brain. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, sir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness he has confess'd it. By God's will, an' you had not confess'd it—

Young K. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confess'd it; what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal under his favour, do you see.

Young K. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour.—Pretty piece of civility!—Sirrah, how dost thou like him? [*Apart to Wellbred.*]

Well. Oh, it's a most precious fool; make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him. [*Apart.*]

Young K. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter. [*Apart.*]

Brain. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

[*To Young Knowell.*]

Young K. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir. Your name is Mr. Knowell, as I take it?

Young K. You are i'the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

Young K. Of as bare coat though. Well, say, sir.

Brain. Faith, sir, I am but a servant to the

drum extraordinary; and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brainworm.

Young K. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the VVind-mill, and your father after you.

Young K. My father?

Brain. Nay, never start; 'tis true: he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i'the snow.

Young K. Sirrah, VVellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! VVhere is he?

Brain. At justice Clement's house here, in Colemanstreet, where he but stays my return, and then—

Well. VVho's this? Brainworm?

Brain. The same, sir.

Well. VVhy how, i'the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a device! a device! Nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here: withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Young K. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. VVhat says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. Oh, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak.

Stay, let me see: an hour to go and come; Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be An hour before I can dispatch him, Or very near: well, I will say two hours. Two hours! Ha! things, never dreamt of yet, May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours absence. VVell, I will not go. Two hours! no, fleeing opportunity, I will not give your subtlety that scope. VVho will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, That sets his doors wide open to a thief, And shows the felon where his treasure lies? Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree, VVhen leaden sleep seats up the dragon's eyes? I will not go. Business, go by for once. No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious To be left so, without a guard, or open. You then must he kept up close, and well watch'd!

For, give you opportunity, no quicksand Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends His wife, if she be fair, or time, or place, Compels her to be false. I will not go. The dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.

Carry in my cloak again.—Yet stay—yet do, too.

I will defer going on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true. Fool on me! I had clean forgot it. I must go. VVhat's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange time, sir.

Kite. 'Heart, then will VVellbred presently be here too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave if I know what to say, VVhat course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass, VVherein my imagination runs, like sands,

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd; So that I know not what to stay upon,

And less to put in act. It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy.

He knows not to deceive me. [*Aside*] Thomas!

Cash. Sir.

Kite. Yet now I have bethought me, I will not. [*Aside.*]

Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too; there's no speech of him.

No, there were no man o'the earth to Thomas, If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone, Lost i'my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.

The manner he hath stood with, till this present, Doth promise no such change. VVhat should I fear then?

VVell, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once. [*Aside.*]

Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's

Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas: gi' me your hand.

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,

A secret to impart to you—but

VVhen once you have it, I must seal your lips up.

So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,

VVhen I will let you in thus to my private. It is a thing sits nearer to my crest

Than thou'rt aware of, Thomas. If thou shouldst Reveal it, but—

Cash. How! I reveal it?

Kite. Nay,

I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,

'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.

Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear; he has some reservation,

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure.

Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose

But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no fanatic; I have heard him swear.

VVhat should I think of it? Urge him again, And by some other way? I will do so. [*Aside.*]

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose;

Yes, you did swear.

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you—

Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word; But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good: I am resolv'd without it, at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,

Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It's too much; these ceremonies need not;

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be

Too private in this business.—So it is.

Now he has sworn, I dare the safer venture:

I have of late, by divers observations—

But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.

I will bethink me ere I do proceed. [Aside.

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And, Thomas,

I pray you search the books 'gainst my return, For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your mistress' brother, Vvellbred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word—

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear? Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's;

Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you have a care on't. Or whether he come or no, if any other

Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas, I told you of.

Cash. No, sir, I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven, it is not! That's enough. But, Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see, To any creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;

It was a trial of you, when I meant So deep a secret to you: I meant not this,

But that I have to tell you. This is nothing, this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here, No greater bell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.

Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!

Best dream no longer of this running humour, For fear I sink! But soft,

Here is company; now must I— [Exit.

Enter VVellbred, Young Kno'well, Brainworm, Captain Boadil, and Stephen.

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.

Young K. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! But was't possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen,

for he is stupidity itself. Vvhy, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such

an artificer?

Young K. An artificer! an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life time,

and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now? Vvhat a spite's this?

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kately within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now: but master Downright is within. Cob!

Vvhat, Cob? Is he gone too?

Well. Whither went your master, Thomas; canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to justice Clement's, I think, sir. Cob! [Exit.

Young K. Justice Clement's! Vvhat's he?

Well. Vvhy, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar: but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe!

I showed you him the other day.

Young K. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very strange

presence, methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men. I have heard

many of his jests i'the university. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of

his horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God. Any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob! Heart! where should they be, trow?

Capt. B. Master Kately's man, pry'thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis! Cob! [Exit.

Capt. B. Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-

night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, master Stephen?

Step. Na, truly, sir! but I'll learn to take it now, since you recommend it so.

Capt. B. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not re-

prove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen

gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the

world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore

it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too.

I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

Young K. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH, with COB.

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. O, ho!

Capt. B. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

Cash. Here it is, sir.

Cob. By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

[Captain Bobadil beats Cob with a Cudgel; Matthew runs away.]

All. Oh, good captain! hold, hold!

Capt. B. You base scullion, you.

Cash. Come, thou must need be talking too; thou'rt well enough serv'd.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Capt. B. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[Beats Cob off.]

Young K. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Capt. B. A whoreson, filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o'Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stab'd him to the earth.

Well. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Capt. B. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

[Exit]

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, body of Caesar; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no I han't the right grace.

Well. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew; gone?

Braim. No, sir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnish'd. Brainworm?

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

Young K. Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

Young K. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in; come, cousin.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kite. Ha! How many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred—

Kite. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers! let me see; one, two—Mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How, so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head With forked stings, thus wide and large! But,

Cob,

How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kite. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste! Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry? I, that before was rank'd in such content; My mind at rest too in so soft a peace, Being free master of my own free thoughts, And now become a slave? What, never sigh! Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold. 'Tis done! 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,

Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap, The cornucopia will be mine, I know. But,

Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure My sister and my wife would bid them welcome! Ha!

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival, Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?

My sister, I should say; my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a plague.

Kite. How! were they not gone in then, ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

[Then?]

Kite. Spite o'the devil! What do I stay here Cob, follow me.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in KITELY'S House.

Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his friends! Glud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em. And 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em. They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might

have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patientest body in the world to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter BRIDGET, MASTER MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, Young KNO'WELL, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, and CASH.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

Down. Hey-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close. Pray heaven she can get him to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better.

Young K. What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

[*To Wellbred.*]

Well. O no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

Capt. B. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister. Fie; while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir.

Rare creature, let me speak without offence; Would heav'n my rude words had the influence To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine; Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

[*Master Stephen shakes his head.*]

Young K. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent good.

Mat. O, master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morning; I made 'em extempore this morning.

Well. How, extempore?

Mat. I would I might be hang'd else; ask captain Bobadil; he saw me write them at the—Star yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

Young K. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o'Caesar! they are admirable! The best that ev' I heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vex'd; I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

[*Aside.*]

Well. Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster! Impudence itself! Tricks! Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks

somewhere else, and not here, I wuss. This is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now? Whose cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; ay, sir, you and your companions! mend yourselves, when I ha' done!

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions; so I say. I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hangbys here. You must have your poets and your polings, your soldados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight, stay, and let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the House part them.*]

Dame K. Oh, Jesu! Murder! Thomas; Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Young K. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Capt. B. Well, sirrah! you Holofernes! By my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will, by this good heav'n. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coistril.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now; what's the matter?

What's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage. My wife and sister, they're the cause of this. What, Thomas; where is the knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exit.*]

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[*Exit.*]

Kite. Why, how now, brother; who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour.

There was one, a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

[*Exit.*]

Dame K. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent parts. What a coil and stir is here!

[*Exit.*]

Kite. Her love, by heav'n! my wife's minion!
Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither.
What are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister—

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was it that they
prais'd so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him master Kno'well,
a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me
as much.

I'll die, but they have hid him in the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me,
Thomas;

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a mas-
ter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Moorfields.

*Enter Young Kno'well, Wellbred, and
Brainworm.*

Young K. Well, Brainworm, perform this
business happily, and thou makest a purchase
of my love for ever.

Well. Faith, now let thy spirits use their
best faculties; but at my hand, remember the
message to my brother; for there's no other
means to start him out of his house.

Brain. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing.
I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of
my phant'sy by this time, and put 'em in true
motion. What you have possessed me withal,
I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

[*Exit.*]

Well. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith,
Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities
in this device?

Young K. Troth, well, howsoever; but it
will come excellent if it take.

Well. Take, man! Why it cannot choose
but take, if the circumstances miscarry not.
But tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my
sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

Young K. Friend, am I worthy of belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she
is a maid of good ornament, and much mo-
desty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily
of her, thou shouldst not have her.

Young K. Nay, that I'm afraid will be a
question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this
light thou shalt.

Young K. I am satisfied; and do believe
thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make
my desires complete.

Well. Thou shalt see and know I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FORMAL and Kno'well.

For. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave; I took him begging o'the
way, this morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Oh, here he is!—You have made fair speed,
believe me; Where i'the name of sloth could
you be thus—

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where
I thought I should have had little comfort of
your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. Oh, sir! your coming to the city,
your entertainment of me, and your sending
me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances
either of your charge, or my employment, are
as open to your son as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain,
Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?

'Tis so!

Brain. I am partly o'that faith; 'tis so,
indeed.

Kno. But how should he know you to be
my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be
by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes! but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such bellish practice; if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.

But where didst thou find them, Fitz-sword?

Brain. You should rather ask where they
found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going
along in the street, thinking nothing, when,
of a sudden, a voice calls, Mr. Kno'well's man;
another cries, soldier; and thus, half a dozen
of 'em, 'till they had called me within a house,
where I no sooner came, but out flew all their
rapiers at my bosom, with some three or
fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to
tell me, I was a dead man if I did not con-
fess where you were, and how I was em-
ployed, and about what; which, when they
could not get out of me, as I protest they
must have dissected me, and made an ana-
tomy of me first, and so I told 'em, they locked
me up into a room i'the top of a high house;
whence, by great miracle, having a light heart,
I slid down by a bottom of packthread into
the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much
I can assure you, for I heard it while I was
lock'd up, there were a great many rich
merchants' and brave citizens' wives with 'em
at a feast; and your son, Mr. Edward, with-
drew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to
meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-
bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there
your worship shall be sure to take him, for
there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I
doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house,
say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, sir; there you shall have him.

[*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes! Invisible! Much wench,
or much son! Slight, when he has staid there
three or four hours, travelling with the ex-
pectation of wonders, and at length be deli-
vered of air! O, the sport that I should then
take to look on him, if I durst! But now I
mean to appear no more before him in this
shape. I have another trick to act yet. [*Aside*]
Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

For. Not a whit, sir.

You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems?

Brain. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and
expense of all, almost—

For. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle o'you, if it please you to accept it—

Brain. O, sir—

For. But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brain. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know—and more too, somewhat.

For. No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, sir; and make grist o'you, if I have good luck.

Re-enter Young KNO'WELL, with MASTER MATTHEW, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, and STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his pallel, by this day-light.

Young K. We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o'you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir! he threaten'd me with the bastinado.

Capt. B. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that—You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Capt. B. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning; hey! Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a punto.

Young K. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O, good sir! yes, I hope he has!

Capt. B. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts o'the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all; but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed; for, though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

Young K. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Capt. B. Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

Young K. O, but your skill, sir!

Capt. B. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one

half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Young K. Nay, I know not; nor can I conceive.

Capt. B. Why, thus, sir: I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be; of a good spirit, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us.—Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

Young K. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Capt. B. Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

Young K. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Capt. B. Why, sir, you mistake. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, walking over the Stage.

Young K. God's so! Lookye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I; I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

Capt. B. It's not he, is it?

Young K. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

Young K. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Capt. B. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

Young K. That I think, sir.—But see, he is come again!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Oh, Pharaoh's foot! have I found you? Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Capt. B. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Capt. B. Tall man, I never thought on't till now, body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came

along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

[*Downright beats Captain Bobadil; Matthew runs away.*]

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

Capt. B. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you. You'll control the point, you? Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Young K. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too—ha, ha!

Capt. B. Well, gentlemen, bear witness; I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

Young K. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other; but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Capt. B. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven. Sure I was struck with a planet.

Step. No, captain, you was struck with a stick.

Young K. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, and these be your tricks, your passados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Capt. B. I was planet-struck certainly. [*Exit.*]

Young K. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

Young K. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

Young K. How, an' he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say I bought it.

Young K. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in KITELY'S House.*

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches?

Cash. Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own. Whilst we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is indeed, Thomas. We should bane these rats. Dost thou understand me? We will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus.—They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir. Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? Pray be

composed. These starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Soresly, soresly, Thomas. It cleaves too close to me—oh me! [*Sighs*] Lend me thy arm—so, good Cash.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds!—Alas! alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

Cash. What, sir?

Kite. Why—nothing, nothing.—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me 'tis your fancy's imposition. Shut up your generous mind from such intruders.—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir—hath, in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature!—Oh, my master, should they take root—

[*Laughing within.*]

Kite. Hark! hark! Dost thou not hear?—What think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy. 'This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again*] Hark, again!—Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, though against my will. [*Exit.*]

Kite. Against his will! Ha! it may be so. He's young, and may be bribed for them: they've various means to draw the unwary in. If it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom, is unlocked and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; stinging the hand that raised and cherish'd him? 'Was this stroke added, I should be cursed.—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, Cash. Ask me not why—I have wronged you, and am sorry.—'Tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die and be forgotten.—Have you seen your mistress, and heard whence was that noise?

Cash. Your brother, master Wellbred, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject: it is one Formal, as he styles himself, and he appertains, so he phrases it, to justice Clement, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me? Art thou sure it is the justice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAINWORM, as FORMAL.

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No, but my master does.

Kite. What are the justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not commaad, but entreats master Kite to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be? Say I'll be with him instantly; and if your legs, friend, go not faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. Vale.

[Exit.]

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool indeed!—I must go forth.—But first come hither, Thomas—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and showed thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch. Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

But be assur'd you're heaping care and trouble Upon a sandy base; ill-plac'd suspicion Recoils upon yourself.—She's chaste as comely! Believe't she is. Let her not note your humour; Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be As clear as her unsullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me—
—I'll drive these

Fiend-like fancies from me, and he myself again. Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere Happy, if she had not—she has not— They who know no evil will suspect none.

Cash. True, sir; nor has your mind a blemish now.

This change has gladden'd me.—Here's my mistress,

And the rest; settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will, Cash, I will.

Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Well. What are you a plotting, brother Kite,

'That thus of late you muse alone, and bear Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?

[Laughs.]

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother,

And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,

And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,

You were to blame to raise commotions here, And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you. Since there is no harm done, anger costs

A man nothing, and a brave man is never His own man till he be angry.—To keep

His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave

Musician, unless he play? What's a brave man, unless he fight?

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Pry-thee, Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture.

[Bridget and Wellbred retire.]

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!

My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is. How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay

and comely;

In troth thou dost.—I'm sent for out, my dear, But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,

Business that forces me abroad grows irksome.

I could content me with less gain and vantage. To have thee more at home, indeed I could.

Dame K. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me.

[Aside.]

What dost thou say? Doubt thee?

I should as soon suspect myself—No, no,

My confidence is rooted in thy merit,

So fix'd and settled, that, wert thou inclin'd

To masks, to sports, and balls, 'where lusty

youth

Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse

Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy, With heart's ease and security—not but

I had rather thou shouldst prefer thy home

And me, to toys and such like vanities.

Dame K. But sure, my dear,

A wife may moderately use these pleasures, Which numbers and the time give sanction to,

Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may—And I'll go with thee, child,

I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,

And be the foremost reveller.—I'll silence

The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander; Nor will I more be pointed at, as one

Disturb'd with jealousy—

Dame K. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What?—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!

She stabs me home. [Aside] Jealous of thee!

No, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,

Thy brother will overbear us—No, no, my dear,

It could not be, it could not be—for—for—

What is the time now?—I shall be too late—

No, no, thou may'st be satisfied

There's not the smallest spark remaining—

Remaining! What do I say? There never was, Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfied.

Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,

My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd— I'll be back immediately—Good by, good by.

Ha, ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing.

Ha, ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha, ha!

[Exit. Wellbred and Bridget come forward.]

Well. What have you done to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame K. He laughed indeed, but seemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange. He is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely, that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame K. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast—But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in—But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent procuress, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house: marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him—imagine you what you think convenient—but I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that

brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruits of's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas!

Re-enter CASH.

Fetch your hat, Thomas, and go with me. *[Exit Cash]* I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! *[Exit Well.]*

Well. Ha, ha! so e'en let 'em go; this may make sport anon—What, Brainworm!

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and come back to tell you all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Well. But how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brain. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o'me at the Windmill, to hear some marshal discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripp'd him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say: and then the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. *[Exit Brainworm.]*

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What further meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Well. Well, there's a dear and well-respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him this meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I would be such a one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us.

Re-enter KITELY.

Kite. What villany is this? Called out on

a false message! This was some plot. I was not sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How? is my wife gone forth? Whither, for heaven's sake.

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!

He hath discover'd all unto my wife;

Beast that I was to trust him. *[Aside]* Whither, I pray

You, went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

Well. To Cob's house, I believe; but keep my counsel.

Kite. I will, I will.—To Cob's house! Does she haunt there?

She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me, With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour, Hath told her all—Why would you let her go?

Well. Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, so; now 'tis plain. I shall go mad With my misfortunes, now they pour in torrents. I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant, Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,

Despis'd by myself—There is nothing left now But to revenge myself first, next hang myself; And then—all my cares will be over. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Stocks-market.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away! ha?

Capt. B. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all.

Mat. Why so? but what can they say of your beating?

Capt. B. A rude party, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, borne most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter! fascinated; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before justice Clement?

Capt. B. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Capt. B. Agreed. Do you speak.

Enter BRAINWORM, as FORMAL.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brain. Vvith all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law; now if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore

you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brain. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels. You have no money.

[*Apart to Capt. B.*

Capt. B. Not a cross, by fortune. [*Apart.*

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and raddish. Let's find him some pawn.

Capt. B. Pawn! We have none to the value of his demand. [*Apart.*

Mat. O yes, I can pawn my ring here.

[*Apart.*

Capt. B. And, harkye, he shall have my trusty Toledo too; I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

[*Apart.*

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns. Look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it dispatch'd.

Brain. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently. But who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Capt. B. Body o'me, I know not! 'Tis service of danger!

Brain. Why, you were best get one of the varlets o'the city, a sergeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Capt. B. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Captain Bobadil and Matthew.*

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's, at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get money on all sides. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The street before Cob's House.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now.—Hoe, who is within here?

[*Tib appears at the Window.*

Tib. I am within, sir. What's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the constable? Then I doubt not you have some guests within deserve that fear. I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. For heaven's sake, sir—

Kno. Go to! Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir, o'my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty, dame? It flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH and DAME KITELY.

Kno. O, this is the female copesmate of my son. Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Hoe, good wife!

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray you?

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband!

[*Aside.*

Dame K. My tried and faithful husband, master Kitley.

Tib. I hope he needs not be tried here.

Dame K. Come hither, Cash.—I see my turtle coming to his haunts.—Let us retire.

[*They retire.*

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal.

Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd. I'll watch him and surprise him.

Enter KITELY, muffled in a Cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see: there she skulks.

But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—I tremble so I scarce have power to do the justice

Her infamy demands.

[*As Kitley goes forward, Dame Kitley and Knowell lay hold of him.*

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot 'scape me now.

Dame K. O, sir! have I forestall'd your honest market?

Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd. Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for shame!

I'faith, I am glad I've found you out at last.

Kno. What mean you, woman? Let go your hold.

I see the counterfeit. I am his father, And claim him as my own.

Kite. [*Discovers himself*] I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame K. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?

Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? And have I taken

Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion, This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat, Close at your villany, and wouldst thou 'scuse it With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame To have a mind so hot, and to entice,

And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out! I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here;

Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir—

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you. I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never speak; I see through every

Veil you cast upon your treachery; but I have

Done with you, and root you from my heart
for ever.

For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame.

[*Draws.*]

Kno. What lunacy is this? Put up your
sword, and undeceive yourself. No arm that
e'er pois'd weapon can affright me; but I pity
folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you,
good wisebawd, Cob's wife; and you, that
make your husband such a monster; and you,
young pander, an old cuckoldmaker; I'll ha'
you every one before the justice.—Nay, you
shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth,
thou bawd.

[*Goes into the House, and brings out Tib.*]

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir; I go
willingly.

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly;
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Though shame and sorrow both my
heart betide,

Come on—I must and will be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Stocks-market.*

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now
am I most like myself, being in this sergeant's
gown. A man of my present profession never
counterfeits till he lays hold upon a debtor,
and says he' rests him; for then he brings him
to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings
we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,
made like a young artichoke, that always car-
ries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know
not what danger I undergo by this exploit;
pray heaven I come well off!

*Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL and MASTER
MATTHEW.*

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by
his gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you
here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an' please you, sir, he told me
two gentlemen had willed him to procure a
warrant from his master, which I have about
me, to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and
see where the party comes you must arrest.
Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware.

*Enter MASTER STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT'S
Cloak.*

Capt. B. Bear back, master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest you i'the
queen's name, and must carry you before a
justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. 'Me, friend, I am no Downright, I.
I am master Stephen; you do not well to ar-
rest me, I tell you truly. I am in nobody's
bonds or books, I would you should know
it. A plague on you heartily, for making me
thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why, now you are deceived, gen-
tlemen!

Capt. B. He wears such a cloak, and that
deceived us. But see, here he comes indeed!
This is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, seignior Gull?
Are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver
my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now
in open market.

Brain. Master Downright, I have a war-
rant I must serve upon you, procured by these
two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen! These rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in
her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brain. Go before master justice Clement,
to answer what they can object against you,
sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice,
captain—

Capt. B. The varlet's a tall man, before
heaven! [*Exit.*]

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me, I scorn it; there, take your
cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn
now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the
justice's. Bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak; what
would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this
gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him
along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do
not love your hanging look behind.

**Step.* Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang
me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, sir. It is but a whip-
ping matter, sure!

Step. Why, then let him do his worst, I
am resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.*

*Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY,
DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.*

Just. C. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave.
My chair, sirrah. You, master Kno'well, say
you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. Ay, sir.

Just. C. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Just. C. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with
your clerk; and appointed him to stay for me.

Just. C. My clerk! About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Just. C. And what time came my man with
the false message to you, master Kitley?

Kite. After two, sir.

Just. C. Very good; but, Mrs. Kitley, how
chanced it that you were at Cob's? Ha!

Dame K. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you.

My brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Just. C. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Just. C. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

Just. C. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kately. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Just. C. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Just. C. How! Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Just. C. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, an't please you.

Just. C. I smell mischief here; plot and contrivance, master Kately. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you—I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your counsel—Will you go in, dame?

Dame K. I will have justice, Mr. Kately.

[*Exeunt Kately and Dame Kately.*]

Just. C. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kately, that I see—How now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i'the court without desires to speak with your worship.

Just. C. A gentleman! What's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Just. C. A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by; I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL and MASTER MATTHEW.

Capt. B. By your worship's favour—

Just. C. Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier? Why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

Capt. B. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour; disarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Just. C. Oh, God's precious! is this the soldier? Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Just. C. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one upon your worship's warrant.

Just. C. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir, the officer says, procured by these two.

Just. C. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Downright, are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

Enter DOWNRIGHT, MASTER STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Down. I'faith, sir. And here's another, brought at my suit.

Just. C. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir! Oh, uncle!

Just. C. Uncle! Who, Master Knowell?

Kno. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. Uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak; and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Oh, did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Just. C. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Capt. B. Ay, an't please your worship.

Just. C. Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

Capt. B. Of your clerk, sir.

Just. C. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? Officer, have you it?

[*Captain Bobadil and Matthew steal off.*]

Brain. No, sir, your worship's man, master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Just. C. Why, master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Just. C. No; how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Just. C. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it? Give me a warrant; I must serve one too.—You knave, you slave, you rogue; do you say you must, sirrah? Away with him to gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir.

Brain. Good sir, I beseech you be good to me.

Just. C. Tell him he shall to the gaol; away with him, I say.

Brain. Ay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travel any grain of my fame certain. [*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Just. C. How is this?

Kno. My man, Brainworm!

Step. O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Just. C. I told you all there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

Just. C. Body o'me, a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack. [*A Servant brings it him*] If he belongs to you, master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible? Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

Brain. O, sir! this has been the day of my metamorphoses; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought master Kitley a message too, in the form of master justice's man here, to draw him out o'the way, as well as your worship; while master Well-bred might make a conveyance of, mistress Bridget to my young master.

Just. C. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

Just. C. And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee; [*Drinks*] which ha-

ving drank off, this is my sentence, pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o'the offence. Go into the next room; let master Kitley into this whimsical business; and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have. [*Exit Brainworm*] Call master Kitley and his wife there.

Re-enter KITELY and DAME KITELY.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? Did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have not you traced, have not you found it, eh, master Kitley?

Kite. I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffer'd for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Just. C. That will depend upon yourself, master Kitley; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger; you, master Kno'well, your cares; and do you, master Kitley, and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife;
See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous
breath;
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where
they fall;
See, see, on heads that think they've none at
all.

O, what a plenteous world of this will come;
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.
[*Exeunt.*]

SOPHIA LEE

is eldest daughter of Mr. John Lee. The author of *The Children of Theopis* relates of this Mr. Lee, that when he was manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, he was determined to improve upon stage thunder; and having procured a parcel of nine-pound shot, they were put into a wheelbarrow, to which he affixed a nine-pound wheel; this done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow, so filled, backwards and forwards over those ridges; the play was *Lear*, and in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect: at length, as the King was braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came, wheelbarrow and all, the stage being on a declivity the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat. This storm was more difficult for Lear to encounter than the tempest of which he had so loudly complained: the balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about like the man who dances the egg hornpipe: the fiddlers, alarmed for their catgut, hurried out of the orchestra, and, to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience, like another Salmonus. We were sorry to observe, from the spirit which discovered itself in the preface, to her first dramatic performance that she seemed to possess much of her father's petulance and irascibility. Justice, however, calls upon us to declare, that the play exhibited a degree of merit which promised much future entertainment to the public. It was entitled, *The Chapter of Accidents*; and has been followed by *Almeida*, *The Agnition*. Besides the dramas that we have mentioned, Miss Lee is author of an elegant novel, called *The Recess*. This lady, with her sister Harriet, before noticed, opened a school, called Belvidere House, at Bath, soon after the death of her father, which they have conducted with great ability and credit.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS,

Comedy by Miss Lee. Acted at the Haymarket 1750. This play, which is built on Diderot's *Père de Famille*, without being a servile copy, possesses considerable merit, and was acted with much applause. It has kept possession of the stage now thirty years. Improving upon the model of Kelly, and the sentimental trash of his day, it mixed the pathos of comedy with the broadest farce, and, all together, proved one of the most successful pieces of this hetero-

generous kind that had ever appeared. The characters of Jacob Gawkey and Bridget have been materials upon which many popular dramatists have worked, but without approaching to the originals; and the more serious parts of the piece have been a source of pillage and imitation with as little success. The author published it, with an occasional preface, wherein she complains of the conduct of Mr. Harris respecting this piece, which, she insinuates, he had too long kept in his possession; and delayed bringing out. Prefaces of this kind seldom do any good; they generally result from a hasty and partial view of things, and oftener discredit the writers than the objects of them.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD GLENMORE.
GOVERNOR HARCOURT.
WOODVILLE.

CAPTAIN HARCOURT.
GREY.
VANE.

JACOB.
CECILIA.
MISS MORTIMER.

MRS. WARNER.
BRIDGET.

SCENE.—*London.*—*Time.*—*Twenty-four Hours.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter VANE, in a Riding-dress, followed by a Footman.

Vane. Run, and tell Mrs. Warner, my lord is at hand; and bid the butler send me a bottle of hock.¹⁾ [*Throws himself along the hall Chairs, wiping his Forehead*] Phew! the months have jumbled out of their places, and we have July in September.

Enter Mrs. WARNER.

Mrs. W. Servant, Mr. Vane.

Vane. Ah! my dear creature! how have you done these fifty ages?

Mrs. W. Why, methinks you are grown mighty grand, or you would have come to the still-room to ask; will you choose any chocolate?

Vane. Why don't you see I am dead? absolutely dead; and, if you was to touch me, I should shake to mere dust, like an Egyptian mummy. Because it was not provoking enough to lounge away a whole summer in the country, here am I driven up to town, as if the devil was at my heels, in the shape of our hopeful heir; who has neither suffered my lord nor me to rest one moment, through his confounded impatience to see his uncle.

Mrs. W. Umph—he'll have enough of the old gentleman presently. He is the very moral of my poor dear lady, his sister, who never was at peace herself, nor suffered any one else to be so. Such a house as we have had ever since he came! Why, he is more full of importance and airs than a bailiff in possession; and hectors¹⁾ over miss Mortimer, till she almost keeps her chamber to avoid him.

Vane. Hates miss Mortimer! Why, here'll be the devil to pay about her, I suppose!

Mrs. W. Hate her? ay, that he does. He looked as if he could have killed her, the moment she came down to see him; and got into his chamber presently after, where he sends for me. "Who is this young woman, Mrs. What's-your-name?" says he.—"VWhy, sir," says I, "she is the orphan of a colonel Mortimer, whose intimacy with my lord," says I.—"Pho, pho," says he, "all that I know, woman; what does she do in this house?" says he, his face wrinkling all over like cream, when it's skimming.—"VWhy, sir,"

says I, "her father unluckily died just before the duke his brother, and so could not leave her one shilling of all that fine fortune; and so my lord intends to marry her to Mr. VWoodville," says I.—"He does," cries he; "heaven be praised I'm come in time to mar that dainty project, however. You may go, woman, and tell miss I don't want any thing more to-night." So up goes I to miss Mortimer, and tells her all this. Lord! how glad she was, to find he intended to break the match, though she can't guess what he means.

Vane. Upon my soul, I think it is full as hard to guess what she means. What the devil, will not my lord's title, fortune, and only son, be a great catch for a girl without a friend or a shilling?

Mrs. W. Ay; but I could tell you a little story would explain all. You must know—

[*Sits down. A loud knocking.*]

Vane. [*Starts up*] Zounds, here's my lord!

[*Exeunt confusedly.*]

SCENE II.—*An Anti-chamber.*

Enter LORD GLENMORE and GOVERNOR HARCOURT meeting; the latter hobbling.

Lord G. You are welcome to England, brother! I am sorry your native air pays you so ill a compliment after sixteen years absence.

Gov. H. Faith, my lord, and so am I too, I promise you: I put up with these things tolerably well in the Indies; I did not go there to be happy; but after all my labours, to find I have just got the money when it is out of my power to enjoy it, is a cursed stroke: like a fine ship of war, I am only come home to be dismantled and converted into an hospital. However, I am glad you hold it better; I don't think you looked as well when we parted. My sister, poor Susan! she is gone too: well, we can never live a day the longer for thinking on't. Where's Frank? Is he still the image of his mother?

Lord G. Just as you left him; but that the innocence of the boy is dignified by the knowledge of the man.

Gov. H. He will hardly remember his old uncle! I did love the rogue, that's the truth on't; and never looked at my money-bags but I thought of him. However you have provided him a wife.

Lord G. I have; you saw her on your arrival, I suppose, for I left her in town to attend a sick aunt. Poor Mortimer! he died one month before the duke his brother, and missed a fine title and estate. You know how I loved

1) Hochheimer.

2) To hector, means to command: this with the words tantalize and to pander, easily shows its derivation.

the honest fellow, and cannot wonder I took home his orphan daughter as a match for Woodville.

Gov. H. Brother, brother, you are too generous; it is your foible, and artful people know how to convert it to their own advantage.

Lord G. It is, if a foible, the noblest incident to humanity. Sophia has birth, merit, accomplishments; and wants nothing but money to qualify her for any rank.

Gov. H. Can she have a worse want on earth? Birth, merit, accomplishments, are the very things that render money more essential.

Lord G. You are too captious, brother!

Gov. H. And you too placid brother! If, like me, you had been toiling a third of your days to compass a favourite design, and found it disappointed at the moment you thought it complete, what would even your serene lordship say and do? Here have I promised myself a son in yours, an heir in yours; instead of which—

Lord G. His marriage with miss Mortimer will not make him unworthy either title.

Gov. H. Never mention her name to me, I beg, my lord! the wife I would have given him, has beauty without knowing it, innocence without knowing it, because she knows nothing else, and, to surprise you further, forty thousand pounds without knowing it; nay, to bring all your surprises together, is my daughter without knowing it.

Lord G. Your daughter? Why, have you married since my sister's death? Your daughter by her you lost before you went abroad.

Gov. H. Yes, but I shall find her again, I believe. I know you will call this one of my odd whims as usual, but we have all some; witness this dainty project of yours; and so I will tell you the truth in spite of that project. From the very birth of this girl, I saw her mother would spoil her had she lived, and proposed kidnapping miss in her infancy.

Lord G. Kidnap your own daughter! Why, brother, I need only prove this to obtain a commission of lunacy, and shut you up for life.

Gov. H. Why, though my wife was your lordship's sister, I will venture to tell you she was plaguy fantastical, and contrived to torment me as much with her virtues, as others by their vices. Such a fuss about her delicacy, her sensibility, and her refinement, that I could neither look, move, nor speak, without offending one or the other; and executed the inventor of the jargon every hour in the four and twenty: a jargon, I resolved my girl should never learn; and heaven no sooner took her mother (heaven be praised for all things!) than I dispatched her draggle-tailed French governess; made a bonfire of every book on education; whipped miss into a post-chaise, under a pretence of placing her in a nunnery; instead of which, I journeyed into Wales, and left her in the care of a poor curate's wife, whose name was up as the best housewife in the whole country; then returned with a solemn history of her death in the small-pox.

Lord G. Well, this is indeed astonishing! an admirable tutoress truly for my niece!

Gov. H. Yes, but there's a better jest than that.

Lord G. Indeed! is that possible?

Gov. H. How do you think I contrived to make them obey my instructions? I saw they suspected I was some rich humourist, and was afraid they would after all make a little bit of a gentlewoman of her, for which reason, except the first year in advance, they never had a single shilling of my money.

Lord G. This is almost incredible! And so you left your only child to the charity of strangers?

Gov. H. No, no, not so bad as that neither. You remember my honest servant Hardy? After the poor fellow's leg was shot off my tent, I promised him a maintenance; so intrusting him with the secret, I ordered him to live in the neighbourhood, have an eye on the girl, and claim her if ill used: fine accounts I had from him, faith! The old parson and his wife having no children, and not finding any one own her, gave out she was theirs, and doated on her; in short, she is the little wonder of the country; tall as the palm-tree! with cheeks, that might shame the drawing-room; and eyes, will dim the diamonds I have brought over to adorn them. This confounded gout has kept me in continual alarm, or else she should have spoke for herself.

Lord G. Why then does not Hardy bring her up to you?

Gov. H. Why, for two very sufficient reasons. In the first place, that identical parson paid him the last compliment, that is, buried him a twelvemonth ago; and in the second, they would hardly entrust her to any man but him who delivered her to them. Here was a girl, my lord, to support your title, of which I dare swear you are as fond as ever.

Lord G. I thank your intention, brother; but am far from wishing the chief accomplishments of Woodville's lady should be the making cream cheeses, goats whey, and elder wine.

Gov. H. Let me tell your lordship, women were never better than when those were the chief accomplishments. But I may be ridiculous—my own way without being singular. Harcourt shall have my girl, and my money too. Cream cheeses, quotha! no, no, making cream faces is an accomplishment which the belles of these days oftener excel in.

Lord G. I would not advise you to publish this opinion, governor; for though you should call no anger into the cheeks of the ladies, I doubt you would into their hearts.

Gov. H. But where is this son of yours? sure he has not totally forgot his old uncle?

Lord G. He will be here immediately.

Gov. H. Nay, I must e'en take an old man's fate, and follow his mistress without complaint.

Lord G. You have no reason for the reproach; this is not his hour for visiting miss Mortimer.

Gov. H. Miss Mortimer! ha, ha, ha! why, do you think I took her for his mistress? What, I warrant I can tell you news of your own family, though I have hardly been three days in it. Woodville keeps a girl, and in great splendour! nay, they tell me, that the unconscionable young rogue encroaches so far on the privileges of threescore, as to intend marrying the slut.

Lord G. You jest, surely!

Gov. H. There's no jest like a true one. Ha, ha, ha! how foolish you look! this is your innocent elegance; and this is the blessed effect of letting him live out of your own house!

Lord G. Pr'ythee reserve your raillery, sir, for some less interesting occasion. To have my views thus in a moment overturned! Where does she live?

Gov. H. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the difference of those little syllables me and thee! now you can guess what made me so peevish, I suppose? As to where miss lives, I have not heard; but somewhere near his lodgings. A devilish fine girl she is by-the-by. Ah, I told you twenty years ago, you would spoil this boy; entirely spoil him.

Lord G. Zounds, governor, you have a temper Socrates himself could not have supported. Is this a time for old sayings of twenty years ago? Finish dressing; by that time your nephew will be here, and I shall have reflected on this matter.

Gov. H. With all my heart. 'Tis but a boyish frolic, and so good morning to you. Here; where's my triumvirate? Pompey! Anthony! Cæsar!') [Exit.

Lord G. A boyish frolic truly! many a foolish fellow's life has been marked by such a boyish frolic. But her residence is the first object of my inquiry. Vane!

Enter VANE.

Is not my son come?

Vane. This moment, my lord; and walks till the governor is ready.

Lord H. Vane! I have deserved you should be attached to me, and I hope you are?

Vane. My lord!—What the devil is he at? [Aside.

Lord G. This strange old governor has alarmed me a good deal; you are more likely to know, whether with reason, than I can be. Have you heard any thing important of my son lately?

Vane. Never, my lord.

Lord G. Not that he keeps a mistress? What does the fool smile at? [Aside.

Vane. I did not think that any thing important, my lord.

Lord G. I do, sir; and am told a more important thing; that he even thinks of marrying her. Now, though I cannot credit this, I would choose to know what kind of creature she is. Could not you assume a clownish disguise, and, scraping an acquaintance with her people, learn something of her character and designs?

Vane. Doubtless, to oblige your lordship, I could do such a thing. But if Mr. Woodville's sharp eyes (and love will render them still sharper) should discover me, I might chance to get a good drubbing in the character of a spy.

Lord G. Oh, it is very improbable he should suspect you: at the worst, name your employer, and your bones are safe. The office perhaps is not very agreeable, but I impose few such on you: execute it well, and you shall remember it with pleasure. I will detain

1) The names of the old Governor's black-servants.

Woodville till you are ready; and, as I doubt not that his next visit will be to this creature, by following him you will find out where she lives. Prepare then as quick as possible, and send me word when you are ready, for till then I will not suffer him to depart. [Exit.

Vane. A pretty errand this his formal lordship has honoured me with. Um, if I betray him, shall I not get more by it? Ay, but our heir is such a sentimental spark, that when his turn was served, he might betray me. Were he one of our harum-skarum, good-natured, good-for-nothing fellows, it would go against my conscience to do him an ill turn. I believe I stand well in my lord's will, if counsellor Puzzle may be trusted (and when he can get nothing by a lie perhaps he may tell truth), so, like all thriving men, I will be honest because it best serves my interest. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A confined Garden.

WOODVILLE discovered walking about.

Wood. How tedious is this uncle! how tedious every body! Was it not enough to spend two detestable months from my love, merely to preserve the secret, but I must be tantalized with seeing, without arriving at her? Yet how, when I do see her, shall I appease that affecting pride of a noble heart, conscious too late of its own inestimable value? Why was I not uniformly just? I had then spared myself the bitterest of regrets.

Enter CAPTAIN HARCOURT.

Capt. H. Woodville! how do'st? Don't you, in happy retirement, pity me my Ealing and Acton marches and countermarches, as Foote has it? But, methinks thy face is thinner and longer than a forsaken nymph's, who is going through the whole ceremony of nine month's repentance. What, thou'st fallen in love? rustically too! Nay, pr'ythee don't look so very lamentable.

Wood. Ridiculous! How can we have an eye or ear for pleasure, when our fate hangs over us undecided?

Capt. H. I guess what you mean; but why make mountains of mole-hills? Is the rosy-fisted damsel so obstinately virtuous?

Wood. Imagine a fair favourite of Phœbus in all respects; since, while her face caught his beams, her heart felt his genius! Imagine all the graces hid under a straw hat and russet gown; imagine—

Capt. H. You have imagined enough of conscience; and now for a few plain facts if you please.

Wood. To such a lovely country maid I lost my heart last summer; and soon began to think romances the only true histories, and happiness not merely possible in a cottage, but only possible there.

Capt. H. Well, all the philosophers (ancient and modern) would never be able to convince me a coach was not a mighty pretty vehicle, and the lasses as good-natured in town as country. But pray let us know why you laid aside the pastoral project of eating fat bacon and exercising a crook all day, that thou mightest conclude the evening with the

superlative indulgence of a peat-fire and a bed stuffed with straw?

Wood. Why, faith, by persuading the dear girl to share mine.

Capt. H. Oh, now you talk the language of the world; and does that occasion thee such a melancholy face?

Wood. How ignorant are you both of me and her! Every moment since I prevailed has only served to convince me I can sooner live without every thing else than her; and this fatal leisure (caused by my absence with my father), she has employed in adding every grace of art to those of nature; till, thoroughly shocked at her situation, her letters are as full of grief as love, and I dread to hear every hour I have lost her.

Capt. H. I dread much more to hear you have lost yourself. Ah, my dear Woodville, the most dangerous charm of love is, every man conceits no other ever found out his method of loving; but, take my word for it, your Dolly may be brought back to a milk-maid. Leave her to herself awhile, and she'll drop the celestials, I dare swear.

Wood. She is too noble; and nothing but the duty I owe to so indulgent a father, prevents me from offering her all the reparation in my power.

Capt. H. A fine scheme truly! Why, Woodville, art frantic? To predestinate yourself among the horned cattle of Doctor's Commons, and take a wife for the very reason which makes so many spend thousands to get rid of one.

Wood. To withdraw an amiable creature from her duty, without being able to make her happy, is to me a very serious reflection: nay, I sinned, I may say, from virtue; and had I been a less grateful son, might have called myself a faultless lover.

Capt. H. Well, well, man, you are young enough to trust to time, and he does wonders. Above all, shake off this mental lethargy.

Wood. I will endeavour to take your advice. Should she fly, I were undone for ever. But you are no judge of my Cecilia's sincerity. How should you know those qualities which rise with every following hour? Can you think so meanly of me, as that I could be duped by a vulgar wretch; a selfish wanton? Oh no, she possesses every virtue but the one I have robbed her of. *[Exit.]*

Capt. H. Poor Frank! did I love your welfare less, I could soon ease your heart, by acquainting you of my marriage with miss Mortimer; but now the immediate consequence would be, this ridiculous match. How, if I apprise either my lord or the governor? both obstinate in different ways: I might betray only to ruin him. A thought occurs: my person is unknown to her; choosing an hour when he is absent, I'll pay her a visit, offer her an advantageous settlement, and learn from her behaviour her real character and intentions. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Dressing-room, with a Toilette, richly ornamented. A Harpsichord, and a Frame, with Embroidery.*

BRIDGET discovered fetching various small

Jars with Flowers, and talks as she places them.

Brid. Lord help us, how fantastical some folks not an hundred miles off are! If I can imagine what's come to my lady: here has she been sighing and groaning these two months, because her lover was in the country; and now, truly, she's sighing and groaning because he is come to town. Such maggots¹⁾ indeed! I might as well have staid in our parish all the days of my life, as to live mewed up with her in this dear sweet town; I could but have done that with a virtuous lady, although I know she never was at Fox-hall²⁾ in all her jaunts, and we two should cut such a figure there! Bless me, what's come to the glass? *[Setting her Dress]* Why, sure it is dulled with her eternal sighing, and makes me look as frightful as herself! O, here she comes, with a face as long and dismal as if he was going to be married, and to somebody else too.

Enter CECILIA, and throws herself on the Sofa, leaning on her Hand.

Cecil. What can detain Woodville such an age? It is an hour at least since he rode by. Run, Bridget, and look if you can see him through the drawing-room window.

Brid. Yes, madam.

[Exit, eyeing her with Contempt.]

Cecil. How wearisome is every hour to the wretched! They catch at each future one, merely to while away the present; for, were Woodville here, could he relieve me from the torment of reflection; or the strong, though silent, acknowledgment my own heart perpetually gives of my error?

Brid. *[Without]* Here he comes, ma'am; here he comes!

Cecil. Does he? Run down then. *[Fluttered.]*

Brid. *[Without]* Dear me, no, 'tis not, neither;

Re-enter BRIDGET.

'Tis only the French ambassador's new cook, with his huge bag and long ruffles.

Cecil. Blind animal! Sure nothing is so tormenting as expectation.

Brid. La, ma'am, any thing will torment one when one has a mind to be tormented, which must be your case for sartin. What signifies sitting mope, mope, mope, from morning to night? You'd find yourself a deal better if you went out only two or three times a day. For a walk, we are next door to the Park, as I may say; and for a ride, such a dear sweet vis-a-vis and pretty horses might tempt any one. Then, as to company, you'll say, "A fig for your starched ladies, who owe their virtue to their ugliness!" Mine is very much at your service. *[Courtesies.]*

Cecil. How could I endure this girl, did I not know that her ignorance exceeds even her impertinence. *[Aside]* I have no pleasure in going abroad.

Brid. Oh la, ma'am, how should you know till you try? Sure every body must wish to see and be seen. Then there's such a delightful

1) A person is said to have a maggot in his head when he is whimsical, changeable.

2) Vauxhall.

hurricane, all the world are busy, though most are doing nothing; to splash the mob, and drive against the people of quality. Oh, give me a coach, and London for ever and ever! You could but lock yourself up, were you as old and ugly as gay lady Grizzle at next door.

Cecil. Had I been so, I had continued happy.

Brid. I.a, ma'am, don't ye talk so purphanely!¹⁾ Happy to be old and ugly? Or, I'll tell you what: as you don't much seem to fancy going out, suppose you were to come down now and then (you know we have a pure large hall), and take a game of romps with us. If you were once to see our Jacob hunt the slipper, you would die with laughing! Madam Frisk, my last mistress, used, as soon as ever master was gone (and indeed he did not trouble her much with his company), to run down, draw up her brocaded niggled-gee,²⁾ and fall to play at some good fun or other! Dear heart, we were as merry then as the day was long! I am sure I have never been half so happy since.

Cecil. I cannot possibly imitate the model you propose; but though I don't choose to go abroad, you may.

Brid. I don't love to go much among the mobility,³⁾ neither. If indeed, madam, next winter you'd give me some of your tickets, I would fain go to a masquerade (it vexes me to see um stick in the thing-um-bobs⁴⁾ for months together); and Mrs. Trim promises me the lent of a Venus's dress, which, she says, I shall cut a figure in. Now, ma'am, if I had but some diamonds (for beggars wear diamonds there, they say), who knows but I might make my fortune, like you?

Cecil. Mar it, much rather, like me. That is no place for girls of your station, which exposes you to so much insult.

Brid. Ah, let me alone, madam, for taking care of number one. I ware never afraid but once in my whole life, and that ware of grandfar's⁵⁾ ghost; for he always hated I, and used to walk (poor soul!) in our baken, for all the world like an ass with a tie-wig on.

[*A knocking.*]

Cecil. Hark! that sure is Woodville's knock! Fly, and see! [*Exit Bridget. Cecilia walks eagerly to the Door, and returns as eagerly.*] Alas, is this my repentance? Dare I sin against my judgment?

Enter WOODVILLE.

Wood. My Cecilia! my soul! have I at last the happiness of beholding you? You know me too well to imagine I would punish myself by a moment's voluntary delay.

Cecil. Oh no, it is not that.

[*They sit down on the Sofa.*]

Wood. Say you are glad to see me; afford me one kind word to atone for your cold looks. Are you not well?

Cecil. Rather say I am not happy. My dear

Woodville, I am an altered being! Why have you reduced me to shrink thus in your presence? Oh, why have you made me unworthy of yourself?

[*Leans against his Shoulder, weeping.*]

Wood. Cruel girl! is this my welcome? When did I appear to think you so?

Cecil. Tell me when any one else will think me otherwise.

Wood. Will you never be above so narrow a prejudice? Are we not the whole world to each other? Nay, dry your tears: allow me to dry them. [*Kisses her.*] What is there in the reach of love or wealth I have not sought to make you happy?

Cecil. That which is the essence of all enjoyments, innocence! Oh, Woodville, you knew not the value of the heart whose peace you have destroyed. My sensibility first ruined my virtue, and then my repose. But though for you I consented to abandon an humble happy home, to embitter the age of my venerable father, and bear the contempt of the world, I can never support my own. My heart revolts against my situation, and hourly bids me renounce a splendour, which only renders guilt more despicable. [*Rises.*] I meant to explain this hereafter; but the agitation of my mind obliged me to lighten it immediately.

Wood. Is your affection then already extinct? For sure it must, when you can resolve to torture me thus!

Cecil. Were my love extinct, I might sink into a mean content! Oh, no! 'Tis to that alone I owe my resolution.

Wood. Can you then plunge me into despair? So young, so lovely too! Oh! where could you find so safe an asylum as my heart? Whither could you fly?

Cecil. I am obliged to you, sir, for the question; but who is it has made me thus destitute? I may retain your protection indeed, but at what price?

Wood. Give me but a little time, my love! I am equally perplexed between my father and my uncle; each of whom offers me a wife I can never love. Suffer them to defeat each other's schemes! Let me if possible be happy without a crime; for I must think it one to grieve a parent hitherto so indulgent. I will not put any thing in competition with your peace; and long for the hour when the errors of the lover will be absorbed in the merits of the husband.

Cecil. No, Woodville! That was, when innocent, as far above my hopes, as it is now beyond my wishes. I love you too sincerely to reap any advantage from so generous an error; yet you at once flatter and wound my heart, in allowing me worthy such a distinction; but love cannot subsist without esteem, and how should I possess yours when I have lost even my own?

Wood. It is impossible you should ever lose either, while so deserving of both. I am obliged to return directly, but will hasten to you the very first moment. When we meet again it must be with a smile, remember!

Cecil. It will when we meet again. Oh, how those words oppress me! [*Aside.*] But do not regulate your conduct by mine, nor make me an argument with yourself for dis-

1) Prophanely.

2) Négligé.

3) The nobility are the titled of the lands, and the mobility the lowest class; but she means the first class, here.

4) When one does not know the name of a thing one generally calls it Thingumbob, Thingummerre etc.

5) Grandfather's.

obeying my lord; for here I solemnly swear never to accept you without the joint consent of both our fathers; and that I consider as an eternal abjuration! But may the favoured woman you are to make happy, have all my love without my weakness! [*Exit in Tears.*]

Wood. Disinterested, exalted girl! Why add such a needless bar? For is it possible to gain my father's consent? And yet without her life would be insupportable! The censures of the world! What is that world to me? Were I weak enough to sacrifice her to the erroneous judgment of the malicious and unfeeling, what does it offer to reward me? Commendations I can never deserve, and riches I can never enjoy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street before CECILIA'S House.*

JACOB opens the Door and lets out WOODVILLE, who passes over the Stage; JACOB remains with his Hands in his Pockets, whistling. Enter VANE, disguised, with a Basket of Game in his Hand.

Vane. So, there he goes at last. I may open the attack without fear of a discovery, since our hopeful heir will hardly return directly. This intelligence of my landlord's at the Blue Posts has made the matter much easier. Um, a good subject! Sure I ought to know that bumkin's face! As I live, my play-fellow at the parish-school, Jacob Gawky! Now for a touch of the old dialect. Dye hire, young mon! Pray, do ye know where one Bett Dowson do live?

Jacob. Noa, not I.

Vane. Hay! Why, zure¹⁾ as two-pence, thou beest Jacob Gawky!

Jacob. Odsbodlikins! so I be indeed! But, who beest thee?

Vane. What, doost not know thy ould skhoolfellow, Wull, mun?

Jacob. Hay! What? Wull? Od rabbit it, if I ben't desprate-glad to zee thee; where doost live now, mun?

Vane. Down at huome, in our parish. I be coemed up with Zur Isaac Promise to be meade excoisemun.

Jacob. Thee'st good luck, faith! wish, no odds too thee, my fortin ware as good! but theed'st always a muortial good notion of wroiting and cyphers, while I don't know my own neame when I do zee it. What didst leave zea for?

Vane. Why, I ware afraid I should be killed before I comed to be a great mon: but what brought thee into this foine house?

Jacob. Fortin, Wull! Fortin. Didst thee know Nan o'th' mill?

Vane. Noa, not I.

Jacob. Od rabbit it! I thought every muortial zoul had knawd zhe. Well, Nan and I ware such near neighbors, there ware only a harn between us; zhe ware a desperate zmart lass, that's the truth on't: and I had half a moind to teake to feyther's business, and marry zhe: but, ecod, the zimpletony grow'd so fond, that some how or other, I ware tired first! when behold you, zquiro takes a fancy to me, and

made I cuome and live at the hall; and as my head run all on tuown, when aw comed up to London, aw brought I wi'un: so I thought to get rid that way of the bullocking of Nan. *Vane.* But, Jacob, how didst get into thic¹⁾ foine house?

Jacob. Dang it, doan't I zeay, I'll tell the present! Zoa, as I ware zaying, one holiday I went to zee thic there church, wi' the top like a huge punch-bowl turned auver; and, dang it! who should arrive in the very nick, but madam Nan. Well, huome comes I as merry as a cricket; zquiro caals for I in a muortial hurry; when who should I zee, but madam Nan on her marrowbones a croying for dear loife! dang it, I thought at first I should ha' zwounded; so a made a long zarmant about 'ducing a poor girl, and zaid I should zartainly go to the devil fort, and then turned I off. But the best fun is to come, mun; rabbit me! if aw did not teake Nan into keeping himself; and zhe do flauut it about, as loine as a duchess.

Vane. A mighty religious moral gentleman, truly! [*Aside*] Well, how came you to this place?

Jacob. Why, Meay-day, walking in Conimmon-garden²⁾ to smell the pozeys, who should I zee but our Bridget! I was muortial glad to zee her, you must needs think, and zhe got I this here place.

Vane. Wounds! dost live wi' a lord in this foine house?

Jacob. Noa; a leady, you fool! but such a leady, such a dear, easy, good-natured creature! zhe do never say noa, let we do what we wull.

Vane. Now to the point. [*Aside*] Is your lady married?

Jacob. Noa: but zhe's as good; and what'st think mun? to a lord's zon! though if a ware a king, aw would not be too good for zhe. A muortial fine comely mon too, who do love her, as aw do the eyes in his head. Cousin Bridget do tell I, zhe zeeded³⁾ a letter where aw do zay aw wull ha' her any day of the week, whatever do come o'th' next. Why, I warrant they have 'pointed wedding-day!

Vane. The devil they have? My lord will go mad at this news. [*Aside.*]

Jacob. Lauk a deazy! how merry we will be on that day! W'o't come and junket wi' us?

Vane. Yes, yes, I shall certainly make one among you, either then or before. [*Aside*] But now I must goa and give this geame to zquire—zquire—what the dickens be his name! I do always forget it, there should be a ticket somewhere: zoa, rabbit me! if some of your London faulk ha' no' cut it off, out o'fun!

Jacob. Ha, ha, ha! 'ecod, nothing more likelier. [*Both laugh foolishly*] The rum people be zo zharp as needles. But there's no place like it for all that; I be set upon living and dying in it.

Vane. Now to secure my return if necessary. [*Aside*] I'll tell thee what, Jacob! seeing as how I ha' lost thic there direction, do thee teake the basket: 'tis only a present of geame from the parson o' our parish; and, if zo be I can't find the gentleman, why 'tis honestly

1) This dialect is much the same as the Yorkshire, only that the *e* is changed into *z*, and the hard letters into soft ones at the beginning of a syllable; for instance, sure for *zure*, skhoolfellow, schoolfellow, etc.

1) That. 2) Covent-garden. 3) Saw.

mine. Meay be I'll come, and teake a bit o' supper wi' ye.

Jacob. Wull ye indeed? dang it! that's clever; and then you'll see our Bridget. She's a muortal smart lass, I promise ye! and, meay be, may'st get a peap at my leady, who's desperate handsome! Good bye t'ye. Bridget's zo comical! od rabbit it, we'll be main merry. *[Exit.]*

Vane. Thus far I have succeeded to admiration! our young heir has really a mind to play the fool and marry his mistress! though, faith, marrying his own does not seem very inexcusable, when so many of his equals modestly content themselves with the cast-offs of half their acquaintance. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in CECILIA'S House.*

Enter BRIDGET.

Brid. So, just the old story again! crying, crying for ever! Lord, if I was a man, I should hate such a whimpering—what would she have I wonder? to refuse such a handsome, genteel, good-natured man! and, I'll be sworn, be offered to marry her; for I listened with all my ears! Oh, that he would have me now! I should become my own coach prodigiously, that's a sure thing. *[A knocking.]* Hay, who knocks?

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. A young mon do want my leady.

Brid. A man? what sort of a man?

Jacob. Why a mon—like—just such another as I.

Brid. No, no, no; that's not so easy to find. What can any man want with her? show him in here, Jacob.

Jacob. *[Returning in a kind of glee.]* When shall we have the wedding, Bridget?

Brid. We shall have a burying first, I believe.

Jacob. Od rabbit it! we won't be their seconds there, faith! *[Exit.]*

Brid. Now, if he mistakes me for my lady, I shall find out what he wants.

Re-enter JACOB, with CAPTAIN HARCOURT, disguised.

Capt. H. Is that your lady? *[Surveying her.]*

Jacob. He, he, he! lauk, zur, don't you know that's our Bridget?

Brid. So, deuce on him, there's my whole scheme spoiled! *[Aside.]* My lady, sir, is engaged; but, if you tell me your business, it will do just as well.

Capt. H. For yourself it may, child!

[Chucks her under the Chin.]

Brid. What, you belong to Mr. Gargle the apothecary? or come from the jeweller on Ludgate-hill? or have a letter from—

Capt. H. The very person; you have hit it. And now, do me the favour to tell your lady, a stranger wishes to speak to her on particular business.

Brid. Very well, sir. Was ever handsome man so crabbed! *[Aside. Exit.]*

Capt. H. 'Egad, if the mistress has half as much tongue as the maid, Woodville may catch me in the midst of my first speech. Now for my credentials! and here she comes!

a lovely girl, indeed! I can scarce blame Frank, for she awes me.

Enter CECILIA, followed officiously by BRIDGET.

Cecil. I was informed, sir, you had particular business with me.

Capt. H. I took the liberty, madam—I say, madam, I—

Cecil. As I have neither friends or relations in London, *[Sighs]* I am at a loss to guess—

Capt. H. What I would communicate, madam, requires secrecy.

Cecil. Bridget, go where I ordered you just now.

Brid. Yes, madam.—But if I an't even with you for this— *[Aside, and exit.]*

Cecil. I complied with your request, sir, without inquiring the motive; because you, I think, can have only one. My father, if I may trust my heart, has made you his messenger to an unwilling offender.

Capt. H. Pardon me, madam, but I refer you to this.

Cecil. *[Reads.]* Madam,—*Being certainly informed Mr. Woodville is on the point of marrying a lady chosen by his friends, when it is presumed you will be disengaged, a nobleman of rank and estate above what he can ever possess, is thus early in laying his heart and fortune at your feet, lest some more lucky rival should anticipate him. The bearer is authorised to disclose all particulars, and offer you a settlement worthy your acceptance.—Deign, madam, to listen to him on the subject, and you will find the unknown lover as generous, and not less constant, than Woodville.—* Good heavens! to what an insult have I exposed myself!

[Bursts into Tears, and sinks into a Chair, without minding Harcourt, who watches her with Irresolution.]

Capt. H. What can I think? There is an air of injured delicacy in her which teaches me to reproach myself for a well-meant deceit. *[Aside.]* If, madam—

Cecil. I had forgot this wretch. *[Rises.]* Return, sir, to your vile employer; tell him, whoever he is, I am too sensible of the insult, though not entitled to resent it; tell him I have a heart above my situation, and that he has only had the barbarous satisfaction of adding another misery to those which almost overwhelmed me before.

Capt. H. Hear me, madam, I conjure you! *Cecil.* Never! a word would contaminate me. *[Struggles to go off.]*

Capt. H. Nay, you shall. You do not know half the good consequences of this letter. I am the friend, the relation of Woodville—my name, Harcourt!

Cecil. Is it possible he should be so cruel, so unjust?

Capt. H. He is neither cruel nor unjust, but only unfortunate.—Hear—He designs to marry you; this I learned from himself only this morning. As a proof of my sincerity, I will own I doubted your right to that mark of his esteem, and made this trial in consequence. Pleased to find you worthy of his rank, I feel shocked at reminding you, you ought not to

share it. But, madam, if you truly love him, you cannot wish that to be just to you he should be unjust to those who have a prior right over him.—This shall positively be my last effort.

Cecil. A motive like yours, sir, will excuse any thing. How little my happiness, honour, or interest, ever weighed against his need not be repeated; far be it from me now to disgrace him. He is apprised of my invincible objections to a match which will never take place. May he form a happier! while I, by a voluntary poverty, expiate my offence.

Har. Ma—ma—What the devil chokes me so? [*Aside*] I am struck with your sentiments, and must find you a proper asylum. The moment I saw you, I had hopes such manners could not veil an immoral heart. I have proved your sincerity, and owe a reparation to your delicacy. The proposed bride of Woodville is every way worthy that distinction; nor am I without hopes even she will be prevailed on to protect you. But I must not leave a doubt of my sincerity:—do you know miss Mortimer?

Cecil. I have seen the lady, sir.—But dare I credit my senses? has heaven formed two such hearts, and for me?

Har. With her your story will be buried for ever: and I think, the sooner you disappear, the more easily will you prevent Woodville's disobedience. I will open the affair to miss Mortimer directly, and if she acquiesces, desire her to call for you in person, to prevent the possibility of any artifice.

Cecil. He who inspired such sentiments, alone can reward them! Oh, sir, you have raised a poor desponding heart; but it shall be the business of my future life to deserve those favours I can never half repay.

Har. I find, by punishing me with acknowledgments, you are resolved to be obliged to me. The time is too precious to be wasted on such trifles. At seven, you shall have certain intelligence of my success; employ the interim to the best advantage, and hope every thing from daring to deserve well. [*Exit*]

Cecil. Astonishing interposition of heaven!—Hope! What have I to hope?—But let the consciousness of acting rightly support me in the sad moment of renouncing Woodville, and in him all that rendered life desirable.

SCENE IV.—LORD GLENMORE'S House.

Enter LORD GLENMORE and VANE.

Lord G. And are you sure of all this?

Vane. Absolutely, my lord. I have known the bumpkin, her footman, from the height of his own club.

Lord G. What a cursed infatuation! I know not what to resolve on.

Vane. If I may be permitted to advise, my lord—

Lord G. And who asked your advice, sir?

Vane. You have, my lord, formerly.

Lord G. Take care you stay till I do.—Leave me, sir.

Vane. If you don't like my advice, I shall give you my opinion very shortly.—A crusty crab!

[*Exit, muttering.*]

Lord G. This is the certain consequence of entrusting low people; and yet there is no

doing without them.—I can never master my feelings enough to speak properly to Woodville on the subject, therefore must fix on some other method. [*Pauses*] That's a sure one, and falls heavy on the artful, aspiring creature only!—Vane!

Re-enter VANE.

Could not you procure me a travelling-chaise and four stout fellows immediately?

Vane. To be sure, my lord, I can order a chaise at any inn, if you choose it.

Lord G. Pho, pho! Do what I have ordered, and wait near the Horse-guards in about an hour; when I shall seize this insolent baggage, and convey her out of my son's reach. If we can contrive to frighten her into taking you as a husband, it will end all my fears, and shall be the making of your fortune.

Vane. 'Gad, I like the project well.—A handsome wife is the best bait when we fish for preferment; and this gives me a double claim both on father and son. [*Aside*] Nothing but the profound respect I have for your lordship could induce me to think of this; though born without rank and fortune, I have a soul, my lord—

Lord G. Come, come, my good lad, I guess what you would say; but we have no time for speeches.—I have set my heart on the success of this project; and you shall find your interest in indulging me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—MISS MORTIMER'S Apartment.

Enter CAPTAIN HARCOURT, meeting Miss MORTIMER.

Har. If I were to judge of your temper by your looks, my dear, I should say it was uncommonly sweet, this morning.

Miss M. A truce with compliment; I must in reason renounce dear flattery after marriage.

Har. To flattery you never paid court; but the language of the heart and the world will sometimes resemble.—I ought, however, to praise your temper, for I am come to try it, and give you a noble opportunity of exerting its benevolence.

Miss M. A benevolence you certainly doubt by this studied eulogium.

Har. I might, did I not know it well.—In short, my love, I have taken the strangest step this morning—

Miss M. What step, for heaven's sake?

Har. In regard to a lady.

Miss M. Not another wife, I hope?

Har. No, only a mistress.

Miss M. Oh, a trifle, a trifle!

Capt. H. You may laugh, madam, but I am serious. In plain English, Woodville has a mistress he dotes on so madly, as even to intend marrying her. Imagining her, like most of her stamp, only an artful interested creature, I paid her a visit as a stranger, with an offer which must have unveiled her heart had it been base; but I found her, on the contrary, a truly noble-minded girl, and far above her present situation, which she earnestly wishes to quit.—In short, my dear, I thought it prudent to part them; and, in your name, offered her an asylum.

Miss M. In my name! you amaze me, Mr. Harcourt! Would you associate your wife

with a kept mistress? bring such an acquisition into the house of lord Glenmore, and deprive Woodville of, perhaps, his only reason for not interfering with us?—Do you think I credit this sudden acquaintance?

Capt. H. I deceived myself, I find; I thought you above such low suspicion—that you could make distinctions.

Miss M. Yes, yes, I can make distinctions more clearly than you wished. You must excuse my interference in this affair, sir; and let me hint to you, that your own will do as little credit to your heart as to your understanding.

Capt. H. Mighty well, madam! go on. Settle this with respect to yourself, but do not be concerned about me; for in one word, if you cannot resolve on protecting this poor unfortunate, I will.

Miss M. That must not be; yet his warmth alarms me. [*Aside*] Nay but, my dear, think deliberately!—Supposing her all you say, the world judges by actions, not thoughts, and will bury her merit in her situation.

Capt. H. It is that cruel argument perpetuates error in so many of your frail sex.—Be the first to rise above it. That you are in lord Glenmore's house, will be your justification, both to the world and himself; for what but a generous motive can actuate you? In my eyes, my dear Sophia, virtue never looks so lovely as when she stretches out her hand to the fallen!

Miss M. Oh, Harcourt! I am ashamed of my suspicion; I ought to have known all the candour and generosity of your heart, and received in a moment the unhappy woman it patronised; yet, at this crisis in our own affairs, to run the chance of further exasperating my benefactor—

Capt. H. I am not to learn that friendship and love have been mere masks to fraud and folly in the great world. No one would blame me, were I to suffer Woodville to ruin himself, as the shortest way of fixing my own fortune, and obtaining my lord's approbation of your choice. But I know not how it happened, that when a mere boy, I took it into my head, truth was as much to the purpose as lying; and as I never got into more scrapes than others, why I still pursue my system, and prefer honour to art. Then, if we fail, we have something better to console us than a pond or pistol; and if we succeed, what is there wanting to our happiness?

Miss M. And how do you mean to manage her escape?

Capt. H. That, my dearest, is the difficulty. I found she had seen you, and therefore was obliged to satisfy her of my honour, by assuring her you would call for her in person.

Miss M. Very well; we must carefully watch our opportunity. You dine here. The word of command you are accustomed to obey, but you must now become obedient to the look; for you know I have my difficulties, however strong my desire of obliging you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Hall.*

Enter VANE, looking about.

Vane. Hey-day! sure his old-fashioned lord-

ship has not employed two of us on one errand!—An old man has been hovering about madam's house, and has followed me here, without my knowing what to make of him. However, ears befriend me! [*Retires, listening.*]

Enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT, followed by his black Servants soon after.

Gov. H. Here, Antony, Pompey, Caesar! you dogs! be ready to attend my lord and me on a little expedition.—No, no flambeaus, boobies! the chaste miss Diana will surely take a spiteful pleasure in lighting us to catch another kind of miss.—And, do ye hear? not one syllable of the when, where, or how, except you intend to dangle on one string, like a bunch of black grapes. [*Talks to them apart.*]

Enter GREY.

Grey. It is here, I am at length informed, the father of this abandoned seducer resides.—Yet, what redress can poverty hope from pride?—Surely, however, for his own sake, he will assist me in regaining the poor girl, and afterwards prevent the wretch from pursuing her!—There, I suppose, he is.—My lord!

Gov. H. Well, old Sturdy! what do you want with my lord? [*Turris short upon him.*]

Grey. Merciful heaven! the father of Cecilia!

Vane. Hey! indeed!

Grey. Oh! how my heart misgives me! Perhaps this base Woodville, her very brother—

Gov. H. What, is the old man ill?—Sure I know this honest—it is not—yet it is—Grey?

Grey. The same indeed, my lord.

Gov. H. No my lord to me, man; my name is Harcourt.

Grey. Blessed be heaven for that, however!

Gov. H. Be not righteous overmuch; for that my name is Harcourt I do not reckon among the first favours of heaven.—But, ha, ha, ha! perhaps you thought I had no name at all by this time?—Faith, I put a pretty trick upon—Well, well, well!—You may retire till my lord is ready. [*To the Blacks, who go off*] I am a riddle, honest Grey! but now I am come to expound myself, and make thy fortune into the bargain. It is many a long day since I saw old England. But at last I am come home with a light heart and a heavy purse, design to fetch up my Cicely, give her and my money to the honestest fellow I can find, and grow old amid a rosy race of Britons, springing from a stem reared after my own fashion. There's news for you, my honest friend!

Grey. Alas! how little will he think I deserve his favour when he hears my account of her! And how can I shock a parent, with what too severely shocks even myself? [*Aside.*]

Gov. H. What, silent, man! ha, ha, ha!—I can't but laugh to think how foolish you looked at the second year's end, when no allowance came: but that was my own contrivance; all done on purpose, my good old soul! and now it will come in a lump; there's the whole difference.—Well, and so my dame made her a pattern of housewifery, hey?—'Od! I don't intend to touch another pickle or preserve that is not of my little Cicely's own doing;

and I'll build her a dairy, with every bowl and churn of silver!—Zounds, it shall be a finer sight than the Tower of London! and we'll set up dame Deborah's statue before it, like queen Anne's in St. Paul's Church-yard.—But why doesn't enjoy this discovery, man? Art afraid I shall take her from thee? Oh, never think of that; for thou shalt bless every pie she makes; ay, and taste it afterwards, old Pudding-sleeves!

Grey. Ah, sir!

[*Sighs.*]

Gov. H. Hey! Zounds! what dost mean? Sure my Cicely isn't dead?

Grey. No, not dead, sir.

Gov. H. She's very near it then, I suppose?

Grey. No, sir.

Gov. H. No, sir? Then what the devil do you mean, by alarming me thus with your "No, sirs," after all?

Grey. Alas! is there no greater evil?

Gov. H. None that I know of; but your whole fraternity are not more like ravens in colour than nose.—Come, let us know what this mighty evil is.

Grey. For years did she increase in goodness as in beauty; the charm of every young heart, and the sole comfort of those old ones, to whom heaven and men seemed to have consigned her for ever.

Gov. H. Well, well, I had a little bird told me all this.

Grey. About a twelvemonth ago, during a little absence of mine, a young man of fashion introduced himself into my house; and my wife being void of suspicion, and the dear girl uninstructed in the ways of this bad world—

Gov. H. The dog betrayed her!—And is this your care, you old—and that ignoramus, your wife?—Zounds! I am in such a fury! I want to know no more of her infamous conduct.—'Od! I am strangely tempted to have you strangled this moment, as a just reward for your negligence; and so bury the secret with you.

Grey. It is as effectually buried already, sir. I love the dear unhappy girl too well ever to tell her heaven gave her to such a father.

Gov. H. Yes, yes, you are better suited to the—I hope she pays for this severely!—You make her stand in a white sheet, to be pointed at by the whole village every Sunday, to be sure?¹⁾

Grey. Alas, sir! she put it out of my power even to forgive her.

Gov. H. Forgive her! forgive her, truly!

Grey. By flying immediately from her only friend.—Infirm and poor, I struggled with the joint evils till now; when, having collected enough to support me, I walked up in search of her. It was only yesterday I discovered her in a splendid coach, which I traced to her house.

Gov. H. A house? I shall run mad entirely!—A coach? Why, dare the little brazen-face pretend to elegance, when I took such pains to quench every spark of gentility in her?

Grey. In the neighbourhood I discovered the name of her seducer; and in seeking him, met with you.—Moderate your passion, sir.—

¹⁾ The punishment for young women who have given decided proofs of having made too free with the men.

Reflect! When age is frail, what can we expect in youth?—Shall man desert humanity?

Gov. H. So, so, so! Now I am to be tortured with your preaching.—I renounce the unworthy little slut. I have no friend—no daughter—no any thing.—'Od! I would sooner build an hospital for idiots, like Swift, and endow it with all my fortune, than bestow it on one who thus perverts reason.—Harkye, sir: forget the way to this house—forget you ever saw my face!—Would I had never seen yours!—For if you dare to send her whining to me, I'll torment you with every plague power, wealth, law, or even lawyers, can set in motion. By heaven, I abjure the audacious little wretch for ever! and will sooner return to India, and bury my gold with those from whom it was taken, than bestow a single shilling on her, when she loses her coach and her house.

Grey. [*Contemptuously*] And I will sooner want a shilling, than suffer her to waste her youth in a state which will render her age an insupportable burden. Fear not, sir, ever seeing her or me again; for the bosom which reared, will joyfully receive her, nor further embitter her remaining days with the knowledge she was born the equal of her undoer, and deprived herself of all those blessings heaven only hid, never denied her. [*Exit.*]

Gov. H. Who would have a daughter? Zounds! I am as hot as if I was in the black hole at Calcutta! If miss had only married a lout, from ignorance of her birth, I could have forgiven it; but her puppy being of fashion, the papers will get hold of it, and I shall be paragraphed into purgatory. Fools can turn wits on these occasions; and, "A certain governor and his daughter," will set the grinders in motion from Piccadilly to Aldgate. This insolent old fellow too! I need not wonder where she got her courage: not but I like his spirit. 'Od, I like it much; it proves his innocence. What the devil did I drive him away for? Here, dogs, run after that old man in black, and order him to return to me this moment.

Enter LORD GLENMORE.

Lord G. And now, brother, I am ready for you.

Gov. H. Yes; and now, brother, I have something else to mind; and my servants more-over—

[*Exit.*]

Lord G. What new whim can this troublesome mortal have taken into his head? [*A rapping at the Door*] I am not at home, remember. I have disposed of Woodville for a few hours upon pretence of business in the city, which will give me time to prosecute my scheme upon his lady.

Enter MISS MORTIMER, with CECILIA, in Mourning.

Miss M. Nay, as to that circumstance—Bless me, here's my lord!

[*Apart.*]

Cecil. My lord! Good heavens, I shall sink into the earth!

[*Apart.*]

Miss M. He can never guess at you: recover, my dear creature!

[*Apart.*]

Lord G. Is the lady indisposed, miss Mortimer?

Miss M. Yes, my lord; that is, no—I don't know what I am saying. She has been ill lately, and riding has a little overcome her, that's all.—Struggle to keep up, for heaven's sake and your own. [*Apart to Cecilia.*]

Cecil. Impossible!

[*Lord Glenmore draws a Hall Chair, in which she faints.*]

Lord G. Warner! drops and water, in a moment. How beautiful she is! her features are exquisitely fine.

Miss M. They are thought so, my lord.

Lord G. Her pulse returns; she revives.

Cecil. I beg your pardon, madam! My lord too! I am shocked to have occasioned so much trouble.

Miss M. Absurd to apologise for the infirmity of nature: my lord, I do assure you, was quite anxious—

Lord G. The man must surely have lost every sense who can see this lady, even when deprived of hers, without emotion: but to me the languor of illness had ever something peculiarly interesting.—I wonder who this elegant creature is! her hand seems to tremble strangely. [*Aside.*]

Cecil. Oh, madam!—

Miss M. Silence and recollection alone can secure you from suspicion; I confess I relied on his absence. [*Apart to Cecilia.*]

Re-enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT.

Goo. H. He won't return, hey? 'Od, I like the old Cambrian the better for it. I have fired his Welsh blood finely. Why, what a blockhead was I, not to go after him myself! Methinks I should like to know miss when I meet her in her coach too. Um! did he not tell me something of tracing the seducer into this house? [*Stands in amazement a Moment, then Whistles*] Woodville's mistress, by every thing contrary! 'Od, I shall seize the gipsy with redoubled satisfaction! But I must keep my own counsel, or my old beau of a brother will roast me to death on my system of education. Hey! who has he got there? [*Cecilia rises*] A pretty lass, faith! Ah, there is the very thing I admire! there is gentility, without the fantastical flourishes of fashion! just the very air I hoped my minx would have had. [*Lord Glenmore, having led off Cecilia, returns.*]

Lord G. I don't know how, but my inclination to this business is over. I think I'll let the matter alone at present.

Goo. H. The devil you will! why, by to-morrow, Woodville may have married her.

Lord G. D'y'e think so? well then, let's go.

Goo. H. And what d'y'e intend to do with her, pray?

Lord G. I won't trust this weathercock till all is safe. [*Aside*] I care not what becomes of her, so she is out of my way! send her to Bridewell perhaps.

Goo. H. To Bridewell, truly? No, that you shan't, neither. Bridewell, quotha! why, who knows but the fault may be all that young Rakehell, your son's?

Lord G. My son's, sir! let me tell you, I have not bred him in such a manner.

Goo. H. Oh, if breeding were any security—Zounds, I shall betray all by another word!

[*Aside.*]

Lord G. What now can have changed you? But you are more inconstant than our climate. Did you ever know one minute what you should think the next? However, to satisfy your scruples, I intend to dispatch her to a nunnery; and if that don't please you, e'en take charge of her yourself.

[*Exeunt together.*]

Fane. [*Comes forward*] Ha, ha, ha! why this would make a comedy! And so, of all birds in the air, his dignified lordship has pitched on me for the husband of the governor's daughter and his own niece! Well, if I can but go through with this, it will be admirable? Thank-ed by one for making my fortune, and safe from the anger of all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Woodville, sir, is just gone into the house you bade me watch. [*Exit.*]

Fane. The devil he is! why then I must consign my intended to him for one night more, and persuade my lord to delay our seizure till morning; for, to meet with him, would certainly produce an agreement of all parties, and a marriage which would never enrol my name in the family pedigree, or governor's will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*CECILIA'S Dressing-room. Candles burning, and her Clothes scattered.*

Enter WOODVILLE.

Wood. Thanks to that dear lawyer's lucky absence, I have a few happy hours, my love, to spend with thee. [*Looks at her Clothes*] Already retired? sure I have not left my key in the garden gate: no, here it is. [*Rings the Bell, and takes off his Sword; then throws himself into a Chair*] Nobody answer! I don't understand this. Perhaps I shall disturb her: I'll steal into her chamber. [*Goes off, and presently returns disordered*] Not there! her clothes too, the same she had on last! Oh, my heart misgives me! But where are all the servants? [*Rings very violently*] Bridget! Robert! Jacob!

Re-enter BRIDGET, with her Hat on.

Bridget, what's become of your lady?

Brid. Really, sir, I can't say; don't you know?

Wood. If I did I shouldn't have asked you.

Brid. [*After a little Pause*] Why sure, sir, my lady has not run away; and yet something runs in my head as if she had. I thought that spark came for no good to-day.

Wood. What spark, girl?

Brid. Why, just after you went away comes a young man, a monstrous genteel one, and very handsome too, I must needs say; with fine dark eyes, and a fresh colour.

Wood. Damn his colour! tell me his business.

Brid. So he axed¹⁾ for my lady, and would not tell me what he wanted: I came with her however; but she no sooner set eyes on him than she sent me out; which argued no good, you'll say; and before I could possibly come back, though I ran as fast as ever my legs could carry me, he was gone, and she

¹⁾ Asked.

writing, and crying for dear life; but that was no news, so I did not mind it: and when she gave me leave to go to the play, thought no more harm than the child unborn.

Wood. It must be a scheme beyond all doubt, and I am the dupe of a dissembling, ungrateful—Oh, Cecilia!

[*Throws himself in a Chair.*]

Brid. [*Softening her Voice, and setting her Dress*] If I was as you, sir, I would not fret about her; there is not a lady in the land would slight a gentleman so handsome and sweet tempered: I scorn to flatter, for my part. Inferials²⁾ mustn't direct their betters; but had I been in my lady's place, a king upon this throne would not have tempted me. Handsome him that handsome does, say I; and I am sure you did handsome by her; for if she could have eat gold, she might have had it.—He might take some notice truly.

[*Aside.*]

Wood. Where was she writing? [*Starting up.*]

Brid. In the little drawing-room, sir. [*Exit Woodville*] This ridiculous love turns people's brains, I think. I am sure I said enough to open his eyes, but may be I don't look so handsome, because I am not so fine. Hey! a thought strikes me: my lady is gone, that's plain; back she will not come is as plain. [*Gathers together Cecilia's elegant Clothes*] I'll put on these, and he'll think she gave 'em to me: then he may find out I am as pretty as she; if not—he and I are of very different opinions. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter WOODVILLE, more disordered.

Wood. Cruel, ungrateful, barbarous girl! to forsake me in the very moment I was resolving to sacrifice every thing to her! But 'tis just: first dupes to the arts of man, the pupil soon knows how to foil him at his own weapons. Perhaps the discovery is fortunate. In a short time I must have borne the whole disgrace of her ill conduct, and my father's resentment had the bitterest aggravation. But is she indeed gone? and will continual to-morrows come, without one hope to render them welcome?

Enter JACOB.

Villain! where's your lady?

Jacob. 'Las a deazy, how can I tell, zur?

Wood. Where are all your fellows?

Jacob. Abroad, making holiday.

Wood. When did you go out? who gave you leave?

Jacob. My lady, her own self; and I'll tell you how 'twere. Arter dinner I geed her a noate; and when she had red un, she axed me if zo he as how I had ever zeed the lions? Zoa I told her noa; nor no mour I never did. Zoa she geed me half a crown, and bid me goa and make myself happy. I thought it ware desperate koin'd of her; zoa I went and zeed the huge creturs; and arter, only stopp'd a bit to peap at the moniment, and hay my fortin tuold by con'jrer in the Old Bailey; and aw zaid—

Wood. What the devil does it signify to me what he said? Harkye, sir, I see in your face you know more of your mistress.

²⁾ Inferiors.

Jacob. Dang it then my feace do lye bugely. *Wood.* Tell me the whole truth, villain! or I'll stab you to the heart this instant.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Jacob. [*Kneels*] I wull, zur, indeed I wull; don't ye terrify me zoa! I do forget every thing in the whole world.

Wood. Be sincere, and depend upon my rewarding you.

Jacob. Why, I wish I meay die this mau-ment, if con'jrer did not zey I should lose my plesce! nay, aw do verily think aw zaid zomething o'my being put in fear o'my loife. Loard knaws, I little thought how zoon his words would come to pass.

Wood. Will you dally?

Jacob. Zoa, as I zaid, zur, when I com'd huome again, I found all the duors aupen, and not a soul to be zeed.

Wood. This fellow can never mean to impose on me, and I must think it a planned affair. [*Aside*] While I was in the country, Jacob, did your mistress see much company?

Jacob. Cuompany; noa, not to speak an—not gentlewomen.

Wood. Gentlewomen, blockhead! why had she any male visitors?

Jacob. Anan!

Wood. I must brain thee at last, booby! Did any men come to see her then?

Jacob. Oh yes, zur, yes—two gentlemen com'd almost every deay.

Wood. How? two gentlemen! I shall run distracted! Young and handsome?

Jacob. Not auver young, zur, nor auver handsome; but drest muortal foine.

Wood. So they came almost ev'ry day? Very pretty indeed, miss Cecilia! Was you never called up while they staid? Did they come together, or alone?

Jacob. Aloane.

Wood. I thought as much; yes, I thought as much. But were you never called up, Jacob?

Jacob. Yes, zur, when one aw um ware here one deay, I ware caal'd up for something or other.

Wood. Well! why don't you go on? I am on the rack!

Jacob. Don't ye look so muortal angry, then!

Wood. Well, well, I won't, my good fellow! There's money for thy honesty.

Jacob. Well; there aw ware—

Wood. Speak out freely, you can tell me nothing worse than I imagine; you won't shock me in the least; not at all.

Jacob. Well; theare aw ware playeing on that theare music-thing like a coffin¹⁾, and madam ware a zinging to un like any black-hird.

Wood. A music master! Is that all, booby?

[*Pushes him down.*]

Jacob. Yes; but t'other, zur.

Wood. Ay, I had forgot; what of him, good Jacob? what of him?

Jacob. I ware never caalled up while aw steay'd; zoa (I can't but zey I had a curiosity to knaw what brought he here) one deay I peaped through the keayhoole, and zeed un—[*Titters*]—I shull ne'er forget.

¹⁾ The pianoforte.

Wood. Tell me this instant, or I shall burst with rage and suspense.

Jacob. Screaping on a leetle viddle, no bigger than my hond; while madam ware a huolding out her quoats, and danzing all round the room, zoa.

[*Mimicks a Minuet awkwardly.*]

Wood. Why, I believe the impudent bumpkin dares to jest with my misery! and yet I have no other avenue; for the rest I fear are knaves, and he seems only a fool. [*Aside*] And are these all that came, Jacob?

Jacob. Noa, there ware one moare, zur; a leetle mon in a black quoot; but aw only cuom'd now and tan.

Wood. A disguise, no doubt! Yes, yes, they were artful enough! [*Aside.*]

Jacob. And zoa, arter he'd done wi' my leady, aw did zhut hiz zelf up wi' Bridget; and zoa I ax'd her all about un, and zhe zaid az how aw coom'd to teeach madam to turn themmin great round balls, all bleue, and red, and yaller¹⁾, that do stond by the books, and larned zhe to wroite.

Wood. Yes, yes, Mrs. Bridget was in all her secrets, I don't doubt. If that fellow in black comes here again, keep him, if you value your life, and send for me. I know not what to do or think, and must renew my search, though hopeless of success. [*Exit.*]

Jacob. Dang it! but he's in a desperate teaking! Rabbit me, but I ware muertally afear'd aw un too, for aw flurish'd hiz zword az yeazy az I could a cudgel! I do think conjurer moight as well ha' tould me madam would ha' run away, while aw ware about it, and then I moight ha' run'd away first. [*Exit.*]

Enter GREY.

Grey. At length I have gained entrance into this house of shame, which now, alas! contains my darling Cecilia; plunged in vice, and lost to every sentiment, I spent so many anxious years in implanting. This does not seem to be the abode of pleasure, nor have I met a single being.

Enter WOODVILLE behind, sees GREY, and drawing his sword, flies at and seizes him.

Wood. Ha! a man! and in black as Jacob said. Villain, this moment is your last.

Grey. [*Turning suddenly upon him*] Yes, young seducer, add to the daughter's ruin the father's murder! Stab my heart, as you already have my happiness!

Wood. Alas! was this her visitor? I dare not speak to him!

Grey. Embosomed by affluence, exalted by title, peace still shall be far from thy heart; for thou, with the worst kind of avarice, hast, by specious pretences, wrested from poverty its last dear possession—virtue.

Wood. Pierced to the soul as I am by your reproaches, I dare appeal to Cecilia herself for a testimony of my contrition! How shall I convince you?

Grey. Hardly by a life of repentance. But I debase myself to exchange a word with you. Give me back my Cecilia! Ruined as

she is, I yet would recover her! Give her back then to a father you first taught her to fear, and an habitation too humble for any but the good to be happy in.

Wood. Alas, sir! can you trifle with my misery? Do you give her back to the wretch who cannot survive her loss! Let me owe her hand to your bounty, though her heart to her own! Did you know what this elopement of hers has cost me—

Grey. Oh! most accomplished villain! but think not to dupe me too!

Wood. Who but you can have robbed me of her since morning?

Grey. Shallow artifice!

Wood. Hear me, sir! and even believe me, when I solemnly swear I have deeply repented my crime, and offered her all the reparation in my power; but since then—

Grey. What since then?

Wood. Either by your means or some other, she has fled!

Grey. Impossible!

Wood. 'Tis too true, by heaven!

Grey. Perhaps while you are thus ingeniously deluding me, she indeed flies. Study some other deception, while I examine the whole house, for nothing else can convince me. [*Exit.*]

Wood. Surely this injured venerable man was sent by heaven to complete my misfortunes! My passions subside, but only into a vague horror and despondency, even more dreadful! If with rash hand she has shortened her days, what remain of mine will be, indeed, all her father predicts! [*Walks by the Toilette*] Ha, a letter!

Re-enter GREY.

Grey. A total loneliness in the house!

Wood. Now, sir, be convinced. I have just found a letter from her.

Grey. This cannot be the invention of a moment. [*Aside*] Let me read it; it is indeed her hand. [*Opens and reads it*] *Receive this as my last farewell. Providence has unexpectedly sent me a friend, whose protection I dare accept; and time may perhaps subdue a passion which seems interwoven with my being. Forget me, I entreat; and seek that happiness with another, I can never hope to bestow or partake. Consoled only by reflecting, that the grief my error occasions, is inferior to that I should have felt, had I, by an ungenerous use of my power, made you, in turn, my victim. Once more, adieu! All search will certainly be fruitless.—P. S. In the cabinet you will find your valuable presents; and the key is in a dressing-box.* [*Woodville snatches the Letter, and bursts into Tears*] Cecilia! I may say, with tears of joy, thou art indeed my daughter! more dear, if possible, than ever! A daughter monarchs might contend for, though thy weak father abjures thee! May the friend you have found have a heart but like your own! For you, young man! but I leave you to your anguish; the loss of such a woman is a sufficient punishment.

Wood. Stay, sir! [*Rises*] by your holy profession, I conjure you, stay! Plunge me

¹⁾ Blue, red, and yellow balls, meaning the globes; a teacher of geography, and writing.

not into total despair! Though without a clue to her asylum, I would fain believe my heart will lead me to it; and let me then hope you will bestow her on me.

Grey. There is a something in your manner, young gentleman, that affects me. I have been young, wild, and extravagant myself; and what is more strange, have not forgot I was so: my own experience proves reformation possible; act up to her, and atone your error.

Wood. I will endeavour it, sir! and oh, could those who yet but waver, know what has passed in my heart during the last hour, who would dare to deviate? *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CECILIA'S House.

BRIDGET discovered, dressed in CECILIA'S Clothes, mixed with every thing vulgar and tawdry.

Brid. So—I am ready against our gentleman comes. Deuce on him to run away last night, the moment I was dressed, and with an infernal fellow too! Lard, how can people of quality demean themselves by keeping company with infernals? However, one thing I am sure of, he's too much on the fidgets to stay long away from our house; and in the mean while I can entertain myself extremely well. *[Sits down to the Toilette.]*

Jacob. *[Without.]* I tell ye, my lady's not at home.

Gov. H. *[Without.]* I tell you, I won't take your word for it; so come, my lord, and see.

Brid. Hey-day, my lord! What's the news now, I wonder?

Enter LORD GLENMORE and GOVERNOR HARCOURT; both stop short.

Gov. H. Oh, I thought madam had learned enough of the ton to lie by proxy!

Brid. Dear heart! I am all of a twitteration!

Lord G. The vulgarity of the wench is astonishing! *[Apart.]*

Gov. H. Um, why, a little gawky or so, there's no denying it. Here's a pretty discovery, now, after all my projects! Thank fortune, the secret is yet my own, though. *[Aside.]*

Lord G. *[Advancing to her]* I ought to beg your excuse, madam, for so abrupt an intrusion; but the opportunity, and so fair a temptation, will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology.

Brid. He takes me for my lady, that's a sure thing! oh, this is charming! *[Aside.]* You need not make no 'pologys, my lord; infernals never knows how to suspect people of quality; but I understands good breeding better.

Lord G. Why, what a barn-door mawkin it is! *[Aside.]* Your politeness, madam, can only be equalled by your beauty!

Brid. Dear heart, my lord, you flatter me! Won't you please to sit?

[Waits affectedly till they consent to seat themselves.]

Lord G. Surely by using my title, she knows me! *[Apart.]*

Gov. H. Zounds! I have a great mind to make her know me! 'Od! I shall never be able to contain! *[Apart.]*

Lord G. I was afraid, madam, I should prove an unwelcome guest—but beauty like yours—

Brid. Does your lordship think I so very handsome then? Lord, how lucky was my dressing myself! *[Aside.]*

Lord G. Affected idiot! *[Aside.]* I was afraid, madam, too of meeting Woodville here. I know not what to say to her. *[Aside.]*

Brid. He has not been here this morning; but, if he had, he knows better than to arter my company, I do assure you, my—lordship.

Lord G. I have been told he intends marrying you; what a pity to monopolize such merit!

Brid. If he has any such kind intention, 'tis more than I knows of, I assure you.

Lord G. His keeping that wise resolution from you, is some little comfort however. *[Aside.]*

Brid. But I promise ye, I shall make a rare person of quality; for I loves cards, coaches, dancing, and dress, to my very heart—nothing in the world better—but blindman's-buff. I had some thoughts of taking a trip to Sadler's Wells or Fox Hall, but they don't begin till five o'clock.

Gov. H. Ha, ha! though she can hardly spell out the ten commandments, she could break every one with as much ease and impudence as if she had been bred in the circle of St. James's. *[Aside.]*

Lord G. But, madam—

Brid. My lord!

Lord G. You know, allowing Woodville willing to marry you, it is not in his power while his father lives, without forfeiting his fortune; the value of which you doubtless understand?

Brid. Oh, yes, yes, for sartain, my lord.

Lord G. Who knows too how far an incensed parent my carry his resentment? He might find means to entrap and punish you.

Brid. Ha, ha, ha! he entrap me! that would be a good jest! No, no, I have more of the lady of quality than to be so easily caught.

Gov. H. *[Mimicking]* He, he, he! that is the only particular in which you have nothing at all of the lady of quality.

Lord G. With me you may share a higher rank and larger fortune without those fears. I am of an age—

Brid. Yes, one may see that without being a conjurer. *[Aside.]* Why, will you marry me, my lord?

Lord G. Convince me that you don't love this Woodville, and I know not how far my passion may carry me.

Brid. Love him! Do you think I knows no more of high life than that comes to? To be sure, he is a sweet pretty man, and all that—but as to love, I loves nobody half so well as myself!

Lord G. Upon my soul I believe you, and wish he had the whole benefit of the declaration. Her ingratitude is as shocking as her ignorance, and Bridewell too gentle a punishment. *[Apart to Gov. H.]*

Gov. H. Then build a Bridewell large enough to contain the whole sex; for the only difference between her and the rest is—this country mawkin tells what the town-bred misses conceal.

Lord G. Why, governor, you are as testy as if you had the care of her education.

Gov. H. I the care? Zounds, what I say is merely from friendship to your lordship. I hate to see you deceive yourself. *[Apart]* Surely he can never suspect!

[Aside. Bridget is employed in cramming Trinkets from the Dressing-table into her Pockets.]

Brid. Now I am ready to go, my lord.

Gov. H. *[Roughly snatching her other Hand]* To where you little dream of, you vain, affected, presuming, ignorant baggage.

Brid. Hey-day! my lord!

Lord G. Appeal not to me, base woman! Know I am the father of that poor dupe, Woodville.

Brid. Dear heart! be ye indeed? what will become of me then?

Lord G. And as a moderate punishment for your hypocrisy, ambition, and ingratitude, sentence you to be shut up for life in a monastery.

Brid. O Lord! among monsters!

Gov. H. No, ignoramus! No, among nuns; though they are but monsters in human nature either.

Brid. What, where they'll cut off my hair, and make me wear sackcloth next my skin?

Gov. H. Yes, if they leave you any skin at all.

Brid. Oh dear, dear, dear! *[Sobs and groans]* Upon my bended knees, I do beg you won't send me there! Why, I shall go melancholy; I shall make away with myself for sartain, and my ghost will appear to you all in white.

Gov. H. All in black, I rather think; for the devil a speck of white is there in your whole composition.

Lord G. Your conduct, wretch, justifies a severer sentence. To seduce him from his duty was crime enough.

Brid. Who, I seduce him? I did not, my lord; indeed I did not.

Lord G. Have you not owned—

Brid. No, indeed, no; that I wished to take my lady's place, I believe I did own.

Gov. H. Ha, ha, ha! Your lady! Ha, ha, ha!

Lord G. Shallow subterfuge!

Enter VANE, with Slaves.

Vane, is all ready?—Seize this woman, and observe my orders.

Brid. Ah, dear heart! I shall die away, if the blacks do but touch me.—Indeed you do mistake; I be no lady; I be only Bridget.

Gov. H. I would give ten thousand pounds that you were only Bridget, you artful puss! Take her away, however; and let us try how miss likes riding out in her own coach.

[Vane and the Slaves seize her; she screams out and catches Lord Glenmore's Coat, falling on her knees.]

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Why, what a dickens be ye all at

here? Zoa, what's my leady theare?

Lord G. See there now! Oh, the artful Jezebel!

Brid. Oh, Jacob! why, don't ye see I am Bridget?—Pray satisfy my lord here.

Jacob. Why, be ye Bridget?—Never trust me else!

Gov. H. Here's a fool of t'other sex now can hardly take a hint though so plainly given him!—Thanks to the natural difference; for art is nature in woman.

[Lord Glenmore draws him aside.]

Jacob. Auh, Bridget, Bridget! where didst thee get theesum soin claws? Noa, noa, as theest brew'd, thee meay'st beake.

Brid. Oh, do you take pity on me! Why, they be going to carry me to some outlandish place, and make a nunnery of me!

Jacob. A nunnery? what's that? any thing Christin?¹⁾ Well, if I do spake to um, will ye ha'e me?

Brid. O, yes, yes, yes!

Lord G. Brother, I shall leave you to the completion of this affair; I am sick to the soul of the gawky. *[Exit.]*

Gov. H. Yes, yes, I don't doubt it, I don't doubt it.—Will you take her or no? *[To Vane]* I shall never be able to stifle my agitation, and burst with rage if I show it.

Jacob. VWhy, zure, zure, ye won't carr' away our Bridget?

Vane. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. M. Oh, she has beat her meaning into thy thick skull at last!—Pr'ythee keep thy blockhead out of my way, if thou mean'st to keep it on thy own shoulders.

Jacob. Why, he ye in arnest then? Dear heart alive! why, this is cousin Bridget!

Brid. Only send for Mr. Woodville.

Gov. H. Prettily devised again! Ha, ha, ha!—Dost think, my little dear, we have lived three times as long as your ladyship to learn a quarter as much?—Send for Mr. Woodville, hey?—No, no, you won't find us quite so simple.

Jacob. Oh, doan't ye doan't ye carr' off she; or if ye wull, do pray take I.

Vane. Yes, you would be a choice piece of lumber, truly.

Gov. H. Drag her away this moment.

Brid. Oh dear, oh dear! to be hanged at last for another's crime is all that vexes me.

[They carry her off; Governor Harcourt follows.]

SCENE II.—MISS MORTIMER'S Apartment.

Enter CECILIA, and sits down to Embroidery.

Cecil. How fond, how weak, how ungrateful are our hearts! Mine still will presumptuously fancy this house its home, and ally itself to every one to whom Woodville is dear.

Enter LORD GLENMORE.

O heavens, my lord!—How unlucky!—If I go, he may find the captain with miss Mortimer.

[Aside.]

Lord G. You see, madam, you have only to retire, to engage us to pursue you even to rudeness.—But tell me, can it be your own choice to punish us so far as to prefer solitude to our society?

¹⁾ Christian.

Cecil. I know myself too well, my lord, to receive distinctions of which I am unworthy; yet think not, therefore, I fail in respect.

Lord G. But is that charming bosom susceptible of nothing beyond respect? Why is it capable of inspiring a passion it cannot participate?

Cecil. Your goodness, my lord—my profound veneration will always attend you. But the more generously you are inclined to forget what is due to yourself, the more strongly it is impressed on my memory.

Lord G. Were what you say true, the bounties of nature alone amply to you for the parsimony of fortune; nor would your want of every other advantage lessen your merit, or my sense of it.

Cecil. Had he thought thus a few months since, how happy had I now been! [*Aside*] Your approbation at once flatters and serves me, by justifying miss Mortimer's protection of me.

Lord G. Her partiality for you does her more honour than it can ever do you advantage. But you must tell me how she gained first the happiness of knowing you.

Cecil. My—my lord, by a misfortune so touching—

Lord G. Nay, I would not distress you neither; yet I own, madam, I wish to make a proposal worth a serious answer; but ought first to know why you affect a mystery? Tell me then, my dear, every incident of your life, and I will raise you to a title, I may without vanity say, many have aspired to!

Cecil. You oppress my very soul, my lord!—But, alas! unconquerable obstacles deprive me for ever of that title. Neither would I obtain it by alienating such a son from such a father.

Lord G. Put him entirely out of the question; the meanness of his conduct acquits me to myself. Do you know, madam, he has resolved to marry a creature of low birth, illiterate, vulgar, and impudent? And, to complete her perfections, she has been his mistress at least.

Cecil. Surely he knows, and purposely shocks me thus. [*Aside*]

Lord G. But your integrity doesn't render you less amiable in my eyes; it greatly enhances every other merit. As to his wretch, I have her in my power, and shall make her dearly repent.

Cecil. Then I am lost indeed! [*Aside*] You have, my lord, though I know not how, discovered—

Lord G. [*Rises, and takes Snuff, without looking at her*] Oh, nothing more easy, madam; I had him carefully traced to her house, and, during his absence, took servants and forced her away.

Cecil. That, however, cannot be me.—Every word seems to add to a mystery I dare not inquire into. [*Aside*] Deprived of the weak, the guilty, the miserable wretch you justly condemn, a little time will no doubt incline him to his duty.

Lord G. I will confess I resent his misconduct the more, as I ever treated him with friendship as well as tenderness: to presume to insult me, by introducing into a family like

mine the creature of his pleasures; a wretch, only distinguished by his folly and her own infamy—But can you, who so powerfully plead the cause of another, be deaf to the sighs of a man who adores you, who offers you a rank—

Cecil. Be satisfied, my lord, with knowing I have all that esteem your merit claims, which influences me beyond every casual advantage.

Lord G. But, madam—

Cecil. Alas, my lord! [*Bursts into Tears*] Be silent, if possible, both pride and virtue. I have deserved, and will submit to it; yet surely the bitterness of this moment expiates all past offences. [*Exit*]

Lord G. Amiable creature! what an amazing elegance of mind and person! Tears were her only answers to my questions, and blushes to my looks; yet these only heighten a curiosity they have softened into love. [*Exit*]

SCENE III.—WOODVILLE'S Apartment.

Enter WOODVILLE.

Wood. No intelligence of my Cecilia yet! Were I only assured of her safety, it would be some consolation.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Zur, zur! I do meake so bowld as to ax to spake to you.

Wood. Jacob, my honest fellow, the very sight of thee revives my hopes, and sets my heart in motion!—Well, what's the news?

Jacob. Zurprising news indeed, zur!—Loord! I thought I should never meat wi' ye; I com'd to your lodgings twice, and ye warn't up.

Wood. Up! 'Sdeath, you ignorant booby! why didn't you order them to rouse me that moment?

Jacob. Loord, zur! why your gentlemen (as they do caal un) ware so terrable foine, I ware afeard of affronting un.

Wood. Plague on the stupidity of both, say I!—But what's all this to the purpose? The news! the news!

Jacob. Las-a-deazy! muortal bad news indeed!

Wood. You tedious blockhead! is your lady returned?

Jacob. Noa, zur.

[*Shakes his Head very mournfully.*]

Wood. The horrid forebodings of my heart recur; yet surely she could not be so desperate!—Shocking as the suspense is, I more dread the certainty. [*Aside*] Speak, however, my good fellow! [*Jacob wipes his Eyes*] I shall ever value your sensibility. Tell me then the simple truth, whatever it may be.

Jacob. I wull, zur, I wull.—There has comed two foine gentlemen, wi' swords by their sides, just for all the world like youn.

Wood. Well, and what did these gentlemen say?

Jacob. VVhy, they went up stears, willy-nilly, and carr'd off—our Bridget.

[*Bursts out a crying.*]

Wood. You impudent, ignorant clown! I'll give you cause for your tears. [*Shakes him.*]

Jacob. Loord! Loord! do ye ha' a little Cristin commiseration!—VVell, if ever I do cuome nigh ye again, I do wish ye may break every buone in my zkin.

Wood. [*Walks about in a Rage*] To in-

sult me with your own paltry love affairs!—These great and mighty gentlemen were only constables, I dare swear, and your fears converted their staves to swords.

Jacob. Ay, but that an't the worst neither. I do verily think my turn wull cuome next—can't sleep in my bed for thinking on't, nor enjoy a meal's meat—zo, except you do bring your sword, and cuome and live in our bouze, I wull guo out on't, that's a zure thing; for I had rather scare craws at a graat ¹⁾ a deay all my loife long, than 'bide there to be so terrified.

Wood. Scare craws truly! why, the craws will scare you, ye hen-hearted puppy!—There, teake that, [*Gives him Money*] and guo home, or to the devil, so you never fall in my way again.

Jacob. Zome fault that I do know, wull see the black gentleman first, 'tis my belief; soa I had best keep out o'his way too. [*Exit.*]

Enter CAPTAIN HARCOURT.

Capt. H. Woodville, what's the matter? Why, you will raise the neighbourhood.

Re-enter JACOB.

Jacob. Here's a peaper housemaid do zend you, wi' her humble duty; but if zo be it do put you in another desperate teaking, I do huope ye wull zend for zhe to beat, and not I.—Loord! Loord! what wull becuome of me in this woide world of London! [*Exit.*]

Capt. H. Ha, ha, ha! he is a choice fellow!

Wood. A heart oppressed with its own feelings fears every thing. I have hardly courage to open a letter without an address.

Capt. H. Come, come, give it me then.—Hey, what!—Confusion! Was ever any thing so unlucky? [*Attempts to tear it.*]

Wood. Ha! it is important then.

[*Snatches it from him.*]

Capt. H. Why will you invent torments for yourself?—My own letter, by every thing careless!—Here's a stroke!

[*Aside.*]

Wood. [*Reads in a broken Voice and Manner*] Woodville on the brink of marriage—you will be disengaged—A nobleman—Damnation!—Heart and fortune at her feet.—I'll let his soul out there. Hell and furies! but I will find him, if money—Never will I close my eyes till—Oh, Cecilia!

[*Throws himself into a Seat.*]

Capt. H. This is the most unforeseen—I know not what to say to him. [*Aside*] Pr'ythee, Woodville, do not sacrifice so many reasonable presumptions in her favour, to a paper that may be a forgery for aught you know.

Wood. Oh, Charles, that I could think so! but I have seen the villain's execrable hand somewhere! Did you never see the hand?

Har. Um, I can't but own I have.—What the devil shall I say to him? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT.

Gov. H. Woodville, my dear boy, I am come to have a little talk with thee. Charles, don't run away; you are in all your cousin's secrets.

Wood. What should possess this tiresome

mortal to come here? [*Aside*] I should have waited on you in half an hour, sir.

Gov. H. Ay, and that's what I wanted to avoid. The more I talk to your father, Frank, the more I find him fixed on the match with his miss Mortimer: nay, he tells me he will have you married this very day.

Wood. That's mighty probable, in the humour I am in.

Gov. H. Ah, Frank, the girl I offer thee—

Wood. Is no more agreeable to me than her you despise.

Gov. H. How do you know that, pepper-corn? how do you know that? 'Od, I could tell you—

Wood. And to tell you my full mind, sir, I had rather make myself miserable to gratify my father than any other man.

Gov. H. 'Od, thou art so obstinate, boy, I can't help loving thee.—I don't see why I am obliged to know his miss is my daughter: I have a great mind to own what we have done with her; and, if he will marry, e'en take care nobody hinders him; then trump up a farce about forgiving them; and yet it goes against my conscience to punish the puppy for life, though he has punished me pretty sufficiently, by the lord Harry. [*Aside.*]

Capt. H. I don't like this affair at all, and tremble for my Soppia, when I see this odd soul so inveterate against her. [*Aside.*]

Gov. H. VVell, my lad, do you know I am as deep in all your secrets as your favourite valet de chambre? [*To Woodville.*]

Wood. I don't understand you, sir.

Gov. H. Pho, pho, pho! keep that face till I show thee one as solemn as my lord's. Why should not you please yourself, and marry your miss, instead of your father's?

Wood. *Capt. H.* Astonishing!

Gov. H. 'Od, if you turn out the honest fellow I take you for, I know a pretty round sum, an onion and a black coat ¹⁾ may one day or other entitle you to; so never mind lord Gravity's resentment.

Wood. I act from better motives, sir, and were unworthy your wealth, could it tempt me to disobey the best of fathers.

Gov. H. Why then marry miss Mortimer, and oblige him; take a back seat in your own coach, get a family of pale-faced brats, born with ostrich feathers on their heads, and hate away a long life with all due decorum. Zounds, here's a fellow more whimsical than—even myself. Yesterday you would have the puss, spite of every body; but, you no sooner find it in your power to oblige your best friend, by humouring your inclinations, than, lo, you are taken with a most violent fit of duty and submission! 'Od, you don't know what you have lost by it! But, since you are bent on crossing me, I'll cross you, and once for all too. My secret shall henceforth be as impenetrable as the philosopher's stone. Ay, stare as you please, I'll give you more years than you have seen days to guess it in. [*Exit.*]

Capt. H. What this uncle of ours can mean is quite beyond my guess.

Wood. What signifies seeking to expound

¹⁾ I would rather scare crows at a graat (four pence) a-day.

¹⁾ A black coat for mourning, and an onion in your handkerchief to make the water come into your eyes at my funeral.

by reason actions in which it had no share? his brain is indubitably touched. But Cecilia lies heavy on my heart, and excludes every other thought.

Capt. H. Time may explain the secret of that letter, which, I will lay my life, she despises: a woman who did not, would have kept it from your hands.

Wood. That's true, indeed! If I wrong her, and this was but an insult, there is a noble sincerity in her own letter which sets suspicion at defiance. If he stumbled on one word of truth during this visit, the crisis of my fate approaches. Oh, wherever thou art, if the exalted being I will still hope my Cecilia, thou shalt know I have at least deserved thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A mean Room; Boots, Bridles, etc. hanging all round.*

BRIDGET discovered sitting very mournfully, her fine Clothes in great Disorder; a Table by her, with a small Roll, a Glass of Water, an old dog's-eared Book, and a bit of a Looking-glass.

Brid. Dear heart! dear heart! what a miserable time have I passed! and where I be to pass my whole life, my lord here only knows. I have not much stomach indeed; neither have I much breakfast.

[*Eats a bit of Bread, and bursts into Tears.*]

Enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT.

Gov. H. Had I more sins to answer for than a college of Jesuits, I surely expiate them all, by going through a purgatory in this life beyond what they have invented for the other. This vulgar maux of mine haunts my imagination in every shape but that I hoped to see her in; I dare hardly trust myself to speak to her. 'Od, I would not have the extirpation of the whole female sex depend upon my casting vote while I am in this humour.

Brid. Mercy on me; here's that cross old gentleman again! What will become of me? [*Aside*] Do pray, strange sir, be so generous as to tell me what is next to be done with me?

Gov. H. Why, just whatever I please, you audacious baggage.—'Od, now I think on't, I have a great mind to try a few soft words, and dive into all the secrets of the little ignominium. [*Aside*] Come, suppose I had a mind to grant you your freedom, how would you requite me?

Brid. Dear heart, why I'd love you for ever and ever.

Gov. H. Zounds, that's a favour I could very readily dispense with; and yet 'tis natural to the poor wench. Ah, if thou hadst been a good girl, thou hadst been a happy one. Hark ye, miss! confess all your sins; that's the only way to escape, I promise you; and if you conceal the least, I'll—do—I don't know what I'll do to you.

Brid. I will, I will, sir, indeed, as I hope to be married.

Gov. H. Married, you slut! Bad as that is, it's too good for you.—Come, tell me all your adventures.—Describe the behaviour of the young villain who seduced you.—Where did you see him first?

Brid. Ugh, ugh—at church, sir.

Gov. H. At church, quotha! A pretty place to commence an intrigue in!—And how long was it before you came to this admirable agreement?

Brid. Um,—why, Sunday was Midsummer-eve, and Sunday after was madam's wedding-day, and Monday was our fair, and—

Gov. H. Oh, curse your long histories!—And what then said Woodville?

Brid. Oh Lord, nothing at all; why, it warn't he.

Gov. H. Ho! VWho, who, who? Tell me that, and quite distract me!

[*Ready to burst with Passion.*]

Brid. Timothy Hobbs, squire's gardener.

Gov. H. An absolute clown! [*Walks about, half groaning with rage and disappointment.*] VWho, oh, who would be a father?—I could laugh—cry—die—with shame and anger!—Since the man who corrupted left her only one virtue, would he had deprived her of that too! Oh, that she had but skill enough to lie well!

Brid. Whether I can or no, I'll never speak truth again, that's a sure thing. VWhat do I get by it, or any poor souls of the female kind? [*Aside.*]

Gov. H. I am incapable of thinking.—Every plan, every resource thus overturned. I must be wiser than all the world; this fool's head of mine must take to teaching truly! as if I could eradicate the stamp of nature, or regulate the senses, by any thing but reason.—Don't pipe, baggage, to me! You all can do that, when too late. VWhen I have considered whether I shall hang myself or not, I'll let you know whether I shall tuck you up along with me, you little wretch you! [*Exit.*]

Brid. VWell, sure I have at last guessed where I am shut up! It must be Bedlam; for the old gentleman is out of his mind, that's a sure thing.

Enter VANE.

Vane. Ha, ha, ha! my future father-in-law seems to have got a quietus of my intended; and, faith, so would any man who was not in love with a certain forty thousand. To be sure, in plain English, she is a glorious maw-kin! [*Aside*] VWell, madam, how are you pleased with your present mode of living?

Brid. Living, do you call it? I think 'tis only starving. VWhy, I shall eat my way through the walls very shortly.

Vane. Faith, miss, they use you but so so, that's the truth on't: and I must repeat, even to your face, what I said to my lord, that your youth, beauty, and accomplishments, deserve a better fate.

Brid. Dear heart! Bedlam, did I say I was in? VWhy, I never knew a more sensibler, genteeler, prettier sort of a man in my life. [*Aside*] I am sure, sir, if I was to study seven years, I should never know what I have done to discommode them, not I.

Vane. O Lord, my dear! only what is done every day by half your sex without punishment; however, you are to suffer for all it seems. You see your fare for life! a dungeon, coarse rags, and the same handsome allowance of bread and water twice a day.

Brid. Oh, dear me! why I shall be an otony in a week.

Vane. And an old black to guard you, more sulky and hideous than those in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Brid. Why, sure they will let you come and see me, sir? I shall certainly swoond away every time I look at that nasty old black.

Vane. This is the last time your dungeon (which your presence renders a palace to me) will ever be open to one visitor—unless—unless—I could contrive—but no, it would be my ruin: yet who wouldn't venture something for such a charming creature? you could endanger even ruin. Tell me then what reward you would bestow on a man who ventured all to give you freedom?

Brid. Nay, I don't know; you're such a dear sweet soul, I shan't stand with you for a trifle.

Vane. Ahey! miss will be as much too complying in a minute. [*Aside*] Well then, my dear! I must marry you, or you will still be in the power of your enemies.

Brid. Hey! what? do I hear rightly? marry me? Why, this will be the luckiest day's work I ever did! [*Aside*] Nay, sir, if you should be so generous, I hope I shall live to make you amends.

Vane. The only amends you can make me is by dying. [*Aside*] And now, my dear! I will own to you I have the license in my pocket; and my lord as eager as myself. Our chaplain will do us the favour with more expedition than he says grace before meat! Well done, Vane! 'egad, thy lucky star predominates!

[*Aside. Takes her Arm.*
Brid. Surely my locking up does end very comical. [*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*

SCENE II.—The Drawing-room.

Enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT, musing.

Gov. H. I have lived fifty-eight years, five months, and certain odd days, to find out I am a fool at last; but I will live as many more, before I add the discovery that I am a knave too.

Enter CAPTAIN HARCOURT.

Capt. H. What the devil can he be now hatching? mischief, I fear.

Gov. H. Dear fortune! let me escape this once undiscovered, and I compound for all the rest. Charles! the news of the house? for the politics of this family are employment for every individual in it.

Capt. H. Bella, horrida bella, sir! My lord is determined to bring his son's duty to an immediate test. Thanks to his friend's schemes and his mistress's beauty. [*Aside.*

Gov. H. What poor malicious wretches are we by nature! Zounds, if I could not find in my heart to rejoice at thinking every one here will be as mortified and disappointed as a certain person that shall be nameless. So, so, here they come, faith, to argue the point in open court.

Enter LORD GLENMORE, followed by WOODVILLE.

Lord G. Without this proof of your obedience, all you can urge, sir, is ineffectual.

Wood. While obedience was possible I never swerved, my lord; but when you command me to make myself wretched, a superior duty cancels that: already bound by a voluntary, an everlasting vow, I cannot break it without offending heaven, nor keep it without offending you.

Gov. H. What's this? chopped about again! [*Aside.*

Wood. Did you once know the incomparable merits of my love, even your lordship's prejudices must give way to your reason.

Lord G. Mere dotage. Doesn't her conduct equally evince her folly and depravity?

Wood. Covered, as I ought to be, with confusion and remorse, I will own she was seduced and deceived.

Gov. H. Ah, poor boy! [*Aside*] One of the two was woefully deceived, sure enough.

Lord G. Oh, your conscience may be very easy on that account; it could not require much art to deceive such an idiot.

Gov. H. No, no, my lord! Why paint the devil blacker than he is? Not an idiot neither.

Wood. Sir, my father's freedom of speech I must endure; but yours—

Gov. H. You must endure too, young sir, or I shall bite my tongue off.

Wood. But, my lord! that dear unhappy girl is no longer a subject of debate. She evidently proves her merit by her flight.

Lord G. Would you make a virtue from not doing ill, when it is no longer in your power? Woodville! I was once weak enough to believe indulgence the surest way of obtaining your duty and esteem. My eyes are at last opened. Miss Mortimer is worthy a better husband; but you are hers, or no son of mine. I solemnly promised this to her dying father, and will acquit myself at all events.

Wood. Can you resolve to sacrifice me to a promise made before we could judge of each other? You never felt, sir, the compulsion you practise. Will you dissolve the first band of morality, and see your highlyestimated title end in me? for never will I on these terms continue it.

Lord G. I almost wish I never had continued it. [*Walks in Anger*] I am determined, Woodville! and nothing but miss Mortimer's refusal can break the match.

Wood. I shall not put that in her power, my lord. Permit me to tell you, no son was ever more sensible of a father's kindness; but if I can purchase its continuance only with my honour and my happiness, it would be too dearly bought.

Lord G. 'Tis well, sir.—I have listened to you sufficiently. Now hear me. Know, this worthless wretch you prefer to your duty, is in my power; nay, in this house.

Capt. H. The devil she is! How, in the name of ill-luck, should he find that out?—My fine scheme entirely blown up, by Jupiter!

[*Aside.*
Wood. Why play thus upon me, my lord?—Her letter—

Lord G. What, has she wrote to you? That I was not aware of, nor indeed suspected she could write.

Gov. H. No, not so ignorant as that neither I ordered she should write too!

Lord G. You ordered she should write? Let me tell you, sir, it was wronging my confidence.

Gov. H. No, I did not order she should write. I mean—I mean—Zounds! I don't know what I mean.

Wood. So it seems indeed; since, hardly half an hour ago, my uncle himself persuaded me to marry my love.

Gov. H. Here's a cursed affair now.

Lord G. Can this be possible? Let me tell you, governor, if, presuming upon your wealth, you play a double part in my family—

Gov. H. Zounds! nobody knows his own part in your family, that I see! and this fellow too to tease me, whom I loved above all in it. Why, I spoke entirely from regard to him. If since then I have discovered a bumpkin was beforehand with him in the possession of his miss—

Wood. If any one beside yourself, sir, durst tell such a falsehood, it would cost a life.

Gov. H. Yes, and if any one beside myself durst tell me such a truth, it would cost a soul perhaps. *[Exit.]*

Capt. H. This is more unintelligible than all the rest.

Lord G. To end these altercations, upon yourself, Woodville, shall depend the fortune of this wretch to whom you have been so gross a dupe as to justify the imputation of folly. Why, even without knowing me, she ridiculed your passion, and offered to leave you.

Wood. Impossible!

Lord G. Dare you disbelieve me, sir?—Nay, she shall be produced, and obliged to confess her arts; then blush and obey.—Here, Vane! governor! the keys!

[Exit. Woodville walks behind in great agitation.]

Capt. H. Now could I find in my heart to make this story into a ballad, as a warning to all meddling puppies; and then hang myself, that it may conclude with a grace. Zounds, he must be endued with supernatural intelligence! Just when I was saying a thousand civil things to myself on my success, to have my mine sprung before my eyes by the enemy; and instead of serving my friend and myself, become a mere tool to old Gravity's revenge! Pshaw! however, we must make the best of a bad matter. *[Aside]* Woodville, what dost mean to do, man?

Wood. Let them produce my Cecilia, I will then seize and protect her to the last moment of my life.

Capt. H. And I will assist you to the last moment of mine.

Wood. My generous cousin! this is indeed friendship.

Capt. H. Not so very generous, if you knew all.

Re-enter LORD GLENMORE and GOVERNOR HARCOURT, with BRIDGET, holding a Handkerchief to her Eyes, followed by VANE; WOODVILLE flies and clasps her in his Arms, HARCOURT takes her Hand.

Wood. My love! my life! do I once again behold thee?—Fear nothing; you here are safe from all the world!—Will you not bless me with one look?

Brid. Oh, dear me!

[Looks at Woodville and Captain Harcourt with ridiculous distress.]

Lord G. I have put it out of your power to marry, sir, otherwise you may take her.

Wood. Take her? What poor farce is this?

Capt. H. Hey-day! more incomprehensibilities.

Vane. Now for the eclairsissement, since if the governor doesn't acknowledge her in his first rage and confusion, I may never be able to make him. *[Aside]* I humbly hope Mr. Woodville will pardon me, if, with her own consent and my lord's, I this morning married this young lady.

Gov. H. Zounds, you dog, what's that? You married her?—Why, how did you dare?—And you too, my lord! what the devil, did you consent to this?

Vane. Believe me, sir, I didn't then know she was your daughter.

Lord G. Daughter!

Gov. H. So it's out, after all. *[Aside]* It's a lie, you dog, you did know she was my daughter; you all knew it; you all conspired to torment me!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. H. Ha, ha, ha! confound your mirth! As if I hadn't plagues enough already.—And you have great reason to grin too, my lord, when you have thrown my gawky on your impudent valet.

Lord G. Who could ever have dreamt of—ha, ha, ha!—of finding this your little wonder of the country, brother?

Capt. H. Nay, my lord, she's the little wonder of the town too.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. H. Mighty well, mighty well, mighty well!—Pray take your whole laugh out, good folks, since this is positively the last time of my entertaining you in this manner. A cottage shall henceforth be her portion, and a rope mine.

Brid. If you are my papa, I think you might give some better proof of your kindness. But I shan't stir. Why, I married on purpose that I might not care for you.

Gov. H. Why, thou eternal torment! my original sin! whose first fault was the greatest frailty of woman, and whose second, her greatest folly! dost thou, or the designing knave who has entrapped thee merely for that purpose, imagine my wealth shall ever reward incontinence and ingratitude? No; go knit stockings to some regiment, where he is preferred to be drummer; warm yourself when the sun shines; soak every hard-earned crust in your own tears, and repent at leisure.

[Exit in a Rage.]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord G. He to ridicule my mode of education! But what is the meaning of all this?

Wood. Truly, my lord, I believe it would be very hard to find any for either my uncle's words or actions. I am equally at a loss to guess as to Bridget here.

Vane. Hey, what? Bridget, did you say, sir? Why you little ugly witch, are you really Bridget?

Brid. Why I told you so all along; but you wouldn't believe me.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Brid. Oh dear heart! I am now as much afraid of my new husband as father.

Lord G. For thee, wench!—

Brid. [*Falls on her knees*] Oh, no more locking up, for goodness' sake, my lord; I be sick enough of passing for a lady: but, if old Scratch ever puts such a trick again in my head, I hope—your lordship will catch me, that's all.

[*Exit.*

Vane. I shall run distracted! have I married an—and all for nothing too?

Lord G. A punishment peculiarly just, as it results from abusing my confidence. Hence, wretch! nor ever, while you live, appear again in my presence.

[*Exit Vane, looking furiously after Bridget.*

Lord G. 'Tis time to return to ourselves. We shall soon come to an éclaircissement, Woodville! since you won't marry, I will.

Wood. My lord!

Lord G. And you shall judge of my choice.

[*Exit.*

Capt. H. Now for it: whatever devil diverts himself among us to-day, I see he owes my sagacious lord here a grudge, as well as the rest; and I foresee that his wife and the governor's daughter will prove equally entertaining.

Re-enter LORD GLENMORE, leading CECILIA, followed by Miss MORTIMER.

Lord G. This lady, sir, I have selected; a worthy choice.

Wood. I dream, surely! that lady your choice? yours!

Lord G. Ungrateful son, had such been yours—

Wood. Why, this very angel is mine; my Cecilia, my first, my only love.

Lord G. How?

Cecil. Yes, my lord! you now know the unhappy object at once of your resentment, contempt, and admiration. My own misfortunes I had learned to bear, but those of Woodville overpower me. I deliver myself up to your justice; content to be every way his victim, so I am not his ruin.

Lord G. But to find you in this house—

Cecil. Your generous nephew and the amiable miss Mortimer distinguished me with the only asylum could shelter me from your son!

Lord G. They distinguished themselves! Oh, Woodville! did I think an hour ago I could be more angry with you? How durst you warp a mind so noble?

Wood. It is a crime my life cannot expiate; yet, if the sincerest anguish—

Lord G. I have one act of justice still in my power: my prejudice in favour of birth, and even a stronger prejudice, is corrected by this lovely girl. Of her goodness of heart, and greatness of mind, I have had incontestible proofs; and, if I thought you, Frank—

Cecil. Yet stay, my lord! nor kill me with too much kindness. Once your generosity might have made me happy, now only miserable. My reason, my pride, nay, even my love, induces me to refuse, as the only way to prove I deserve him. He has taught me to know the world too late; nor will I retort on him the contempt I have incurred. Mr. Wood-

ville will tell you whether I have not solemnly vowed—

Wood. Not to accept me without the consent of both fathers; and if mine consents, what doubt—

Gov. H. [*Without*] Stop that old man! Stop that mad parson! Stop him!

Grey. [*Without*] Nothing shall stop me in pursuit of my—

Enter GREY.

Ha! she is—she is here indeed! Providence has at length directed me to her.

[*Runs to Cecilia.*

Cecil. My father! covered with shame let me sink before you.

Lord G. Capt. H. Her father!

Re-enter GOVERNOR HARCOURT.

Grey. Rise, my glorious girl! rise purified and forgiven! rise to pity with me the weak minds that know not all thy value, and venerate the noble ones that do.

Gov. H. Hey! is it possible? Grey, is this my—
Grey. Yes, sir, this is your Cecilia; my Cecilia; the object of your avowed rejection and contempt.

Gov. H. Rejection and contempt! stand out of the way: let me embrace my daughter; let me take her once more to my heart.

[*Runs, and embraces her.*

Lord G. His daughter!

Gov. H. Yes, my friend, this is really my daughter; my own Cecilia; as sure as I am an old fool after being a young one, this good girl has a right to call me by the name of father: hasn't she, Grey? Why, my lord, this is the very parson I told you of! [*Takes Cecilia's Arm under his*] And now, young sir, what do you say to your uncle's freaks?

[*To Woodville.*

Wood. Say, sir? that had you ten thousand such, I would go through a patriarchal servitude, in hopes of Cecilia's hand for my reward.

Gov. H. And had I ten millions of money, and this only girl, thou shouldst have her, and that too for thy noble freedom!—And what says my Cecilia to her father's first gift?

Cecil. Astonishment and pleasure leave me hardly power to say, that a disobedience to you, sir, would only double my fault; nor to worship that heaven which has led me through such a trial to such a reward!—Take all I have left myself to give you, Woodville, in my hand.

[*Woodville kisses first her Hand, and then herself.*

Grey. Now let me die, my darling child! since I have seen thee once more innocent and happy.

Gov. H. And now kiss me, my Cecilia! kiss me.—'Od! miss Mortimer shall kiss me too, for loving my poor girl here.—Kiss me, all of you, old and young, men, women, and children!—'Od, I am so overjoyed, I dread the consequences.—D'ye hear there? Fetch me a surgeon and a bottle of wine.—I must both empty and fill my veins on this occasion!—Zooks, I could find in my heart to frisk it merrily in defiance of the gout, and take that cursed vixen below, whoever she is, for my partner!

Lord G. Methinks all seem rewarded but my poor Sophia here; and her protection of Cecilia deserves the highest recompense.—But whenever, my dear, you can present me the husband of your choice, I will present him with a fortune fit for my daughter.

Gov. H. Protect Cecilia!—'Od! she is a good girl, and a charming girl, and I honour the very tip of her feathers now!—If she could but fancy our Charles, I'd throw in something pretty on his side, I promise you.

Miss M. Frankness is the fashion. — VWhat would you say, sir, and you, my lord, if I had fancied your Charles so much as to make him mine already?

Lord G. Hey-day! more discoveries! How's this, boy?

Capt. H. Even so, sir, indeed.

Lord G. It completes my satisfaction.

Gov. H. 'Od, brother! VWho'd have thought you in the right all the while? We'll never separate again, by the Lord Harry! but knock down our Welsh friend's old house, and raise him one on the ruins large enough to contain the whole family of us, where he shall reign sole sovereign over all our future little Woodvilles and Cecílias.

Cecil. Oppressed with wonder, pleasure, gratitude, I must endeavour to forgive myself, when heaven thus graciously proves its forgiveness, in allying me to every human being my heart distinguishes.

Grev. Yes, my Cecilia, you may believe him, who never gave you a bad lesson, that you are now most truly entitled to esteem; since it requires a far greater exertion to stop your course down the hill of vice, than to toil slowly up toward virtue. [Exeunt.]

CHARLES MACKLIN.

This author was a native of Ireland, born, as we have been informed, in the county of West Meath, and that the name of his family was M'Laughlin; which seeming somewhat uncouth to the pronunciation of an English tongue, he, on his coming upon the stage, anglicized it to that by which he was ever afterwards known. He is said to have been born as early as the 1st of May 1690, and, absconding from his mother, then a widow, came over to England in the year 1708. He was presently seduced into a marriage with a publican's widow in the Borough; but the circumstances coming to the ears of his friends, the widow was compelled to resign him (on the ground of non-age), and he was sent back to Ireland. Here forming an acquaintance with some under-graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, he took up the employment of badgeman in that college; read much for the improvement of his mind, and remained in that menial situation till he arrived at the age of 21. He then again came to London, associated with the frequenters of Hockley in the Hole, made a connexion with a strolling company, played Harlequin; and, after leading an extraordinary course of life, was again restored to his mother, and returned to his former station of badgeman in Trinity College. A third time, he quitted, and finally, his mother's superintendence, and arrived in England in 1716. He first joined a company of players at Bristol, then attached himself to several strolling companies, and afterwards made his entrée at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields; where his merit was first shown in a small character in Fielding's *Coffee-house Politician*, which in the hands of any other performer, would have gone unnoticed. For several seasons he performed comic characters; and on the 10th of May 1735, was unfortunate enough to kill Mr. Hallam, an actor in the same theatre with himself (Drury-Lane) and who was grand father to the present Mrs. Mattocks. The dispute originated about a wig, which Hallam had on in Fabian's *Trick for Trick*, and which the other claimed as his property; and, in a warmth of temper, he raised his cane, and gave him a fatal stroke in the eye. He was brought to trial in consequence; but no malicious intent appearing in evidence, he was acquitted. On the 14th of February 1741 he established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and restored to the stage a play which had been forty years supplanted by Lord Lansdowne's *Jew of Venice*. Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he as it were involuntarily exclaimed, "That is the Jew, that Shakspeare drew." It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope; and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Macklin was in his private character a tender husband, a good father, and a steady friend. To his firmness and resolution in supporting the rights of his theatrical brethren, it was owing that they have been relieved from a species of oppression to which they had been ignominiously subjected for many years, whenever the caprice or malice of their enemies chose to exert itself. We allude to the prosecution which he commenced and carried on against a set of insignificant beings, who, calling themselves *The Town*, used frequently to disturb the entertainments of the theatre, to the terror of the actors, as well as to the annoyance and disgrace of the public. His merit as a comedian in various characters is too well known to need our taking up much time in expatiating on it, particularly in Sir Gilbert Wrangle in *The Refusal*, Don Manuel in *She Would and She Would not*, Sir Archy M'Sarcasm in his own farce of *Love à-la-Mode*, and Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, in *The Man of the World*. He was also esteemed very capital in the character of Shakspeare's Iago; but the part in which he was long allowed to shine without a competitor was that of Shylock.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Acted with great success at Covent Garden 1781. This play, which in respect to originality, force of mind, and well-adapted satire, may dispute the palm with any dramatic piece that has appeared within the compass of half a century, was received with the loudest acclamations, in Ireland, about seventeen years before, under the title of *The True-born Scotchman*, in three acts. In London, however, an official leave for its exhibition was repeatedly denied; and our audiences are indebted for the pleasure they have since derived from it, to the death of Mr. Capell, the late sub-licenser of the Theatres Royal. The plot of the play is briefly this: a crafty subtle Scotchman, thrown upon the world without friends, and little or no education, directs the whole of his observation and assiduity (in both of which he is indefatigable) to the pursuit of fortune and ambition. By his unwearied efforts, and meanness, he succeeds; but, warned by the defects of his own education, he determines to give his eldest son the best that could be obtained, and for this purpose puts him into the hands of a clergyman of learning, integrity, and honour, who, by teaching him good precepts, and showing him the force of good example makes him the very reverse of what the father intended: viz. not a man educated the better to make his court to the great, and extend the views of false ambition—but to make himself respected, independent, and happy. Thus he defeats the views of his father, who wants to marry him to a lady of rank and fortune, but to whom he cannot direct his affections, and marries the daughter of a poor officer, little better than a dependant on his mother, but who has virtues and accomplishments to adorn any situation. In short, the latter feels the just consequences of an overvaulting ambition; while the son, seeking his own happiness independent of fortune or honour, in the concluding lines, thus avows and rejoices in the principles that he is governed by:

"My scheme; though mock'd by knave, coquet, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:

"In all pursuits—but chiefly in a wife,
"Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life."

"The voice of party," says Mr. Cooke, "began to stir itself the first night's performance. Some young Scotchmen thought it a libel on their countrymen, and resisted it; but the majority of the audience carried it through with applause, and the next night it had no opponents; the more temperate of that nation argued very justly, that the character of Sir Pertinax should not hurt the feelings of any good Scotchman; on the contrary, that, if it was a true picture, they should laugh at it, and thus encourage a representation which only exposed the artful and designing of their countrymen. Some critics, however, start one objection against this comedy (and it is the only one we have ever heard objected against it); which is, that of the author making his hero a *Scotchman*, or of any particular country, so as to impute national reflections; but this, in our opinion, is being too fastidious; the principal character must belong to some country; and whatever country that is, it may be equally said to receive a national insult. But the universal rule allowed to all satirists and dramatic writers, only restrains them from not drawing their characters from too limited a source, so as to avoid personality and obscurity; and to say, that any one nation does not produce ridiculous or vicious characters in abundance, is a degree of patriotism founded more in folly than in fact. Beside all this, a character is generally heightened by a peculiarity of dialect. An Irishman would lose half his humour in committing his blunders without his *brogue*, as a Scotchman would his cunning without his *bur*. The dramatist, then, is at liberty to seek his characters (subject to the limitations we have laid down) wherever he can find them; and if he can procure stronger colours in the provinces, he has a right to transfer them to his canvas for general representation. Beside the merit of this piece in plot, character, sentiment, and diction, it is critically constructed in respect to the three unities of *time*, *place* and *action*. In the respect of *time*, the whole continuance of the play does not take up above eight-and-forty hours; in respect to *place*, the scene is never removed from the dwelling-house of Sir Pertinax; and as to the unity of *action*, the whole of the comedy exhibits a chain of connected facts, of which each scene makes a link, and each link accordingly produces some incident relative to the catastrophe. If many of our modern dramatic writers (as they are so pleased to call themselves) would consult this comedy as a model, they would be ashamed of dragging so many heterogeneous characters together so irrelevant to the general business of the scene, and which give the stage more the appearance of a *caricature-shop*, than a faithful representation of life and manners." Macklin told a friend, that he wrote the whole (or at least the greater part) of this play at an inn in Tenenhuich, in the county of Wicklow. This inn was afterwards purchased by Mr. Henry Grattan, and converted into a dwelling-house. Another anecdote, respecting this play, we shall give on good authority. The MS. of *The True-born Scotchman* had lain in the Lord Chamberlain's office near ten years, and Macklin despaired of getting it returned to him; when one day, dining with Sir Fletcher Norton and Mr. Dunning, he begged their opinions, what a man should do to recover property, when he knew by whose hands it was withheld from him. They advised an action of *trover*. "Well," said Macklin, "the case is my own: will you two undertake my cause." They agreed, and Macklin explained his particular wrong. The lawyers smiled at the whim of the poet; by personal application they got the MS. restored, but with a refusal to license it under its then title, as a national reflection. Macklin, in consequence, named it *The Man of the World*.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD LUMBERCOURT.
SIR PERTINAX MACSYC-
OPHANT.
EGERTON.
MELVILLE.

SERGEANT EITHER-
SIDE.
COUNSELLOR PLAU-
SIBLE.
SIDNEY.

TOMLINS.
SAM.
JOHN.
LADY RODOLPHALUM-
BERGOURT.

LADY MACSYCOPHANT.
CONSTANTIA.
BETTY HINT.
NANNY.

SCENE.—*Sir Pertinax Macsycophant's House, ten Miles from London.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter BETTY and Footman.

Bet. THE postman is at the gate, Sam, pray step and take in the letters.

Sam. John the gardener is gone for them, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. Bid John bring them to me, Sam; tell him, I'm here in the library.

Sam. I will send him to your ladyship in a crack, madam. [*Exit Sam.*]

Enter NANNY.

Nan. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, mistress Betty.

Bet. How is she now, Nanny? Any better?

Nan. Something—but very low spirited still. I verily believe it is as you say.

Bet. Nay, I would take my oath of it, I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny. Ay, she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nan. Why, so the housekeeper thinks too.

Bet. Oh, if she is not, there is no bread in nine loaves; say, I know the father, the man that ruined her.

Nan. The deuce you do!

Bet. As sure as you are alive, Nanny, or I am greatly deceived—And yet I can't be deceived neither.—Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nan. The same; how very hard he galloped; he has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde-park-corner!

Bet. And what time will the family be down?

Nan. He has orders to have dinner ready by five. There are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company here—He fancies there is to be a private wedding tonight between our young master, Charles, and lord Lumbercourt's daughter, the Scotch lady; who, he says, is just come from Bath, on purpose to be married to him.

Bet. Ay, lady Rodolpha! nay, like enough, for I know it has been talked of a good while—Well, go tell miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nan. I shall, Mrs. Betty. [*Exit Nanny.*]

Bet. So! I find they all begin to suspect her condition: that's pure; it will soon reach my lady's ears, I warrant.

Enter JOHN, with Letters.

Well, John, ever a letter for me?

John. No, Mrs. Betty; but here's one for miss Constantia.

Bet. Give it me—hum—My lady's hand.

John. And here is one, which the postman says is for my young master—But it is a strange direction. [*Reads*] *To Charles Egerton, Esq.*

Bet. Oh, yes, yes! that is for master Charles, John; for he has dropped his father's name of Macsycophant, and has taken up that of Egerton. The parliament has ordered it.

John. The parliament!—Prythee why so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Why you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton by her father;

she stole a match with our old master. Sir Stanley Egerton, that you just mentioned, dying an old bachelor, and mortally hating our old master, and the whole gang of the Macsycophants—he left his whole estate to master Charles, who was his godson; but on condition though, that he should drop his father's name of Macsycophant, and take up that of Egerton; and that is the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that master Charles has got the estate, however; for he is a sweet tempered gentleman.

Bet. As ever lived—But come, John, as I know you love miss Constantia, and are fond of being where she is, I will make you happy—You shall carry her letter to her.

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you. Where is she?

Bet. In the housekeeper's room, settling the dessert.—Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, and I will leave it on the table in his dressing-room.—I see it is from his brother Sandy.—So, now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. That I will; and I am much beholden to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her; for though she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature—Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. Your servant, John, ha! ha! ha! poor fellow! He perfectly dotes on her; and daily follows her about, with nosegays and fruit—and the first of every thing in the season—Ay, and my young master, Charles, too, is in as bad a way as the gardener—in short every body loves her, and that is one reason why I hate her—for my part I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—A creature that was taken in for charity!—I am sure she is not so handsome. I wish she was out of the family once; if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself, Ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart, or at least the chaplain—but as to him, there would be no such great catch if I should get him. I will try for him, however: and my first step shall be to let the doctor know all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley—Yes, that will do; for the doctor loves to talk with me, and always smiles and jokes with me, and he loves to hear me talk—And I verily believe, he! he! he! that he has a sneaking kindness for me, and this story I know will make him have a good opinion of my honesty—And that, I am sure, will be one step towards—Oh! bless me—here he comes—and my young master with him—I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him, as soon as he is alone, for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is.

[Exit.]

Enter EGERTON and SIDNEY.

Eger. I have done, sir.—You have refused. I have nothing more to say upon the subject—I am satisfied.

Sid. Come, come, correct this warmth, it is the only weak ingredient in your nature, and

you ought to watch it carefully. From your earliest youth your father has honoured me with the care of your education, and the general conduct of your mind; and however singular and morose his behaviour may be towards others, to me he has ever been respectful and liberal. I am now under his roof too—and because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion, in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness, you blame—you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Eger. Dear Sidney—for my warmth I stand condemned, but for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour, and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Eger. I am sensible how unseemly it appears in a son, to descant on the unamiable passions of a parent; but as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family;—when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad only to be a tyrant at home—and when, merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests—sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced (from the dignity of human nature, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right—not only to protest against the blindness of the parent, but to pursue those measures that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of sir Pertinax, I own, cannot on many occasions be defended; but still your intended alliance with lord Lumbarcourt—

Eger. Oh! contemptible! a trifling, quaint, debauched, voluptuous, servile fool; the mere lackey of party and corruption; who for a mean, slavish, factious prostitution of near thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up and kicked down—kicked in and kicked out—just as the insolence, compassion, or the convenience of leaders predominated; and now—being forsaken by all parties,—his whole political consequence amounts to the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Eger. Who is as disagreeable for a companion, as her father is for a friend or an ally.

Sid. [Laughing] What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you?

Eger. No;—upon my honour—not in the least. I think it entertaining in her—but were it otherwise—in decency—and indeed in national affection (being a Scotchman myself) I can have no objection to her on that account—besides she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand. But pray, Charles, how came lady Rodolpha, who I find was born in England, to be bred in Scotland.

Eger. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch grandmother; who upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, would have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old;

and there has she been bred up ever since, with this old lady, in all the vanity, splendour, and unlimited indulgence, that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty; and a pretended wit. And is this a woman fit to make my happiness? this the partner Sidney would recommend me for life? to you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point, unfit for me to determine—besides, your father has set his heart upon the match—

Eger. All that I know—But still I ask and insist upon your candid judgment—Is she the kind of woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness? I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable—but since I must speak, I do not think she is.

Eger. I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise the match.

Sid. I never did—I never will.

Eger. You make me happy—which I assure you I never could be, with your judgment against me in this point.

Sid. But pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Eger. That I cannot say positively; but I suppose so.

Sid. Did you never speak to her then upon that subject?

Eger. In general terms only: never directly requested her consent in form. But I will this very moment—for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms.—Pray do not stir from hence. I will return instantly. I know she will submit to your advice, and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish; as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness, depend on my Constantia.

[*Exit.*]

Sid. Poor Charles! he little dreams that I love Constantia too; but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands—Yes, I love, but must not be a rival; for he is dear to me as fraternal fondness—My benefactor, my friend!

Enter BETTY, running up to him.

Bet. I beg your worship's pardon for my intrusion; I hope I do not disturb your reverence.

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I humbly beg pardon, sir;—but I—I wanted to break my mind to your honour about a—a—a scruple—that—that lies upon my conscience—and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you—but that I know you are my young master's friend; and my old master's friend, and my lady's friend, and indeed a friend to the whole family—for to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Ay, in truth do I—and as good a gentleman too as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a hard word; nor that does any one an ill turn—neither behind one's back, nor before one's face.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! Why you are a mighty

well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty: and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, sir, it is no more than you deserve, and what all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty. But pray what are your commands with me?

Bet. Why I will tell your reverence—to be sure I am but a servant, as a body may say; and every tub should stand upon its own bottom—but—

[*She takes hold of him familiarly, looking first about very cautiously, and speaks in a low familiar tone of great Secrecy.*]

My young master is now in the china-room;—in close conference with miss Constantia. I know what they are about—but that is no business of mine—and therefore I made bold to listen a little, because you know, sir, one would be sure—before one took away any body's reputation.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty—very true, indeed.

Bet. Oh! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a reason for it—but, sir—if I am in this place alive—as I listened with my ear close to the door, I heard my young master ask miss Constantia the plain marriage question—Upon which I started—I trembled—nay, my very conscience stirred within me so—that I could not help peeping through the keyhole.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! and so your conscience made you peep through the keyhole, Mrs. Betty!

Bet. It did indeed, your reverence. And there I saw my young master upon his knees—Lord bless us! kissing her hand, as if he would eat it! and protesting and assuring her he knew that your worship would consent to the match. And then the tears ran down her cheeks as fast—

Sid. Ay!

Bet. They did indeed, sir;—I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty. And what did Constantia say to all this?

Bet. Oh! oh! she is sly enough—She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth—but all is not gold that glisters—smooth water, you know, runs deepest. I am sorry, very sorry indeed—my young master makes himself such a fool—but—um!—ha!—take my word for it, he is not the man—for though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening—yet—a—when sweet-hearts meet—in the dusk of the evening—and stay together a whole hour—in the dark grove—and—a—aha! embrace—and kiss—and—weep at parting—why then—then you know—ah! it is easy to guess all the rest.

Sid. Why, did Constantia meet any body in this manner?

Bet. Oh! heavens! I beg your worship will not misapprehend me! for I assure you, I do not believe they did any harm—that is—not in the grove—at least not when I was there—and she may be honestly married, for aught I know—She may be very honest, for aught I know—heaven forbid I should say any harm of her—I only say—that they did meet in the dark walk—and perhaps nine months

hence—ay, remember, sir—I said that—a certain person in this family—nine months hence—may ask me to stand godmother—only remember—for I think I know what's what—when I see it, as well as another.

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, sir; and so your servant, sir; [*Going, returns*] but I hope your worship will not mention my name in this business;—or that you had any item from me about it.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. For indeed, sir, I am no busybody, nor do I love fending¹) or proving—and I assure you, sir, I hate all tittling and tattling—and gossiping, and backbiting—and taking away a person's character.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do, indeed, sir;—I am the furthest from it of any person in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Bet. I am, indeed, sir; and so, sir, your humble servant.

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. So! I see he believes every word I say, that's charming—I will do her business for her I am resolved. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean—by her dark walk?—I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest, or the most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as in the highest station, must feel the shafts of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, Mr. Egerton and miss Constantia desire to speak with you in the china-room.

Sid. Very well, Sam. [*Exit Sam*] I will not see them—what's to be done?—inform his father of his intended marriage!—no;—that must not be—for the overbearing temper, and ambitious policy of sir Pertinax, would exceed all bounds of moderation. But this young man must not marry Constantia—I know it will offend him—no matter. It is our duty to offend when the offence saves the man we love from a precipitate action.—Yes, I must discharge the duty of my function and a friend, though I am sure to lose the man whom I intend to serve.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter EGERTON and CONSTANTIA.

Con. Mr. Sidney is not here, sir.

Eger. I assure you I left him here, and I begged that he would stay till I returned.

Con. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire; therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present—In the mean time, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me. I suppose you guess what it is?

Eger. I do not, upon my word!

Con. That's a little strange—You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour

of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Eger. We had that happiness, madam.

Con. Just after you left me, upon my opening my book of accounts, which lay in the drawer of the reading desk, to my great surprise—I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, a necklace of great value, and two bank-bills in this pocket-book; the mystery of which, sir, I presume you can explain.

Eger. I can.

Con. They were of your conveying, then?

Eger. They were, madam.

Con. I assure you they startled and alarmed me.

Eger. I hope it was a kind alarm, such as blushing virtue feels, when with her hand she gives her heart—and last consent.

Con. It was not, indeed, sir.

Eger. Do not say so, Constantia—come, be kind at once; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Con. What would you have me do?

Eger. What love and virtue dictate.

Con. Oh! sir—experience but too severely proves that such unequal matches as ours never produced aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world—and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties, which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Eger. But that, Constantia, cannot be our condition; for my fortune is independent and ample, equal to luxury and splendid folly; I have the right to choose the partner of my heart.

Con. But I have not, sir—I am a dependant on my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan. Your benevolent mother found me, took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss with every tender care, indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precept, polished manners, and hourly example could administer. She fostered me; [*Weeps*] and shall I now turn viper, and with black ingratitude sting the tender heart that thus has cherished me? Shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace? No—though I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness; though every worldly bliss that woman's vanity, or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love, and all the contempt and misery of this life the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress, my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Eger. My dear Constantia! Your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Con. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these hills and jewels.

Eger. Pray do not mention them; sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far, without suspicion or reproach—I beg you will accept of them; nay, I insist—

Con. I have done, sir—my station here is to obey—I know they are the gifts of a virtuous mind, and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use.

Eger. Hark! I hear a carriage—it is my

1) Defending.

father! dear girl, compose yourself—I will consult Sidney and my lady; by their judgment we will be directed;—will that satisfy you?

Con. I can have no will but my lady's; with your leave, I will retire—I would not see her in this confusion.

Eger. Dear girl, adieu! [*Exit Constantia.*]

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir Pertinax and my lady are come, sir; and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room—Oh! she is here, sir.

[*Exit Sam.*]

Enter LADY MACSYCOPHANT.

Lady M. Dear child, I am glad to see you: why did you not come to town yesterday, to attend the levee—your father is incensed to the uttermost at your not being there.

Eger. Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can no longer be a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman. Therefore you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and to my taking Constantia with me; for, without her, I never can be happy.

Lady M. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step—you promised me, you would never marry her without my consent. I will open it to your father: pray, dear Charles, be ruled—let me prevail.

Eger. Madam, I cannot marry this lady!

Lady M. Well, well; but do not determine. First patiently hear what your father and lord Lumbercourt have to propose, and let me try to manage this business for you with your father—pray do, Charles.

Eger. Madam, I submit.

Lady M. And while he is in this ill humour I beg you will not oppose him, let him say what he will; when his passion is a little cool, I will try to bring him to reason—but pray do not thwart him.

Sir P. [*Without*] Haud your gab,¹⁾ ye scoundrel, and do as you are bid. Zounds! ye are so full of your gab. Take the chesnut gelding, return to town, and inquire what is become of my lord.

Lady M. Oh! here he comes, I'll get out of the way. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. [*Without*] Here you, Tomlins.

Tom. [*Without*] Sir!

Sir P. [*Without*] Where is my son, Egerton.

Tom. [*Without*] In the library, sir Pertinax.

Sir P. [*Without*] Vary weel, the instant the lawyers come, let me ken it.

Enter SIR PERTINAX.

Sir P. Vary weel—Vary weel—ah, ye are a fine fellow—what have ye to say for yourself—are not ye a fine spark? are not ye a fine spark, I say?—ah! you're a—so ye would not come up till²⁾ the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon—but—I—I—I was not very well;—besides—I did not think

that—that my presence there was necessary.

Sir P. Sir, it was necessary—I tauld ye it was necessary—and, sir—I must now tell ye, that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir. I am sure I do not intend to offend you.

Sir P. [*In anger*] I care not what ye intend—sir, I tell ye, ye do offend—What is the meaning of this conduct?—neglect the levee!—Sdeeth! sir, your—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. Sir, I own—I am not used to levees;—nor do I know how to dispose of myself—nor what to say or do, in such a situation.

Sir P. Zounds, sir! do you not see what others do? gentle and simple; temporal and spiritual; lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops? aw crowding, bustling, pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a luock or a smile fra the great mon; which they meet with an amicable risibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body—and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon;—which—expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates—that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poleetical¹⁾ fortune—this, sir, is what ye aught to do—and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for these five-and-thirty years—let wha would be meenister.

Eger. [*Aside*] Contemptible!

Sir P. What is that ye mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir; and not relative to you.

Sir P. Sir, your absenting yourself fra the levee at this juncture is suspicious—it is luocked upon as a kind of disaffection; and aw your countrymen are highly offended with yeer conduct: for, sir, they do not luock upon ye as a friend or a weel wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir P. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, sir Stanley Egerton, left ye this three thousand pounds a year, and that ye have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think ye are grown proud—that ye have estranged yoursal fra the Macsycophants—have associated with yeer mother's family—with the opposition—and with those, again I must tell you, wha do not wish weel till Scotland—besides, sir, in a conversation the other day, after dinner, at yeer cousin Campbell Mackenzies, before a whole table full of yeer ain relations, did ye not publicly wish—a total extinguishment of aw party—and of aw national distinctions whatever, relative to the three kingdoms. And, ye blockhead—was that a prudent wish—before sae many of yeer ain countrymen, and be d—n'd to ye? Or, was it a filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon—I cannot think

¹⁾ Sir Pertinax's Scotch is not so very incomprehensible as to make it necessary to explain the whole; we shall therefore content ourselves with a word here and there.

²⁾ To.

¹⁾ Political: the scotch generally lengthen this sound of the i under the accent.

it unfilial, or imprudent; I own I do wish—most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all parties—particularly that of English, Irish, and Scotch might never more be brought into contest, or competition; unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir P. How, sir; do ye persist?—what, would ye banish aw party—and aw distinction betwixt English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Eger. I would, sir.

Sir P. Then d—me, sir—ye are nae true Scot. Ay, sir, ye may luock as angry as ye wull; but again I say—ye are nae true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think he is the true Scot, and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain.—Amongst whom, sir, I know but of two distinctions.

Sir P. Weel, sir, and what are those? what are those?

[*Impatiently.*]

Eger. The knave and—the honest man.

Sir P. Pshaw! redeeculous!

Eger. And he who makes any other—let him be of the north or of the south, of the east or of the west, in place or out of place—is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir P. Ay, sir! this is your brother's impudent doctrine—for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune—sir, I will have nae son of mine, because truly he has been educate in an English university, presume to speak against his native land—or against my principles. Sir, Scotsmen—Scotsmen, sir—wherever they meet throughout the globe—should unite and stick together, as it were, in a poleetical phalanx. However—nae mair of that now, I will talk at large till ye about that business anon; in the mean time, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I wool convince ye of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management with this voluptuary—this lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter ye are to marry:—ye ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five-and-thirty years.

Eger. True, sir.

Sir P. Vary weel—and now, sir, you see by his prodigality he is become my dependant; and accordingly I have made my bargain with him—the deel a bawbee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life-rent of seven thousand per annum, is to be made over till me for my life; and at my death is to descend till ye and your issue—the peerage of Lumbercourt, you ken, will follow of course—so, sir, you see there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbercourt, and a peerage, at one slap—why it is a stroke—a hit—a hit—a capital hit, mon.—Zounds! sir, a man may live a century, and not make sic another hit again!

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain, no doubt, sir; but what will my lord's family say to it?

Sir P. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were aw at the deel, so his luxury be but gratified—only let him have his race-horse, till feed his vanity; his polite blacklegs, to advise him in his matches on the turf, cards, and tennis; his harridan, till drink drams wee him, scrat his face, and burn his periwig, when she is in her maudlin hysterics—the fellow has aw that he wants, and aw that he wishes, in this world—

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come; sir.

Sir P. And my lord?

Tom. No, sir, he is about a mile behind, the servant says.

Sir P. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir P. Step ye oot, Charles, and receive lady Rodolpha. And I desire, sir, ye wool treat her with ass¹⁾ much respect and gallantry ass possible—for my lord has hinted that ye have been very remiss ass a lover. Adzoods, Charles! ye should admeenister a whole torrent o'flattery till her; for a woman ne'er thinks a man loves her, till he has made an ideot of her understanding by flattery; flattery is the prime bliss o'the sex, the nectar and ambrosia o'their charms; and ye can ne'er gi them o'er muckle of it: see, there's a guid lad, gang and mind yeer flattery. [*Exit Egerton*] Hah! I must keep a tight hand upon this fallow, I see. I'm frighten'd oot o'my wits lest his mother's family should seduce him to their party, which would ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart. A fine time o'day indeed for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed; why, the common people, the very vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

Enter TOMLINS and LORD LUMBERCOURT.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt.

[*Exit.*]

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir P. Your lordship's most devoted—I rejoice to see you.

Lord L. You stole a march upon me this morning!—gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir P. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons, for leaving town before you—but ye ken that your lordship at dinner yesterday settled that we should meet this morning at the levee?

Lord L. That I acknowledge, Mac—I did promise to be there, I owa—but—

Sir P. You did, indeed—and accordingly I was at the levee: and waited there till every mortal was gone, and seeing you did na come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord L. To confess the truth, my dear Mac, that old sinner, lord Freakish, general Jolley, sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set—laid hold of me last night at the

1) The double s, in ass, is put to show that the scotch give the sharp instead of the soft sound to this consonant in these words.

opera; and, as the general says,—I believe, by the intelligence of my head this morning—ha! ha! ha! we drank deep ere we departed—ha! ha! ha! and—

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I don't wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee!

Lord L. The truth is, sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town—I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir P. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way; but on what account, my lord, did you want me?

Lord L. Ha! ha! ha! a cursed awkward affair—and—ha! ha! yet I cannot help laughing at it neither; though it vexed me considerably.

Sir P. Vexed you, my lord—I wish I had been wi ye then: but for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord L. Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer—you know the fellow?

Sir P. Perfectly, my lord.

Lord L. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some infernal kind of a—something or other, in the law, which I think they call an execution!

Sir P. The rascal!

Lord L. Upon which, sir, the fellow—ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing at it—by way of asking pardon, ha! ha! ha! had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago—to inform my honour, ha! ha! as he was pleased to dignify me—that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour, ha! ha! ha!—but that, out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it—till he had first informed my honour—because he was not willing to affront my honour! ha! ha! ha!—a son of a whore!

Sir P. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord L. Now, my dear Mac! ha! ha! as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and his information so very agreeable to my honour—I told him, that in honour I could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha!—very well—ye were as complaisant ass the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord L. Ha! ha! ha! to the full; but you shall hear—you shall hear, Mac—so, sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel, that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room—I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! admirable! as gude a stroke of humour as ever I heard of—and did they drub him soundly, my lord?

Lord L. Oh! most liberally, ba! ha! ha! most liberally; and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel—but this morning, sir, just as I was stepping into my chaise—my

servants all about me—a fellow, called a tip-staff¹⁾, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who thrashed the upholsterer, and the two that held him, to go along with him upon a little business to my lord chief justice.

Sir P. The devil!

Lord L. And at the same instant I, in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me, that I must not go into my own chaise!

Sir P. How, my lord! not until your ain carriage!

Lord L. No, sir—for that they, by order of the sheriff, must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir P. An impudent villain!

Lord L. It is all true, I assure you; so you see, my dear Mac, what a d—ned country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts, just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is not that a scandal, dear Mac, to a nation?

Sir P. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord L. Sir, there is not another nation in the world that has such a grievance to complain of. But what concerns me most, I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir P. Your string of horses! We must prevent that, at all events—that would be such a disgrace, I will dispatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the scoundrel's proceeding.

Lord L. Pr'ythee do, my dear sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Oh! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord L. Thou art an honest fellow, sir Pertinax, upon honour.

Sir P. Oh, my lord; 'tis my duty to oblige your lordship to the very utmost stretch of my abeility.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper presents his compliments to you, sir, and having no family down with him in the country—he and captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, will do themselves the honour of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir P. They are two of our militia officers: does your lordship know them?

Lord L. By sight only.

Sir P. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt our business.

Lord L. Ha! ha! not at all—not at all—ha! ha! ha! I should like to be acquainted with Toper, they say he is a fine jolly fellow!

Sir P. Oh! very jolly, and very clever. He and the captain, my lord, are reckoned two of the hardest drinkers in the country.

Lord L. Ha! ha! ha! so I have heard—let us have them by all means, Mac; they will enliven the scene—how far are they from you?

Sir P. Just across the meadows—not half a mile, my lord—a step—a step.

¹⁾ A Constable (*tipped staff*), from their having the symbols of authority placed on the top of their staves; which being shown to any man, in the king's name, he dares not refuse to follow the constable.

Lord L. Oh, let us have the jolly dogs, by all means!

Sir P. My compliments, I shall be proud of their company. [*Exit Tomlins*] Guif¹⁾ ye please, my lord, we wull gang and chat a bit wee²⁾ the women. I have not seen lady Rodolpha since she returned fra the Bath; I long to have a little news from her about the company there.

Lord L. O! she'll give you an account of them, I'll warrant you. [*A very loud laugh without*] Here the hairbrain comes! it must be her by the noise.

Lady R. [*Without*] Allons! gude folks—follow me—sans ceremonie!

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, LADY MACSYCO-PHANT, EGERTON, and SIDNEY.

Lady R. [*Running up to Sir Pertinax*] Sir Pertinax,—your most devoted—most obsequious, and most obedient vassal.

[*Courtesies very low.*]

Sir P. Lady Rodolpha—down till the ground my congratulations, duty, and affection, sincerely attend your ladyship.

[*Bowing ridiculously low.*]

Lady R. O! Sir Pertinax—your humeclity is most sublimely complaisant—at present unanswerable—but, sir, I shall intensely study to return it [*Courtesies very low*] fastly fold.

Sir P. Weel, madam, ha! you luock gaily—weel and how—how is your ladyship after your jaunt till the Bath?

Lady R. Never better, sir Pertinax—as well as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless, happy heart can make me.

Sir P. I am mighty glad till hear it, my lady.

Lord L. Ay, ay,—Rodolpha is always in spirits; sir Pertinax, Vive la bagatelle, is the philosophy of our family, ha!—Rodolpha,—ha!

Lord R. Traith is it, my lord: and upon honour, I am determined it never shall be changed by my consent—weel I vow—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Vive la bagatelle would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion—what say ye till my fancy, lady Macsycophant?

Lady M. It would have novelty at least to recommend it, madam.

Lady R. Which of aw charms is the most delightful that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship—for novelty, I take to be the true je ne sçai quoi, of all worldly bliss. Cousin Egerton, should not you like to have a wife with Vive la bagatelle upon her wedding chariot?

Eger. Oh! certainly, madam.

Lady R. Yes—I think it would be quite out of the common, and singularly ailegant.

Eger. Indisputably, madam—for, as a motto is a word to the wise; or rather a broad hint to the whole world, of a person's taste and principles, Vive la bagatelle—would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's characteristic!

Lady R. Oh! maister Egerton! You touch my very heart wi your approbation—ha! ha! ha! that is the very spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride. Weel, I am immensely proud that my fancy has the ap-

1) If. 2) With.

probation of so sound an understanding—so sublime a genius—and so polished, nay, so exquisite a taste, as that of the all-accomplished Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. But, lady Rodolpha, I wish till ask your ladyship some questions about the company at Bath; they say ye had aw the world there.

Lady R. O, yes;—there was a vary great mob indeed; but vary little company: aw canaille—except our ain party; the place was quite crooded wi your little purseprood mechanics—an odd kind of queer luocking animals, that ha started intil fortunes fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in Change-alley, and sic like caprices of fortune, and awaw they aw crood till the Bath, to larn genteelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon mots of us people of fashion—ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord L. Ha! ha! ha! I know them—I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times; and wondered where the devil they all came from! ha! ha! ha!

Lady M. Pray, lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady R. Gude faith, my lady, the company were my diversion—and better nai human follies ever afforded—ha! ha! ha! sic an a macture—and sic oddities, ha! ha! ha! a perfect gallimowfy! ha! ha! ha! lady Kunigunda Mackensie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, ha! ha! on purpose till reconnoitre the monsters, and pick up their frivolities, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! why, that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship!

Lady R. Superlative, and inexhaustible, sir Pertinax! ha! ha! ha! Madam, we had in yane group a peer and a sharper—a duchess and a piu-maker's wife—a boarding-school miss and her grandmother—a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral—ha! ha! all speaking together, and bawling, and fretting, and fuming, and wrangling, and retorting in fierce contention, as if the same, and the fortune, of aw the parties, were till be the issue of the conflict.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, madam, what was the object of their furious contantion?

Lady R. Oh; a vary important one, I assure you, sir Pertinax; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady R. In another party, sir Pertinax, we had what was called the cabinet council; which was composed of a duke, and a haberdasher—a red hot patriot and a sneering courtier—a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain—wi a busy, bawling, muckle-beeded prerogative lawyer—All of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs¹⁾, about the in and the oot meenistry, ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! weel, that was a droll, motley cabinet, I yow. Vary whimsical, upon honour; but they are aw greet politeicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with ass

1) Ears.

much ease as they do a tune for a country dance!

Lady R. Then, sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room—snug—in a by-corner—in close conference, we had a Jew and a beeshop.

Sir P. A Jew and a beeshop! ha! ha! a devilish gude connexion that; and pray, my lady, what were they aboot?

Lady R. Why, sir, the beeshop was striving to convert the Jew; while the Jew, by intervals, was slyly picking up intelligence fra the beeshop, aboot the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! admirable, admirable, I honour the smouse—hah!—it was deevilish clever of him, my lord, deevilish clever, the Jew distilling the beeshop's brains.

Lord L. Yes, yes, the fellow kept a sharp look out; I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Eger. True, my lord; but the Jew seems to have been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord L. Oh! all to nothing, sir; ha! ha! ha! well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much—it is monstrous clever, let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady R. Gude traith, my lord, the sum total is, that there we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled—

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord L. Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha, and upon honour, ha! ha! ha!—you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off. What say you, Mr. Sidney.

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly at Bath, in glaring, pleasing, distinct colours!

Lady R. O, dear maister Sidney, your approbation makes me as vain, as a reigning toast at her looking-glass.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper and captain Hardbottle are come, sir.

Sir P. O, vary weel! dinner immediately.

Tom. It is ready, sir. [*Exit Tomlins.*]

Sir P. My lord, we attend your lordship.

Lord L. Lady Mac, your ladyship's hand, if you please. [*He leads her out.*]

Sir P. Lady Rodolpha, here is an Arcadian swain, that has a hand at your ladyship's devotion!

Lady R. And I, sir Pertinax, ha' ye an at his—[*Gives her Hand to Egerton*] there, sir,—as to hearts—ye ken, cousin, they are nae brought into the account o'human dealings now-a-days.

Eger. Oh! madam, they are mere temporary baubles, especially in courtship; and no more to be depended upon than the weather—or a lottery ticket.

Lady R. Ha! ha! ha! twa excellent seemilies, I vow, Mr. Egerton, excellent! for they illustrate the vagaries, and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, ass exactly—ass if ye had meant till describe it. [*Egerton leads her out.*]

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! what a vast fund of speerits and good humour she has, maister Sidney.

Sid. A great fund, indeed, sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Hah! by this time to-morrow, maister Sidney, I hope we shall ha every thing ready for ye to put the last helping hand till the earthly happiness o'your friend and pupil; and then, sir, my cares will be over for this life; for as till my other son I expect nai gude of him: nor should I grieve were I to see him in his coffin. But this match—Oh! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and EGERTON.

Sir P. Sir, I wull not hear a word aboot it;—I insist upon it, ye are wrong—ye should ha paid your court till my lord, and not ha scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa—or twanty till oblige him!

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yas, ye did; but how?—how?—just ass a cross brain takes phecias, wi wry mouths, and sour faces, whach my lord observed; then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the colonel got intill a drunken dispute aboot releegion, ye slyly slunged awa.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you—but at the colonel, the captain, and the commissionair, in order till try their bottoms; but they aw agreed that ye and I should drink ool o'smaw glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon—I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, sir, I tell you there was necessity for your drinking more at this particular juncture.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage, aboot whach, I am afraid we shall ha a warm crooked squabble—and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yas, sir, it would ha contributed—it might have prevented the squabble.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, my lord is proud of ye for a son-in-law, and of your little French songs—your stories, and your bon mots, when ye are in the humour—and guin ye had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers wi him, till he got a little tipsy, I am sure when we had him i' that tipsy mood—we might ha settled the point amongst ourselves, before the lawyers came—but noow, sir, I dinna ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir, the most seasonable; for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspencion and his judgment are baith asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and gude fellowship—you may then mould his consent to any thing; and can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or

to settle a dispute wi a friend? What is it you shrug your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I ken ye do not, sir:—and what is warse, ye never wull understand it, ass ye proceed. In yean word, Charles—I ha often tauld ye, and noow again I tell ye yeance for aw, that every man should be a man o'the world, and should understand the doctrine of pleacebeelity; for, sir, the manœuvres of pleacebeelity are ass necessary to rise in the world, ass wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why ye see, sir, I ha acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune, and hoow do ye think I ha raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, ye are a blockhead—nai, sir, I'll tell ye hoow I raised it, sir; I raised it by boowing; by boowing, sir; I naver in my life could stond straight i'th' presence of a great mon; but awways boowed, and boowed, and boowed, as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean, by instinct, sir?

Sir P. Hoow do I mean, by instinct—why, sir, I mean by—by—the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, sir: it is wonderful to think, what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what an infallible influence, boowing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature; Chairles, answer me sincerely, ha ye a mind till be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon ye, I wull give ye a short sketch of the stages of my boowing; ass an excitement and a landmark for ye till boow by, and ass an infallible nostrum for a mon o'the world till thrive i'the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel. [*They both sit down*] And noow, sir, ye must recall till your thoughts, that your grand-father was a mon, whose penurious income of half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provee-sion fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expartness of areethmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the chief ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a reegid economy, a smooth tongue, a plia-beelity of temper, and a constant attention till make every mon weel pleased wi himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before ye—now, sir, wi these materials, I set oot, a rough raw-boned strippling, fra the north, till try my fortune wi them here i'the south; and my first step intill the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here i'the city of London, which, you'll say, afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse. Weel, sir, seeing mysel in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply, I cast about my thoughts, and concluded that a matrimonial adventure,

prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my con-dection, and accordingly set about it—noow, sir, in this pursuit—beauty—beauty, ah! beauty often struck mine eyne, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beet, and knocked, and knocked, but the deel an entrance I ever let it get—for I observed that beauty is generally a prood, vain, saucy, expensive sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford till pay for it, and in its stead, sir,—mark—I luocked oot for an ancient, weeljointured, superannuated dowager:—a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow—or a shreeveled, cadaverous, neglected piece of deformity, i'th' shape of an eazard, or an empersi¹⁾—and—or in short, any thing, any thing, that had the siller, the siller; for that was the north star of my affection—do ye take me, sir? Was na that right?

Eger. O doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Noow, sir, where do ye think I ganged to luock for this woman wi th' siller—na till court—na till play-houses, or assemblies—ha, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptists, independent, Bradleonian, Muggle-tonian meetings²⁾, till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease; and till the midnight, melting, conce-aliating love-feasts of the methodists³⁾—and there at last, sir, I fell upon an old, rich, sour, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden; that luocked—ha! ha! ha! she luocked just like a skeleton, in a surgeon's glass-case—noow, sir, this meesearable object was reelegiously angry wi hersel, and aw the world; had nai comfort but in a supernatural, reelegious, enthusiastic deleerium; ha! ha! ha! sir, she was mad—mad ass a bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir; there are numbers of poor creatures in the same enthusiastic condition.

Sir P. Oh! numbers, numbers; now, sir, this poor, cracked, crazy creature, used to sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle. And ass soon ass I found she had the siller, aha! gude traith, I plumped me doon upo' my knees close by her, cheek-by-jole, and sung, and sighed, and groaned as, vehemently ass she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of my eyne, till the strings aw-most cracked again: I watched her attentively; handed her till her chair; waited on her hame; got most reelegiously intimate wi her in a week; married her in a fortnight; buried her in a month; touched the siller; and wi a deep suit of morning, a sorrowful veesage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; and this, sir, was the first effectual boow I ever made till the vanity of human nature: noow, sir, do ye understand this doctrine?

1) In the shape of a Z or an and per se (and for itself). Formerly the word and was denoted by a sign in printing thus etc.

2) Different sects dissenting from the church of England.

3) These love feasts, notwiths tanding they ought to be religious, possess a great deal of the old love system

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. My next boow, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away wi fra the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a gude smart place i'th' treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament, the whach I entered wi ass ardent and ass determined an ambection, ass ever ageated the heart o' Cæsar himsel. Sir; I boowed, and watched, and attended, and dangled upo the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence—bah! got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts¹⁾, the lottery tickets, and aw the poleetical bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one half of the golden calves a had been so long a boowing too. [*He rises, Egerton rises too*] And was na that boowing to some purpose, sir, ha?

Eger. It was, indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are ye convinced of the gude effects, and of the uteelity of boowing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir, thoroughly.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible—but, Chairles, ah! while I was thus boowing and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met many heart sores, and disappointments, fra the want of leetature, ailoquence, and other popular abeelities; sir, guin I could but ha spoken i'th' house, I should ha done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a laughing at me: aw which defeciencies, sir, I determin'd at any expense till have supplied by the polish'd education of a son, who I hop'd would yean day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pinnacle of ministerial ambection; this, sir, is my plan: I ha done my part of it. Nature has done her's, ye are ailoquant, ye are popular; aw parties like ye; and noow, sir, it only remains for ye to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, and the judicious choice you made of the worthy gentleman, to whose virtue and abilities you entrusted me, are obligations I ever shall remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir—vary weel; but, Chairles, ha ye had any conversation yet wi lady Rodolpha, aboot the day of yeer marriage, yeer leeveries; yeer equipage, or yeer establishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir.

Sir P. Pah! why there again now, there again, ye are wrong; vary wrong.

Eger. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Chairles, ye are vary tardy in this business.

Lord L. [*Singing without*]

What have we with day to do? etc.

Sir P. Oh! here comes my lord!

Lord L. [*Singing without*]

Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, drinking a Dish of Coffee; TOMLINS waiting, with a Salver in his Hand.

Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Very good coffee, indeed, Mr. Tomlins.

¹⁾ The contracts for providing clothes, forage etc. for the soldiers in the British service, have enriched many a scoundrel, who has not scrupled to adulterate the bread with lime to answer their miserable purpose.

Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Here, Mr. Tomlins. [*Gives him the Cup.*]

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another dish?

Lord L. No more, Mr. Tomlins. [*Exit. Tomlins*] Well, my host of the Scotch pints! we have had warm work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle aboot, my lord, wi the joy and veegour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did my dear Mac—no loss of time with me—I have but three motions, old boy, charge!—toast!—fire! ¹⁾—and off we go—ha! ha! ha! that's my exercise.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord, especially with the half-pint glass.

Lord L. It does execution point blank—ay, ay, none of your pimping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half-pint bumpers, my dear—Zounds, sir! they try a fellow's stamina at once. But where's Egerton?

Sir P. Just at hand, my lord; there he stands, luocking at your lordship's picture.

Lord L. My dear Egerton.

Eger. Your lordship's most obedient.

Lord L. I beg your pardon, I did not see you—I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner; had you staid, you would have been highly entertained, I have made such examples²⁾ of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel!

Eger. So I understand, my lord.

Lord L. But, Egerton, I have slipped from the company, for a few moments, on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me she fancies there is a kind of a demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir P. A demur, boow so, my lord?

Lord L. VVhy, as I was drinking my coffee with the women, just now, I desired they would fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony; upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given her a single glance, or hint upon the subject.

Sir P. My lord, I have been just this vary instant talking to him aboot his shyness to the lady.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and sergeant Eitherside.

Sir P. VVhy, then we can settle this business this vary evening, my lord.

Lord L. As well as in seven years—and to make the way as short as possible, pray, Mr. Tomlins, present your master's compliments and mine to lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak to her directly. [*Exit Tomlins*] We shall attack her this instant, sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! ay! that's axcellent; this is doing business effectually, my lord!

Lord L. Oh! I will pit³⁾ them in a moment, sir Pertinax—that will bring them into the heat of the action at once; and save a deal of awkwardness on both sides—Oh, here your Dulcinea comes, sir!

¹⁾ Fill the glass—Give a toast—and drink.

²⁾ Drank them under the table.

³⁾ Pit is a place for fighting cocks, which when putted, immediately begin to fight.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA.

Lady R. Weel, sir Pertinax, I attend your commands, and yours, my paternal lord.

[*She courtesies.*]

Lord L. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you, that the commission for your ladyship, and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you jointly and inseparably to serve your country, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

Lady R. This evening, my lord!

Lord L. This evening, my lady: come, sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial camp.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! excellent! weel, I voow, my lord, ye are a great officer: this is as guide a manœuvre to bring on a rapid engagement, as the ablest general of them aw could ha started.

Lord L. Ay, ay; leave them together, they'll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you, or the needle and the loadstone have lost their sympathy.

[*Exeunt L. Lumbercourt and Sir Pertinax.*]

Eger. What a dilemma am I in! [*Aside.*]

Lady R. Why, this is downright tyranny—it has quite damped my spirits, and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck too, I think.

Eger. A whimsical situation mine! [*Aside.*]

Lady R. Ha! ha! ha! methinks we luock like a couple of cawtious geenerals, that are obliged till take the field, but neither of us seems willing to come till action. [*Aside.*]

Eger. I protest, I know not how to address her. [*Aside.*]

Lady R. He wull nai advance, I see—what am I to do 'tthis affair? gude traith, I wull even do as I suppose many brave heroes ha done before me; clap a gude face upo' the matter, and so conceal an aching heart under a swaggering countenance. [*Aside.*] Sir, sir, ass we ha, by the commands of our gude fathers—a business of some little consequence till transact—I hope ye wull excuse my taking the leeberthy of recommending a chair till ye. [*Courtesies very low.*]

Eger. [*Greatly embarrassed.*] Madam, I beg your pardon. [*Hands her a Chair, then one for himself. They sit down.*]

Lady R. Aha! he's resolved not to come too near till me, I think. [*Aside.*]

Eger. A pleasant interview—hem! hem! [*Aside.*]

Lady R. Hem! hem! [*Mimics him.*] He wull not open the congress, I see; then I wull, [*Aside.*] Come, sir, whan wull ye begin? [*Very loud.*]

Eger. [*Starts.*] Begin! what, madam?

Lady R. To make love till me.

Eger. Love, madam?

Lady R. Ay, love, sir; why you ha never said a word till me yet upo' the subject; nor cast a single glance at me, nor brought forth one tender sigh, nor even yeance secretly squeezed my loof¹⁾. Now, sir, thoff our fathers are so tyrannical ass to dispose of us merely for their ain interests, without a single thought of oor hearts or affections; yet, sir, I hope

ye ha mair humanity than to think of wedding me, without first admeenistering some oth preleeminaries usual on those occasions?

Eger. Madam, I own your reproach is just; I shall therefore no longer disguise my sentiments, but fairly let you know my heart—

Lady R. Ah! ye are right, ye are right, cousin. Honourably and affectionately right—noow that is what I like of aw things in my swain—ay, ay, cousin, open your heart frankly till me, ass a true lover should; but sit ye doown, sit ye doown again, I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, wi a melting tenderness, equal to the amorous enthusiasm of an ancient heroine.

Eger. Madam, if you will hear me—

Lady R. But remember ye must begin yeer address wi fervency, and a most rapturous vehemence; for ye are to conseeder, cousin, that oor match is na till arise fra the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship, but is instantly till start at yeance out of necessity or mere accident, ha! ha! ha! just like a match in an ancient romance, where ye ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten, and dying for each other at first sight; or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance.

Eger. Dear madam, you entirely mistake.

Lady R. So noow, cousin, wi the true romantic enthusiasm, ye are till suppose me the lady o' th' enchanted castle, and ye—ha! ha! ha! ye are to be the knight o' the sorrowful countenance, ha! ha! ha! and, upon honour, ye luock the character admirably, ha! ha!

Eger. Trifling creature!

Lady R. Nay, nay, cousin, guin ye do na begin at yeance, the lady o' the enchanted castle wull vanish in a twankling.

Eger. [*Rises.*] Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for raillery well; but at present, in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

Lady R. Raillery! upon my honour, cousin, ye mistake me quite and clean. I am serious; very serious; ay, and I have cause till be serious; ay, and vary and intill the bargain; [*Rises.*] nay, I wull submit my case even till yourself—can any poor lassie be in a mair lamentable condection [*Whining*] than to be sent four hundred miles, by the commands of a positive grand-mother, till marry a man who I find has na mair affection for me than if I had been his wife these seven years.

Eger. Madam, I am extremely sorry.

Lady R. But it is vary weel, cousin—vary weel—I see your aversion plain enough—and, sir, I must tell ye fairly, ye are the ainly mon that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these eyne; but 'tis vary weel. [*Cries.*] I wull return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my grandmother know how I have been affronted by your slights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Eger. If you are serious, madam, your distress gives me a deep concern: but affection is not in our power; and when you know that my heart is irrecoverably given to another woman, I think your understanding and good nature will not only pardon my past coldness and neglect of you, but forgive me

1) Hand.

when I tell you, I never can have that honour which is intended me, by a connexion with your ladyship.

Lady R. [*Starting up*] How, sir! are ye serious?

Eger. Madam, I am too deeply interested, both as a man of honour and a lover, to act otherwise with you on so tender a subject.

Lady R. And so, ye persist in slighting me?

Eger. I beg your pardon, but I must be explicit—and at once declare, that I never can give my hand where I cannot give my heart.

Lady R. Why then, sir, I must tell you, that your declaration is sic an affront ass na woman o'speerit ought to hear, and here I make a solemn voov never till pardon it—but on yeon condection.

Eger. If that condition be in my power, madam—

Lady R. Sir, it is i'your poower.

Eger. Then, madam, you may command me.

Lady R. Why then, sir, the condection is this; ye must here gie me your honour, that na importunity, command, or menace, o'your father—in fine, that na consideration whatever shall induce you to take me, Rodolpha Lumbercourt, till be your wedded wife.

Eger. Madam! I most solemnly promise, I never will.

Lady R. And I, sir, in my turn, most solemnly and sincerely thank ye for your resolution, [*Courtesies*] and your agreeable aversion, ha! ha! ha! for ye ha made me as happy as a poor wretch relieved in the vary instant of intended execution.

Eger. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all this?

Lady R. Sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side. Therefore, without further disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I myself am ass deeply smitten wi a certain swain, ass I understand ye are wi yeer Constantia.

Eger. Indeed, madam!

Lady R. Oh, sir, aw my extravagance, levity, and redeeculous behaviour in your presence, noow, and ever since your faither prevailed on mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme, to provoke your gravity and gude sense intill a cordial disgust, and a positive refusal.

Eger. Madam, you have contrived and executed your scheme most happily; but, with your leave, madam, if I may presume so far—pray who is your lover?

Lady R. In that too I shall surprise you, sir—he is [*Courtesies*] your ain brother. So ye see, cousin Charles, thoff I could na mingle affections wi ye, I ha na ganged oot of the family.

Eger. Madam, give me leave to congratulate myself upon your affection—you couldn't have placed it on a worthier object; and whatever is to be our chance in this lottery of our parents, be assured that my fortune shall be devoted to your happiness and his.

Lady R. Generous indeed, cousin, but not a whit nobler, I assure you, than your brother Sandy believes of you; and pray credit me, sir, that we shall both remember it, while the heart feels, or memory retains a sense of

gratitude: but now, sir, let me ask one question—pray, how is your mother affected in this business?

Eger. She knows of my passion, and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

Lady R. Ah! that is lucky, vary lucky—our first step must be to take her advice upon our conduct, so as till keep our faithers in the dark, till we can hit off some measure that wull wind them aboot till our ain purpose, and till the common interest of our ain passions.

Eger. You are very right, madam; for should my father suspect my brother's affection for your ladyship, or mine for Constantia, there is no guessing what would be the consequence; his whole happiness depends upon this hargain with my lord; for it gives him the possession of three boroughs, and those, madam, are much dearer to him than the happiness of his children: I am sorry to say it, but to gratify his political rage, he would sacrifice every social tie that is dear to friend or family. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE.

Sir P. No, no; come away, counsellor Plausible—come away, I say; let them chew upon it—let them chew upon it.—Why, counsellor, did ye ever hear so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead, ass that sergeant Eitherside? confound the fallow, he has put me oot of aw temper!

Plau. He is very positive, indeed, sir Pertinax, and no doubt was intemperate and rude; but, sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding: for, certainly, even without the boroughs, it is an advantageous bargain, both to you and your son.

Sir P. But, Plausible, do you think I will give up the nomination till three boroughs? why, I would rather give him twanty, nay, tharty thousand pounds in any other part o' th' bargain—especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become so valuable—why, mon, if a certain affair comes on, they'll rise above five hundred per cent¹).

Plau. No doubt they will, sir Pertinax—but what shall we do in this case? for Mr. Sergeant insists that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs during his own life.

Sir P. Why, yes, in the first sketch of the agreement I believe I did consent; but at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate ass I noow find they turn oot. Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand, for I ha gotten him intill sic an hobble, that he canna exist without me.

Plau. No doubt, sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir P. Vary weel; and ought not a mon till make his vantage of it?

Plau. No doubt you ought, no manner of doubt; but, sir Pertinax, there is a secret

¹ This borough business is another black spot in English liberty; one would almost wish to turn reformer only to do away with this.

spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive, and which I am afraid governs the whole matter respecting these boroughs.

Sir P. What spring do ye mean, counsellor?

Plau. Why this: I have some reason to think that my lord is tied down, by some means or other, to bring sergeant Eitherside in, the very first vacancy, for one of those boroughs—now that, I believe, is the sole motive why the sergeant is so very strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power, fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir P. Oh! my dear Plausible, ye are clever—yes, vary clever—ye ha hit upo' the vary string that has made aw this discord—O! I see it—I see it noow; but haud, haud—hide a wee!) bit—a wee bit, mon—I ha a thought come intill my head—yes—I think noow, Plausible, wi a little twist in oor negotiation, that the vary string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the very harmony we wish for—ya—yas I ha it—this sergeant I see understands business, and if I am not mistaken knows how till take a hint.

Plau. Oh! nobody better, sir Pertinax, nobody better.

Sir P. Why then, Plausible, the short road is awways the best wi sic a man; ye must even come up till his mark a yeance, and let him know fra me, that I wull secure him a seat for yeon of those vary boroughs.

Plau. Oh! that will do, sir Pertinax; that will do, I'll answer for it.

Sir P. And further, I beg ye wull let him know, that I think myself obliged till conseeder him in this affair ass acting for me ass weel ass for my lord, as a common friend till baith, and for the service he has already done us, mak my special compliments till him; and pray let this soft, sterling, bit of paper be my faithful advocate till convince him what my gratitude further intends for his great [*Gives him a Bank-bill*] equity, in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord's family and mine.

Plau. Ha! ha! ha! sir Pertinax, upon my word this is noble—ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper, indeed.

Sir P. Maister Plausible, in aw human dealings the most effectual method is that of ganging at yeance till the vary bottom of a mon's heart—for if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them—Oh! here they baith come!

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT and SERGEANT EITHERSIDE.

Lord L. My dear sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly!—You are really wrong in the point; and if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article—and I appeal to Mr. Sergeant Eitherside here, whether I did not always understand it so.

Serg. E. I assure you, sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions

1) Stop a moment.

too, we always understood the nomination to be in my lord, durante vitâ, durante vitâ—clearly, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Sir P. Why then, my lord, till shorten the dispute, all I can say, in answer till your lordship, is, that there has been a total mistake betwixt us in that point—and therefore the treaty must end here—I give it up—I wash my hands of it for ever—for ever.

Plau. Well but, gentlemen, a little patience pray. Sure this mistake, some how or other, may be rectified—Mr. Sergeant, pray let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and reconsider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon some medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serg. E. Mr. Plausible, I have already considered the clause fully, am entirely master of the question, and my lord cannot give up the point; it is unkind, unreasonable to expect it, and I shall never, never—on no account whatsoever, shall I ever advise him to give it up.

Plau. Nay, Mr. Sergeant, I beg you will not misapprehend me—do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Sergeant and me to retire for a few moments, to reconsider this point about the three boroughs?

Sir P. We aw my heart and saul, maister Plausible, ainy thing till accommodate his lordship—ainy thing—ainy thing.

Plau. What say you, my lord!

Lord L. Nay, I submit it entirely to you and Mr. Sergeant.

Plau. Come, Mr. Sergeant, let us retire.

Lord L. Ay, ay, go, Mr. Sergeant, and hear what Mr. Plausible has to say, however.

Serg. E. Nay, I will wait on Mr. Plausible, my lord, with all my heart; but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion:—impossible, impossible, he cannot give them up; it is an opinion from which I never can depart.

Plau. Well, well, do not be positive, Mr. Sergeant, do not be positive. I am sure reason, and your client's convenience, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serg. E. Ay, ay, reason, and my client's convenience, Mr. Plausible, will always control my opinion, depend upon it. Ay, ay! there you are right; sir, I attend you.

[*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

Sir P. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

Lord L. Upon honour, and so am I, sir Pertinax.

Sir P. But come noow, after aw, your lordship must allow ye ha been i'the wrong. Come, my dear lord, ye must allow that noow.

Lord L. How so, my dear sir Pertinax?

Sir P. Not about the boroughs, my lord, for those I do not mind of a bawbee—but about yeer distrust of my friendship. Why, do ye think noow, I appeal till your ain breast, my lord; do ye think, I say, that I should ever ha refused, or slighted your lordship's nomination till these boroughs?

Lord L. Why really I don't think you would, sir Pertinax; but one must be directed by one's lawyer, you know.

Sir P. Ha! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals till ha ainy dependence upon—they are awways starting punctilios and deeficulties among friends. Why, my dear lord, it is their interest that awmankind should be at variance; for disagreement is the vary manure wi which they enrich and fatten the land of leetigation; and ass they find that that constantly produces the best crop, depend upon it they wull awways be sure till lay it on ass thick ass they can.

Lord L. Come, come, my dear sir Pertinax, you must not be angry with the sergeant for his insisting so warmly on this point—for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir P. I know it, my lord; and as an instance of my promptness to study, and my acquiescence till your lordship's inclination, ass I see that this sergeant Eitherside wishes ye weel, and ye him, I think noow he would be as gude a mon to be returned for yeon of those boroughs, as could be pitched upon, and ass such I humbly recommend him till your lordship's consideration.

Lord L. Why, my dear sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him; he must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously—he must be in.

Sir P. And why not?—why not? is na yeer word a fiat? and wull it na be awways so till me? are ye nait my friend, my patron? and are we nait by this match of our children to be united intill yeon interest?

Lord L. So I understand it, I own, sir Pertinax.

Sir P. My lord, it canna be otherwise—then for heaven's sake, ass your lordship and I ha but yeon interest for the future, let us ha na mair words aboot these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement at yeance—just as it stonds—otherwise there must be new writings drawn, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise, creditors will be impatient and impertinent—so that we shall na finish the Lord knows when.

Lord L. You are right, you are right; say no more, Mac, say no more—split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-hall could—it shall stand as it is—yes, it shall be settled your own way, for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly. Oh! here the lawyers come—so, gentlemen—well, what have ye done—how are you opinions now?

Enter COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE and SERGEANT EITHERSIDE.

Serg. E. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me, that the boroughs should be given up to sir Pertinax.

Plau. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him—I have laid such arguments before Mr. Sergeant, as were irresistible.

Serg. E. He has, indeed, my lord; for when I come to consider the long friendship that has subsisted between your lordship and sir Pertinax; the great and mutual advantages that must attend this alliance; the various foreclosing, seising, distraining, and in short

every shape of ruin that the law can assume; all which must be put in force, should this agreement go off; and as sir Pertinax gives his honour, that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole affair, I am convinced that it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn—just as it is drawn, my lord; it cannot be more to your advantage.

Lord L. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Sergeant, because that is my opinion too—so, my dear Eitherside, do you and Plausible dispatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serg. E. My lord, every thing will be ready for signing in less than an hour—come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings, on our part.

Plau. I attend you, Mr. Sergeant.

[Exeunt Lawyers.]

Lord L. And while the lawyers are preparing the writings, sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women.

Sir P. Do, do, my lord, and I wull come till you presently.

Lord L. Very well, my dear Mac, I shall expect you.

[Exit singing.]

Sir P. So! a leetle flattery, mixt wi the finesse of a gilded promise on yeon side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great Britain, and feel nothing but dignity and elevation. Haud! haud! bide a wee! bide a wee! I ha yeon leetle matter mair in this affair till adjust, and then, sir Pertinax, ye may dictate till fortune herself, and send her till govern feuls¹), while ye show, and convince the world, that wise men awways govern her. Wha's there?

Enter SAM.

Tell my son Egerton I would speak wee him. Now I ha settled the grand point *[Exit Sam]* wi my lord, this I think is the proper juncture till feel the poetical pulse of my spark, and yeance for aw till set it to the exact measure that I would ha it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON.

Come hither, Chairles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir P. Aboot two hours since I told you, Chairles, that I received this letter express, complaining of your brother's actceivity at an election i'the north, against a particular friend of mine; which has given great offence; and, sir, ye are mentioned in the letter, ass weel ass he. To be plain, I must roundly tell ye, that on this interview depends my happiness, ass a mon and a father, and my affection till ye, sir, ass a son, for the remainder of your days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir P. I hope so too; but to the point—the fact is this. There has been a motion made this vary day, to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday se'nnight; noow, sir, ass ye are popular, ha talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I insist upon

¹) Fools.

it, that ye endeavour till atone for yeer misconduct, by preparing and taking a lairge share in that question, and supporting it wi aw your poower.

Eger. But, sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and my conscience.

Sir P. Conscience! did ye ever hear ainy man talk of conscience in poleetical maiters? conscience, quotha, I ha been in parliament these three-and-thirty years, and never heard the term made use of before—sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and ye wull be laughed at for it.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature—you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor. For know, sir, that the malignant ferment, which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men—I detest.

Sir P. What are ye aboot, sir; with your malignant, yeer venal ambition, and your romantic nonsense? Sir, every mon should be ambeetious till serve his country—and every man should be rewarded for it. And pray, sir, would not ye wish till serve yeer country? answer me that, I say, would not ye wish till serve your country?

Eger. Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is hers. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes; or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act it with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir P. Why, ye are mad, sir; stark, staring, raving mad; certainly the fellow has been bitten by some mad whig¹⁾ or other! ye are vary young—vary young, indeed, in these maiters; but experience wull convince ye, sir, that every mon in public business has twa consciences; mind, sir, twa consciences: a releeigious and a poleetical conscience—you see a maichant, or a shopkeeper, that kens the science of the world, awways luocks upon an oath in a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business—a thing of course—a mere thing o'course, that has naething till do wi relegation; and just so it is at an election, exactly the same—for instance, noow, I am a candidate—pray observe—I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twanty, or tharty guineas, for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose, and so on through a majority o'voters; vary weel, what is the consequence? why, this commercial intercourse, ye see, begets a friendship betwixt us, and in a day or twa, these men gang and give me their suffrages. Weel, what is the inference, pray, sir? can ye, or ainy lawyer, divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? nai, sir, in fair poleetical reasoning, it is ainy gene-

rosity on the ain side, and gratitude on the other—so, sir, let me ha na mair of yeer releeigious or philosophical refinements: but prepare—attend—and speak till the question, or ye are na son o'mine—sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Vary weel; we'll attend his lordship. [*Exit Sam*] Come, sir, let us gang down and dispatch the business.

[*Going, is stopped by Egerton.*]

Eger. Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear me a word or two upon this subject.

Sir P. Weel, sir; what would ye say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know [*Bows very low*] my aversion to this match.

Sir P. Hoow, sir?

Eger. But my respect and fear of disobliging you, hitherto kept me silent.

Sir P. Your aversion! hoow dare ye use sic language till me? your aversion! luock you, sir, I shall cut the matter vary short—Conseeder—my fortune is na inheritance; aw my ain acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes¹⁾ of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir; but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir P. Hoow! another woman! ah, ye villain, how dare ye love another woman without my permission—but what other woman? wha is she? speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia. [*Bowing very low.*]

Sir P. Constantia! Oh, ye profligate! what, a creature taken in for charity?

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune; and virtue, though covered with a village garb, is virtue still; therefore, sir—

Sir P. Haud yeer jabbering, ye villain; haud yeer jabbering! none of yeer romance, or refinement, till me. I ha but yeen question till ask ye, but yeen question, and then I ha done we ye for ever—for ever—therefore think before ye answer; wull ye marry the lady, or wull ye break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this impaternal passion. [*Going.*]

Sir P. Tarry, I command you—and I command ye likewise not to stir till ye ha given me ain answer—a definitive answer—wull ye marry the lady, or wull ye not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir, know then, that I cannot—will not marry her. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Oh! the villain has shot me through the head; he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted—there never was sic a bargain as

1) Children amuse themselves by throwing flat stones sideways on the surface of a river, etc., in such a manner that they alternately dip in and rise out of the water, and this they call *ducks and drakes*; so that if Sir Pertinax would convert his fortune into dollars, he could amuse himself for some time pretty well.

1) The Whigs are opposed to the Tories, forming the two grand political factions in England.

I ha made wi this feulish lord—possession of his whole estate, wi three boroughs upon it; sax members! why, what an acquisition, what consequence! what dignity, what weight till the house of Macsycophant—O! down the fellow—three boroughs, only for sending doon six broomsticks—Oh! miserable; ever since this fallow came intill the world have I been secretly preparing him for the seat of ministerial dignity, and sure never, never were times so favourable—every thing conspires; for aw the auld polectical posthorses are broken-winded, and foundered, and canna get on; and ass till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing yean another in what they feulishly caw taste and ailegance, binds them bond and foot in the chains of luxury; which wull awways set them up till the best bidder; so that if they can but get where-withal till supply their dissipation, a meenister may convert the polectical morals of aw sic voluptuaries intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties till the great mogul.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and BETTY.

Sir P. Come this way, Betty, come this way; ye are a gude girl, and I'll reward ye for this discovery. Oh! the villain! offer her marriage!

Bet. It is true, indeed; I would not tell your honour a lie for the world; but in troth it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir P. Ye are right, ye are right; it was yeer duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it; ye say maister Sidney is in love wi her too—pray how came you by that intelligence?

Bet. Oh! sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will; I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a sly sidelook at her, by his trembling, his breathing short, his sighing when they are reading together—besides, sir, he made love verses upon her, in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music; ay! and I suspect another thing, sir; she has a sweetheart, if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir P. VVha! Constantia?

Bet. Ay, Constantia, sir—lord, I can know the whole affair, sir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Then send this instant, and get me a particular account of it.

Bet. That I will this minute, sir.

Sir P. In the mean time keep a strict watch upon Constantia—and be sure ye bring me word of whatever new matter ye can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband or sweetheart.

Bet. Never fear, sir.

Sir P. VVha's there?

Enter TOMLINS.

VVhere is maister Sidney?

Tom. In the drawing-room, sir.

Sir P. Tell him I would speak we him.

[*Exit Tomlins*] Why suppose this Sidney noow should be privy till his friend Chairles' love for Constantia—what then, gude traith, it is natural till think that his ain love wull demand the preference—ay, and obtain it too—yas! yas! self—self! is an alloquent advocate on these occasions—for only make it a mon's interest till be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant. Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir P. Yes, I wanted till speak wi ye upon a vary singular business—Maister Sidney, give me yeer hond, guin it did na luock like flattery (which I detest), I would tell ye, maister Sidney, that ye are an honour till your cloth, yeer country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir P. Sit ye doon here, maister Sidney—sit ye doon here by me—my friend. [*They sit*] I am under the greatest obligations till ye, for the care ye ha taken of Chairles—the principles, releeigious, moral, and polectical, that ye ha infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude, baith fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir P. Sir, ye deserve it, richly deserve it; and noow, sir, the same care that ye ha had of Chairles, the same my wife has taken of her favourite, and sure never were accomplishments, knowledge, or principles, social and releeigious, impressed intill a better nature than Constantia's.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir P. She is, besides, a gentlewoman, and of ass gude a family ass any in this county.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir P. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the which he dissipated and melted in feasting, and friendships, and charities, hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense—but to the business—Maister Sidney, I love ye—yas, I love you, and ha been luocking oot, and contriving hoow till settle ye in the world: sir, I want till see ye comfortably and honourably fixed at the heed of a respectable family, and guin ye were my ain son, a thoosand times, I could na make a mair valuable present till ye for that purpose ass a partner for life, than this same Constantia, wee sic a fortune doon wi her ass ye yoursel shall deem to be competent: ay, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my pooover till confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth; yet, were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy, and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite, I could not—would not wed her.

Sir P. Not wed her! odzwins, mon! ye surprise me! why so? what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal; but, briefly and finally, it cannot be, nor is it a subject I can longer converse upon.

Sir P. Weel, sir, I ha done, I ha done—sit doon, man—sit doon again—sit ye doon. [*They sit*] I shall mention it no more—not but I must confess honestly till ye, friend Sidney, that the match, had ye approved of my proposal, besides profitting you, would ha been of singular sarvice till me likewise; hoowever ye may still sarve me ass effectually ass if ye had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir P. I believe it, I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank ye. I ha na friend till depend upon but yourself—my heart is awmost broke—I canna help these tears; and to tell ye the fact at yeance, your friend Chairles is struck wi a most dangerous malady, a kind of insanity—in short, this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him—do ye understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir P. Why, he is grievously smitten wi the love of her, and I am afraid will never be cured without a leetle of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir P. In what manner! Lord, maister Sidney, how can ye be so dull! Now then, my vary guid friend, guin you would take an opportunity to speak a guid word for him till the wench, and contrive to bring them together once, why, in a few days after, he woul' nai care a pinch o'snuff for her. [*Sidney starts up*] What is the matter wi ye, mon—what the deevil gars ye start and luock so astonished?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me! In what part of my mind, or conduct, have you found that baseness, which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir P. Indignity—what indignity do ye mean, sir? is asking ye till serve a friend wi a wench an indignity? Sir, am not I your patron and benefactor, ha?

Sid. You are, sir; and I feel your bounty at my heart—but the virtuous gratitude, that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me, that in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir P. Hoow! what, sir, do ye dispute? are ye na my dependant—ha! and do ye hesitate about an ordinary civeelity, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? sir, let me tell ye, however nice ye may be, there is na a dependant about the court that would na jump at sic an opportunity till oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons may be learned in every party school: for where faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to the prosperity of the Briton and the patriot—there every vice is to be expected.

Sir P. Oho! Oho! vary weel, fine insinuations! I ken what you glance at—yes, ye intend this satire as a slander upon meenisters—ay! ay! fine sedection against government—Oho! ye villain—ye—ye—sirrah—ye are a black sheep, and I'll mark ye, and represent ye: I'll draw your picture—ah! ah! I am glad ye show yoursel—yas, yas—ye ha taken off

the mask at last, ye ha been in my service for many years, ye hypocrite! ye impostor—but I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before; if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir P. I ha done wi ye—I ha done wi ye. Ay, ay, noow I can account for my son's conduct; his aversion till courts, till meenisters, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands—a peefedious fellow—ye're a Judas! ye ha ruined the morals of my son, ye villain; but I ha done wi ye; however this I wull prophesy at oor pairting, for your comfort, that guin ye air so vary squemish in obliging your patron, ye'll never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour—in the favour of my own conscience too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons of any denomination can confer. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. What a reegorous, saucy, stiff-necked fallow it is!—I see my folly noow; I am undone by my ain policy! this Sidney was the last man that should ha been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles that might ha done vary weel among the ancient Romans, but are domned unfit for the modern Britons—weel! guin I had a thousand sons, I never would suffer yearn of year English univarsity bred fellows, till be about a son of mine again; for they ha sic an pride of leetature and character, and sic saucy English notions of leeberty, conteenually fermenting in their thoughts, that a man is never sure of one of them; but what am I to do? Zoons, he must nai marry this beggar—I canna sit doon tamely under that—stay, haud a wee; by the blood I have it—yas! I ha hit upon't.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Oh! sir, I have got the whole secret out.

Sir P. Aboot what?

Bet. Aboot miss Constantia; I have just had all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Weel, weel, but what is the story? quick, quick, what is it?

Bet. Why, sir, it is certainly that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart, or a husband, a sort of a gentleman, or a gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges'; for Sukey says she saw them together last night in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir P. Ah! I am afraid this is too gude news till be true.

Bet. Oh! sir, it is certainly true; besides, sir, she has just writ a letter to the gallant; and I have sent John Gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley; now, sir, if your worship would seize the letter. See, see, sir, here John comes, with the letter in his hand!

Sir P. Go, go; step ye oot, Betty, and leave the fellow till me.

Bet. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter JOHN, with a Packet and a Letter.
John. There, go you into my pocket. [*Puts*

up the Packet] There's nobody in the library—so I'll e'en go through the short way; let me see what is the name—Mel—Mellil—O! no! Melville, at Gaffer Hodges'.

Sir P. What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir P. Give it me, sir.

John. An't please your honour, sir—it—it—it is not mine.

Sir P. Deliver it this instant, sirrah; or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour.

[Gives the Letter to Sir Pertinax.]

Sir P. Be gone, rascal—this I suppose will let us intill the whole business.

John. You have got the letter, old surly, but the packet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that, however; for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia, in spite of you.

[Aside. Exit.]

Sir P. *[Reading the Letter]* Um!—Um!—Um! And bless my eyes with the sight of you. Um! um! throw myself into your dear arms. Zoouns, this letter is invaluable!

Enter BETTY.

Oh! Betty, ye are an axcellent wench, this letter is worth a million.

Bet. Is it as I suspected, sir, to her sweetheart?

Sir P. It is—it is! bid Constantia pack oot of the house this instant; and let them get the chaise ready to carry her wherever she pleases; but first send my wife and son hither.

Bet. I shall, sir.

Sir P. Do so, be gone. *[Exit Betty]* Aha! master Chairles, I believe I shall cure your passion for a vartuous beggar noow; I think he canna be so infatuated as to be a dupe till a strumpet—let me see—hoow am I till act noow?—why, like a true polectician, I must pretend most sincerely, where I intend most deceit.

Enter LADY MACSYCOPHANT and EGERTON.

Wveel, Chairles, notwithstanding the meesery ye ha brought upon me, I ha sent for ye and yeer mother, in order till convince ye baith of my affection, and my readiness till forgive; nay, and even till indulge your perverse passion; for since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your mother and ye think that ye can never be happy withoot her, why I'll na longer oppose yeer inclinations.

Eger. Dear sir, you snatch me from sharpest misery. On my knees let my heart thank you for this goodness.

Lady M. Let me express my thanks too, and my joy; for had you not consented to his marrying her, we all should have been miserable.

Sir P. Wveel, I am glad I ha found a way till please ye baith at last—but noow, my dear Chairles, suppose noow, that this spotless vestal, this wonder of vartue, this idol of your heart, should be a concealed wanton, after aw!

Eger. A wanton, sir! *[Eagerly.]*

Sir P. Or suppose that she should have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue wi another mon, and is only making a dupe of ye aw this time; I say only suppose it, my

dear, dear Chairles; what would ye think of her?

Eger. I should think her the most deceitful, and the most subtle of her sex, and if possible would never think of her again.

Sir P. Wvull ye give me yeer honour of that?

Eger. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir P. Enough—I am satisfied. *[Cries with joy]* You make me young again; I was afraid ye were fascinated wi the charms of a crack. Do ye ken this bond?

Eger. Mighty well, sir.

Sir P. And ye, madam?

Lady M. As well as I do my own, sir; it is Constantia's.

Sir P. It is so; and a better evidence it is, than any that can be given by the human tongue; here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's ain bond; her ain hond, sir, her ain hond. But judge yourselves—read it.

Eger. *[Reads]* I have only time to tell you, that the family came down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till the evening. The notes and jewels, which the bearer of this will deliver to you, were presented to me, since I saw you, by the son of my benefactor—

Sir P. Now mark.

Eger. *[Reads]* All which I beg you will convert to your own immediate use, for my heart has no room for any wish, or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness—

Sir P. Oh, Chairles, Chairles! do ye see, sir, what a dupe she makes of you? But mark what follows; mark, Chairles, mark.

Eger. *[Reads]* Oh, how I long—

Sir P. Mark.

Eger. *[Reads]* To throw myself into your dear, dear arms—

Sir P. Mark, mark.

Eger. *[Reads]* To sooth your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows. I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk—in the dark walk!

Sir P. In the dark walk—ah! an evil-eyed curse upon her! yas, yas, she has been often in the dark walk, I believe—but read, read!

Eger. *[Reads]* In the mean time, banish all fears, and hope the best, from fortune, and your ever dutiful, and ever affectionate

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

Sir P. There, there's a warm epistle for you! in short, the fact is—the hussy, ye must know, is married till the fellow.

Eger. Not unlikely, sir.

Lady M. Indeed, by her letter, I believe she is.

Sir P. Noow, madam, what amends can ye make me for countenancing your son's passion for sic an a reptile? and ye, sir, what ha ye till say for your disobedience and your frenzy? Oh! Chairles! Chairles, you'll shorten my days! *[Sits down.]*

Eger. Pray, sir, be patient—compose yourself a moment; I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir P. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Eger. The lady, sir, has never yet been consulted, and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir P. Sir, that is na business of yours—I know she wull consent; and that's aw we are till consider. Oh! here comes my lord!

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready, and the lawyers wait for us.

Sir P. We attend your lordship; where is lady Rodolpha?

Lord L. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady! ha! ha! ha! I hear your vestal, Constantia, has been flirting!

Sir P. Yas, yas, my lord, she is in very gude order for ainy mon that wants a wife, and an heir till his estate, intill the bargain.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Sir, there's a man below, that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir P. Sir, I canna speak till ainy body noow—he must come another time; haud—stay, what, is he a gentleman?

Tom. He looks something like one, sir; a sort of a gentleman; but he seems to be in a kind of a passion; for when I asked his name, he answered hastily, 'tis no matter, friend, go tell your master there is a gentleman here, that must speak to him directly.

Sir P. Must! ha! vary peremptory indeed! pr'ythee let's see this angry sort of a gentleman, for curiosity's sake. [*Exit Tomlins.*]

Enter LADY RODOLPHA.

Lady R. Oh! my lady Macsycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty; who begs she may be permitted to speak till your ladyship, before ye finally reprobate her.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, lady Rodolpha, but it must not be; see her, she shall not.

Lady M. Nay, there can be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir P. I tell you, it shall not be.

Lady M. Well, well, my dear, I have done, I have done.

Enter TOMLINS and MELVILLE.

Tom. Sir, that is my master.

Sir P. Weel, sir, pray what is your urgent business wi me, sir?

Mel. To shun disgrace and punish baseness.

Sir P. Punish baseness! what does the fallow mean? wha are ye, sir?

Mel. A man, sir.

Sir P. A mon, sir!

Mel. And one whose spirit and fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

Lord L. You seem to be a soldier, sir!

Mel. I was, sir, and have the soldier's certificate, to prove my service—rags and scars: for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in noblest dangers sustained it with my sword—at length ungrateful peace has laid me down, where welcome war first took me up—in poverty—and the dread of cruel creditors. Paternal

affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child. I found her, as I thought, amiable as paternal fondness could desire; but foul seduction has snatched her from me; and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger, and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

Lady M. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—but—Constantia.

Omnes. How!

Lady M. Constantia!

Eger. Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is, and was the only comfort that nature, fortune, or my own extravagance had left me.

Sir P. Gude traith, then I fancy ye wull find but vary little comfort fra her; for she is na better than she should be—she has had na damage in this mansion; but ye may gang till Hadley, till ye an farmer Hodges', and there ye may learn the whole story, fra a cheel they caw Melville.

Mel. Melville!

Sir P. Yas, sir; Melville.

Mel. O! would to heaven she had no crime to answer but her commerce with Melville—no, sir, he is not the man; it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her! and here, sir, are the evidences of his seduction.

Eger. Of my seduction, sir!

Mel. Of yours, sir, if your name be Egerton.

Eger. I am that man, sir; but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels—not to be had in her menial state, but at the price of chastity; not an hour since she sent them, impudently sent them, by a servant of this house; contagious infamy started from their touch.

Eger. Sir, perhaps you may be mistaken concerning the terms on which she received them; do you but clear her conduct with respect to Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life; you are my better angel—I believe in your words, your looks—know then—I am that Melville.

Sir P. Hoow, sir! ye that Melville, that was at farmer Hodges'?

Mel. The same, sir; it was he brought my Constantia to my arms; lodged and secreted me—once my lowly tenant, now my only friend; the fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville, till I could see and consult some who once called themselves my friends.

Eger. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes—I will keep my word with you religiously; and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous and as happy as you could wish her.

[*Exeunt Lady Macsycophant and Egerton.*]

Sir P. The clearing up of this wench's virtue is dom'd unlucky! I'm afraid it wull ruin aw oor affairs again—hoowever, I ha ye an stroke still in my heed, that wull secure the bargain wi my lord, let matters gang as they wull. [*Aside*] But I wonder, maister Melville, that ye did na pick up some leetle matter of the siller in the Indies—Ah! there ha been

bonny fortunes snapped up there of late years by some of the meelitary blades.

Mel. Very true, sir; but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with any thing in the service but blows and ill fortune—I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir P. Ah! 'tis pity, sir; a great pity, noow, that ye did na get a mogul, or some sic an animal intill your clutches—Ah! I should like till ha the strangling of a nabob—the rum-maging of his gold dust, his jewel closet, and aw his magazines of bars and ingots; ha! ha! ha! gude traith, noow, sic an aw fellow would be a bonny cheel to bring over till this toown, and till exhibit him riding on an elephant; upon honour a mon might raise a poll tax by him that would gang near till pay the debts of the nation!

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, LADY MACSCOPHANT, and SIDNEY.

Eger. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue; and my best proof to you and all the world, that I think her not only chaste, but the most deserving of her sex, is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and the tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life!

Sir P. Hoow, married!

Eger. I know, sir, at present we shall meet your anger—but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir P. Naver, naver; and could I make ye, her, and aw your issue beggars—I would move hell, heaven, and earth till effect it.

Lord L. Why, sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will entirely ruin my affairs.

Sir P. My lord, wi the consent of your lordship and lady Rodolpha, I ha an expedient till offer, that will not ainly punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship and lady Rodolpha proposed by the intended match wee him.

Lord L. I doubt it much, sir Pertinax; I doubt it much; but what is it, sir? what is your expedient?

Sir P. My lord, I ha another son, my son Sandy, he is a guid lad; and provided the lady and your lordship ha na objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled, upon lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son, Sandy.

Lord L. Why, that is an expedient, indeed, sir Pertinax; but what say you, Rodolpha?

Lady R. Nay, nay, my lord, ass I had na reason till ha the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and ass my intended marriage wi him was entirely an act of obedience till my grandmother, provided my cousin Sandy will be ass agreeable till her ladyship, ass my cousin Chairles, here, would ha been—I have na the least objection till the change; ay, ay,

upon honour, yeon brother is ass gude till Rodolpha ass another.

Sir P. I'll ainswer, madam, for your grandmother; noow, my lord, what say you?

Lord L. Nay, sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again; come, child, let us be gone. Lookye, sir Pertinax, let me have no more perplexity, or trouble about writings, lawyers, duns, debts, or daughter; only let me be at my ease, and rat me if I care one pinch of snuff if her ladyship concorporates with the cham of Tartary. [*Exit Lord Lumbercourt.*]

Sir P. Ass to ye, my lady Maescyphont, I suppose ye concluded, before ye gave your consent till this match, that there would be an end of every thing betwixt ye and me: ye shall ha a jointure, but not a bawbee besides, living or dead, shall ye, or any of your issue, ever see of mine; so, madam, live wi yeer Constantia, wi yeer son, and wi that—that damn'd black sheep there. [*Exit Sir Pertinax.*]

Lady R. VVee, cousin Egerton, in spite o'the ambeetious frenzy o'your faither, and the thoughtless deesipation o'mine, don Cupid has at last carried his point in favour o'his devotees; but I mun noow take my leave with the fag-end of an awd north country wish, brought fra the hospitable land of fair Strathbogie: may mutual love and gude humour ever be the guest of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blithsome phantom of aw your tricky dreams through the rugged road of this crooked, deceitful world; and may our faithers be an example to oorsels, that will remind us to treat oor bairns¹⁾, should heaven croon our endeavours, wi more lebeerality and affection, than that with which oor fathers have treated us. [*Exit Lady Rodolpha.*]

Eger. You seem melancholy, sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, sir, will press upon the heart: for notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in hers, I own I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Eger. You, sir, have no share in his disagreement; for had not you been born, from my father's nature, some other cause of his resentment must have happened; but for a time, sir, at least, and I hope for life, affliction and angry vicissitudes have taken their leave of us all: if affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach. My fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.

My scheme, though mock'd by knave, coquette, and fool,

To thinking minds must prove this golden rule:

In all pursuits—but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁾ Children.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Comedy by P. Massinger. Acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane 1653. This play is very deservedly commended in two copies of verses by Sir Henry Moody and Sir Thomas Jay: it is one of the best of the old comedies. The plot is good and well conducted, the language dramatic and nervous, and the characters, particularly that of Sir Giles Overreach, are highly and judiciously drawn. It was revived at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1748, and several times since; but whether from any fault in the performance, or want of taste in the audience, it did not meet with that success which might have been expected from its merit, and which some of its contemporaries, not possessed of more, have since received on a revival. We are the more inclined to believe that the want of success must have arisen from the performers, as it was acted at Covent Garden, in 1781, in a manner that showed it was deserving of the utmost applause. Mr. Henderson's performance of Sir Giles Overreach, in particular, could not be too much commended. It was revived by Mr. Cooke, who, though he may have fallen short of his predecessor just mentioned, yet has sustained the part with credit, and he who has seen Kead in this character will not easily forget him.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD LOVELL.
SIR GILES OVERREACH.
WELLBORN.
ALLWORTH.

JUSTICE GREEDY.
MARRALL.
WELLDON.
TAPWELL.

ORDER.
FURNACE,
AMBLE.
CREDITORS.

LADY ALLWORTH.
MARGARET.
FROTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of a Village Ale-house.*

Enter WELLBORN, TAPWELL, and FROTH.

Well. No liquor! nor no credit?

Tap. None, sir;

Not the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter; all night palld too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir.

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, your brach!

The devil turn'd precisian? Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth! durst I trust you with a looking-glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,

And take the name yourself.

Well. How! dog?

Tap. Even so, sir. Advance your Plymouth cloak;

There dwells, and within call (if it please your worship),

A potent monarch call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;

Such as with great dexterity will hale

Your poor tatter'd—

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself

In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure for other liquor,

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell

Does keep no other register.

Well. Am I not he

Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not

Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;

What you are is apparent. Now for a farewell:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
old sir John,

My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Bore the whole sway of the shire; kept a good house;

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly.

You cannot be out of your way.

Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,

And I your under-butler: note the change now:

You had a merry time oft. Hawks and hounds,

With choice of running horses; mistresses,

And other such extravagancies;

Which your uncle, sir Giles Overreach, observing,

Resolving not to lose so fair an opportunity,
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,

For awhile supplied your lavishness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate has penn'd this invective, mongrel,

And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet.

Your lands gone, and your credit not worth a token,

You grew the common borrower; no man's cap'd

Your paper pellets, from the gentleman to the groom;

While I, honest Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage,
And humbled myself to marriage with my

Froth here.

Well. Hear me, ungrateful bell-hound! did not I

Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to

clean 'em.

'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou

wouldst

Live like an emperor: 'twas I that gave it,

In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir.

For from the tavern to the tap-house, all,
On forfeiture of their license, stand bound,

Never to remember who their best guests were,
If they grow poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper!
But since you are grown forgetful I will help
Your memory, and beat thee into remembrance;
Nor leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him.*
Tap. Oh, oh, oh!
Froth. Help! help!

Enter ALLWORTH.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold!
Deny me, Frank? they are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them
from this sceptre:
[*Shaking his Cudgel.*

But let 'em vanish;
For if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presum'd
On your ambling wit, and must use your
glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't. *

Tap. Patience, Froth,
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*Tapwell and Froth go into the House.*

Well. Sent for to your mother?
Allw. My lady, Frank, my patroness! my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no
tongue

To envy or detraction. Pr'ythee tell me,
Has she no suitors?

Allw. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: such as sue and send,
And send and sue again; but to no purpose.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.

Well. I doubt it not.
Now, Allworth, better come and mark my
counsel. I am bound to give it;
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth;
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care; but, pray
you, in what
Do I run the hazard?

Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

Allw. In love, at my years?
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but
are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you
have made;

And, with my finger, can point out the north star,
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided.
And to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
Sprung from an envious briar, I may infer,

There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Allw. And yours too.

Well. I confess it, Allworth.
I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Or canst thou think (if self-love blind thee not)
That sir Giles Overreach (that to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope
his own too)

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.
Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune and my means; yet
something

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.
Well. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry.
Well. Money from thee?

From a boy, a stipendiary? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;

Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer.

And as I, in my madness, broke my state
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allw. A strange humour! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—A Chamber in LADY ALLWORTH'S
House.

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, and FURNACE.

Order. Set all things right, or, as my name
is Order,

Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his
breakfast,

And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Amble. You are merry,

Good master steward.
Fur. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Fur. You think you have spoke wisely, good
man Amble,

My lady's go-before.
Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twil me with the authority of the
kitchen?

At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry;
And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Fur. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

Order. With whom?

Fur. No matter whom: yet, now I think on't, I'm angry with my lady.

Amble. Heaven forbid, man.

Order. What cause has she given thee?

Fur. Cause enough, master steward:

I was entertain'd by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempt-
ing sauces,

When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her
viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water gruel; my skill ne'er thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining-
room.

Fur. By whom?

By such as pretend to love her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away
upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
"Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well."
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

[*A Knocking.*]

Amble. One knocks.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Order. Our late young master.

Amble. Welcome, sir.

Fur. Your hand.

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Order. His father's picture in little.

Fur. We are all your servants.

Allw. At once, my thanks to all:

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Order. Her presence answers for us.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady A. Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Order, Amble, and Furnace.*]

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

How is it with your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself;

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour.
He did command me (pardon my presumption),
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady A. I am honour'd in

His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam:

But he will in person first present his service.

Lady A. And how approve you of his course?

You are yet,

Like virgin parchment, capable of any

Inscription, vicious or honourable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please

I will put on: but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady A. 'Tis well answer'd,

And I commend your spirit. You had a father
(Bless'd be his memory), that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And therefore what I speak you are bound
to hear,

With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.

Allw. I have found you,

Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lady A. I much hope it.

These were your father's words: "If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd; but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lawless riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers.

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To dare boldly

In a fair cause, and for the country's safety
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat,
Are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allw. There's no syllable

You speak, but it is to me an oracle;
Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady A. To conclude:

Beware ill company; for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse:
And from one man I warn you, and that's
Wellborn:

Not 'cause he's poor—that rather claims your
pity;

But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

Allw. I shall obey in all things.

Lady A. Follow me to my chamber; you
shall have gold

To furnish you like my son, and still supply'd
As I hear from you.

Allw. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S
House.*

*Enter SIM GILES OVERREACH, JUSTICE GREEDY,
ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and MARRALL.*

Just-G. Not to be seen?

Sir G. Still cloister'd up? Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she makes herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will;

Which we that are her servants ought to serve,

And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome:

And if you please to stay, that you may think so, There came not six days since from Hull, a pipe Of rich Canary; which shall spend itself For my lady's honour.

Just. G. Is it of the right race?

Order. Yes, Mr. Greedy.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er! [*Apart.*

Fur. I'll make it run and run. [*Apart.* Save your good worship!

Just. G. Honest Mr. Cook, thy hand—again! How I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine

Of beef well season'd.

Just. G. Good.

Fur. A pheasant larded.

Just. G. That I might now give thanks for't!

Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Just. G. A stag, man?

Fur. A stag, sir; part of it is prepar'd for dinner,

And bak'd in puff-paste.

Just. G. Puff-paste too, sir Giles!

A pond'rous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer too, sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Sir G. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,

And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Just. G. Cause me no causes: I'll prove't, for such a dinner,

We may put off a commission; you shall find it Henrici decimo quarto.

Sir G. Fie, Mr. Greedy,

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?

No more, for shame! We must forget the belly, When we think of profit.

Just. G. Well, you shall overrule me.

I could ev'n cry now. Do you hear, master Cook?

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,

And I in thankfulness will, by your boy,

Send you a brace of threepences.

Fur. Will you be so prodigal?

Sir G. Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN.

Who have we here?

Well. You know me.

Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;

Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!

If ever thou presume to own me more,

I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Just. G. I'll grant the warrant.

Think of pie-corner, Furnace.

[*Exeunt Sir Giles Overreach, Justice Greedy, and Marrall.*

Amble. Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

[*To Wellborn.*

Order. This is rudeness,

And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay

To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket,

But you must press into the hall?

Fur. Pr'ythee vanish

Into some out-houze, though it be the pig-sty; My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare.

Oh, here is Tom Allworth!—Tom!

Allw. We must be strangers;

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

[*Exit.*

Well. Better and better. He contemns me too.

Fur. Will you know your way?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you,

By the head and shoulders?

Well. No, I will not stir:

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch

That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,

Created only to make legs and cringe,

To carry in a dish and shift a trencher,

That have not souls only to hope a blessing,

Beyond your master's leavings—who advances? who

Shows me the way?

Order. Here comes my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. What noise is this?

Well. Madam, my designs bear me to you.

Lady A. To me?

Well. And though I have met with

But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,

I hope from you to receive that noble usage, As may become the true friend of your husband;

And then I shall forget these.

Lady A. I am amaz'd,

To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,

Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,

That I, who to the best men of this country

Denied my presence since my husband's death,

Can fall so low as to change words with thee?

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;

But as in form you are angelical,

Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe

At least awhile to hear me. You will grant

The blood that runs in this arm is as noble

As that which fills your veins. Your swelling titles,

Equipage, and fortune; your men's observance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;

Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.

You have a fair fame, and I know deserve it;

Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more

Than in the pious sorrow you have shown

For your late noble husband.

Order. There he touch'd her. [*Aside.*

Well. That husband, madam, was once in

his fortune

Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels,

Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought

A boast in me, though I say I reliev'd him.

'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword

That did on all occasions second his;

I brought him on and off with honour, lady:

And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,

And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up;

I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,

And brought him to the shore.

Fur. Are not we base rogues

That could forget this?

[*Aside.*

Well. I confess you made him Master of your estate; nor could your friends, Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind Made up of all parts, either great or noble; So winning a behaviour, not to be Resisted, madam.

Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake then, in that I was his Do not contemn me. [friend,

Lady A. For what's past excuse me; I will redeem it. [*Offers him her Pocket-book.*

Well. Madam, on no terms:

I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you; But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever. Only one suit I make: pray give me leave.

[*Lady Allworth signs to the Servants to retire.* I will not tire your patience with relation Of the bad arts my uncle Overreach Still for'd, to strip me of my fair possessions; Nor how he shuts the door upon my want.

Would you but vouchsafe, To your dead husband's friend, such feigned As might beget opinion in sir Giles [grace Of a true passion toward me, you would see In the mere thought to prey on me again He'd turn my friend,

Quit all my owings, set me truly forth, And furnish'd well with gold; which I should use, I trust, to your no shame, lady, but live Ever a debtor to your gentleness.

Lady A. What, nothing else?

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady A. What you demand is yours.

Respect this gentleman as 'twere myself.

[*To the Servants.*

Adieu, dear master Wellborn;

Pray let me see you with your off'nest means.

Well. Your honour's servant.

[*Kisses her Hand. Exit Lady Allworth.* Now what can be wrought out of such a suit Is yet in supposition. [*Servants bow*] Nay, all's forgotten;

And for a lucky omen to my project, Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Order. Agreed, agreed.

Fur. Still merry, Mr. Wellborn?

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Well. Well, faith, a rig't worthy and a liberal lady,

Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes, And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem Her husband's friend! When by this honest plot The world believes she means to heal my wants With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor Will be struck mute, and I be left at large To practise on my uncle Overreach. Here I may work the measure, to redeem My mortgage'd fortune, which he stripp'd me of When youth and dissipation quell'd my reason. The fancy pleases—if the plot succeed, 'Tis a new way to pay old debts indeed. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Landscape.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH and MARRALL.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him,

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air; and yet The chop-fall'n justice did his part, returning For your advantage the certificate, Against his conscience and his knowledge too (With your good favour), to the utter ruin Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly, Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder

Why, your worship having

The power to put this thin gut in commission, You are not in't yourself.

Sir G. Thou art a fool;

In being out of office I am out of danger; Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble, I might, or out of wilfulness or error, Run myself finely into a premunire; And so become a prey to the informer. No, I'll have none oft: 'tis enough I keep Greedy at my devotion: so he serve My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not; Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life, And to do right to others as ourselves, I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you (With your good patience), to hedge in the manor

Of your good neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,

He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange; And his land lying in the midst of your many lordships,

Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought on't, Marrall, And it shall take. I must have all men sellers, And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;

Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs. These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses;

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him. When I have harried him thus two or three

years, Though he sue forma pauperis, in spite Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-band.

Mar. The best I ever heard. I could adore you.

Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law, I will pretend some title; want will force him To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell For half the value, he shall have ready money, And I possess the land.

Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Sir G. Well thought on.

This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to up-braid me With my close cheat put upon him. Will not cold

Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have us'd all means; and the last night I caus'd
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends
and tenants,

And on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep
him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is
done, sir.

Sir G. That was something, Marrall; but
thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where and when you please, sir.

Sir G. I would have the seek him out; and,
if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he has but roob'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Sir G. I am now on my main work with
the lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country; and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young mistress.

Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable;
Right honourable, Marrall; my right honour-
able daughter,

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly
serve her;

And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bond slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Sir G. And therefore I'll not have a cham-
bermaid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See! who's here, sir.

Sir G. Hence! monster! prodigy!

Well. Call me what you will, I am your
Your sister's son. [nephew, sir,

Sir G. Avoid my sight; thy breath's in-
fectious, rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall, this is the time to
work him.

[Apart to Marrall, and exit.

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took compassion on
yourself,

You long since had been mad.

Well. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,

That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!

The devil's creed. But what would you have
done?

Mar. Before, like you, I had outliv'd my
fortunes,

A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause, pray you hang
yourself;

And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the fate yourself,

But that you'll put the state to charge and
trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may
murder,

And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none

Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. If you like not hanging, drown your-
self; take some course

For your reputation.

Well. I will not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you;
I am as far as thou art from despair.

Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha, ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee.

Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or
at whose cost?

Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your
consorts?

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt
dine

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Now there's hope

Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark thee with what respect

I am entertained.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust
thine own eyes.

Mar. 'Troth, in my hope, or my assurance
rather,

To see thee curvet, and mount, like a dog,
in a blanket;

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,

I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter ALLWORTH, ORDER, AMDLE, and
FURNACE.

Allw. Your courtesies overwhelm me; I much
grieve

To part from such true friends, and yet I find
comfort;
My attendance on my honourable lord
Will speedily bring me back

[Knocking at the Gate.]

Mar. [Within] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [Within] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amble. Perform it bravely.

Fur. I know my cue; ne'er doubt me. [Exit.]

Enter MARRALL and WELLBORN.

Order. Most welcome;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Order. For your sake I will, sir. [Exit.]

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it
in my primmer. [Aside.]

Allw. When I have given you reasons for
my late harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance! [Aside.]

Well. I am satisfied; farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you. [Exit.]

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd; I
never yet

Presented one so welcome, as I know

You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;

Or sure these men are mad, to worship a
dunghill;

It cannot be a truth. [Aside.]

Well. Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; he so, miscreant!

And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.
[To Marrall.]

Re-enter FURNACE.

Fur. I am glad you are come; until I know
your pleasure,

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible? [Aside.]

Well. What's thy will?

Fur. Marry, sir, I have some grouse and
turkey-chicken,
Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me
to ask you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce
for his palate,

That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-
month,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread
on Sundays. [Aside.]

Well. That way I like them best.

Fur. It shall be done, sir. [Exit.]

Well. What think you of the hedge we
shall dine under?

Shall we feed gratis? [To Marrall.]

Mar. I know not what to think:

Pray you make me not mad,

Re-enter ORDER.

Order. This place becomes you not;

Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here,

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in peace
straw. [Aside.]

Order. Sir, my lady. [Exit.]

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languish'd
till I saw you.

This first kiss for form; I allow a second,
As token of my friendship.

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if
you please

To grace this gentleman with a salute—

Mar. Salute me at his bidding! [Aside.]

Well. I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

Lady A. Sir, your friends are welcome to me.

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such
a lady?

Mar. To kiss her foot, is to poor me a favour
I am unworthy of— [Offers to kiss her Foot.]

Lady A. Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you;
You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table? I am not good
enough

To sit at your steward's board.

Lady A. You are too modest;

I will not be denied.

Re-enter ORDER.

Order. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady A. Your arm, Mr. Wellborn:

Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd.

[Exeunt Well. Lady A. Amble, and Mar.]

Re-enter FURNACE.

Order. So, we have play'd our parts, and
are come off well;

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish.

Fur. Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts.

By fire! (for cooks are Persians, and swear by it)
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants

I ever heard or read of, I never met

A match to sir Giles Overreach.

Order. What will you take

To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Fur. Just as much

As my throat is worth, for that would be the
price on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,

To grow rich, is too common:

But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many ser-
vants,

Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;

Yet he to admiration still increases

In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their estates;
And breaks through all law-nets, made to

curb ill men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares re-
prove him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were
never

Lodg'd so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE.

Ambie. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself, man.

Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Ambie. Ha, ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table; this term-driver,
Marrall,

This snip of an attorney.

Fur. What of him, man?

Ambie. The knave feeds so slovenly!

Fur. Is this all?

Ambie. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please
Mr. Vwellborn.

As I live, he rises and takes up a dish,
In which there were some remnants of a boild
capon,

And pledges her in white broth.

Fur. Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

Ambie. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and after a leg or two
Most humbly thanks my worship! my worship!

Order. Risen already!

Fur. My lady frowns.

Ambie. I shall be chid.

*Re-enter LADY ALLWORTH, VELLBORN, and
MARRALL.*

Lady A. You attended us well!

Let me have no more of this; I observ'd your
jeering.

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, is not your companion.

[*To Ambie.*

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to
her.

[*Aside.*

Lady A. Your are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

[*To Vwellborn.*

Well. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
And it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Mr. Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship:

[*Exeunt Vwellborn, Marrall, and Ambie.*

Lady A. I see in your looks you are sorry,
and you know me

An easy mistress: be merry! I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace come with me; I must
give you

Further directions.

Order. What you please.

Fur. We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country.*

Enter VELLBORN and MARRALL.

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good sir! the best way;
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Is't for your ease you keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,

Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That out of mere hope of a future coz'nage
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

[*Aside*

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs
no counsel;

Yet if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then in my judgment, sir, my simple
judgment

(Still with your worship's favour), I could
wish you

A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you. I have twenty pounds here,
Which out of my true love, I presently
Lay at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor (as I know you will be),
You may with the lease of glebe land call'd
Knave's-acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love; but must make no
use of it.

What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes,
I could not have 'em

For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that—

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so
leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my wedding-clothes;
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell; for thy suit, touching Kna-
ve's-acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, Mr.
Vwellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to
be cheated:

Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you sans question shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.

[*Walks about, musing.*

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH.

Sir G. Sirrah, order my carriage round;
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pury.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself; and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't; no matter,
So it be done. Marrall! Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Sir G. How succeed we
In our plot on Vwellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Sir G. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to you;
And greater prey than ever.

Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Sir G. With him? What lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Sir G. Thou dolt, how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth;

And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Sir G. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,
I din'd with him at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she
kiss'd him;

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too.

Sir G. Why, thou rascal,
To tell me these impossibilities;

Dine at her table! and kiss him, or thee!

Impudent varlet. Have not I myself,

To whom great countesses' doors have oft
flown open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, though I came—a suitor?

And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue,
Vwellborn,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir?

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not
over, sirrah;

Recover your brains again, and be no more
gull'd

Vvith a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving men and chambermaids (for beyond
these,

Thou never saw'st a woman), or I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offered
Vwellborn

(I would give a crown now, I durst say his
worship) [*Aside.*

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Sir G. Did you so, idiot? [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit
out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Sir G. I have done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow;
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord;
I'll thank 'em.

There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a time—

Sir G. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LORD LOVELL and ALLWORTH.

Lord L. Drive the carriage down the hill;
something in private

I must impart to Allworth.

Allw. O, my lord!

What danger, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lord L. Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'er-prize it; since you have trust-
ed me

Vvith your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest
secret,

Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit. You have been
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lord L. I allow it;
And give you assurance I'm pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are temp-
ted.—Oh!

Lord L. Why do you sigh? can you be
doubtful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,
And all my actions hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth.

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single
foe,

The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those two seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lord L. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em.

Allw. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself (provided
They may advantage you) must be obey'd.
My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But when you feel her touch, or hear her talk!
Hypolitus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lord L. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

Allw. Grant all these beat off
(Vvwhich if it be in man to do, you'll do it)
Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
Vvith heaps of ill-got gold and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust,

[*Aside.* 'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you;

And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look on her.

Lord L. Why, shall I swear?

Allw. Oh, by no means, my lord!

Lord L. Spend

Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lord L. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh that I durst but hope it! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

A Hall in SIR GILES OVERREACH'S House.

*Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, JUSTICE GREEDY,
and MARRALL.*

Sir G. Spare for no cost, let my dressers
crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Just. G. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, Mr.
Greedy.

Just. G. It does indeed, sir Giles;
I do not like to see a table ill spread,
Poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with sallads
Slic'd beef, giblets, and pig's petticoats,
But the substantial—Oh! sir Giles, the sub-
stantial!

The state of a fat turkey now,
The decorum, the grandeur he marches in with.
O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of
beef!

O, Lord! I do reverence a loin of veal!

Sir G. And let no plate be seen but what's
pure gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; lay my choicest linen;
Perfume the room; and when we wash, the
water

With precious powders mix, to please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge.

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.

[Exit MARRALL.]

And, master justice, since you love choice
dishes,

And plenty of 'em—

Just. G. As I do indeed, sir,

Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em—

Sir G. I do confer that province, with my
power

Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Just. G. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. *[Sir Giles Over-
reach retires.]* Now am I,
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the
baked:

I would not change my empire for the great
moguls.

I will eat often and give thanks,

When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and
that's pure justice. *[Exit.]*

Sir G. It must be so. Should the foolish
girl prove modest,

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother: I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll preserve her.

Re-enter MARRALL, with MARGARET.

Alone, and let your women wait without,
Margaret. *[Exit MARRALL.]*

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir G. Ha, this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls, and diamonds well plac'd
too!

The gown affects me not; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman, the lady
Downfall'n?

Marg. Well, for a companion:
Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg?

And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her, trample on her.

I took her up in an old tatter'd gown
(E'en starv'd for want of food) to serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have
lodg'd him,
Into the Counter, and there let them howl
together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for
me, I blush

When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth! Why art thou not my
daughter,

The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care; do not pro-
voke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way
you please.

Re-enter JUSTICE GREEDY.

Sir G. How; interrupted?

Just. G. 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought
in, sir,

And for my life I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the
dumpling

'Tis not worth threepence.

Sir G. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out; cook it any way, pry'thee,
leave me.

Just. G. Without order for the dumpling?

Sir G. Let it be dumpled

Which way thou wilt; or, tell him I will
scald him

In his own caldron.

Just. G. I had lost my stomach,

Had I lost my dumpling. *[Exit.]*

Sir G. But to our business, Meg; you have
heard who dines here.

Marg. I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;

A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and what's rare, is one himself;
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord and a good leader in one volume,

Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter JUSTICE GREEDY.

Just. G. I'll resign my office
If I be not better obey'd.

Sir G. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Just. G. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic,
and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks—

Sir G. Make thyself thirteen; the baker's
dozen.

Just. G. For which he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter.

Sir G. Cook, rogue, obey him.

I have given the word, pray you now re-
move yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no
further.

Just. G. I will, and meditate what to eat
for dinner. [*Exit.*]

Sir G. And, as I said, Meg, when this gull
disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine to hope it.

Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to
effect it.

Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you
equals,

Now for the means to assure him thine, ob-
serve me:

Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the
distance that

Confines a virgin?

Sir G. Virgin me no virgins.

I will have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I will have you private; start not, I say private;
If you are my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the wanton's
fashion, sir,

Which I must never learn.

Sir G. Learn any thing,

And from any creature, to make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Stand not on form;

Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you can dispense
With your honour, I must guard my own.
This is not the way to make me his wife.
My maiden honour yielded up so soon;
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him,
I that am light to him will not hold weight
When tempted by others; so in judgment,
When to his will I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

Sir G. How, forsake then?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm

Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee! he dares not.

Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify his wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Sir G. In, without reply,
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

Is the loud music I gave order for,
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Sir G. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit Marra*ll]—Rough-
ness awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me. [*Loud Music.*]

Enter LORD LOVELL, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL.

Lord L. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Sir G. What you are pleas'd to style so is
an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.

Allw. Strange! so humble. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter JUSTICE GREEDY.

Sir G. A justice of peace, my lord.

[*Presents Justice Greedy to him.*]

Lord L. Your hand, good sir.

Just. G. This is a lord, and some think
this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dump-
ling. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Room for my lord.

Lord L. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Sir G. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and sud-
denly

She shall attend, my lord.

Lord L. You'll be obey'd, sir.

[*Exeunt all but Sir Giles Overreach.*]

Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come,
ask for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes?

Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, my honourable daughter.
No more, but be instructed, or expect—
He comes.

*Re-enter LORD LOVELL, JUSTICE GREEDY,
MARRALL, and ALLWORTH.*

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Lord L. As I live, a rare one!

Allw. He's took already, I am lost.

Sir G. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exeunt Allworth, Marra*ll, and Justice
Greedy.

A little bashful, my good lord; but you, I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lord L. I am happy in such a scholar; but—

Sir G. I am past learning, And therefore leave you to yourselves; remember—

[*Apart to Margaret, and c.cit.*]

Lord L. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous

To have you change the barren name of virgin into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord, Holds no pow'r o'er my will.

Lord L. But o'er your duty—

Marg. Which, fore'd too much, may break.

Lord L. Bend rather, sweetest; Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours.

Lord L. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow; Where every hour I may expect to fall; But never hope firm footing. You are noble; I of low descent, however rich.

O my good lord, I could say more, but that I dare not trust these walls.

Lord L. Pray you trust my ear then.

Re-enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, listening.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter JUSTICE GREEDY.

Just G. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper!

[*Apart to Justice Greedy.*]

Just G. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.

The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder. [*Apart.*]

Sir G. Stop your insatiate jaws, or I shall powder you. [*Apart.*]

Just G. Beat me to dust, I care not; In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord when he is in discourse? [*Apart.*]

Just G. Is't a time to talk When we should be munching? [*Apart.*]

Sir G. Peace, villain, peace! shall we break a bargain Almost made up? Vanish, I say.

[*Apart, and thrusts him off.*]

Lord L. Lady, I understand you; And rest most happy in your choice. Believe it, I'll be a careful pilot to direct Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us Your slaves for ever.

Lord L. I am in the act rewarded, Since it is good; howe'er you must put on An amorous carriage towards me, to delude Your subtle father.

Marg. I am bound to that.

Lord L. Now break we off our conference. —Sir Giles!

Where is sir Giles?

Re-enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, JUSTICE GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how

Does your lordship find her?

Lord L. Apt, sir Giles, and coming; And I like her the better.

Sir G. So do I too.

Lord L. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,

'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her With a love-letter or two, which I must have Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Sir G. With all my soul. —A towardly gentleman!

Your hand, good Mr. Allworth; know, my house Is ever open to you.

Allw. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Well done, well done; my honourable daughter;

Thou'rt so already; know this gentle youth, And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise of a Coach.*]

Sir G. What noise?

Just G. More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter LADY ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

Lady A. If I find welcome, You share in it; if not, I'll back again; For I come arm'd for all Can be objected.

Lord L. How! the lady Allworth?

Sir G. And thus attended!

Marg. No, I am a dolt;

The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

[*Lord Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, who salutes Margaret.*]

Sir G. Peace, patch;

'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment That does possess me wholly.

Lord L. Noble lady,

This is a favour, to prevent my visit, The service of my life can never equal.

Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd

You would have made my poor house your first inn:

And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,

Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause In this unequal'd beauty for your stay;

And fearing to trust any but myself With the relation of my service to you,

I borrow'd so much from my long restraint, And took the air in person to invite you.

Lord A. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,

Of words to give you thanks.

Lady A. Good sir Giles Overreach.

[*Salutes him.*]

How dost thou, Marrall?—lick'd you my meat so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

[*To Justice Greedy.*]

Just G. I will when you please,

And it like your ladyship.

Lady A. When you please, Mr. Greedy:

If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.

And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge

This gentleman: howe'er his outside's coarse, [*Presents Wellborn.*]

His inward linings are as fine and fair As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large:

And howsœ'er his humour carries him
To be thus accountred, or what taint soe'er
For his wild life have stuck upon his fame,
He may ere long with boldness rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir
Giles Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Sir G. My nephew!
He hath been too long a stranger; 'faith, you
have.

Pray let it be mended.

[Lord L. confers with Wellborn.]

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself, no man
of worship,

Much less your nephew. [Apart to Sir Giles.]

Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [Apart.]

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for it. [Aside.]

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lord L. I would hear and help 'em.
[Bell rings.]

Sir G. Your dinner waits you.

Lord L. Pray you lead; we follow.

Lady A. Nay, you are my guest.—Come,
dear Mr. Wellborn.

[Exeunt all but Justice Greedy.]

Just. G. Dear Mr. Wellborn! so she said;
heav'n! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could
ruminate

All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in
the shire,

To Nottingham jail! and now, dear Mr. Well-
born!

And my good nephew!—But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since. Pray you a word, sir.

Just. G. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold
with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being
come in

Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Just. G. How! no dinner

After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides you have broke your fast.

Just. G. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in com-
mission

Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No big words, sir;

Should his worship hear you—

Just. G. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the waiting-women, you'll have
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Just. G. This revives me:

I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, as from
Dinner.

Sir G. She's caught! O woman! she neg-
lects my lord,

And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eye's fix'd on him; in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning
kisses,

And sits on thorns till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but nam'd,
From her a deep sigh follows.—But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at
your rising.

Sir G. No matter; I'll excuse it. Pr'ythee,
Marrall,

Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Sir G. Sirrah! Sirrah!

Re-enter LORD LOVELL, MARGARET, and
ALLWORTH.

My good lord, excuse my manners.

Lord L. There needs none, sir Giles;
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and
make me happy.

Mar. See, see, she comes, and cannot be
without him.

Sir G. Grosser and grosser.

Re-enter WELLBORN and LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. Provide my coach;

I'll instantly away. My thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness

To think it such.

Lady A. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lord L. I wait on you, madam. Farewell,
good sir Giles.

Lady A. Nay, come Mr. Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Sir G. Rob me not, madam, of all joys
at once.

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have
my coach,

And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady A. Stay not long, sir.

Lord L. This parting kiss. You shall every
day hear from me

By my faithful page. [To Margaret.]

Alla. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth,
Allworth, and Marrall.]

Sir G. Daughter, to your chamber.

[Exit Margaret.]

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir.
'Tis strange to me.

Sir G. But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and

kinsmen,
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it:
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Sir G. Yvell, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say
She marry'd you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my
labour, [Aside.

Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes,
not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em: and, that no clamour
May taint your credit for your debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no
ends else—

Sir G. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Sir G. No compliments; you are staid for:
ere you've supp'd,

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves,
for my nephew:

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do be-
lie you

That say you are hard-hearted!

Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I
weigh not. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in Lady Allworth's
House.

LORD LOVELL and ALLWORTH discovered.

Lord L. 'Tis well. Give me my hat. I now
discharge you
From further service. Mind your own affairs:
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is bless'd
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but
prosper.

Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd; for I want language
To speak my debt: yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—

Lord L. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Sir G. [Within] Is my lord stirring?

Lord L. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter! Let
him in.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, JUSTICE GREEDY,
and MARRAIL.

Sir G. A good day to my lord.

Lord L. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.

Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lord L. And you too, Mr. Greedy, up so
soon?

Just. G. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish stomach.
That croaks for breakfast. With your lord-
ship's favour,

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend, sir Giles.

Lord L. Pray you use your pleasure.

Just. G. How far, sir Giles, and pray you
answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my lady
Allworth's?

Sir G. Why, some four miles.

Just. G. How! four miles, good sir Giles?

Upon your reputation think better;

For four miles riding

Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride

Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
And it please your worship.

Sir G. How now, sirrah! prating
Before my lord? No deference? Go to my
nephew,

See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too. [Aside, and exit.

Lord L. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Sir G. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours
already.

Sweet Mr. Allworth, take my ring; 'twill
carry you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and
there plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham; get a
licence,

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord: that I may say

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Just. G. Take my advice, young gentleman;
get your breakfast.

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat
with you;

And that abundantly.

Sir G. Some fury's in that gut:

Hungry again? Did you not devour, this
morning,

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester
oysters?

Just. G. Why that was, sir, only to scour
my stomach,

A kind of preparative.

Lord L. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Just. G. Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

[Exeunt *Just. G.* and *Allworth.*

Sir G. To my wish, we're private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall
you have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours
too.

Lord L. You are a right kind father.

Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat
Of lady Allworth?
It is well wooded, and well water'd; the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's pro-
gress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lord L. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built; and 'she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it,
I say ere long 'tis his.

Lord L. Impossible.

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not know-
ing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands; for those once
Wellborn's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lord L. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard;
Your reputation shall still stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
For though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write nil ultra to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own; for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never
find you.

Lord L. Are you not moved with the im-
precations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By these practices?

Sir G. Yes as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at
her brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and like these
Steer on a constant course:

Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's
cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my
threshold,

I only think what 'tis to have my daughter

Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lord L. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Sir G. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay, more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth through dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take
pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence: in one word
therefore,

Is it a match, my lord?

Lord L. I hope that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of
all mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher. An earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will;
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good
morrow. [Exit.]

Lord L. He's gone; I wonder how the earth
can bear

Such a portent! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this horrid beast, I'm bath'd all over
In a cold sweat; yet like a mountain he
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. Save you, my lord,
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lord L. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no
sooner,

Since this bold, bad man, sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such devilish mattins
That I should think a sin, next to his,
But to repeat it.

Lady A. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made
(So loud and vehement he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers. But,
My good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend—

Lord L. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady A. I dare then say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame and honour.

Lord L. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer your from it?

Lady A. This, my lord: I allow
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our northern part can boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their
mouths,

That never will forget who was her father;

Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and
 Wellborn's
 (How wrung from both needs no repetition)
 Were real motives, that more work'd your
 lordship
 To join your families, than her form and
 virtues.

You may conceive the rest.

Lady L. I do, sweet madam;
 And long since have consider'd it.
 And 'tis my resolution ne'er to wed
 With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.

Lady A. I am glad to hear this. [*Aside.*
 Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to
 her?

Dissimulation but ties false knots
 On that straight line, by which you hitherto
 Have measur'd all your actions.

Lord L. I make answer,
 And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have
 you,

That since your husband's death have liv'd a
 strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given
 yourself

To visits and entertainments? Think you,
 madam,

'Tis not grown public conference? or the fa-
 vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on
 Wellborn,

Incur not censure?

Lady A. I am innocent here, and on my
 life I swear

My ends are good.

Lord L. O, my soul, so are mine
 To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
 And since this friendly privacy doth serve
 But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
 To search each other further; you have shown
 Your care of me, I my respect to you.
 Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
 An afternoon's discourse.

Lady A. Affected modesty might deny your
 suit,

But such your honour, I accept it, lord.
 My tongue unworthy can't belie my heart.
 I shall attend your lordship.

Lord L. My heart thanks you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Landscape.

Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your coun-
 sel, Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master
 Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly com-
 mand us

(On pain of sir Giles Overreach's displeasure)
 To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
 Master justice Greedy (since he fill'd his belly),
 At his commandment to do any thing;
 Woe, woe to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Froth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

Froth. Then he knew all the passages of
 our house,

As the receiving of stolen goods.

When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would
 believe him;

And then his information could not hurt us:

But now he is right worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony?

Tap. Undone, undone; methinks

I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
 And my hand hissing (if I 'scape the halter)

With the letter R printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!

That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,
 We have none to lose; but we shall lose the
 money

He owes us, and his custom; there's the pla-
 gue on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by
 the drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
 On the pay-day; and has found out such a
 new way

To pay his old debts, as 'tis very likely,

He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. But are you sure his worship

Comes this way to my lady's?

[*A Cry within, Brave Mr. Wellborn.*

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and
 present it

To his good grace.

*Enter WELLBORN in a rich Habit, GREEDY,
 MARRALL, AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, and
 three Creditors. TAPWELL kneeling deli-
 vers in his Bill of Debt.*

Well. How's this! petitioned too?

But note what miracles the payment of

A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,

Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,

I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,

You may be [*Aside*] I know not what I hope
 to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known

Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch

These needy followers, and for my admittance

[*In the interim, Tapwell and Froth flat-
 ter and bribe Justice Greedy.*

(Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,
 Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
 You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear him not.

Just. G. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy
 wife brought me,

Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your
 worship

But stand my friend now.

Just. G. How! with Mr. Wellborn?

I can do any thing with him, on such terms—

See you this honest couple? they are good souls

As ever drew out spigot; have they not

A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promis'd; you are cozen'd
 in 'em;

For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,

This for a most unthankful knave, and this

For a base woman, have the worst deserv'd;

And therefore speak not for them. By your place,

You are rather to do me justice; lend me
 your ear,

Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen,
Worth all his poultry.

Just. G. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion—Mum! my passion is great!
I fry like a burnt marrowbone. [*Aside*] Come
nearer, rascal.

And now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very
countenance,

Should an understanding judge but look on him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

Just. G. No; though the great Turk came
instead of turkeys.

To beg my favour, I am inexorable:
Thou hast an ill name; I here do damn thy
licence,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign;
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Just. G. Vanish.

If I show any, may my promis'd oxen gore me.

Tap. Unthankful knives are ever so re-
warded.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth.*]

Well. Speak; what are you?

1 Cred. A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrive'd, but that your wor-
ship broke me

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drink-
ings,

When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid
to arrest you;

And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow:

I'll set thee up again; see this bill paid.

What are you?

2 Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock; but you failing in
payment,

I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid; and botch no more.

2 Cred. I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;

If their bills are paid in one-and-twenty years,
They are seldom losers—See these men dis-
charg'd;

And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good
breakfasts,

And this for your respect; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I am able to spare it.

Order. You are too munificent.

Fur. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you on before,

I'll attend you at dinner.

Just. G. For heav'n's sake don't stay long;
It is almost ready. [*Exit.*]

Mar. At four o'clock, the rest know where
to meet me.

[*Exeunt all but Wellborn and Marrall.*]

Well. Now, Mr. Marrall, what's the weighty
You promis'd to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance;
This only in a word: I know sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds; which you must
not consent to.

As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will),
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then—urge him to
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship; if I play not my part
To your full content, and your uncle's much
vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in Sir Giles Over-
reach's House.*

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to
my lord's

Unequal'd temperance, or your constant
sweetness,

I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell;

For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.

I make but payment of a debt, to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest;

Yet when I call to mind, how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you, with matchless virtue, thus to hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that I can hardly
Wish myself that right you are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. To me what's title, when content
is wanting?

And wealth

Of a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will?
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers

That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing:

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me,
A tear or two by you dropp'd on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace.

Allw. Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.

Marg. Lord Lovell is your friend;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH.

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth.

[Apart to Allworth.]

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title; And when with terms not taking from his honour, He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him; But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way, To fix a time and place without my knowledge; A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone Till death unloose it, is a confidence In his lordship that will deceive him.

Allw. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please; for me, I must take a safe and secure course; I have A father, and without his full consent, Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour, I can grant nothing.

Sir G. I like this obedience.

But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be

Accepted and embrac'd. *[Aside]*—Sweet Mr. Allworth,

You show yourself a true and faithful servant To your good lord, he has a jewel of you. How! frowning, Meg? are these looks, to receive A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[Sir Giles reads the Letter.]

Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove joys;

Therefore this instant, and in private meet A husband, that will gladly at your feet

Lay down his honours, tend'ring them to you

With all content, the church being paid her due.

Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!

Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what

Could his good honour write more to content you?

Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two That are already offer'd? Marriage first,

And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,

Not hurried away i'th night I know not whither, Without all ceremony; no friends invited, To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour (For so before to-morrow I must style you), My lord desires this privacy in respect His honourable kinsmen are far off, And his desires to have it done, brook not So long delay as to expect their coming; And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp To have his marriage at court celebrated, When he has brought your honour up to London.

Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge;

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness, Must put it off, forsooth.

Marg. I could be contented

Were you but by to do a father's part, And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,

What do I care who gives you? since my lord Does propose to be private, I'll not cross him. I know not, Mr. Allworth, how my lord May be provided, and therefore there's a purse Of gold; 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums. In the meantime, Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd At my manor of Gotham, and call'd parson VVelldo;

'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways Without your knowledge; and then to be refus'd

Were such a stain upon me—if you please, sir,

Your presence would do better.

Sir G. Still perverse?

I say again, I will not cross my lord; Yet I'll prevent you too—Paper and ink there.

Allw. Sir, it's ready here.

Sir G. I thank you; I can write then.

[Writes.]

Allw. You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord, In respect he would be private, and only write, Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. VVell advis'd; *[Margaret kneels.]*

'Tis done; away—my blessing, girl? thou hast it. Nay, no reply—Be gone, good Mr. Allworth; This shall be the best night's work ever made.

Allw. I hope so, sir.

[Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.]

Sir G. Now all's cock-sure.

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies

Say, sir Giles Overreach, how is it with

Your honourable daughter?

My ends, my ends are compass'd!—Then for

VVellborn

And the lands; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,

I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter LORD LOVELL and LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. By this you know how strong the motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense

A little with my gravity, to advance

The plots and projects of the down-trod VVellborn.

Lord L. What you intended, madam, For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid,

And he once more furnish'd for fair employment.

But all the arts that I have us'd to raise

The fortunes of your joy and mine, young

Allworth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.

For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant

Than their years can promise; and for their desires,

On my knowledge, they are equal.

Lady A. Though my wishes

Are with yours, my lord, yet giv'e me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles (that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings) were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lord L. Despair not, madam;
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.

Lady A. May he be so.

The young ones have my warmest wishes.

Lord L. O, gentle lady, let 'em prove kind
to me;

You've kindly heard—now grant my honest
suit.

And if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lord L. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

Lady A. There needs no protestation, my
lord,

To her that cannot doubt.—You are welcome,
sir.

Enter WELLBORN.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue

Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to demand it.

Lord L. It is a thankfulness that well be-
comes you.

Lady A. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall: he's grown into
strange passions

About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house; but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lord L. I hope my project took.

Lady A. I strongly hope.

Sir G. [*Without*] Ha! find her, booby! thou
huge lump of nothing!
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may perhaps have sport.

Lord L. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*]

*Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, with distracted
looks, driving in MARRALL.*

Sir G. Idiot! booby!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Sir G. Cause, slave? why I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;

Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

[Aside.]
Sir G. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your
house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make
court'sies

When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady A. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But in the mean time
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew!

Well. Well!

Sir G. No more?

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you! [*In Scorn.*]

Why, what are you, sir, more than myself?

Sir G. His fortune swells him;

'Tis rank; he's married.

Lady A. This is excellent.

[Aside.]
Sir G. Sir, in calm language (though I sel-
dom use it),

I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stol'n marriage; do you hear? of a stol'n
marriage;

In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been
cozen'd.

I name no parties. [*Lady Allworth turns away.*]

Well. Well, sir, what follows?

Sir G. Marry, this: since you are peremp-
tory, remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent
you

A thousand pounds; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have
you

Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol;
you know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Sir G. End me no ends; engage the whole
estate,

And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar and
swagger,

And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after.

Mean you not so?

Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not;
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.

Sir G. But my deeds shall—
Outbrav'd?

[*They both draw.*]

Enter AMBLE, ORDER, and FURNACE.

Lady A. Help! murder! murder!

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him;
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard
him;

The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady A. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Sir G. Wert in a church,
By heaven and hell I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your
hands full
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand
pounds,

If there be law (howe'er you have no con-
science),

Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you chal-
lenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt? oh impudence! did I
not purchase

The land left by thy father? that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool.

Enter a Servant, with a Box.

Thou didst make sale off? Is not here enclos'd
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er
pass'd o'er

Such land; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest (as I doubt it),
Must of necessity follow.

Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Sir G. Good, good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in humbler key, and sue for
favour.

Lady A. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Sir G. Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make
thee give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the Box.*]

Thy ears to the pillory; see, here's that will
make

My interest clear—Ha!

Lady A. A fair skin of parchment!

Well. Indented I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunder-
struck!

Is this your precious evidence? is, this that
makes

Your interest clear?

Sir G. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust, the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were deliver'd; and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is,
And now 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Sir G. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead,
[*Flatters him.*]

Your testimony—

Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know you will swear any thing to dash
This cunning sleight: the deed being drawn
too

By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my
title

Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! no, I assure you.

I have a conscience, not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Sir G. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Sir G. Mine own varlet

Rebel against me?

Mar. Yes, and uncane you too.

The idiot; the patch; the slave; the booby;

The property fit only to be beaten

For your morning exercise; your football, or
Th' unprofitable lump of flesh; your drudge
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and shake,

Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady A. How he foams at the mouth with
rage!

Sir G. O that I had thee in my gripe, I
would tear thee

Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and
then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you us'd to cozen with.

Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture
thee,

And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die;
These swords that keep thee from me should
fix here,

Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

I play the fool, and make my anger but ri-
diculous.

There will be a time and place, there will be,
cowards!

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour

To be honest and repent.

Sir G. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's
virtue,
Shall find no harbour here—After these storms,
At length a calm appears.

Enter WELDO, with a Letter.

Welcome, most welcome:
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Weldo. Married? yes, I assure you.

Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's
more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the tiles drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable
daughter.

Mar. What think you, sir; was it not
wisely done
To turn his wicked arts upon himself?

[*To Wellborn.*

Sir G. Instantly be here!

[*Whispering to Weldo.*

To my wish, to my wish. Now you that plot
against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up; that con-
temn'd me;
Think on't, and tremble. [*Loud Music*] They
come, I hear the music.

A lane there for my lord.

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

Sir G. Make way there for my lady and
lord.

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your
blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
Not to dwell too long on words, [*Kneels.*
This is my husband.

Sir G. How?

Allw. So, I assure you; all the rites of
marriage,

With every circumstance, are past.

And for right honourable son-in-law, you may
say
Your dutiful daughter.

Sir G. Devil! are they married?

Weldo. Do a father's part, and say, heav'n
give 'em joy!

Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak
quickly,

Or thou art dead.

Weldo. They are married.

Sir G. Thou hadst better

Have made a contract with the king of fiends
Than these.—My brain turns!

Weldo. Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words—
"Marry her to this gentleman?"

Sir G. It cannot;

Nor will I e'er believe it: 'sdeath! I will not.
That I, that in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit have not left print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by
children!

Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and la-
bours

Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Sir G. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not
waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which, wretch! I gave to thee.

[*Offers to kill Margaret.*

Lord L. Hold, for your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite
left you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes
lost here,

Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?

Sir G. Lord! thus I spit at thee,

And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,

As thou art a soldier, if thy valour

Dares show itself where multitude and example

Lead not the way, let's quit the house; and
change

Six words in private.

Lord L. I am ready.

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I am hemm'd in thus.

Say they were a squadron

Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?

No, I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
I'll fall to execution.

[*Attempts to draw his Sword.*

Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't! and my sword
Glu'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans'
tears,

Will not be drawn.

[*Falls into his Servants' Arms.*

Ha! what are these? Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to
drag me

Before the judgment seat!—Now they are new
shapes,

And do appear like furies, with steel whips,
To scourge my ulcerous soul! Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? No, spite of fate,

I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.

[*Carried off by Order and Amble.*

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,

An't please your worship, to make the deed
nothing?

Certain minerals I us'd,

Incorporated with the ink and wax.

Besides he gave me nothing, but still fed me

With hopes and blows; and that was the in-
ducement

To this conundrum.

Well. You are a rascal. He that dares be
false

To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward,

Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight

As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take

order

Your practise shall be silenc'd.

Just G. I'll commit him,

If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his punishment.—Not a word,

But instantly be gone. [*Exit Marrah.*]

Marg. Oh, my poor father!

Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest, though it shows your pity.

What is decreed by heaven we cannot alter:
And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us
That when we leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.

Lord L. Pray you take comfort;

I will endeavour you shall be his guardian
In his distraction: and for your land, Mr.
I'll be an umpire [*Wellborn,*

Between you and this the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor

That I must fix on.

[*Takes Lady Allworth's Hand.*]

Allw. What you shall determine,

My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language

That I speak too; but there is something else,

Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and till I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do some-
thing

That may make me right again.

Lord L. Your suit is granted,

And you lov'd for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then

[*Addressing himself to the Audience.*]

But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours (as you may)
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play—
We jointly shall profess, your grace hath
might

To teach us action, and him how to write.

THOMAS MORTON

Was born in the county of Durham. His father died when he was very young; and the care of his education and fortune devolved on his uncle, Mr. Maddison, an eminent stock-broker, who sent him to Scho Square Academy, where he was a contemporary performer, in the private plays of that seminary, with Mr. Holman. He became afterwards a member of Lincoln's Inn. This year has added an imperishable leaf to his fame in *The School for grown Children*.

A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

Comedy by Th. Morton. Acted at Covent-Garden 1797. There is in this comedy more of dramatic art than in any other drama by the same author, or perhaps, of any author.

That peculiar part of skill here implied is—the skill of drawing characters which shall exactly please upon the stage, the sphere alone for which they were formed, boldly defying every other consequence.

A reader unacquainted with the force, the various powers of acting, may gravely inquire, how it was possible this play could interest an audience? Much, may be answered, was effected by the actors—but still it was the author who foresaw what might be done in their performance, and who artfully arranged his plan to the purpose of exhibition, and penetrated farther than any other eye could have discerned, into the probability of success.

His sagacity was rewarded—for never was play better received.

It appears in the acting a pretty rural story, most whimsically embellished by the two heroes of the piece from town—the Rapids, father and son.

Munden and Lewis, in those two parts, so excellently understood the author; and the audience so well comprehended all three, that scarcely a sentence was uttered by either of those performers without being greeted by laughter or applause. If the influence of St. Vitus was, at times, somewhat too powerful upon Lewis, if his rapidity, now and then, became extravagant, it only excited still more extravagant mirth.

The author has drawn a delinquent from India, and made an apology to all persons returned from that part of the globe for having done so.—To persons of fashion, whom he has likewise satirized, he makes no apology—he either thought they were too hardened to suffer under his censure, or too innocent to care for it.

There are incidents of most virtuous tendency in this play, and such, on the first view, is that of Frank Ostland overcoming his temptation to steal. But thieving is, perhaps, the only crime that never assails the human heart without making a conquest—for it seems probable, that an honest man never, upon any occasion, feels the enticement to purloin from his neighbour.

The title of this comedy is most apt, and gives the author's own estimation of it with a degree of candour that forbids high expectation in either auditor or reader, and disarms all criticism that is not merely confined to that species of entertainment, which, by implication, he has promised—excessive merriment.

In keeping his word with the public, Mr. Morton has likewise added more valuable materials than humour—many admirable reflections are dispersed throughout the work, and an excellent moral is introduced at the catastrophes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR HUBERT STANLEY.
CHARLES STANLEY.
VORTEX.
YOUNG RAPID.
OLD RAPID.

FRANK OATLAND.
FARMER OATLAND.
BRONZE.
HEARTLEY.
FIRST WAITER.

SECOND WAITER.
MR. VORTEX'S SERVANT.
SERVANT TO SIR HUBERT.
LANDLORD.
HAIR-DRESSER.

ELLEN.
MISS VORTEX.
JESSY OATLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Farm Yard.—House on one side, a neat Flower Garden on the other.—The Bells of a Team jingling.*

Frank. [Without] *WOYH! WWho! Smiler.*
[Enters] *So! Feyther be not come home from the Nabob's house yet. Eh! bean't that sister Jessy in her garden, busy among the poseys?—Sister Jessy!*

Enter Jessy from the Garden, a Watering-pot in her hand.

Jessy. Ah, Frank, so soon returned from Gloucester? Have you sold the corn?

Frank. Ees.

Jessy. And how did you like the town? You were never there before?

Frank. Loike it—I doan't know how I loik'd it, not I; I somehow cou'dn't zee the town for the housen: desperate sight of them to be sure!—But, Jessy, you, who went to Lunnun town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houses in Lunnun?

Jessy. A hundred times the number.

Frank. And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley, and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

Jessy. Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

Frank. St. James's Gate! Dong it; it would be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

Jessy. The road to preferment, Frank.

Frank. Ecod, if your road to preferment be so cramm'd wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit.

Jessy. Ha! ha!

Frank. You seem to be in terrible good spirits, Jessy!

Jessy. I have reason, Frank. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward, who has left London on business with his father, Mr. Rapid, and will be here to-day.

Frank. I suppose it be a desperate long letter, and cruel sweet. Full of kisses and voluntines¹).—Nine sheets I warrant.

Jessy. Hardly nine words. The truth is, that Edward, though handsome, generous, and I hope sincere, is impatient and hasty to a degree, that—

Frank. Hasty? What then? When a man be on the road to do good, he can't go too fast, I say.—Bean't that Feyther coming thro' W'heat-Ash? He have been drinking and gamesting all good Sunday night wi' Nabob's sarvants,—how whitish and deadly bad he do look. He used to be as comely and handsome as either of us, wasn't he now? Do you know,

1) Valentines. On the 14th of February, (St Valentine's day) it is the custom in England for young people to correspond with one another, by means of the post; when young ladies are allowed to receive letters valentines from young gentlemen, and to answer them also. Of course these letters are full of smiles and darts, loves and doves, etc. This custom is now mostly confined to country-towns where the unfavoured swain is sometimes honoured with a caricature, accompanied perhaps with the following:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The devil's black—and so are you."
or the favoured one's last line is,
"Carnation's sweet, and so are you."

Jessy, at church yesterday, Sir Hubert looking round, as he always do, to see if his tenants be there, miss'd feyther, and gave me such a desperate look, that I dropt prayer-book out of my hand; and truly, when feyther do go to church, I be always sham'd, he never knows where to find the collect—never—I'm sure it be not my fault, he be so full of prodigality—never son set feyther better example than I do's mine; what can I do more for 'un? it wou'dn't be becoming in me to leather¹) feyther, wou'd it, Jessy?

Jessy. Here he comes—I'll return to my garden—to converse with him is to me dreadful; for while my breast rises with indignation at his conduct as a man, it sinks again in pity for the misfortunes of a parent.

Frank. Now that's just like I—I feels as if I should like to lick²) un, and cry all the time—but what will be the end on't, Jessy?

Jessy. Ruin, inevitable ruin. [Despondingly.]

Frank. Well, don't thee be cast down—three knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals, I always gi's thee the desperate nice bits, and if thy lover prove false-hearted, or feyther should come to decay, I be a terrible strong lad, I'll work for thee fra sun-rise to down, and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

Jessy. Thanks, my good lad: thanks, dear brother. [Kisses him, and exit.]

Frank. 'As nice a bit of a sister that, as in all country round.

Enter FARMER OATLAND dressed in a compound of rusticity and fashion.

Oat. [Singing] *Ba viamo tutti tra.—Dom it this be what I call loife! Have you sold the wheat?*

Frank. Ees.

Oat. How much?

Frank. Two load.—Six and twenty pound.

Oat. [Yawning] Exactly the trifle I lost last night.

Frank. What?

Oat. Take it to the Nabob's gentleman.

Frank. I were going, feyther, to the castle to gee it to Sir Hubert's steward for rent.

Oat. Rent, you boor! That for Sir Hubert, [Snapping his Fingers] Ah! Nabob's sarvants be the tippy³)—Every thing be done by them so genteely.

Frank. Ecod, you be done by them genteely enough: I be sure that house have brought the country round to ruination. Before this Nabob come here wi' all his money, and be down'd to 'un, every thing were as peaceable and decent as never was; not a lawyer within ten miles; now there be three practizing in village; and what's ameast as bad, there be three doctors; and the farmers so consated, drive about in their chay-carts, eat lumpsugar ev'ry day, and gi' balls⁴).

Oat. To be sure.

Frank. And what's the upshot? why that they jig it away to county jail.

Oat. Tezez-vous! Let me see—Great cassino

1) To leather means, to beat.

2) To lick is another word for, to beat.

3) The tip-top of fashion.

4) This extravagance of the English farmers, has been the cause of the ruin of many hundreds of families, and sent some to gaol, and others to emigrate.

be ten o' diamonds. VWell, then, I play—
Frank. Play! ecod, if you go on so you mun work tho'.

Oat. Next I mun take care of the spreads.

Frank. No, feyther, a spade mun take care o'you; by gol¹⁾, here be Mr. Heartley, Sir Hubert's steward;—now don't you be saucy to 'un, feyther;—now do beheave thyself—now that's a man, feyther, do.

[*Clapping him on the Back.*]

Enter HEARTLEY.

Heart. Good day, Farmer Oatland; how dost do, honest Frank?

Frank. Desperate pure, thank ye, sur.

Heart. VWell, Farmer, once more I have call'd respecting your arrear of rent.—Three hundred pound is a long sum.

Frank. Three hundred pound!

Heart. And unless it be immediately discharged, Sir Hubert is resolv'd to—

Oat. That for Sir Hubert—He shall have his rent—Frank, send your sister Jessy to the Nabob's, he'll let me have the money.

Frank. No! I won't—What business have sister at such a desperate prodigal place! Na, na, I'll go myself.

Heart. You are in the right, honest Frank.

Frank. Yes, sur, I always am.

Oat. Ugh! you vulgar mungrel—VWell, desire the Nabob's gentleman to desire the Nabob to let me have three hundred pounds.

Frank. He won't gi' thee a brass farthing.

Oat. Sir Hubert shall have his money—Ha! ha! ha! my notion is, he wants it sad enough, ha! ha!

Heart. Sirrah!

Frank. Don't you mind 'un, zur; don't ye, he be's intoxicated. Dong thee, beheave thyself! [*With Sorrow and Vexation.*]

Oat. Silence, you hound! and obey!—Bon jour, Mr. Steward—I'll to bed—'Pon honour, I must cut²⁾ Champagne, it makes me so narvous—Sir Hubert shall have his money, let that satisfy.—Follow me, cur!

[*Exit into the house.*]

Heart. Sad doings, Frank.

[*Frank shakes his Head and follows OATLAND.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Nabob's House.

Enter ELLEN VORTEX, meeting BRONZE.

Ellen. Good Mr. Bronze, have you been at Sir Hubert Stanley's!

Bronze. Yes, ma'am.

Ellen. Is Charles Stanley arrived?

Bronze. No, ma'am, but he is hourly expected.

Ellen. Do they say he is well—quite recovered?

Bronze. I don't know, ma'am, upon my soul.—I beg pardon, but really the Baronet's house is horrid vulgar, compared to your uncle's, the Nabob's here; I peeped through my glass into an old hall, and beheld fifty paupers at dinner,—such wretches!—and the Baronet himself walking round the table to see them properly fed.—How damn'd low!—Ugh! I would bet a rump and dozen³⁾, our

second table is more genteeler than Sir Hubert's own.—But I must away, for we expect the rich Miss Vortex—I beg pardon; but your name and the Nabob's daughter being the same, we call her the rich, to distinguish—

Ellen. And you do wisely.—No term of distinction could possibly be more significant, or better understood by the world than that you have adopted.

Bronze. Hope no offence, ma'am.

Ellen. None, Bronze, go in—

Bronze. The last man on earth to offend a fine woman. [*Exit.*]

Ellen. The rich Miss Vortex—most true.—But now my dear Charles Stanley is returned, I claim the superior title of the happy. Oh! Charles, when we parted last at Spa; how great the contrast! thy animated form was prison'd in the icy fetters of disease, thy pale and quiv'ring lip refus'd⁴⁾ a last adieu:—but, ah! a smile that seem'd borrow'd from a seraph, who waited to bear thee up to Heaven, swore for thee everlasting love. That smile supported me in solitude,—but to solitude I have now bade adieu; and to be near the lord of my heart, have again enter'd this house, the palace of ruinous luxury and licentious madness:—but here comes its whimsical proprietor.

Enter MR. VORTEX, with a Paper in his hand, attended by Black and White Servants.

Vortex. Sublime!—Oh the fame of this speech will spread to Indostan. Eh!—don't I smell the pure air in this room? Oh! you villains, would you destroy me? throw about the perfumes. For legislative profundity, for fancy and decoration—'tis a speech—

Ellen. What speech is it, sir?

Vortex. Ah! Ellen,—why my maiden speech in Parliament.—It will alarm all Europe;—I'll speak it to you—

Ellen. No, my dear uncle, not just now.—I hear you've been ill.

Vortex. Oh! very. A strange agitation at my heart, and such a whizzing and spinning in my head—

Ellen. I hope you've had advice.—

Vortex. Oh, yes, I've had them all.—One physician told me it was caused by too brilliant and effervescent a genius;—the next said, it was the scurvy;—a third, it proceeded from not eating pepper to a melon;—another had the impudence to hint it was only little qualms that agitated some gentlemen who had made fortunes in India;—one recommended a sea voyage,—another, a flannel night-cap; one prescribed water,—the other brandy; but, however, they all agreed in this essential point, that I'm not to be contradicted, but have my way in every thing.

Ellen. An extremely pleasant prescription, certainly. But under these circumstances do you hold it prudent, uncle, to become a parliamentary orator? I believe a little gentle contradiction is usual in that House.

Vortex. I know it—but if you will hear my speech, you will see how I manage—I begin—Sir—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your daughter, Sir, is arrived from town

1) By God.

2) Flush for, leave off.

3) A rump of beef and a dozen of port; a favourite English wager.

Ellen. Thank you, cousin, for this relief.

[*Aside.*

Vortex. Zounds, I'm not to be interrupted.
Serv. She is here, sir.

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Miss Vor. My dear Nabob, uncommon glad to see you. Ah, Ellen! what, tired of seclusion and a cottage?

Ellen. I hope, cousin, I am welcome to you.

Miss Vor. Certainly; you know we are uncommon glad to see any body in the country.—But, my dear Nabob, you don't enquire about the opening of our town-house.

Vortex. I was thinking of my speech.

Miss Vor. The most brilliant house-warming¹⁾—uncommon full, above a thousand people—every body there.

Ellen. Pray, cousin, do you then visit every body?

Miss Vor. Certainly they must ask me.

Ellen. Must! I should imagine that would depend on inclination.

Miss Vor. Inclination! Pshaw! I beg your pardon, but you are really uncommon ignorant, my dear. They must ask me, I tell you.—Now suppose a Duchess rash enough to shut me from her parties;—very well.—She names a night—I name the same, and give an entertainment greatly surpassing hers in splendour and profusion.—What is the consequence?—why, that her rooms are as deserted as an ex-minister's levee, and mine cramm'd to suffocation with her Grace's most puissant and noble friends.—Ha! ha! my dear Ellen, the court of St. James's run after a good supper as eagerly as the court of aldermen.—Ha! ha! your being in this country, Nabob, was thought quite charming.—A host not being at home to receive his guests is uncommon new and elegant, isn't it.—Here we improve, my dear, on ancient hospitality—those little memorandums, Nabob, will give you an idea of the sort of thing.

Vortex. [*Reads*] "March"—Oh! that's a delightful month, when nature produces nothing, and every thing is forc'd.—Let me see²⁾—"50 quarts of green pease, at five guineas a quart,"—that was pretty well—"500 peaches"—at what?—"a guinea each."—Oh! too cheap.

Miss Vor. 'Tis very true; but I assure you I tried every where to get them dearer, but could not.

Vortex. And I suppose the new white satin furniture was all spoil'd.

Miss Vor. Oh! entirely—and the pier glasses shivered to pieces so delightfully.

Vortex. Well, I hope you had the whole account put in the papers?

Miss Vor. Certainly, else what would have been the use of giving the fête. Then the company; such charming eccentricity, such characters out of character.—We had a noble peer bowing for custom to his shop, and an alderman turning over the music leaves for the celebrated Soprano; an orator's lady detailing her husband's three hours speech in

Parliament, and the orator himself describing how puppets are managed at the Fantoccini; we had grandmothers making assignations with boys, and the children of Israel joining the host of Pharaoh.—Oh! my dear Miss Vortex, why don't you partake in these charming scenes.

Ellen. My dear Miss Vortex six suppers would annihilate my fortune.

Miss Vor. Oh! true; I forgot your uncommon small fortune: but I don't think it much signifies. I swear people of fashion in town seem to do as well without money as with it. You might be successful at play—there are points to be learnt which certainly do not give you the worst of the game. Come, will you be my protégé?

Ellen. Excuse me, cousin, I dare say I ought to be covered with blushes when I own a vulgar detestation of the character of a female gamester; and I must decline the honour of your introduction to the haut-ton, till at least they have justice on their side.

Miss Vor. An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

Ellen. Heavens! to what state of abject degradation must fashionable society be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by culprits in the wretched haunt of St. Giles's.

Miss Vor. For shame, Ellen, to censure your own sex.

Ellen. No, Madam, I am its advocate; and in that sex's name protest an abhorrence of those women who do not consider any thing shameful but to be ashamed of any thing; whose resemblance to nature and innocence exists but in their nakedness, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming table.

[*Exit.*]

Miss Vor. Did you ever hear, Nabob?
Vortex. I did not hear a word she said; I was thinking of my speech.

Miss Vor. A pert, Gothic, low-bred creature! But her contemptible fortune suits uncommon well with her grovelling ideas.

Vortex. Don't you talk of her fortune, it always makes my poor head worse. You know at the time I gave her five thousand pounds in lieu of what I called her expectations, I had in my hands an enormous sum of hers. O dear! I'm afraid the doctor was right—ah! mine are certainly East India qualms—I wonder if giving her fifty thousand back again would do my heart any good?

Miss Vor. What! my dear Nabob? I declare you quite shock me.

Vortex. Oh, conscience!

Miss Vor. Conscience! he! he! a thing so uncommon vulgar, a thing so completely chaséé; besides, you know very well it is absolutely impossible to exist under 20,000*l.* a year.

Vortex. That's very true.

Miss Vor. Some people certainly do contrive to grub on with ten thousand, but how they do it is to me miraculous; then think of your intention of marrying me to the son of your great rival the Baronet; think of his borough.

Vortex. Ah! very true.—Conscience, avaunt! I have made a motion on matrimony to Sir Hubert.

¹⁾ Upon entering a new-built house, it is customary to warm it in the manner here described, among the extravagant.

²⁾ Now for the extravagance of Covent-Garden Market, This is altogether an excellent picture of Life in London.

Miss Vor. And young Stanley's arrival; oh! what a sweet youth!

Vortex. Oh! what a sweet borough interest! But I'm glad your heart is interested.

Miss Vor. Heart interested! Lud, how can you suspect me of so uncommon vulgar a sensation. I trust my joy is occasioned by ideas more becoming a woman of fashion.—I am charmed because his fortune is large, his family ancient; and because my marriage will render all my female friends so uncommon miserable; and because I suspect that Ellen met young Stanley at Spa, and that she dares aspire to—

Vortex. I wish she were out of the house.

Miss Vor. No—she shall stay to witness my triumph.

Vortex. Shall stay.—I'm not to be contradicted, you know—my physicians—

Miss Vor. Certainly not, my dear Nabob; but I may recommend; I'm sure no physician would object to your taking advice. Ah! does Ellen love you as I do?—will she listen to your speech as I intend to do? would she throw away thousands for you in a night, as I do?

Vortex. Very true! very true! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Pleasure Ground, and a View of an Ancient Castle.*

Enter Four Servants, dressed in old-fashioned Liveries, then SIR HUBERT STANLEY and HEARTLEY.

Sir Hub. Good Heartley, is all prepared for my boy's reception, his favourite study on the southern battlement?—Are his dogs train'd—his bunters well condition'd?

Heart. To say, truth, Sir Hubert, the castle has been all day in quarrel, each servant claiming the right of exclusive attendance on his dear young master.

Sir Hub. I thank their honest loves. He writes me he is well, good Heartley; quite well.—Ha! the village bells proclaim my boy's arrival.—Dost thou hear the people's shouts?

Heart. Aye, and it revives my old heart.

Sir Hub. These welcomes are the genuine effusions of love and gratitude—Spite of this Nabob's arts, you see how my loving neighbours respect me.

Enter Servant.

Where is my boy?

Serv. Not yet arriv'd, sir.

Sir Hub. No!

Serv. These rejoicings are for the Nabob's daughter, who is just come from London.

Sir Hub. Indeed! [*peevishly*] Well, well.

Serv. My young master will alight privately at Oatland's farm, and walk through the park.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Hub. The Nabob's daughter!—Well, let it pass.—Heartley, what said farmer Oatland?

Heart. Nothing but what profligacy and insolence dictated—he defied your power, and sent to the Nabob.

Sir Hub. Ungrateful man! let a distress be issued.—Hold; no, no.

Heart. Indeed, Sir Hubert, he is undeserving your lenity. Besides, sir, your mortgagee, Mr. Rapid, the wealthy taylor, will be here to-day—the interest on the mortgage must be paid—

some of your election bills remain unliquidated, and I fear without a further mortgage—

Sir Hub. Don't torture. Pardon me, good old man.

Heart. Truly, Sir Hubert, what might have been effected with 5000*l.* some years ago, will now require ten—you must retrench your hospitable benevolence.

Sir Hub. My worthy steward, my head has long acknowledg'd the truth of your arithmetic—but my head could never teach it to my heart.

Heart. And, sir, you may raise your rents.

Sir Hub. Never, Heartley—never.—What! shall the many suffer that I may be at ease!—But away with care—this is a moment devoted to extasy—this is the hour a doating father is to clasp an only child, who, after combating with disease and death, returns triumphant to his arms in lusty health and manhood.—Ah! he approaches; 'tis my boy—Dost thou not see him in the beechen avenue.—Dull old man, advance thine hand thus—[*Putting his Hand over his Forehead.*]—See how his eyes wander with delight, and renovate the pictures of his youth.—Ah! now he sees his father, and flies like lightning.

Enter CHARLES STANLEY—[Kneels.]

Charles. My honour'd—my lov'd father!

Sir Hub. Rise to my heart.—Stand off, and let my eyes gloat upon thee—thou art well.—Thy arm, good Heartley.—Nay, do not weep, old Honesty, 'twill infect me.

Charles. Ah! my excellent old friend—in health, I hope?

Heart. Aye, good master, and this day will make me young again.

Charles. Dear father, already must I become a suitor to you.—Passing Oatland's farm, I found his lovely daughter Jessy in tears, occasion'd by her father's inability to pay his rent. I dried them with a promise—[*Heartley shakes his Head, and Sir Hubert averts his Face.*]—Ha! your brow is clouded with unhappiness; pray, sir—

Sir Hub. Good Heartley, leave us—[*Exeunt Heartley and Servants*]—Charles, so mixed is the cup of life, that this day, the happiest thy old father can e'er hope to see, is dash'd with bitterness and sorrow, boy. I have been a very unthrift to thee.

Charles. Oh, sir.

Sir Hub. Listen to me.—You have heard how my father kept alive the benevolent hospitality that once distinguished Old England, and I not finding in modern ethics aught likely to improve either the morals or happiness of mankind, determined to persevere in the ways of my fathers. Soon after you went abroad, the adjoining estate was purchased by an East Indian, groaning under wealth produc'd by groans. Like the viper, after collecting in the warm sunshine his bag of venom, he came to the abode of peace and innocence, and disseminated his poison. But mark me—think me not so unjust, boy, as with random slander to censure any body of men. No, thank heaven! there are numbers whom Providence, in addition to the power, has added the will, to render wealth a blessing to all around them.

Charles. You are ever just and liberal.

Sir Hugh. But for this vile exception, this Mr. Vortex, I tell thee, riot, contention, indolence, and vice, succeeded. I struggled against this mischief, which spur'd him on to oppose me in my election. This contest (I trust, Charles, you think the dignity of our family demanded it)—this contest, I say, oblig'd me to mortgage my estate to a considerable amount; and I fear, boy, even that will not suffice. Dost thou not blame thy father?

Charles. Blame, sir? my fortune, nay, my life is held but to promote your happiness.

Sir Hub. Glorious boy! then all will be well again—thy estate restor'd, thy wealth enlarg'd.

Charles. How?

Sir Hub. By marriage, Charles.

[*Charles averts his face with dejection.*]

Charles. Marriage, sir!—To conceal the passion that triumphs here were but to deceive a father, and injure the bright excellence I love. When I was ill at Spa, the votaries of pleasure avoided me as the harbinger of melancholy, and I was despis'd as a thing passing into oblivion by all but one fair creature. I obtained an opportunity to thank her for the charitable pity her eye had beam'd on me. Love soon kindled his torch at Pity's altar, for I found in Miss Vortex such excellence—

Sir Hub. Who?

Charles. Miss Vortex, sir.

Sir Hub. From India?

Charles. The same.

Sir Hub. She that is now propos'd for your

Charles. Is it possible? [alliance?

Sir Hub. And awaits your arrival in the neighbourhood.

Charles. Oh! let me haste to her.—Yet hold! Frank Oatland attends to bear your determination.

Sir Hub. At present, Charles, I cannot grant your suit.—[*Charles berkons in Frank.*]—Young man, tell your father the law must take its course. When I see in him symptoms of contrition and amendment, I may restore him.

Frank. Thank ye,—thank ye, sur.

Charles. How came this distress to fall on him?

Frank. Why, sur, he went on farming pretty tightish, didn't he, sur? till he kept company wth Nabob's sarvants; then all of a sudden he took to the gentleman line. I conceats, sur, he didn't much understand the trim on't, for the gentleman line didn't answer at all. I hope your honour bean't angry wth I for speaking to young 'squire; your worship do know I were a bit of a playfellow wth un, and we followed our studies together.

Sir Hub. Indeed!

Frank. Ees, sur, we went through our letters—and a-b, ab—e-b, eb—there somehow I stuck, and 'squire went clean away into abbreviation and abomination¹); and then I never could take much to your pens, they be so cruel small; now a pitchfork do fit my hand so desperate kindly as never was.

Sir Hub. Ha! ha! Come, my boy, you'll want refreshment.

[*Exit.—Frank bows, and is going.*]

Charles. What, honest Frank, will you not walk with me to the castle!

Frank. If your honour be so gracious.

Charles. Nay, wear your hat.

Frank. O dear! O dear! what a pity nobody do see I.

Charles. Come, brother student, your hand.

Frank. My hand! Lord dong it, only think o' I.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in an Inn.

Enter TWO WAITERS, with Luggage, meeting BRONZE.

1st. Wait. Coming, sir.

Young R. [Without] Zounds, why don't you come? Why don't all of you come, eh?

Bronze. Waiter who are these people?

1st. Wait. I don't know, Mr. Bronze.—The young one seems a queer one—he jump'd out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipp'd the turnspit into a gallop, and made him keep moving; and tho' not a minute in the house, he has been in every room, from the garret to the cellar.

2d. Wait. Father and son, I understand.—The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

Bronze. Rapid! [Aside] Perhaps it is my old master, the great tailor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

1st. Wait. Here he comes full dash, and the old man trotting after him like a terrier.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter OLD and YOUNG RAPID.

Young R. Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad. VWell, here we are—keep moving.

Old R. Moving! Zounds, haven't I been moving all night in the mail-coach to please you?

Young R. Mail! famous thing, isn't? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, step, and jump—dash along.

Old R. Od rot such hurry-scurry doings, I say. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley; and now I must sit biting my fingers.

Young R. Biting your fingers! No, no, I'll find you something to do. Come, we'll keep moving!

[*Takes his Father by the Arm, who resists.*]

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. Gentlemen, I beg leave—

Young R. No prosing—to the point.

Old R. For shame—don't interrupt the gentleman.

Young R. Gently, dad—dash away, sir.

Land. A servant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been inquiring for Mr. Rapid.

Young R. Push on!

Land. And expects him at the castle.

Young R. That will do—push off—brush—run! [Exit Landlord, running.]

That's the thing—keep moving.—I say, dad!

Old R. VWhat do you say, Neddy?

Young R. Neddy! damn it, don't call me Neddy. I hate to be called Neddy.

Old R. VWell, I won't.

Young R. That's settled—I say—what's your business with Sir Hubert?—Some secret, eh?

Old R. [Aside] I won't tell you. Oh no—a bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

¹) These are the first words of 5 syllables (that children are taught to learn in their spelling-books).

Young R. Pugh! he's a ready-money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life.—It won't do.

Old R. Well then sit down, and I'll tell you. [*They sit*] Can you sit still a moment?

Young R. [*Jumping up*] To be sure I can—now tell me, briefly—briefly. [*Sits again.*]

Old R. [*Aside*] Indeed I will not. You must know—

Young R. Aye—

Old R. You must know—

Young R. Zounds! you have said that twice—now don't say it again.

Old R. Well, I won't—You must know—'tis a very long story.

Young R. [*Rising*] Then I'll not trouble you.

Old R. [*Aside*] I thought so. And pray what might induce you to come with me?

Young R. [*Aside*] Won't tell him of Jessy. Oh, as we had given up trade, left off stitching—you know my way—I like to push on—change the scene, that's all—keep moving.

Old R. Moving! [*Yawns*] Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night-gown.

[*Waiter helps him on with a Night-gown—he lays his Coat on a Chair.*]

Young R. What are you at, dad?

Old R. Going to take a nap on that sofa.

Young R. A nap—pugh!

Old R. Zounds! I've no comfort of my life with you.

Young R. Say no more.

Old R. But I will, tho'—hurry, hurry—od rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half dressed; and as for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

Young R. You sleep so slow.

Old R. Sleep slow! I'll sleep as slow as I please; so at your peril disturb me. Sleep slow indeed!

[*Yawning. Exit.*]

Young R. Now to visit Jessy. Waiter!

Wait. Sar! [*With great quickness.*]

Young R. That's right—sir—short—you're a fine fellow.

Wait. Yes, sar.

Young R. Does Farmer Oalland live hereabouts?

Wait. Yes, sar.

Young R. How far?

Wait. Three miles.

Young R. Which way.

Wait. West.

Young R. That will do—get me a buggy.

Wait. Yes, sar.

Young R. Oh, if my old dad had left off business as some of your flashy tailors do, I might have kept a curricie, and lived like a man.—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. No, sar.

Young R. But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand.—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. No, sar.

Young R. Or to have dashed to Jessy in a curricie.—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. No, sar.

Young R. To have flanked along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. [*Puts himself in the act of driving, and sits on the Chair where Old Rapid left his Coat—springs from it again*]

—What the devil's that?—Zounds! something has run into my back.—I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in father's pocket.—Confound it! what does he carry

needles now for?—[*Searches the Pocket*].—Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe.—Curse it?—Eh!—what's this? [*Reads*] "*To Mr. Rapid—Free—Hubert Stanley.*" Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret—Now for it! [*Reads very quick*] "*Sir Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the Castle, and would be glad to extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l.*" What's this?—[*Reads again*] —"*Extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l. to seventy.*" Fifty thousand! huzza!—'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—'I'll—no—I'll—

Enter WAITER.

Wait. The buggy's ready sir.

Young R. Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll—

Wait. Perhaps you would prefer a chaise and pair?

Young R. No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond! [*Exit Waiter*] I must—I must keep moving.—I must travel for improvement. First I'll see the whole of my native country, its agriculture and manufactories. That, I think, will take me full four days and a half. Next I'll make the tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, returning as completely versed in foreign manners and language as the best of them, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving.—Fifty thousand! perhaps more—perhaps—oh!

Waiter. [*Without*] You can't come in.

Bronze. [*Without*] I tell you I will come in.
Young R. Will come in!—that's right—push on, whoever you are.

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

Young R. Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze? Any thing to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discover'd that my father is worth—how much, think you?

Bronze. Perhaps ten thousand.

Young R. Push on.

Bronze. Twenty.

Young R. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Young R. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Young R. Fifty—perhaps—sixty—seventy oh! I'll tell you. He has lent 50,000l., on mortgage, to an old baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St—

Young R. [*Stopping him*] I know his name as well as you do.

Bronze. [*Aside*] Here's news for my master!

—Well, sir, what do you mean to do?

Young R. Do! Push on—become a man of fashion, to be sure.

Bronze. What would you say, if I were to get you introduced to a Nabob?

Young R. A Nabob! oh! some flash-in-the-pan chap.

Bronze. Oh, no!

Young R. What, one of your real, genuine, neat as imported, Nabobs?

Bronze. Yes, Mr. Vortex—Did you never hear of him?

Young R. To be sure I have. But will you?

Bronze. Yes.

Young R. Ah! but will you do it directly?

Bronze. I will.

Young R. Then push off—Stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish every body to keep moving. But won't dad's being a tailor make an objection?

Bronze. No; as you never went out with the pattern-books.

Young R. [*Sighing*] Oh yes, I did.

Bronze. That's awkward. But you never operated?

Young R. [*With Melancholy*] What do you say?

Bronze. I say you never—

[*Describes in action the act of sewing.*]

Young R. [*Sighing deeper*] Oh! yes, I did.

Bronze. That's unlucky.

Young R. Very melancholy, indeed!

Bronze. I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants.

Young R. My dear fellow, sink the tailor, and I'll give you a hundred.

Bronze. Will you? Thank you.

Young R. Now push off.

Bronze. But don't be out of the way.

Young R. Me; Bless you, I'm always in the way.

Bronze. Don't move.

Young R. Yes, I must move a little, away you go—[*Pushes Bronze off*—Huza! now to awake old dad.—[*Exit, and returns with Old Rapid*—Come along, dad.]

Old R. [*Half asleep*] Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

Young R. He's asleep.—Awake!

Old R. What's the matter, eh! What's the matter.

Young R. What's the matter! I have found fifty thousand in that letter?

Old R. Indeed! [*Opens the Letter eagerly*] Ah! Neddy, have you found out—

Young R. I have—that you are worth how much.

Old R. Why, since what's past—

Young R. Never mind what's past.

Old R. I've been a fortunate man. My old partner us'd to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid; your needle always sticks in the right place."

Young R. No, not always. [*Shrugging*]—But how much?

Old R. Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage.—Item, fifteen thousand in the consols.—Item—

Young R. Never mind the items.—The total, my dear dad—the total.

Old R. What do you think of a plumb!

Young R. A plum! Oh, sweet, agreeable, little, short word!

Old R. Besides seven hundred and ninety—

Young R. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? Damme, you must have kept moving.

Old R. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds; which, at compound interest, if you multiply—

Young R. No; you have multiplied it fa-

mously.—It's my business to reduce it. [*Aside*]—Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Neddy.

Old R. Why, what must I call you?

Young R. Ned—short—Ned.

Old R. Ned! O, Ned!

Young R. That will do. And in the next place, sink the tailor. Whatever you do, sink the tailor.

Old R. Sink the tailor! What do you mean?

Young R. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

Old R. You don't say so! Huza; it will be the making of us.

Young R. To be sure. Such fashion! Such style!

Old R. Aye, and such a quantity of liveries, and—Oh dear me! [*With great dejection.*]

Young R. What's the matter?

Old R. [*Sighing*] I forgot I had left off business.

Young R. Business! Confound it! Now, pray keep the tailor under, will you? I'll send an express to London. [*Runs to the Table.*]

Old R. An express! for what?

Young R. I don't know.—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

Young R. Bring it here.—[*Reads*]—"Turbots—Salmon—Soles—Haddock—Beef—Mutton—Veal—Lamb—Pork—Chickens—Ducks—Turkies—Puddings—Pies." Dress it all—that's the short way.

Waiter. All!

Young R. Every bit.

Old R. No, no, nonsense.—The short way indeed! Come here, sir.—Let me see—[*Reads*]—Um—Um—"Ribs of beef."—That's a good thing;—I'll have that.

Young R. What?

Waiter. Ribs of beef, sir.

Young R. Are they the short ribs?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Young R. That's right.

Waiter. What liquor would your honour like?

Young R. [*Jumping up.*] Spruce-beer.

Waiter. Very well, sir.

Young R. I must have some clothes.

Old R. I'm sure that's a very good coat.

Young R. Waiter!—I must have a dashing coat for the Nabob.—Is there a rascally tailor any where near you?

Waiter. Yes, sir;—there are two close by.

[*Father and Son look at each other.*]

Young R. Umph! then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

Waiter. Sir, he must take your measure.

Old R. To be sure he must.

Young R. Oh, true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of—Well—send for the scoundrel. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Old R. Oh, for shame of yourself! I've no patience.

Young R. Like you the better.—Hate patience as much as you do, ha! ha!—Must swagger a little.

Old R. Ah! I am too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune; but only remember this—By the faith of a man I came by it honestly,—and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

Young R. Certainly. But we must keep moving, you know.

Old R. Well, I don't care if I do take a bit of a walk with you.

Young R. Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have a gallop together. Come, along, dad—Push on, dad. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in MR. VORTEX's House.

Enter MR. VORTEX, ELLEN, and Miss VORTEX.

Ellen. Married to Charles Stanley; You, madam!

Miss V. Yes, I.

Ellen. I'll not believe it.

Miss V. Well, I vow that's uncommon comic. And why not, my forsaken cousin?

Ellen. First, madam, I know Charles Stanley would only form so sacred an alliance where his affections pointed out the object. Secondly, I feel those affections to be mine.

Vortex. Thirdly, an inconstant swain was a thing never heard of; and, to conclude, pray peruse that letter—

Ellen. *[Reads.]*—Sir Hubert Stanley informs Mr. Vortex that his son embraces, with eager joy, the proposals for his marriage with Mr. Vortex's daughter.—*[Drops the letter.]*—Then every thing is possible. Oh, love!

Vortex. Nay, don't you abuse poor Cupid—his conduct has been perfectly parliamentary. Self-interest has made the little gentleman move over to the other side, that's all.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Ellen. Heavens! should this be—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Young Mr. Stanley, sir,

Ellen. My soul sinks within me.

Miss V. *[With affected Tenderness]* Upon my honour, my dear, you had better retire,—Your agitation—

Ellen. I thank you, madam. *[Going]* Hold.—No;—with your permission, I'll remain.

[Returns.]

Miss V. Just as you please. What a triumph; Oh, how uncommon delicious!

Ellen. Now, heart, be firm!

[Retires from the Front of the Stage.]

Enter CHARLES STANLEY with eagerness—Starts.

Miss V. How he's struck!

Vortex. Exceedingly.

Charles. What can this mean *[Aside]* Madam—madam—the confusion that—that—

Miss V. I must cheer him with a smile.

[During this Ellen advances to the Front of the Stage, so as to leave Miss Vortex between her and Stanley.]

Charles. *[Seeing Ellen]* Ah! what heaven of brightness breaks in upon me! Lovely Miss Vortex, can I believe my happiness! Will those arms receive me! *[Miss Vortex, thinking this addressed to her, opens her Arms; Stanley rushes past her to Ellen]* My Ellen!

Ellen. Oh, Charles, the sufferings my heart underwent this moment, and the joy it now feels, is such, I cannot speak. *[They retire.]*

Miss V. Nabob! Nabob!

Vortex. What's the matter?

Miss V. The matter! won't you resent this?

Vortex. Oh dear! not I.

Miss V. Will you bear an insult?

Vortex. My physicians order me not to mind being insulted at all: nothing is to provoke me.

Miss V. Provoke you!—If I were a man, I would—Oh!

Vortex. I don't like his looks,—he seems a desperate—

Miss V. What do you mean to do?

Vortex. Why, as this is a very extraordinary case—

Miss V. Certainly.

Vortex. I think it best to—adjourn.

[Goes up the Stage, Miss Vortex follows.]

STANLEY and ELLEN come forward.

Charles. I perceive the mistake; but my heart confess'd but one Miss Vortex.—I thought the name, like the superior virtues you adorn it with, attached alone to Ellen. The embarrassments of my paternal estate demanded a marriage with a woman of fortune—

Ellen. What do I hear?

Charles. Why this alarm?

Ellen. Alarm! Must not those words terrify which separate me from you for ever?

Charles. What means my Ellen?

Ellen. Oh, Stanley, hear me. On my return to England, Mr. Vortex, to whom the care of my property was entrusted, was ever pressing on my mind the difficulty of recovering my father's India possessions. Each messenger that arrived from you confirmed the melaucholy tale, that my Stanley was sinking into an early grave. Oh! what then was fortune, or the world, to me? I sought out solitude, and willingly assigned to Mr. Vortex what he called my expectations, for five thousand pounds.

Charles. Yet you shall be mine.

Ellen. No, Charles, I will not bring you poverty. I'll return to solitude, and endeavour to teach this lesson to my heart, "That it will be joy enough to know that Stanley is well and happy." *[Going.]*

Charles. Stay, Ellen—think deeply before you consign the man that loves you to certain misery.

Ellen. True—in a few hours let me see you again. The opposing agitations my mind has suffered unfit me for further conversation.

Charles. In a few hours, then, you'll allow me to see you?

Ellen. Allow you to see me!—Oh! Stanley, farewell! *[Exit.]*

Mr. and Miss VORTEX come forward.

Miss V. Now speak.

Vortex. We had better pair off.

Miss V. No—speak with spirit.

Vortex. I will.—Sir, I cannot help saying that every man, that is, every man of honour—

Miss V. That's right!—say that again.

Vortex. That every man of honour—

[Raising his Voice.]

Charles. Well, sir?

Vortex. Is—is—the—the—best judge of his own actions.

Charles. I perfectly agree with you—and wish you a good morning. *[Exit.]*

Miss V. So then I'm to be insulted, despis'd, and laugh'd at, and no duel is to take place—nobody is to be kill'd—my tender heart is to feel no satisfaction—

[Weeps.]

Vortex. I fight!—do you consider the preciousness of a legislator's life?

"A county suffers when a Member bleeds."

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. Oh, sir, such news!

Vortex. What! is parliament convened!

Bronze. No, sir; but I have found out that the baronet is—

Vortex. What of him?

Bronze. Ruin'd!

Miss V. [Drying her Eyes] Well! that's some satisfaction.

Bronze. I met at the inn the Mr. Rapids, merchants, I formerly liv'd with, who have a large mortgage on his estate, and he wants to borrow more—So, sir, I told them I was sure my master would be proud to see them at Bangalore Hall, because I thought, sir—

Vortex. I know—I have it. I'll show them every attention; and if I can but get hold of the mortgage, I'll—

Miss V. Oh! uncommon charming!

Vortex. [To Miss Vortex] Now do you go, and write a note, and say we will wait on them—Ah! use policy instead of pistols, and I would fight any man—for, as I say in my speech. "Policy, Mr. Speaker, is"—

Miss V. Exactly, Nabob—but I must write the letter, you know. Is the young merchant handsome?

Bronze. Yes, madam.

Miss V. So much the better.

Vortex. You see, Bronze, the turn I give it is this—"Policy, Mr. Speaker," says I—

Bronze. Very true, sir; but I believe my mistress calls—I attend you, madam. [Exit.]

Vortex. Confound it! Will nobody hear my speech? then I'll speak it to myself—"Policy, Mr. Speaker"—

Enter FRANK.

Frank. How do you do, sur?

Vortex. What! interrupted again!—Approach, don't be afraid.

Frank. Lord, sur, I beasn't afeard: why shou'd I?—I defies the devil and all his works.

Vortex. If this be what is called rough honesty, give me a little smooth-tongu'd roguery.—I don't know you, fellow!

Frank. Ees, sur, you do—I be's Frank Oatland.

Vortex. Begone! I know nothing of you.

Frank. Ees, sur, you do—I've a bit of a sister, call'd Jessy.

Vortex. Eh! ah!

Frank. [Aside] Dom um, he knaws me well enough now.

Vortex. Oh! very true—Frank Oatland, aye! Well, good Frank, how is Jessy?

Frank. Charming, sur! charming!

Vortex. Aye, that she is, lovely and charming, indeed! [Aside]—And how are you, Frank?

Frank. I be's charming too, sur!

Vortex. But why don't Jessy visit my people here? I should be always happy to see her.

Frank. Should you, sur? Why, if I may be so bold as to ax, why, sur?

Vortex. Because—because—she is—a—Farmer Oatland's child.

Frank. So be I, sur. How comes it, then, that you never axes I to your balls and ostentations? I can dance twice as long as sister can.

Vortex. Cunning fellow this!—I must buy him.—Well, Frank, what are your commands?

Frank. Why, sur, seyther do command you to lend him three hundred pounds—no, sur, I mean he supplicates.

Vortex. Three hundred pounds!

Frank. I'll tell you, sur, all about it.—You know, sur, seyther have been knuckled out of a most cruel sight of money by you at weagering and cards.

Vortex. By me, fellow! Do you think I associate with such reptiles?

Frank. Ecod, it was either you or t'other gentleman.

Vortex. T'other gentleman!

Frank. I don't know which be which, not I.—There be two of you.

Vortex. Two of us!

Frank. Ees; there be you—that be one;—and there be your gentleman—he do make the pair.

Vortex. The pair?—And have I been buying a hundred thousand pounds worth of respect for this? Have I become a member to pair off with my valet?

Frank. Ecod, and a comical pair you be!—T'other gentleman be's a tightish; conceited sort of a chap enough.—but you be a little—he! he! [Smothering a Laugh.]

Vortex. Upon my soul, this is very pleasant—You are quite free and easy.

Frank. Quite, sur; quite. Feyther do tell I it be all the fashion.

Vortex. He does!—then you may tell feyther, that if he has lost his money at play, the winners won't give him sixpence to save him from starving, and that be all the fashion.—By their distress, the pretty Jessy will be more in my power, and then I can reinstate them in a farm upon terms. [Aside]—Go, fellow! I shall not send your father sixpence.

Frank. The words I told um—the very words I told um—Says I—"Feyther, he beasn't the man will gi' thee a brass farthing. Dong it, he hasn't it here," says I.

[Laying his Hand upon his Heart.]

Vortex. You said so, did you?

Frank. Ees—so you see, sur, what a desperate cute¹⁾ lad I be.

Vortex. [Aside] I'll set a trap for you, you dog—I'll have you in my power, however; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then—[Drops his Purse] A pair of us! I'll lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are. [Exit.]

Frank. Poor feyther, poor sister, and poor I! Feyther will go broken-hearted for sartain;—and then sister Jessy's coming to labour.—I can't bear the thought on't.—Od dom thee! if I could but get hold of some of thy money I'd teak care thee should not get it again.—Eh! [Sees the Purse, walks round it]—

Well, now, I declare that do look for all the

1) Clever.

world like a purse. How happy it would make poor feyther and sister! I conceals there would be no harm just to touch it;—[*Takes it up with caution*]—it be cruel tempting. Nobody do see I.—I wonder how it would feel in my pocket.—[*Puts it with fear into his Pocket*]—Vwouns! how hot I be! Cruel warm to be sure.—VWho's that?—Nobody.—Oh! I—I—u-d, lud! and I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all of a sudden, and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping.—I believe I be going to die. [*Falls into a Chair*] Eh!—Eh!—Mayhap it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out. [*Throws it down.*—*After a Pause*] Ees, now I is better.—Dear me, quite an alteration.—My head don't spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do so keep tittuping, tittuping, I c nt' help crying.

Enter VORTEX.

Vortex. Now I have him.—[*Sees the Purse*]—VWha, he has not stole it, tho' his own father's in want—Here's a precious rascal for you!

Frank. Mr. Nabob, you have left your purse behind you; [*Sobbing*] and you ought to be asheamed of yourself, so you ought, to leave a purse in a poor lad's way, who has a feyther and a sister coming to starving.

Vortex. My purse! true; reach it me.

Frank. Noa, thank you, for nothing. I've had it in my hand once.—Ecod, if having other people's money do make a man so hot, how desperate warm some folks mun be!

Vortex. Warm—foolish fellow! [*Wiping his Forehead, and fanning himself with his Hat*] Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

Frank. Od dang it! how their wicked heads mun spin round.

Vortex. Spin round! I never heard such a simpleton—Spin, indeed! ha! ha! God bless my soul I'm quite giddy! Oh Lord! Oh dear me! Help! help!

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. VWhat's the matter, sir?

Vortex. Only a little touch of my old complaint.—Send that fellow away.

[*Bronze goes up to Frank.*]

Frank. Oh, this be t'other gentleman.—Sur, I ha' gotten twenty-six pound that feyther lost to you at gamestering.

Bronze. Where is it?

Frank. In my pocket.

Bronze. That's lucky! give it me.

Frank. Gi' it thee! Ees, dom thee, come out, and I'll gi' it thee. [*Clenching his Fist.*]

Vortex. Begone!

Frank. Gentlemen, I wish you both a good morning. [*Exit.*]

Vortex. [*Getting up*] VWhat a dunderhead that is! To suppose that a little tenderness of conscience wou'd make a man's head turn round.—Pugh! 'tis impossible;—or how the devil would the lawyers find their way from Westminster Hall? Giddy, indeed! Ha! ha!—Bronze, take care I don't fall.

[*Exit, leaning on Bronze.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in an Inn.

Enter OLD RAPID with a Letter and a Servant following.

O. Rap. VWhat! a real letter from the real

Nabob!—dear me, where is Neddy?—Make my humble duty to your master; proud to serve him—no—very proud to see him;—grateful for the honour of his custom,—no—no—for his company.—I wish you a pleasant walk home, sir.—The Nabob coming here directly! Oh, dear me! where's Neddy?—VWaiter?— [*Exit Servant*]

Enter WAITER.

Do you know where my boy is?

Waiter. Not a minute ago, I saw 'him fighting in a field behind the house.

Enter YOUNG RAPID—his Coat torn.

Old Rap. Fighting!—Oh, dear! where is he?

Young Rap. Here am I, dad—

Old Rap. VWhat has been the matter?

Young Rap. Only a small rumpus; went to peep at the castle,—pushing home,—the road had a bit of a circumbendibus;—hate corners,—so I jumped the hedge,—cut right across,—you know my way,—kept moving,—up came a farmer,—wanted to turn me back,—would not do,—bussled a bit,—carried my point, came straight as an arrow.

Old Rap. Fie, fie!—but read that letter.

Young Rap. VWhat! the Nabob coming here directly, and I in this pickle. VWaiter, are my clothes come home?

Waiter. No, sir.

Young Rap. Why, the fellow gave his word—

Waiter. Yes, sir; but what can you expect from a tailor? [*Exit.*]

Young Rap. That's very true.

Old Rap. Impudent rascal!

Young Rap. VWhat the devil shall I do?—The most important moment of my life.

Old Rap. 'Tis unlucky.

Young Rap. Unlucky!—'tis perdition—an-nihilation—a misfortune, that—

Old Rap. I can mend.

Young Rap. How?

Old Rap. By mending the coat.

Young Rap. An excellent thought.—Come, help me off,—quick,—quick!

Old Rap. I always have a needle in my pocket.

Young Rap. [*Rubbing his Back*] I know you have.

Old Rap. Now give it me.

Young Rap. VWhat! suffer my father to mend my coat?—No,—no;—not so bad as that neither.—As the coat must be mended,—damn it, I'll mend it.

Old Rap. Will you do?—Ecod, I should like to see you;—here's a needle ready threaded—and a thimble;—you can't think how I shall like to see you;—now don't hurry, that's a dear boy. [*Young Rapid sits down, gathers his Legs under him—Old Rapid puts his Spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*]

Young Rap. Now mind, dad, when—Damn the needle! [*Wounds his Fingers.*]

Old Rap. That's because you are in such a hurry.

Young Rap. VWhen the Nabob comes—sink the tailor.—

Old Rap. I will;—but that's a long stitch.

Young Rap. Be sure you sink the tailor;

—a great deal depends on the first impression;—you shall be reading a grave book, with a melancholy air.

Old Rap. Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts;—that would have made me melancholy enough.

Enter MR. and MISS VORTEX, who advance slowly, the NABOB the side where YOUNG RAPID is, MISS VORTEX to the other side.

Young Rap. I,—ha! ha! I say, dad, if the Nabob was to see us now,—ha! ha!

Old Rap. Ha! ha! true;—but mind what you're about.

Young Rap. I'll be discovered in a situation that will surprise—a striking situation, and in some damnd elegant attitude.

[*Looks up and sees the Nabob.*]

Old Rap. Why don't you finish the job;—why don't you?

[*Sees the Nabob.—They look round the other way, and see Miss Vortex; they both appear ashamed and dejected; Young Rapid draws his legs from under him.*]

Vortex. Gentlemen,—I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honour of waiting upon you, to—

Miss V. But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement!—'tis uncommon whimsical!

Young Rap. [*Recovering himself*] Yes, ma'am, very whimsical.—I must keep moving [*Laughs*] Ha! ha! You see, dad, I've won—I've won—ha! ha!

Miss V. He says he has won,—

Old Rap. [*With amazement*] Oh! he has won, has he?

Young Rap. Yes, you know, I've won, he! he! why don't you laugh?

[*Aside to Old Rapid.*]

Old Rap. [*With difficulty*] Ha! he!

Young Rap. You see, ma'am, the fact is,—I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera-box that I mend it: and so—ha! ha! [*To Old Rapid*] Laugh again.

Old Rap. I can't.—Indeed, I can't.

Young Rap. And so I—I won—upon my soul I was doing it very well.

Old Rap. No, you were not,—you were doing it a shame to be seen.

Young Rap. [*Apart*] Hush!—Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

Vortex. Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over—

Young Rap. Yes, sir,—it is quite over,—[*Aside*] thank heaven!

Vortex. Suppose we adjourn to Bangalore Hall?

Young Rap. Sir, I'll go with you directly with all the pleasure in life. [*Running.*]

Miss V. I believe my curriole is the first carriage.

Old Rap. Dear me!

[*Looking at Miss Vortex.*]

Vortex. My daughter seems to please you, sir.

Old Rap. What a shape!

Miss V. Oh, sir, you're uncommon polite!

Young Rap. He's remarkable gallant, ma'am.

Old Rap. What elegance!—what fashion! upon the whole, it's the best made little spender, I've seen for some time.

[*Vortex and Daughter in amazement.*]

Young Rap. Oh, the devil!—The fact is, ma'am, my father is the most particular man on earth about dress—the beau of his time—*Beau Rapid.*—You know, father, they always called you Beau Rapid. I dare say he's had more suits of clothes in his house than any man in England.

Miss V. An uncommon expensive whim!

Young Rap. I don't think his fortune has suffered by it.

Miss V. [*To Old Rapid*] Shall I have the honour of driving you.

Old Rap. Oh, madam, I can't think of giving you so much trouble as to drive me.

Miss V. My dear sir, I shall be uncommon happy!

Old Rap. Oh, madam!

[*Simpers and titlers to his son, then takes Miss Vortex's hand and trots off.*]

Vortex. Well follow.

Young Rap. If you please,—not that I particularly like to follow.

Vortex. I suppose, sir, now summer approaches, London begins to fill for the winter.

Young Rap. Yes, sir.

Vortex. Any thing new in high life?—what is the present rage with ladies of fashion.

Young Rap. Why, sir, as to the ladies;—

[*Aside*] What shall I say?—Oh! the ladies, sir,—why, heaven bless them, sir! they keep moving!—but, to confess the truth, sir,—my fashionable education has been very much neglected.

Vortex. That's a pity.

Young Rap. Very great pity, sir.

Vortex. Suppose I become your preceptor.

Young Rap. If you would be so kind—I would treasure any little short rule.

Vortex. Why, there is a short rule necessary for every man of fashion to attend to.

Young Rap. What is it?

Vortex. Never to reflect.

Young Rap. Never reflect!—what push on—keep moving? my dear sir—that's my way—suits me exactly.

Vortex. Then you must be known.

Young Rap. To be sure;—I'll give away thousands in charities.

Vortex. Charities! You would be forgot in a week.—To be known, you must be mischievous;—malice has a much better memory than gratitude;—and then you must be gallant.—Are there no pretty girls you should like to be well with, eh?

Young Rap. A very extensive assortment, sir.

Vortex. And perhaps there may be a married woman you would like to intrigue with.

Young Rap. A very large quantity.—Oh! how I long to begin!—Are you married, sir?

Vortex. Why, no!

Enter Servant.

Serv. The carriage is ready.

Young Rap. So am I; come, sir,—four horses, I hope.

Vortex. No, sir.

Young Rap. That's a great pity. Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive like the devil?

Vortex. Sir, to oblige you.

Young Rap. Sir, I'll be very much oblig'd to you.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Your clothes are come, sir.

Young Rap. That's lucky.

Vortex. Then I'll wait for you.

Young Rap. Wait for me!—nobody need wait for me—I'll be with you in a crack.—Do you push on—I'll keep moving—I'll take care nobody waits for me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the NABOB'S House.*

Enter OATLAND dejected, FRANK and JESSY leading him.

Jessy. Be comforted, father.

Oat. To see thee brought to service! [*Sighs*]
—I've done this:—I that have—

Frank. Never mind—we be young and healthy, and don't heed it—do us, Jessy?

Oat. To be ashamed to look my own children in the face!—I, who ought to have been the forehorse of the team, to be pulled along through life by this young tender thing!

Jessy. Don't despond, father—Sir Hubert will see your contrition, and restore you to his favour.

Oat. When the hen sees the hawk ready to pounce, she gathers her young ones under her wing—when misfortune hovers over my sweet chicken here, I leave her to shift for herself!

Jessy. Come, no more of this.

Oat. Even the savage hawk takes care of its nestlings—what then am I?—Children, do you hate me!

Frank. Hate thee! pugh, feyther, dan't thee talk so—good bye to thee—cheer up—there has long been a feyther to me, now it is my turn, and I'll be a feyther to thee.

Oat. I cannot speak—take care of my girl, Frank. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Care of her?—though she be a servant, let me catch any body striking her, that's all.—Well, Jessy, we mun not be sheam'd—I know poverty be no sin, because parson said so last Sunday.—Talk of that—I do hear that your sweetheart, Mr. Rapid, be worth such a desperate sight of money as never was!

Jessy. [*Sighs*] If his fortunes are so prosperous, brother, he is exalted above my hopes—If his heart be mercenary, he is sunk below my wishes.—Heigh, ho! yet he might have sent to know if I were well, he might—no matter!

Frank. He be coming to Neabob's here, on a visitation.

Jessy. Ah! coming here!

Frank. Ees—and Mr. Bronze do say while he be here I am to be his sarving-man.

Jessy. You his servant! [*Weeps.*]

Frank. Don't thee cry, Jessy!

Jessy. [*Recovering herself*] I won't; it was weak, it was wrong.—Frank, be sure you conceal from Mr. Rapid who you are—I have reasons for it.—Edward here!—when we meet it will be a hard trial. Yet why should I dread it?—let perfidy and pride shrink abash'd, virtuous integrity will support me.

Frank. That's right, Jessy, shew a proper spirit—Ecod, if he were to pull out his purse and to offer to make thee a present of five guineas, dan't thee take it.—[*Jessy smiles dejectedly*]
—Here be thy new mistress.

Jessy. Leave me.

Frank. Do'st thou hear? Dom it, dan't thee take it! [*Exit.*]

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Miss V. Oh! my new attendant I suppose!—What's your name, child?

Jessy. Jessy Oatland, madam.

Miss V. Well, Oatland, [*Taking out her Glass*] look at me.—Umph—not at all contemptible.—That's a charming nosegay—[*Jessy presents it*]
—all exotics, I declare.

Jessy. No, madam, neglected wild flowers—I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

Miss V. A pretty amusement.

Jessy. And it seem'd, madam, to convey this lesson—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather, with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that like these humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth and native energy.

Miss V. Oh! [*Aside*]
—mind—energy!—What's the matter with the poor girl, I wonder! uncommon odd!—I hear, Oatland, you are reduced in your circumstances.

Jessy. Yes, madam.

Miss V. That's very lucky, because it will make you humble, child!—Well, and what are your qualifications?

Jessy. Cheerful industry, madam. I can read to you, write for you, or converse—

Miss V. Converse with me! I dare say you can.—No, thank you, child—instead of my listening to your voice, you will be polite enough to be as silent as convenient, and do me the honour of listening to mine.—Oh! here comes Mr. Rapid.

Jessy. Ah! [*In great agitation*]
May I retire, madam?

Miss V. Yes; I shall follow to dress.—No stay.—Yes, you may go.

Jessy. Oh, thank you! thank you, dear madam! [*Exit with rapidity.*]

Miss V. That poor girl appears to me rather crazy.

Enter OLD and YOUNG RAPID, and VORTEX.

Miss V. Welcome to Bangalore Hall, gentlemen.

Young R. Charming house! plenty of room.

— [*Runs about and looks at every thing.*]

Old R. A very spacious apartment, indeed.

Vortex. Yes, sir; but I declare I forgot the dimensions of this room.

Old R. Sir, if you please, I'll measure it—my cane is exactly a yard, good honest measure—'tis handy—and that mark is the half yard, and—

Young R. [*Overhears and snatches the Cane from him*]
Confound it!—The pictures, father—look at the pictures. [*Pointing with the Cane*]
Did you ever see such charming—

Miss V. Do you like pictures.

Young R. Exceedingly, ma'am; but I should like them a great deal better if they just moved a little.

Miss V. Ha! ha! I must retire to dress—till dinner, gentlemen, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Young R. [*To his father*]
Zounds! you'll ruin every thing! can't you keep the tailor under.

Vortex. Your son seems rather impatient.

Old R. Very, sir—always was.—I remember a certain Duke—

Young R. That's right, lay the scene high—push the Duke—push him as far as he'll go.

Old R. I will, I will.—I remember a certain Duke used to say, Mr. Rapid, your son is as sharp as a needle.

Young R. At it again!

Old R. As a needle.—

Young R. [Interrupting him] Is true to the pole. As a needle is true to the pole, says the Duke; so will your son, says the Duke, be to every thing spirited and fashionable, says the Duke.—Am I always to be tortured with your infernal needles?

[Aside to Old Rapid.]

Vortex. Now to sound them. I hear, gentlemen, your business in this part of the country is with Sir Hubert Stanley, respecting some money transactions.

Old R. 'Tis a secret.

Vortex. Oh! no—the Baronet avows his wish to sell his estate.

Old R. Oh! that alters the case.

Vortex. I think it would be a desirable purchase for you—I should be happy in such neighbours—and if you should want forty or fifty thousand, ready money, I'll supply it with pleasure.

Old R. Oh, sir, how kind!—If my son wishes to purchase, I would rather leave it entirely to him.

Young R. And I would rather leave it entirely to you.

Vortex. Very well, I'll propose for it.—[Aside] This will cut Sir Hubert to the soul.—There is a very desirable borough interest—then you could sit in parliament.

Young R. I in parliament! ha! ha!

Old R. No; that would be a botch.

Young R. No, no, I was once in the gallery—cramped in—no moving—expected to hear the great guns—up got a little fellow, nobody knew who, gave us a three hours' speech—I got devilish fidgetty—the house called for the question, I join'd the cry—"The question, the question," says I.—A member spied me—clear'd the gallery—got hustl'd by my brother spectators—obliged to scud—Oh! it would never do for me.

Vortex. But you must learn patience.

Young R. Then make me speaker—if that wouldn't teach me patience, nothing would.

Vortex. Do you dislike, sir, parliamentary eloquence?

Old R. Sir, I never heard one of your real downright parliament speeches in my life—never.

[Yawns.]

Young R. By your yawning I should think you had heard a great many.

Vortex. Oh, how lucky!—At last I shall get my dear speech spoken.—Sir, I am a member, and I mean to—

Young R. Keep moving.

Vortex. [Why, I mean to speak, I assure you; and—

Young R. Push on, then.

Vortex. What, speak my speech?—That I will—I'll speak it.

Young R. Oh, the devil!—Don't yawn so.

[To Old Rapid.]

Old R. I never get a comfortable nap, never!
Young R. You have a devilish good chance now—Confound all speeches—Oh!—

Vortex. Pray be seated.—[They sit on each side *Vortex*].—Now we'll suppose that the chair—

[Pointing to a Chair.]

Old R. Suppose it the chair! why it is a chair, isn't it?

Vortex. Pshaw! I mean—

Young R. He knows what you mean—'tis his humour.

Vortex. Oh, he's witty!

Young R. Oh, remarkably brilliant, indeed!

[Significantly to his Father.]

Vortex. What, you are a wit, sir!

Old R. A what? Yes I am—I am a wit.

Vortex. Well, now I'll begin—Oh, what a delicious moment!—The house when they approve cry, "Hear him! hear him!"—I only give you a hint, in case any thing should strike—

Young R. Push on.—I can never stand it.

[Aside.]

Vortex. Now I shall charm them.—[Addresses the chair].—"Sir, had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blink'd the present question—but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground."

—What, no applause yet? [Aside.—During this *Old Rapid* has fallen asleep, and *Young Rapid*, after shewing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the Window, and looks out].—"But I shall proceed, and, I trust, without interruption."—[Turns round, and sees *Old Rapid* asleep].—Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir?

[*Rapid* awakes.]

Old R. What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

Vortex. Pray, sir, don't you blush?—[Sees *Young Rapid* at the Window].—What the devil!—

Young R. [Looking round] Hear him! hear him!

Vortex. By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

Old R. Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep!—I mean to look out of the window—I am very sorry, sir, any thing should go across the grain.—I say, Ned, smooth him down!

Young R. I will.—What the devil shall I say.—The fact is, sir, I heard a cry of fire—upon—the—the—the water, and—

Vortex. Well, well—But do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

Young R. Upon my honour, I do.

Vortex. Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the Lords, or something of that sort.—[They sit, *Young Rapid* fretful].—Where did I leave off?

Young R. Oh! I recollect; at—"I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an adjournment."

[Rising.]

Vortex. Nonsense! no such thing.—Putting him down in a Chair!—Oh! I remember!—"I shall therefore proceed, and, I trust, without interruption—"

Enter Servant.

Serv. Dinner on the table, sir.

Vortex. Get out of the room, you villain!

—“Without interruption—”

Serv. I say, sir—

Young R. Hear him! hear him!

Serv. Dinner is waiting.

Young R. [*Jumping up.*] Dinner waiting!

—Come along, sir.

Vortex. Never mind the dinner.

Young R. But I like it smoking.

Old R. So do I—Be it ever so little, let me have it hot.

Vortex. Won't you hear my speech?

Young R. To be sure we will—but now to dinner—Come, we'll move together—Capital speech!—Push on, sir—Come along, dad—Push him on, dad. [*Exeunt, forcing Vortex out.*]

SCENE III.—An Ancient Hall.

Enter SIR HUBERT, leaning on CHARLES STANLEY.

Charles. Take comfort, sir.

Sir Hub. Where shall I find it, boy?—To live on my estate, is ruin—to part with it, death—My heart is twin'd round it.—I've been the patriarch of my tribe—the scourge of the aggressor—the protector of the injur'd!—Can I forego these dignities?—My old grey-headed servants, too, whose only remaining hope is to lay their bones near their lov'd master, how shall I part with them?—I prate, boy, 'tis the privilege of these white hairs.

Charles. Oh! say on, sir.

Sir Hub. All! all is dear to me!—these warlike trophies of my ancestors!—Charles, thou see'st that goodly oak, 'twas planted at my birth—Would'st thou think it? In the late hurricane, when the tempest humbled with the dust the proudest of the forest, it bravely met the driving blast—my people, with shouts of joy, hail'd the auspicious omen, and augur'd from it prosperity to me and mine.—Fondly I believ'd it—fondly I thought it. Fie! Fie! I doat—

Charles. My father, I doubt not but they augur'd truly. I must to the active world. Why should I fear that the virtue and independence you have inspir'd—

Sir Hub. Ah, boy! but while licentiousness and party zeal command the choicest gifts of fortune, virtue and genius must be content with their leavings.

Enter Servant—delivers a Letter to SIR HUBERT, who reads it with great agitation.

Charles. Ah! what is it shakes you, sir?—That letter!

Sir Hub. Nothing, my dear boy!—'tis infirmity!—I shall soon be better.

Charles. Excuse me, dear sir—[*Takes the Letter and reads*] “Mr. Vortex, at the request of Mr. Rapid, informs Sir Hubert Stanley it is inconvenient for him to advance more money on mortgage. Mr. Vortex laments Sir Hubert's pecuniary embarrassments”—damnation!—“to relieve which he will purchase the castle and estate.”—Sooner shall its massy ruins crumble me to dust.—Don't despond, my father! bear up!

Enter FRANK, running—his Face bloody.

Frank. Oh, sur!—at Neabob's table they've been so abusing your father!

Charles. Ah?

Frank. And I've been fighting—

Charles. Hush!

Sir Hub. What's his business?

Charles. Oh, sir! [*Concealing his Agitation*]

—My friend, Frank, consults me on a love affair; and I must not betray his confidence.

—In his hurry he fell.—Wasn't it so?

[*Significantly*]

Frank. Ees, sur, ees.

Sir Hub. You are not hurt, young man?

Frank. No, sur.—Thank heaven! my head be a pure hard one.

Charles. Within! [*Enter two Servants* Attend my father.

Sir Hub. My boy, don't stay from me long.

[*Exit, leaning on Servants.*]

Charles. Now, good Frank, ease my tortur'd mind.—What of my father?

Frank. Why, your honour, Mr. Bronse came laughing out of dining-room, and says, “Dom'me, how the old Baronet has been roasted.” So, sur, I not knowing what they could mean by roasting a Christian, axed. “Why,” says he, grinning, “they voted, that it was a pity the dignity of the bloody hand interfer'd, or the old beggar might set up a shop.”

Charles. What!

Frank. The old beggar might set up a shop.

Charles. Unmanner'd, cowardly babblers!

Frank. And that you, sur, would make a dapper prentice.

Charles. I heed not that.—But, when I forgive a father's wrongs—

Frank. So says I, dom'me, if young 'squire had been among them, he would have knocked all their heads together. Now, wouldn't you, sur, have knock'd their heads together? Then they all laugh'd at me; which somehow made all the blood in my body come into my knuckles. So says I, “Mr. Bronze, suppose a case—suppose me young 'squire Stanley—now say that again about his honour'd father.”—So he did; and I lent him such a drive o'the face—and I was knocking all their heads together pretty tightish—till the cook laid me flat wi' the poker: then they all fell upon me; and when I could fight no longer, I fell a crying, and ran to tell your honour.

Charles. Thanks, my affectionate lad!—Return to the Nabob's to-day.

Frank. I be sartain I shall never do any good there.

Charles. To-morrow you shall live with me. I shall dismiss all my servants—my circumstances require it.

Frank. What! all but me!—What! I do all the work?—Lord, Lord, how glad I be, sur, you can't afford to keep any body but I.

Charles. Good Frank, farewell!—Hold—here.

[*Presenting a Purse.*]

Frank. [*Refusing*] Nay, pray'ee, sur, dan't you beheave unkind to me—I be a poor lad, that do worship and love you—not a spy for the lucre of gain—pray use me kindly, and don't gi' me a farding.

Charles. Frank, I beg your pardon.—Farewell.

Frank. Lord, how glad I be he can only afford to keep I.

[*Exit.*]

Charles. Insult my father!—unmanly vil-

lain!—whoe'er thou art, thy life shall answer it!

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter VORTEX, in great Terror, reading a Letter.

Vortex. Dear me!—here's a terrible affair!—[Reads] "Give me up the author of the slander on my father"—that was myself—I never can find in my heart to give myself up—"or personally answer the consequences."

CHARLES STANLEY."

—Oh, dear! since I find my words are taken down, I must be more parliamentary in my language.—What shall I do?—I can't fight—my poor head won't bear it—it might be the death of me.

Young R. [Without] Huzza, my fine fellows bravo!

Vortex. Eh! egad, a fine thought.—Young Rapid is loaded muzzle high with Champagne—I'll tell him he said the words, and make him own them. I've persuaded him into a marriage with my daughter: after that, the devil's in't if I can't persuade him into a duel.

Enter YOUNG RAPID—tipsy.

Young R. Here I am, tip-top spirits—ripe for any thing.

Vortex. How did you like my Champagne?

Young R. Oh! it suits me exactly; a man is such a damn'd long while getting tipsy with other wine—Champagne settles the business directly—it has made me—

Vortex. Lively, I see.

Young R. Lively—it has made me like a skyrocket. Well, how did I behave?—Quite easy, wasn't I?—Push'd on—at every thing—barr'd prosing.—Jolly dogs within—the fat parson's a fine fellow—kept the bottle moving—said a nice short grace.

Vortex. Well, and did you lose at play the five hundred pounds I lent you?

Young R. As easy as could be.

Vortex. That was lucky.

Young R. Very—particularly for those who won it.—

Vortex. Well, now you'll do.

Young R. Huzza! I'm a finish'd man.

[Slaggering and strutting about.]

Vortex. You only want a quarrel to make you—

Young R. A what?—A quarrel.—Dam'me, I'll settle that in two minutes. [Running off.]

Vortex. Stop.—You need not go out of the room for that.

Young R. What! will you quarrel with me, eh!—With all my heart.

Vortex. Me! oh no!—I say I could get you such fame—

Young R. How, my dear fellow?—Dash on.

Vortex. Why, at dinner you reflected on the Baronet.

Young R. No, it was you.

Vortex. No, not I.

Young R. Yes, it was you.

Vortex. Well, it might be I; but I don't say it was—

Young R. I do,—push on.

Vortex. Young Stanley has demanded the author.—Now, if you were to own the words

—how the newspapers would teem with—"The elegant Charles Stanley was called out by the dashing Young Rapid, about some trifle."

Young R. Bravo!

Vortex. Any thing does for a duel now-a-days—the length of a dancer's great toe—an election leg of mutton and trimmings¹).

Young R. Say no more—I'll do it. By heavens no man of fashion shall be more infamous—I mean more famous.—I'll go write to him directly.

Vortex. First take another bottle of Champagne. You can't think what a free dashing style it will give you.

Young R. I will [Going—returns] No, I can't take up this quarrel.

Vortex. Oh dear—Why not? [Alarmed.]

Young R. Because I'm sure I'm depriving you of a pleasure.

Vortex. Oh don't mind me! I give it you, to shew my regard for you.—Indeed, I've had so much fighting in my time, that with me it really ceases to be a pleasure—the sweetest things will cloy—so the quarrel's yours—I wash my hands of it.

Young R. You're a damn'd good-hearted, generous fellow!

Vortex. Then you'll return triumphant, and marry my daughter.

Young R. To be sure—keep moving [Going] I hope he'll fight directly.—Like a sailor, I hate a calm, particularly when an enemy's in sight.—Hold—what must we fight with? I can fence.

Vortex. You have no objection to pistols and bullets?

Young R. I like bullets—they come so quick. But I must push on—the other bottle and then—I'm a first-rate fellow.—Champagne for ever! [Exit.]

Vortex. You shall have my pistols—they've never been used.

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Here's policy. "Crown me, shadow me with laurels."—Oh, my dear, I've achiev'd two such difficult points!

Miss V. How, my dear Nabob?

Vortex. In the first place, I've persuaded young Rapid to marry you.

Miss V. Was that so difficult?

Vortex. No, no, certainly. But the next will delight you.—Rapid is going to have an affair of honour with young Stanley.

Miss V. A duel! and about me?

Vortex. Yes.—[Aside] I may as well tell her so.

Miss V. Charming!

Vortex. Now an't I a kind father to set two young men fighting about you?

Miss V. Ah! that is, indeed acting like a parent!

Vortex. Egad, I must look after Rapid, though.

Miss V. But how did you manage it?

Vortex. By policy to be sure; for as I observe in my speech—"Policy is—"

Miss V. And a very good observation it is.

Vortex. How do you know, till you hear it?—"Policy—"

¹) The trimmings are all the expenses attendant upon eating said leg of mutton, such as a dozen of port, a few bottles of Champagne, etc.

Miss V. But pray go to Mr. Rapid.

[Pushing him off.]

Vortex. "Policy—"

Miss V. Nay, I must insist—[Exit Vortex]
Oh, delightful!—Oatland!

Enter JESSY.

I'm in such uncommon spirits, Oatland!

Jessy. May I inquire the cause, madam?

Miss V. Certainly. A duel is going to be fought about me.

Jessy. A duel!—horrible thought!

Miss V. Sensibility, I vow!—Too comic, a vast deal! Ha! ha! cottage pathos must proceed from a source unknown to me, I'm sure!

Jessy. It proceeds, madam, from the heart.

Miss V. Umph.—Let me have no more of it. [Sharply.]

Jessy. I beg your pardon—I forgot the extent of a servant's duty.—I forgot that servants have no right to feel pleasure or pain, but as their employers please; and that suppressing the sensibilities of nature is considered in their wages. [Sarcastically.]

Miss V. No doubt of it.—That's so very sensibly observed, that I'll forgive you, Oatland.—The pride of young Stanley will be so humbled.

Jessy. Is the safety of that noble youth implicated?

Miss V. VVhat!—a lover, I suppose—came to the farm, I warrant—attended Miss Jessy in the dairy—ruffled the cream with his sighs—talked of Arcadia, and sipped butter-milk.—Ha! ha! I should not wonder, after what I have seen of his taste.—Yes, he is implicated—I dare say Mr. Rapid will.—[Going.]

Jessy. Heavens! Is Edward.—[Catching hold of a Chair for support.]

Miss V. Edward!

Jessy. I mean, madam, [Trembling, and curtsying] is Mr. Rapid's life involved?

Miss V. Upon my honour, you seem to have an uncommon sensibility for all mankind!—Do you mean to sit down in my presence? [Exit Miss Vortex.]

Jessy. No, madam! [Sinks down in the Chair.] Oh, Edward: unkind as thou art, how gladly would I resign my life, to save thee! [Weeps.]

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. In tears, Jessy?—Sweet girl, tell me—

Jessy. Oh, madam! the most dreadful event is about to take place. Mr. Stanley is engaged in a duel with—

Ellen. Forbid it, Heaven.—Let us fly to his father:—he may prevent it.

Jessy. Alas, madam! I fear he regards not his father's injunctions.

Ellen. Not regard his father!—VVho, child?

Jessy. Mr. Rapid, madam.

Ellen. Mr. Rapid!

Jessy. Oh! [Hiding her Face.]

Ellen. Is it so, sweet Jessy?—But has he deserved thy love?—Is he not unkind?

Jessy. Oh! true, madam!—But is not his life in danger?

Ellen. We will not lose a moment.—Let us seek Sir Hubert.

Jessy. I'm very faint.

Ellen. I'll support thee; for in addition to

the oppression of our common grief, thou, sweet girl, must bear the agonizing weight of disappointed love.—Come, rest on my arm.

Jessy. Oh, such kindness!—I cannot speak—but indeed my heart feels it.

[Exeunt, Ellen supporting Jessy.]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment in VORTEX'S House.

Enter YOUNG RAPID, followed by FRANK, who carries Pistols, a Sword, and Champagne.

Young R. Got the pistols, eh?

Frank. Here they be. [Lays them down] Your scyther were axing for you, sur.

Young R. My father!—Should any thing happen—when I reflect—Reflect—Zounds, that won't do. Some Champagne! [Singing] "If a man can then die much bolder with brandy."

[Drinks] I'll write to him, however;—a few words on a scrap of paper may cheer him.

[Takes a letter out of his Pocket, and is about to tear a Piece of it off]—VVhat!

[Reads] "Dear Edward, your faithful Jessy Oatland!" [Strikes his Head]—Jessy Oatland!

—VVhat a scoundrel I am! [Kisses the Letter]—Oh, Jessy, what an infernal pain at my heart!—More Champagne!

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, sir, from young Stanley.

Young R. Then the die is cast.—[Reads] "You are a scoundrel—meet me immediately, or,"—Um, um, a short decisive letter enough. Damn this pain.—Quick! my pistols! Take them to Stanley park: there wait for me.—Oh Jessy!

Enter OLD RAPID, at the back Scene.

Frank. Ecod, he'll kill thee.—I'll lay half-a-crown 'Squire Stanley hits thee the first shot.

[Exit Frank, with the Pistols.]

Old R. [Coming forward] Pistols—kill—Stanley—Ned, tell me—

Young R. [Aside] My father here.—Oh, sir, nothing.—Come, drink.

Old R. Look at me.—Ah! that agitation!—Tell me the cause!—A parent commands you.—Your old doating father entreats it!

Young R. [Aside] I must deceive him.—Sir, I've received an insult that no gentleman of fashion can submit to.

Old R. Gentleman of fashion! Need a man resent it?

Young R. Read that letter, and judge.

Old R. Lack-a-day!—consider, you're only a taylor's son,—[Reads] "You're a scoundrel."—That's a hard word—

Young R. Would you have me submit to be call'd a scoundrel?

Old R. No, I wouldn't—[with Tears]—Yes, I would.

Young R. Sir, you don't feel like a man.

Old R. I'm sure I feel like a father.

Young R. Read on, sir.

Old R. [Reads] "And unless" [Wipes the Tears away] "unless"—I can't—

Young R. [Takes the Letter and reads] "And unless you immediately give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, expect the chastisement due to a coward."

Old R. Chastisement!—Chastisement!—

Coward! [*With irritation*] We are flesh and blood, Ned.

Young R. Wou'd you see me spurn'd?

Old R. [*Emphatically, and running into his son's arms*] No!

Young R. Pray leave me, sir.

Old R. Where shall I go? What shall I do? What will become of me? Oh, boy, try to avoid it. Remember your old father; remember his life hangs on your's. But, Ned, don't forget you're a man!

Young R. Pray leave me, sir.

Old R. I will.—Farewell, my dear boy, twill break my old heart.—But remember you're a man, Ned.

Young R. [*Alone*] So, I'm proceeding full tilt to murder; have planted a dagger in a kind father's heart. But here goes. *Fills wine—throws away the bottle and glass*! Its power is gone. Oh—this infernal pain! Could I with honour avoid?—but [*Looking at the letter*] Chastisement! Coward—Damnation! I must push on. Fool! Dolt! Villain that I am! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A retired place in Stanley Park.*

Enter SIR HUBERT STANLEY.

Sir Hub. What can it mean? Charles parted from me in an agony the ingenuousness of his nature had not art to conceal; he grasp'd my hand, bade me farewell, as if it were for ever; then broke away, leaving me a prey to wild conjecture and despair; soon shall I be at peace. Infirmary, when goaded on by sorrow, presses to the goal of life with doubled speed. Surely through that laurel grove I see two female figures glide along; my eyes are not of the best, and the sorrow I have felt for my dear boy has not strengthened them—their approach—

Enter ELLEN and JESSY.

Ellen. Pardon, Sir Hubert, this intrusion! My name, sir, is Ellen Vortex.

Sir H. Madam, I welcome you as my daughter.

Ellen. Oh, sir! the urgency of the moment will not allow me to thank such goodness as I ought;—your son, sir—

Sir Hub. Ah! What of him?

Ellen. I saw him pass along,—he fled from my outstretch'd arms,—he was deaf to my cries;—e'en now he's engaged in a duel.

Sir Hub. Ha! [*Draws his sword, and is running out, staggers, drops his sword, Ellen and Jessy support him*] My functions are suspended!—Oh nature! dost thou desert me at this moment—Who is the villain that has caused it?

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Sir Hub. Oh that I could rush before my child, and receive the fatal ball in this old broken heart! Perhaps—dreadful thought!—e'en now the deadly tube is levelled at his manly breast. [*The report of a pistol is heard. Ellen sinks into his arms*] Bear up, I cannot support thee. [*Another pistol is discharged*] Horrible suspense!—what a death-like silence!

Ellen. Death!—Oh, my adored Charles!

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Frank. [*Without*] Huzza! Huzza! [*Enters*] Huzza!—he's safe—he's safe.

All. Who?

Frank. 'Squire Charles,—'Squire Charles,—Huzza! [*Exit.—Sir Hubert folds his hands on his breast in silent gratitude.*]

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Ellen. Your son is safe;—heard you the words?

Sir Hub. They have shot life through me.

Ellen. Jessy! rejoice with me. [*Seeing her dejected*] Wretch that I am, to forget thy sorrows! Take comfort, sweet girl!—perhaps—

Enter OLD RAPID capering.

Old R. Tol de rol lol—Safe and sound—tol de rol lol.—

Jessy. Who?

Old R. My boy, Neddy,—my darling, Neddy, safe and sound,—tol de rol lol.

[*Sees Sir Hubert, and bows respectfully.*]

Jessy and Ellen talk apart.

Sir Hub. So, Mr. Rapid! How happened this, sir?

Old R. Really, Sir Hubert, I don't understand the cut of it; all I can say is, your son's behaviour was—oh—superfine; when they had fired their pistols they drew out their swords, and your son disarm'd Neddy, and then he generously gave him his sword again, which was extremely genteel; for it was a brand new silver-hilted sword, and I suppose, by the laws of honour, he might have kept it.

Sir Hub. Mr. Rapid, why did you break your appointment?

Old R. Mr. Vortex, sir—

Sir Hub. Mr. Vortex. I fear your son has selected an imprudent preceptor.

Old R. Chose a bad pattern, you think, sir? I am afraid he has.

Sir Hub. Will you, sir, favour me with a few minutes conversation?

Old R. You know, Sir Hubert, I'm your faithful servant to command.

Sir Hub. [*To Ellen*] Come, let us to our hero. Will you, fair creature, condescend to be a crutch to an old man? [*Takes Ellen's arm*] I shall expect you, sir.

Ellen. Jessy!

Jessy. I follow, madam. [*Exeunt Sir Hubert and Ellen*] Do I address the father of Mr. Rapid?

Old R. You do, pretty one!

Jessy. [*Taking his hand and kissing it*] I beg your pardon; but are you sure your son's life is safe—quite safe?

Old R. Yes. A very charming girl, I declare! I'm very much obliged to you for taking notice of my Neddy! Poor fellow! nobody seem'd to care what became of him. I'm very much oblig'd to you. A sweet pretty-spoken creature as ever I saw! But I must away to the Nabob's, or I shall be too late for the wedding.

Jessy. Wedding! whose, sir?

Old R. Whose? why, my boy Neddy's, with Miss Vortex, to be sure!

Jessy. Married! Edward married! 'Tis too much. [*Leans on Old Rapid for support.*]

Old R. Eh! what! speak—tell me!

Jessy. Oh, Edward! is this the return for my love? Have I merited this cruel desertion?

Old R. Desertion!—What!—has the rascal!—I shall choke myself—Has he behaved ill to so sweet a creature? Your tears tell me so.

I'll kill him. He's my own son, and I have a right to do it. Your name, your name! pretty soul!

Jessy. Jessy Oatland. The indiscretion of my father has made me a servant—

Old R. And the discretion of his father has made him a gentleman. But I'll make the rascal know you are not humbled by your father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his, a villain! Can he hope to be call'd a man of honour for opposing his head to a pistol, while himself levels the shaft of anguish at an innocent woman's heart? But I'll kill him, that's one comfort. Come with me, sweet one!

Jessy. Sir, I must attend my mistress. I am servant to his bride. *[Weeps.]*

Old R. I shall go mad! Don't cry. If he, by marriage, won't make you my daughter, I, by adoption, will. Good bye, sweet Jessy! Oh, the rascal!—Cheer up!—The scoundrel!—Pretty creature!—The dog!—What a shape!—I'll kill him. *[Exeunt severally.]*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

YOUNG RAPID discovered, and HAIR DRESSER.

Young R. Dispatch! Why don't you dispatch?

Hair Dress. Done in a moment, sir,—pray keep your head still.

Young R. [Jumping up] Oh, Jessy Oatland!—Sdeath, have not you done?

Hair Dress. Sit down, sir, done in a moment.

Young R. Well, well; I'm as patient as—*[Sits. Enter Frank at the Door, Rapid jumps up, and runs to him]* Well!—Speak—quick!

Frank. Sur—I—that is—she—no, I—went—

Young R. You tedious blockhead—is she gone! Is Jessy gone?

Frank. Ees, sur.

Young R. What! left her father's? Where is she?

Frank. I don't know—that is, I won't tell. *[Aside.]*

Young R. What must she think me? what I am—a rascal.

Hair Dress. Sit down, sir;—done in a moment.

Young R. Yes, yes; I am as calm— *[Sits.]*

Enter Servant.

What do you want? *[Jumps up again.]*

Serv. Sir, my master and Miss Vortex wait for you. *[Exit.]*

Young R. Aye, to fulfil that infernal marriage-promise. Oh, Jessy! *[To Frank]* What are you at?

Frank. Sur, I were only twiddling about my thumbs.

Young R. You are always twiddling about your thumbs. What shall I do? Go to them.

—No, I'll write,—I want to write.

Frank. Oh, you do?

Young R. I tell you I want to write.

Frank. I'm sure I don't hinder you.

Young R. S'death! then don't stand there.

Frank. It be all the same to I where I stands.

[Moving to another Place.]

Young R. Thickhead, bring pen and ink.

Frank. Why did not you tell I so?

[Exit and returns with Pens and Ink.]

Young R. Oh, this infernal pain!—A candle to seal a letter. *[Exit Frank, and returns with a Candle]* Zounds, it is not lighted!

Frank. You didn't tell I to light it.

Young R. Was ever man plagu'd with such a hollow-headed ninny-hammer.

Frank. [Aside] Maybe, that be better than a hollow-headed one!

Enter Servant.

Young R. [Jumps up] Well!

Serv. My master has sent you those parchments to peruse.

Young R. [Throwing them down] I wouldn't read them for his estate.

Serv. He will wait on you, sir directly.

Young R. Begone all of you!—Stop! *[To Frank]* Give me my coat! *[Frank helps him on with one Arm]*—Bring the glass!—*[Frank leaves him so, and brings down a Dressing-glass]*—Leave me, dunder-head!

[Exit Frank.]

Enter VORTEX.

Vortex. Bravo, my fine fellow! You fought nobly;—I say, who lir'd first.

Young R. Never mind, that's past!

Vortex. Well, now I must intrust you with a little secret. *[They sit.]*

Young R. I have no objection to a little secret.

Vortex. In the first place, then, I'll read this paper.

Young R. No; I'll read it—I shall read it much quicker. *[Reads]*—"Receiv'd of Mr. Vortex, the sum of five thousand pounds, in consideration of which I assign over all my right and title to—hum, hum, hum—Signed, ELLEN VORTEX."—I understand—

Vortex. Now you must know the father of my niece—

Young R. Jessy Oatland. *[In reverie.]*

Vortex. No, her name is Ellen.

Young R. I know it, I know it—I know it. *[Fretfully.]*

Vortex. Her father died in India.

Young R. With all my heart.

Vortex. With all your heart!

Young R. Zounds! keep moving, will you?

Vortex. Yes, if you'll keep still.

Young R. Then be quick.

Vortex. Why I am quick, an't I?—Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in—*Young R.* Confusion.

Vortex. You are right, all was in confusion. So I prevail'd on—

Young R. Jessy Oatland!

Vortex. No, no, Ellen—to sign that paper; since which, indeed, her affairs have turn'd out pretty lucky. I purchas'd this estate with her fortune, which will be your's, my boy!—It was a very snug bargain.

Young R. What a horrible thing is the gift of speech.

Vortex. Speech!—Did you say any thing about a speech? Ah! had you heard mine out.—Do you remember how it began?—"Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should"—

[During Vortex's Narration, Rapid, influenced by the most fretful Impatience, has unconsciously bit, and torn to pieces, the Paper given him by Vortex.]

Young R. [*Jumping up*] 'Sdeath and fire! Is this a time for speeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not?—Oh, Jessy!

Vortex. True, another opportunity! But, oh! 'tis a pretty speech.—Well, now give me back the paper.

Young R. The paper!

Vortex. Yes, now you have thoroughly digested the contents of the paper, give it me again.

Young R. Oh! the—the—the paper!

[*Sees it torn on the ground.*]

Vortex. Yes; that precious scrap, that secures us a hundred thousand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

Young R. My dear fellow! you gave me no paper.

Vortex. But I did, though.

Young R. Yes, you certainly did; but then—you—you—did not—

Vortex. But I'll take my oath I did!—Come, give it me directly!—You—[*Sees the fragments on the ground*] Eh!—what!—No;—Yes.—I'm undone, I'm ruined.—Oh, my head! I'm going, I'm going!

Young R. Upon my soul I'm very sorry, but—

Vortex. But what?

Young R. That infernal speech!

Vortex. Oh! [*Looking at the scraps of paper*]—Eh, but hold!—When he marries my daughter he'll keep the secret for his own sake. Oh, dear! I must lose no time.

Young R. I'm very sorry! I'm sure if hearing your speech, will be any compensation—

[*Sits down.*]

Vortex. No, no, not now—come with me, all the lawyers are waiting.—Oh, pray come.

Young R. I'm coming, but you're always in such a hurry.

Vortex. I'll send my daughter to him—I must push him. Pray come directly.

[*Exit, in a hurry.*]

Young R. Upon my soul you'll break your neck, if you hurry so. Am I always to have this infernal pain? [*Goes up to the glass*] Behold a highfinished rascal at full length.—Curse me, if I can look myself in the face.

Enter JESSY.

Jessy. [*Apart*] There he stands!—Now, heart, be firm—Virtuous indignation, support me!—Sir, my mistress waits for you.

Young R. Don't plague me about your mistress. I'll come by and by.—[*Turns round*] Heaven and hell! Jessy Oatland!

Jessy. My mistress, sir, waits for you.

Young R. Your mistress!—A servant! Jessy Oatland a servant!—A servant to—And I—Jessy! my life!—my soul!—will you forgive?

Jessy. Wretch!

Young R. I am.—I despise myself.—On my knees—only listen to me.

Enter Miss VORTEX.

Miss V. Mr. Rapid!

Young R. [*Jumping up*] What is the matter?

Miss V. How can you debase yourself—to—

Jessy. How dare he debase me, madam, by offering to an honest heart the affections of a villain?

Miss V. Sir!

Young R. Madam!

Miss V. [*To Jessy*] Leave the room!

Jessy. [*Apart*] Now poor heart! having pass'd thy pride's probation, retire to a corner, and break with weeping. [*Exit.*]

Miss V. Sir, what am I to understand?

Young R. That I'm crazy.

Miss V. Have I deserv'd insult?

Young R. Upon my soul, I don't mean to insult you—I ask your pardon—upon my knees. [*Kneels.*]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. You, sur!

Young R. [*Jumping up*] What's the matter?

Miss V. Well, I'll forgive you, if you'll come directly. [*Rapid nods, and she exit.*]

Young R. What do you want?

Frank. You be's a desperate villain! [*Rapid going to strike*] Come, don't you do that—it wont do—Poor sister! If you had drawn an harrow across her heart, you could not have hurt her so.

Young R. Damn't—I know nothing of your sister! Who the devil is your sister? you—

Frank. Why, Jessy Oatland!

Young R. What! your sister—the brother of Jessy my servant?—Damnation! why did not you tell me so? To raise my hand against the brother of Jessy!—I shall go mad!—Frank, will you forgive me? I love Jessy—by my soul I do!—And may heaven desert me, if— [*Kneels.*]

Enter VORTEX.

Vortex. Hey-day!

Young R. [*Jumping up*] What's the matter?

Vortex. [*To Frank*] Leave the room!

[*Exit Frank*] Insult upon insult!—What satisfaction—

Young R. I know what you want. Come along; I'll fight you directly.

Vortex. Fight! Nonsense!

Young R. Then I'll ask your pardon.

Vortex. But what the devil's the meaning of all this?

Young R. Why, don't you see I'm mad?—Stark staring mad!

Enter YOUNG STANLEY.

Stanley. Mr. Rapid!

[*want?*]

Young R. [*Jumping round*] What do you

Vortex. Oh, Lord! how fierce Stanley looks at me. Pray come, Mr. Rapid.—[*To Stanley*] Sir, your most obedient! [*Exit, running.*]

Young R. That little fellow will break his neck, to a certainty.

Stan. I have just seen a lovely girl that you have wrong'd.

Young R. I know I have, and I'll fight you again, if you like it.

Stan. Could the result benefit Jessy Oatland, I would accept your invitation.

Young R. The fact is, I'm the most unhappy—the—What do you charge for shooting a man? I'll give you a thousand to blow my brains out. I'm the most miserable dog.—Pray, sir, will you tell me one thing!—Are you a man of fashion?

Stan. I trust I'm a gentleman.

Young R. That's pretty much the same thing—*an't it, sir?*

Stan. It ought to be.

Young R. Pray, sir, how did you become a gentleman?

Stan. Simply, by, never committing an action that would not bear reflection.

Young R. Can I be a gentleman, and an honest man?

Stan. Can you be a gentleman, and not an honest man?

Young R. Pray, sir, have you always an infernal pain at your heart?

Stan. No, sir.

Young R. No! Huzza! Thank you!—By heaven I'll—Now don't hurry yourself.—If I don't, may I—
[*Walks about.*]

Stan. Ah! Mr. Rapid, how different are our situations! You, possessing the love of a most charming and fascinating girl, dash the cup of happiness away.

Young R. May be not, my dear fellow—push on.

Stan. I, possessing the heart of my dear Ellen, am miserable; because, on account of the narrowness of her fortune, she compels me to abandon her.

Young R. What! the narrowness of her fortune compels—

Stan. Yes, I say—

Young R. No! Don't say it again. Don't despair, that's all.
[*Nodding.*]

Stan. She has given a fatal paper.

Young R. A paper!—Yes, I know, I know.

Stan. And I'm come to take leave of her.

Young R. No, you are not!—I'll shew you such a scene.—Nay, don't ask me any questions—follow me, that's all.—Wait at the door; and when I cry, hem! come in. But don't be in such a hurry. By heavens, the pain in my side is better already! Huzza!—Come along!
[*Going, returns, and runs to the glass, and nods.*] How do you do?—How do you do? What! you rascal! you can grin again, can you? Come along; but don't hurry; because, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible to do any thing well in a hurry. Come along! but, sounds! never hurry.

[*Exeunt, Young Rapid speaking very quick.*]

SCENE II. — Another Apartment in VORTEX'S House.

Enter JESSY and FRANK.

Frank. How bee'st thee now, Jessy?

Jessy. Better. Quite recover'd. What pass'd between you and Edward?

Frank. Why, at first he were in a desperate passion; but when I told him I were thy brother, he were so bumble, and did ax I so to forgive un, that I could say no more to un. Dom it, I could not hit him when he were down; and I've a notion his conscience was pegging him about pretty tightish. He swear'd he did love thee!

Jessy. Did he, Frank? Did he say he lov'd me?

Enter Mr. and Miss VORTEX.

Miss V. What! torn the paper!—A hot-headed—only wait till he's my husband—

Vortex. Egad, I wish he would come though—

Miss V. Oh, here he is.

Jessy. How my poor frame trembles.

Miss V. I vow I feel uncommon discomposed—Oatland? your arm, child!

[*Leans on Jessy.*]

Enter YOUNG RAPID.

Young R. Heavens, how interesting! the languor of those lovely eyes—

Miss V. Flattering creature!

Young R. My senses are restor'd. Oh, will you pardon—will you again receive a heart full of love and adoration?

Miss V. What shall I do?—I must pardon him. [*Miss Vortex is preparing to speak.*]

Jessy. Edward! what shall I say?—your love has been too long my joy, my pride,—to be torn from my heart without many a bitter wound;—[*Miss Vortex with surprise and chagrin withdraws her arm from Jessy;*—but your late conduct has been—

Young R. Detestable!—But I'm pardon'd; your eyes tell me so. Thanks, my angel! [*Running to her and kneeling*] I'm so oppress'd with joy.—Ma'am will you have the goodness to help me up?

Miss V. Help you up!—

Frank. He! he! he! Gi' me a buss, Jessy! he! he! thee be's a domn'd honest fellow! [*Shaking Rapid's hand*] I'll run and tell poor Feyther.—Now I shall have a farm of my own! [*Capering and snapping his fingers*]—Dong it, how I will work.—He! he! he!
[*Exit.*]

Miss V. To be used so twice in one day!—it is not to be borne,—Nabob, won't you fight him?

Vortex. No, not I.

Miss V. Coward!

Vortex. You'd better be quiet, or I'll convince you I'm none, however.

Miss V. He! he! I declare it is so uncommonly ridiculous!—so comic!—He! he!—I'm quite faint with laughing.

Jessy. Shall I assist you?

Miss V. No! [*Resentfully*] I must retire, or I shall expire with laughing!—he! he!—Oh!
[*Exit, crying.*]

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Heaven! what's the matter?

Young R. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Rapid, madam.—

Ellen. Sweet Jessy!—Sir, I thank you for giving my heart a pleasurable sensation, which I thought it had for ever taken leave of.

Young R. Bless your heart! perhaps I may tickle it up a little more.—[*To Vortex*]—Now, stand out of the way, will you?

Vortex. You're quite free and easy.

Young R. My way.

Vortex. You forget 'tis my house.

Young R. No, I don't!—you bought it with her money you know.—

Vortex. Umph!

Young R. Mum, now for Young Stanley's cue. [*To Ellen*] 'Pon my honour, ma'am, any man might be proud to—Hem—He doesn't hear me—Such beauty! Such a shape!—such a—Hem—

Enter CHARLES STANLEY.

Vortex. Zounds! he's here again [*Getting behind Young Rapid*] What does he want?

Young R. Shall I ask him?

Vortex. Do.—I'll be very much obliged to you.

Young R. I will.—I'll manage.

[*Winking and nodding to Vortex.*]

Vortex. Oh, thank you.

Charles. Once more, my Ellen! supported by an indulgent parent's blessing on our union, I entreat—

Ellen. Oh, Charles! shall I then return your father's goodness by destroying his hopes for ever? Shall I repay my Stanley's love by inflicting on him penury and sorrow? In pity, no more!

Young R. [*To Charles Stanley*] What may be your business here, Sir?

Charles. I came to take leave—

Young R. Hush! [*Apart*].—To enquire respecting that Lady's fortune.—We'll soon answer all that, won't we?— [*Nodding to Vortex.*]

Charles. I say, Sir—

Young R. [*Stopping him*] We grant it,—we grant Mr. Vortex has recovered property to a considerable amount, but what signifies that! She assigned it for five thousand pounds!—You see how I'm going on. [*To Nabob.*]

Vortex. Oh, thank you, my dear friend!

Young R. I've seen the paper, haven't I?

[*To Vortex.*]

Charles. And I should be satisfied—

Young R. You would be satisfied if you saw it.—Certainly—Very proper—Nothing in nature can be more reasonable; so, Nabob, shew him the paper, and settle the business at once [*Walks about, Vortex following him*] Shew him the paper!—Don't keep the gentleman waiting all day—Shew him the paper.—My dear fellow! what's the use of walking after me! Shew him the paper.

Vortex. [*Taking advantage of the Pauses in the foregoing Speech*] I say—my dear friend—Hush!—Be quiet!—I want to speak to you—You forget you destroyed it!

Young R. I destroyed it!

Vortex. Hush!

Young R. He says I destroyed it!

Vortex. I did not—I'll take my oath I did not.

Young R. And it is true.

Charles and Ellen. What!

Young R. True, upon my honour! he has no more hold on your estates, madam, than I have.

Charles. [*Kneeling to Ellen*] Will you now allow the humble Stanley to destroy the hopes of the wealthy Ellen? Will you permit me to repay your love with penury and sorrow?

Ellen. Oh, chide on! [*Raising him*] Dear Stanley, my happiness is now complete.

Young R. This is your house, ma'am.—I give you joy!—Sir, I give you joy! Nabob, I give you joy.

Vortex. Oh, my head; you villain!

Young R. Don't talk about villainy,—it will make you worse. Sit down, my dear fellow!

Charles. He's justly punished for the falsehood of the story he told.

Young R. I say he's justly punished for the length of the story he told.

Charles. Mr. Rapid, in expressing my obligations, allow me to be—

Young R. Not more than a minute, I intreat. [*Old Rapid and Sir Hubert without.*]

Old R. Where is he?

Sir Hub. Be patient.

Old R. I won't.—Let me come at him.

Enter OLD RAPID and SIR HUBERT.

Jessy. [*Young Rapid and Jessy kneel*] Your blessing, sir!

Old R. What? Oh! [*Falls down on his knees, and embraces them both.*]

Sir Hub. [*After talking a part to his Son*] Mr. Rapid, by asserting your character as a man of honour, in rewarding the affections of this amiable woman, you command my praise; for bestowing happiness on my dear Charles, receive an old man's blessing.

Young R. Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

Old R. Dam'me, there's the son of a taylor for you!

Vortex. What, a taylor?

Old R. Yes! and let me tell you, that one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is sweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart!—So, take that.

Young R. Well, Nabob, how do you feel?

Vortex. Egad, 'tis very odd;—but I declare I feel light and comfortable since Ellen has got her estate, and I somehow breathe more free, I've a notion the last line of my speech is true.

Young R. Come, I'll hear the last line.

Vortex. Why, "that the first step towards securing the esteem of others, is to secure your own."

Young R. Stick to the last line.

Ellen. And, dear uncle, take Sir Hubert Stanley for your physician. Follow his prescription of justice and benevolence, and, my life on it, you will soon thank me for my recommendation.

Vortex. Well, to shew the sincerity of my intentions, allow me, Ellen, to present you these parchments, the title-deeds of this estate.

[*Presents Parchments.*]
Old R. I say, Ned, what nice measures they would make.

Ellen. And Sir, allow me to shew you the true value of riches—[*Giving the Parchments to Stanley*].—Convert them into happiness.

Old R. Well, I've only one observation to make.

Young R. I hope it is a short one.

Jessy. What, impatient again?

Young R. I am, and if I err,

'Tis you, my generous Patrons, are the cause,

My heart's impatient for your kind applause.

A SCHOOL FOR GROWN CHILDREN.

This comedy appeared at Covent-Garden in the beginning of the present year, 1837, and was hailed with the marks of the greatest satisfaction by the delighted Londoners. Old Revel's manner of bringing his son to a right knowledge of his faults, descends rather to the farcical; but there are some excellent hits at character throughout the whole piece, and from Bobby Buttercup to Sir Arthur Stanmore, we have some good sketches of nature. May Sir Arthurs never more be obliged to apply such severe remedies with Lady Stanmore, and no Miss Raven's gentle counsel tempt a wife to abuse her privileges. The scenes between Sir Arthur and Lady Stanmore, are well deserving of a first place in real comedy, and have the sterling stamp of real life upon them. The author of the best comedy in the English language (School for scandal) seems to have lent his pen; and, but that we know he is "gathered to his fathers," we should have been inclined to have thought them the production of his genius. Good old Dame Ryeland, honest Frank and Fanny Bloomly, by their native simplicity, interest us highly in their favour. Poor Frank's heart-breaking situation at having lost his money, is rendered tender to a degree, by the reception the good old Dame gives him at his return to the cottage; that was indred a school for him; and little Fanny's vanity is well humbled by reflecting, that she was the cause of Frank's desperation, the loss of his money, and consequently the author of his as well as her own misfortune. Young Revel's reformation, and determinations are very well drawn: he'll "rise at ten," form plans of economy, and a thousand other things; in fact the lessons given to every one in this comedy, may well entitle it to be called "A School for grown children." The word "School" seems to have become quite in vogue lately, for titles to good comedies: we have the "School for Scandal," "Ecole des Vivillards," "A School for grown children."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR ARTHUR STANMORE.
OLD REVEL.
YOUNG REVEL.
FRANK RYELAND.
DEXTER (Gentleman to
Young Revel).

BUTTERCUP (*Servant
to Old Revel*).
RANDAL (*Servant to
Sir Arthur*).
SERVANT TO SIR AR-
THUR.

SERVANT TO YOUNG
REVEL.
BOATSWAIN.
SAILOR.
PEASANT.
Domestics, Sailors etc.

LADY STANMORE.
MRS. REVEL.
DAME RYELAND.
FANNY BLOOMLY.
MISS RAVEN.
HANNAH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a farm-house.—
Dame Ryeland in widow's weeds working
a patch quilt, a spinning-wheel near her.—
Frank Ryeland writing, with account-
books before him.—A large open window,
displaying a sea view.*

Dame. Well, Frank, have you almost finished?

Frank. Only two or three more items, mother, and then—

Dame. [*Rising*] Aye, and then I hope to meet your father's creditors with a cheerful look, a good conscience, and twenty shillings in the pound: it will be the proudest day of my life; and all owing to thy labour and care, my dear boy!

Frank. Don't talk of that, mother, it puts me out; nine and seven, sixteen—

Dame. Your poor dead father was ruined by vanity: he must dress himself like a jackan-apes, and keep company with your gentry and boxing-men, and such like; would have made me a polite fine lady, if he could; but I defied him. [*Wrapping up her work.*]

Frank. Be happy, mother; all's right, [*brings down the account-book*]—father's debts, seven hundred and ninety pounds.

Dame. Shame, shame!

Frank. Value of corn and stock wipes out the debt, and leaves a small balance we can honestly call our own.

Dame. And this done in twelve months!

Frank. To be sure we have left the farm cruel bare.

Dame. Never mind, Frank, if only a blade of straw is left, I shall be the happiest woman in the Hundred, for no one can say, that by Martha Ryeland's family they have been wronged of a penny; and that is worth the rent of the whole parish.

Frank. So it is, mother.

Dame. [*Placing her hand on his shoulder*] Ah! here is placed all my cares, all my fears

—no, no—all my pride, all my joy; for thou wouldst do credit to the best lady of the land.

Frank. Be quiet, mother, or you will make me as conceited as my poor father was. Had not we better see what stock we have left?

[*Returns to the table.*]

[*Fanny sings without.*]

Was not that my Fanny's voice?

[*Runs to the window, nods,
and kisses his hand.*]

Dame. Here's the schedule. [*Sits*] First, my favourite blind mare. [*Reading the schedule.*]

Frank. How handsome she is!

Dame. No! nothing to brag about. What had we best do with her,—eh, Frank?

Frank. To part with her would be my death.

Dame. [*Rising*] Your death! what's the boy talking about? [*Looking over his shoulder*] Oh! that's it. Sit down, you silly child!

[*Fanny Bloomly appears at the window.*]

Fanny. Good morning, Dame. The like to you, Frank. Do you want me this morning, Dame?

Frank. Oh yes, Fanny, my mother wants you very much indeed. Is she not beautiful?

[*To Dame R.*]

Dame. Why if she prove as good as she's well-looking, she'll make an excellent wife; but I wish she would away with those flaunting ribbons and flowers; they don't become her humble station.

Frank. But they become her complexion.

Dame. Vanity, vanity! Has she not me for a model to dress by?

Fanny. Frank, see, see—your landlord, Mr. Revel, is coming. Oh such grand coaches and stylish liveries! Gemini, how genteel!

Dame. Genteel! I hate that word.

Fanny. Come, or you'll lose the sight.

[*Leaves the window.*]

Frank. I can't come, Fanny, I am very busy. Plague on't, I've split up my pen, and there is not another in the house.

Dame. Go thy ways—go thy ways. There's no more good to be done now I'm sure.

Frank. Good bye, mother, good bye.

[Shakes her Hand, snatches his Hat from the Peg, and runs out.]

Dame. Heaven bless them, and spare my life to see a few little brats toddle about me, mislay my crutch, and break my spectacles! But now to tell the creditors to come and receive all their money. Hannab! my bonnet and cloak. Happy, blessed day! What says the church clock? Why, there's Frank has got hold of a pedlar, and I'll lay my life is buying that girl a brooch, or ear-bobs, or something genteel. Oh vanity, vanity! But I'll be after them. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The exterior of a country Inn.—A marine View in the distance, with a pleasure Yacht moored.—Jonathan and Dexter meeting.*

Jonathan. Mr. Dexter! Mr. Dexter! Where's our master?

Dexter. Our master! Don't be vulgar, Jonathan. Ask where Mr. Revel is, and I'll give you a satisfactory answer.

Jon. Well! Where is Mr. Revel?

Dex. I don't know.

Jon. Because Sir Arthur Stanmore is waiting our master's—Mr. Revel's—arrival; so, when my master—

Dex. Master again! begone, thou dishonour to worsted-lace! [Exit Jonathan] Master indeed! A pretty time servants would have of it if our employers were our masters! [Enter Fanny Bloomly with a Basket under her Arm; she curtsies to Dexter] Ah, my divine Fanny! whither in such haste?

Fanny. An errand to the inn to oblige Dame Ryeland.

Dex. To oblige Frank Ryeland you mean. But there'll be no wedding, Miss Fanny; no, no—I'll be a match for him. They can't pay their rent, and will be turned out of the farm to-morrow. Here comes Mr. Revel; he shall not see my pretty Bloomly if I can help it.

Enter YOUNG REVEL, and two Sailors.

Y. Rev. Is that my yacht in the Bay?

Sai. Snug at her moorings, your honour! where she rides like a duck in a mill-pond.

Y. Rev. [Pointing to the Inn] In there, and refit; and let all be snug and trim for the regatta to-morrow. Do you think she'll carry the prize?

Sai. No fear, your honour! [Exeunt Sailors.]

Y. Rev. Dexter! What's the fellow about? [Dexter attempting to conceal Fanny] Move this way if you please, for you appear to shut out the sweetest prospect. What a lovely creature! Your name is—

Fanny. Fanny Bloomly.

Y. Rev. And you live—

Dex. Yes, Sir, she does; she is very busy just now. The expenses of your journey—

[Presenting Paper,

Y. Rev. All quite right.

Dex. You have got it the wrong end upmost.

Y. Rev. 'Tis the same thing; take it to my wife; she arranges these matters; I only arrange these matters—[To Fanny] you are an angel.

1) The footmen wear shoulder knots of worsted lace.

Fanny. Thank you, Sir. Gemini, how genteel!

[Smiling, curtsies to Revel, and exit into the Inn.]

Dex. I'm astonished that a gentleman, who possesses so amiable and beautiful a lady, should even talk to such gawky, ignorant—

Y. Rev. I see your policy, you sly poacher! But is all prepared for my reception at the Hall? I glory in a magnificent stone mansion.

Dex. Yours is brick.

Y. Rev. Brick is warmer. Placed on an eminence—

Dex. Yours is in a valley.

Y. Rev. All the better—snug, eh, Dexter? And are the horses trained?—the hounds staunch?

Dex. There are no hounds.

Y. Rev. There'll be less damage done to the fences, my dear fellow!

Dex. [Aside] Nothing can cross him.

Y. Rev. Go along and pay every thing, and every body.

Dex. 'Tis easy to say—pay every body—but without money—

Y. Rev. Don't spare money.

Dex. Where am I to get it?

Y. Rev. Wherever you like—I have no choice.

Dex. I'm sure I've used my honest endeavours to raise it. I've bragged of the splendid presents of your father, the nabob; that he serves out gold moors by the gallon, and brilliants by the bushel; when the truth is, he won't post another rupee.

Y. Rev. Then there'll be more when the old boy retires, you know.

Dex. I have urged your great expectations when your grandfather dies, who has been dead these ten years; and swore you were heir to five existing aunts, who never existed at all.

Y. Rev. Go, Sir, I'll not be trifled with.

Dex. The very words your creditors use.

Y. Rev. Dexter! have I not charged you never to let me hear of the existence of such people?

Dex. Make him unhappy who can! [Aside] Here is Sir Arthur Stanmore.

[Bows to Sir Arthur, and exit.]

Enter SIR ARTHUR STANMORE, with Peasants.

Sir Arth. My friends, I will devote to-morrow to your service. Mr. Revel, I rejoice to see you.

[Taking Hands.]

Y. Rev. Et vous, mon Chevalier!

Sir Arth. Excuse me a moment. My good Dame, here is an order for the admission of your husband into the infirmary: my worthy fellow, this is the amount of your deposits in the saving-bank: and, my veteran, here is a certificate for the receipt of your pension; the rest will come to-morrow at the usual hour—and remember to be punctual.

Peasants. Bless your kind honour!

[Exeunt Peasants.]

Y. Rev. He does not show much blood—one of the useful sort, may be.

Sir Arth. Mr. Revel, pardon me: but with the children of labour time may be considered as their only property, and it were unpardonable in me to dissipate it. You left town, no doubt, prepared—

Y. Rev. Prepared for the country—Oh, certainly!—filled a portfolio with caricatures; sent down a turning-lathe; packed up some battle-dores and shuttlecocks; and set my watch by the Horse-Guards ¹⁾. [*Showing the Time to Sir Arthur*] I believe that's all that's required; but I fear time will hang confoundedly.

Sir Arth. I hope not; for there is no being who has more active employment than a rich good man. 'Tis idleness, that nurse of vice!—

Y. Rev. Vice! O fie! that term is exclusively confined to cattle; there's nothing vicious now but a horse.

Sir Arth. I stand corrected, and own myself lamentably deficient in the vocabulary of fashionable diction.

Y. Rev. That's a pity: nothing so simple; as thus: what you call night, we call day; for supper, we say dinner; modesty is, with us, ill-breeding; impudence, ease; wicked rascal, irresistible fellow; troublesome creditors, necessary evils; play, business; ruin, style; and sudden death, high life ²⁾.

Sir Arth. I thank you for my first lesson, and, in return, as your friend—

Y. Rev. Friend! I did not know you had a turn for that sort of thing. I had no idea I should want a friend in the country.

Sir Arth. A turn for! not want a friend? I believe we had better go back to the vocabulary.

Y. Rev. If you please. A man's friend is his second in a duel; a lady's friend is the gentleman who is so fortunate as to protect her in style.

Sir Arth. Mercy on us! I own, Sir, I have not a turn for that sort of thing: 'sdeath, he'll corrupt the county in a week. Mr. Revel, I hope I may, without being included in either of your definitions, prove my rustic friendship, by stating that your expenditure appears to be ruinous. The waste in your establishment is—

Y. Rev. Shocking. But, I dare say, if you would arrange matters—

Sir Arth. I arrange? I am your wife's brother, Sir! not your servant.

Y. Rev. Don't agitate yourself.

Sir Arth. Your people are incorrigible.

Y. Rev. Then there's no use in finding fault, you know.

Sir Arth. I must command my temper. One word more, before I finish an interview so little contributory to profit or pleasure. I hope your present residence will prove a furtherance of your domestic happiness, and a benefit to your respectable tenantry. But you must not aim to transplant London habits here; 'tis throwing artificial flowers on the bosom of nature, which are gaudy without sweetness, and choke the healthful produce of the soil. And do me the favour to respect the results of my experience, which assures you, that rural happiness can only be obtained by healthful exertion, exemplary demeanour, and active utility. Good morning! [*Exit*]

Y. Rev. Upon my word, a remarkably good sort of man! and he took so much pleasure in finding fault, it would have been absolutely savage to have interrupted him.

Enter FANNY BLOOMLY.

Ah! Flora and Pomona united! fragrant blossoms, and honied fruits, on the same lovely stem. And so you have been at the inn with—

Fanny. Butler for Dame Ryeland, your honour's tenant.

Y. Rev. Now you must tell me, who is the happiest fellow in the world?

Fanny. La! your honour! how should I know?

Y. Rev. You know who your favoured sweetheart is?

Fanny. Frank Ryeland keeps me company.

Y. Rev. A handsome smart fellow, eh?

Fanny. Not so smart as you, Sir.

Y. Rev. Come, there's hope in that. You know, Fanny, there is a fête at the hall this evening, and you must be there, and bring your Corydon.

Fanny. Nan!

Y. Rev. Your lover, Frank Thingumerry. And you, my pretty Fanny! shall be Queen of the Revels.

Fanny. I Queen of the Revels? there now! Ob gemini, how genteel!

Y. Rev. What a smile! 'sdeath, resistance is impossible; [*going to salute her*. *Enter Mrs. Revel; she stops, and is about to retire*].—Constance, my love!

Mrs. Rev. I assure you, Edward, my presence was occasioned by what I understood to be your commands.

Y. Rev. Don't apologise for your presence; indeed it is particularly apropos; I ask your protection for this young creature; I suspect she has admirers.

Mrs. Rev. I think it very probable.

Y. Rev. And I was exemplifying the dangers—

Fanny. Indeed, Madam, I—

Mrs. Rev. No more—poor innocent! you must come and see me; and, if you wish it, I'll employ you.

Fanny. I thank you, Madam; but I believe I am going to be very busy; I'm going to be married, Madam.

Mrs. Rev. Well, be a good girl, and rely on my protection. [*Exit Fanny Bloomly*].

Y. Rev. [*Aside*] Amiable, generous Constance!

Mrs. Rev. You look grave, my dear!

Y. Rev. Teased about money, that's all: for luxuries have become such absolute necessities, and voluntary contributions so compulsory, that one must get in debt to keep up one's respectability, and you know my foible is charity.

Mrs. Rev. Which luckily, Edward, covers a multitude of transgressions.

Y. Rev. Ha! ha! keen and moral; but I thought you were too notable a housewife to throw any thing good away.

Mrs. Rev. Then you think my moral good? thank you for that, my dear! Neglect it, I know you will; forget it, I think you cannot: and the time may come when its impression will be felt, and its truth acknowledged. In the mean time, as the pleasures of hope are said to be the greatest, I am sure my dear husband will secure me abundant enjoyment of that sort of happiness:—[*Fondly*] You are not angry with me, Edward?

Y. Rev. Angry? you are an angel; and, in

1) The clock at the Horse Guards in London.

2) There is no untruth in this.

future, my excellent Constance! you shall find I will act much more cunningly—I mean more guardedly—that is, more honourably.

Mrs. Rev. To be sure; I perfectly understand you, my dear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *An Apartment of Sir ARTHUR STANMORE'S—An open Door-way, leading to a Pleasure-ground.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR STANMORE. — Gate Bell rings.

Sir Arth. So, visitors! Randal!

Enter RANDAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Revel, I suppose.

Ran. No such luck, Sir Arthur. 'Tis Miss Raven.

•*Sir Arth.* VWell!

Ran. It is not well, my dear master! that Miss Raven is a walking mildew: her very shadow in the garden blights the roses and honey-suckles; and if she pops her head into the dairy, the cream turns sour. Why that Miss Raven—

Sir Arth. Has infected you; for you croak most abominably.

Ran. Were Lady Stanmore my wife—

Sir Arth. Ha! ha!, your wife! VWell, old Truepenny! suppose it.

Ran. Then I would forbid Miss Raven—

Sir Arth. And can you imagine that my dear wife—nay, I may say, my bride, whose love is as sincere as her mind is ingenuous,—will be influenced by Miss Raven's ill-boding absurdities?

Ran. But she owes you a grudge.

Sir Arth. Egad, that's true; I know my marriage mortified her: for, without vanity, I may say, no lady ever adored a gentleman's estates more than she did mine.

Ran. She's coming this way in earnest conversation with Lady Stanmore.

Sir Arth. Look at my Harriet! youth, beauty, polished manners, and a cheerful temper, are too healthy symptoms of the longevity of happiness to fear its decay; but I'll have an eye on Miss Raven.

Ran. Do, Sir Arthur! do, my good master!

Sir Arth. When these papers are arranged I'll join them. Follow me to my book room.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LADY STANMORE and MISS RAVEN.

Lady Stanmore. My dear Miss Raven, how kind these frequent visits are!

Miss Rav. Lady Stanmore, you over value my wellmeaning attentions: having no matrimonial cares of my own, I live for those who have; and as your honeymoon is just waned, I thought my advice might be useful in case any disappointment—

Lady Stan. You are very kind; but no woman was ever happier than I have been this month.

Miss Rav. This month! ah, my young friend, 'tis Cupid's carnival, where every thing is in masquerade; you must now descend into your real characters.

Lady Stan. Real characters!

Miss Rav. Don't let what I say alarm you; my object is your happiness.

Lady Stan. I know it, my kind friend!

Miss Rav. To make a conquest is easy, but to secure it proves the tactician; you must not, therefore, lay down the weapons by which you gained it: you must study the art of attack and retreat; practise the artillery of the tongue, the sharp shooting of the eye, and be amply stored with the *materiel* of sighs, smiles, and tears, to defeat the supremacy of your empire.

Lady Stan. That's very true, and very reasonable; but my dear Arthur is so kind and so indulgent, I would not for the world tease him.

Miss Rav. By no means; only keep his attentions awake. Love's lethargy is soon followed by its death. Now, last evening, while you were singing, he yawned three times.

Lady Stan. Did he indeed?

Miss Rav. Those three yawns would have cost me three thousand sighs;—but don't let what I say make you look grave.

Lady Stan. [*Foxted*] Oh no. Yawned, did he? I think I can prevent that. My dear Miss Raven, how can I sufficiently thank you? for I vow I was so ridiculously happy, and so unthinkingly comfortable, it was quite shocking. He shan't yawn, however. Oh here is Sir Arthur: how delighted he seems!

Miss Rav. I wonder what could have made him so in your absence.

Lady Stan. True—in my absence: now I should not have thought of that. My dear friend, how very kind you are!

Enter Sir ARTHUR and RANDAL.

Sir Arth. [*Takes Lady Stanmore's Hand—bows to Miss Raven*] Good morning, madam! I fear your partiality to Lady Stanmore may deprive your numerous friends of their just share of your well-meant attentions.

Miss Rav. I understand him. How handsome the wretch looks! [*Aside.*]

Lady Stan. Your countenance, my dear Arthur! bespeaks a cheerfulness—

Sir Arth. Love forbid it should be otherwise, when I approach my Harriet.

Miss Rav. [*Sighing*] Ah! Love forbid, indeed!

Sir Arth. [*Sharply*]. Madam! Randal, had not you some message from Miss Raven's servants?

Ran. Yes, madam! 'they wish to know if the horses are to be unharnessed, as the cold—

Sir Arth. I should not wonder if we had a storm here soon.

Miss Rav. [*Looking spitefully at Sir Arth. and Lady*] Nor I. *Au revoir*, my sweet friend! keep up your spirits. Good morning, Sir Arthur—brute! [*Aside.*]

Ran. This way, madam!

[*Bowing with his hand advanced.*]

Miss Rav. [*Striking it away with her parasol*] Call my servants, fellow!

[*Exeunt Miss Raven and Randal.*]

Lady Stan. [*Aside*] I should like to venture on a little tiny bit of caprice, just to try; but no teasing. O lud! no.

Sir Arth. [*Turning to Lady Stan. having watched the departure of Miss Raven*] Harriet, my love! I have news for you.

Lady Stan. It must be good news that is ushered in by your smiles.

Sir Arth. My sister is arrived.
Lady Stan. Now why did you not let me guess what the news was?
Sir Arth. I did not know you were fond of guessing.
Lady Stan. Well, how does she do? what?
Sir Arth. Guest. [does she say?]
Lady Stan. How should I know? how provoking you are, my dear! [Poutingly.]
Sir Arth. I won't retort the compliment—rather odd! I have thoughts of transferring to Mr. Revel my interest in the county: he is fonder of public life, and younger than I am.
Lady Stan. True. [Sighs.]
Sir Arth. Eh!
Lady Stan. [With affected Simplicity] Is he not younger?
Sir Arth. Oh yes, certainly—very odd! And you, Harriet, will have an invaluable acquisition in the society of Mrs. Revel; for, with all due allowance for a brother's partiality, I think her the most amiable of her sex.
Lady Stan. Does her husband think so?
Sir Arth. Undoubtedly.
Lady Stan. Happy Mrs. Revel, to have a husband who thinks you the most amiable of women!
Sir Arth. Nay, my dear Harriet! don't imagine that in doing justice to a sister's virtues, I meant to undervalue—
Lady Stan. No apology, Sir! I shall not presume to rival her even in my own husband's opinion. [Sighs] Pray, Sir Arthur, when may we expect the honour of a visit?
Sir Arth. I think her note says this afternoon; [Takes out a Letter, looks at it, and returns it] yes, this evening.
Lady Stan. [Advances her Hand to read the Letter] I beg pardon, I thought I might have been permitted to see a sister's letter.
Sir Arth. By all means, love! [Offering it.]
Lady Stan. Not now, Sir! A wife is unworthy a husband's confidence and friendship.
Sir Arth. You know you are my dearest friend.
Lady Stan. [Sighs] Friend? Ah you used to employ a more endearing term!
Sir Arth. Nay, now, Harriet! O this is some jest; but I shall not humour it. [Aside] I have walked till I am absolutely weary.
Lady Stan. [Taking his Arm] Shall we go into the music room? and I'll practise the song I sang last evening.
Sir Arth. [Yawning] With all my heart.
Lady Stan. What do I see? yawning again! 'tis too much. [Bursts into tears.]
Sir Arth. Harriet, for heaven's sake, my love! don't agonize me. Can I have caused those precious tears?
Lady Stan. Ah, who but you?—'tis too plain—you are weary of me.
Sir Arth. Weary! have I an existence but in your presence? is not the hope, the effort, the joy of my life, to make you happy?
Lady Stan. [Faintly] Is it?—Ah! I'm too susceptible—too anxious—too fond.
Sir Arth. No, no—but let me see you smile again! [She leans on his Shoulder smiling] Thanks, my angel! Oh! be ever thus kind—this is the happiest moment of my life.
Lady Stan. Indeed! Oh, Miss Raven was right—it will do. [Apart.] [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Interior of a Farm House.

Enter FRANK RYELAND and FANNY.

Fanny. And you've no notion how grand the Hall will be—and how grand we shall be at the Hall, with the tip-top gentry.
Frank. But I don't know how to behave before these quality. I sha'n't be civil enough.
Fanny. Oh you must not be civil, mun! you must talk loud, as you do to the horses! and laugh at every thing they say.
Frank. That mayn't be very difficult.
Fanny. And you must shake your head about.
Frank. Why, if their ways be like what we hear of—I may shake my head, naturally enough. Fanny, do you think these handsome? [Showing ear-rings.]
Fanny. Ear-rings for me! Gemini, how genteel! what bangers! how they'll go bibbity-bob¹), when we dance at the Hall!
Frank. And here, dear girl, is a trinket worth, to me, all the jewels in the king's crown; this simple hoop of gold: come, let me try it on.
[He puts it on, and kisses her hand.]
Fanny. La! Frank, you make a body so ashamed—hide it; hide it,—here comes Dame.

Enter DAME RYELAND.

Oh such grand genteel doings at the squire's!
Dame. Genteel—again! I hate that word.
Fanny. You'll go, Dame?
Dame. I go, quotha! no, child.
Frank. Fanny and I are invited—and I don't often make an idle day.
Dame. No, nor an idle hour. But I don't quite like your going among folk above your station.
Fanny. Nay, now, Dame!
Dame. No good comes on't: 'tis transplanting you into a hot-bed, where pride and vanity may strike root, and choke the humble growth of contentment. Yet, as Mr. Revel's tenants, you must in duty pay him respect. But, boy! don't forget to receive the money of the drover and mealman.
Frank. I can take it in my road, and the rent is safe in this bag.
Dame. Well, go your ways. Why don't you go?
Frank. [Bashfully] I had thought, mother, of asking you to take a ride behind me to our county-town.
Dame. Why, it is not market-day.
Frank. No, mother! but,—come here, Fanny. [Places her Arm under his] Only they make out wedding licenses there, mother.
Dame. Wedding licenses?
Frank. Ah, you used to make the plough go merrily, by telling me if things turned up right and according, and father's debts paid,—that Fanny and I might—look at her, mother! if I could but light on some clever dictionary words to tell her how I love her; but I can't. I can only say, the best of mothers can make her son the happiest man in the world.
Dame. You're so hasty. Consider, Frank, how poor we are!
Frank. Poor! Look at the land: when the farming gentry come round to view it, I hope

¹ A word describing the motion of the ear-rings.

I need not skulk behind the hedge! Show me cleaner stubbles—show me two hundred acres of arable in better heart and tilth! Shall I work the less cheerily because I have her to support? Will my labour be more toilsome, when I have those smiles to sweeten it?

Dame. Ah, I can't refuse you: take my consent and my blessing.

Frank. [*Wiping his eyes*] Thank her, Fanny, that's a good girl. My dear mother! my dear wife! Fanny my wife! I shall go out of my wits.—[*With quickness*] Mother, the accounts are made up—taxes paid—creditors' receipts ready for signing—the rent safe—I'll saddle the old mare in a minute.

[*A Knocking at the Door: Frank opens it.*]

Enter DEXTER.

Frank. Servant, Mr. Dexter! glad to see you, sir.

Dex. Very polite; and what do you expect in return?

Frank. What, I dare say, I sha'n't get—a civil answer. [*Goes up the Stage to Fanny.*]

Dex. Confound him! a high-spirited, amorous young dog! And you are glad to see me, too, I suppose?

Dame. Why not, Mr. Steward?

Dex. Because I am Mr. Steward, and come to remind you of rent day.

Dame. Thank you, sir! but it is not a day a poor widow is likely to forget.

Dex. Sorry you can't stay in the farm, for it looks in excellent condition.

Dame. Frank is never idle.

Dex. [*Looking at Frank and Fanny*] Why, he seems very busy just now. Hard times for you, Dame!

Dame. Hard times, indeed?—the times are good enough for farmers to be farmers, but not to be fine gentlemen. Why, but yesterday, neighbour Plump was railing against taxes, and grinding landlords, so loud—that his daughter's music-master vowed Miss Plump could not tell a crotchet from a quaver. Oh vanity—vanity!

Dex. Why your rent is pretty heavy, is not it?

Frank. Convince yourself, sir! 'tis in this bag. [*Tossing it up.*]

Dex. Can you pay it? Dear me, how pleasant! But then what's to become of your husband's creditors?

Frank. I hope twenty shillings in the pound will content them.

Dex. Twenty shillings!—dear me, how pleasant!

Dame. Mind, Frank, you carry it to the Hall.—Excuse us, Mr. Dexter, we are going about a little ceremony—about the children's wedding.

Dex. Wedding?

Frank and *Fanny.* Yes, sir, our wedding.

Dex. Dear me, how pleasant! The most agreeable morning I have had for some time.

Frank. You need not say so; your looks show it.

Dex. I dare say. You'll be at the Hall in the evening. Sorry to leave such merry faces, but [*Aside*] I may contrive to mar your mirth,

Frank. I'll attend you, sir, to the door.

Dex. I'm not going to steal any thing, you jackanapes! [*Exit.*]

Dame. Envious hypocrite!

Frank. 'Tis hard to be in a state of dependence, and bow to such a fellow.

Dame. Frank, be content with your station; a state of dependence, boy, is more abused than it deserves to be. How often do you see your little independent man—idle, proud, and poor!—heedless of the good opinion of others, he becomes careless of securing his own: while the dependent farmer, knowing that by his character he must stand or fall, obtains by skill and diligence the respect of his superiors; and so becomes a pattern of sobriety to his neighbours, and an example of duty and good conduct to his children.

Frank. Bravo, mother! and had I sense enough to write a *larned* print book, Dame Ryeland's speech should stand at the head of the chapter. So now for the old blind mare, and the wedding license.

Fanny. And then for the genteel assembly at the Hall.

Dame. Genteel again! oh vanity—vanity! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall of Sir ARTHUR STANMORE'S.*

Enter RANDAL and BUTTERCUP; BUTTERCUP dressed in an old fashioned Livery, booted, with Whip, &c.

Ran. You wish to speak with Sir Arthur? [*Buttercup nods*—your name?

Butter. Bobby Buttercup: 'tis a prattyish name, bea'n't it? [*Smiling.*]

Ran. What may your business be with my master?

Butter. [*Putting his Finger to his Nose*] That's the puzzle.

Ran. Oh! you don't wish to tell me.

Butter. Yes, I do wish to tell you very much; but, bless you; I munnot.—I say, can you keep a secret?

Ran. No. Can you?

Butter. Oh yes!

Ran. Then I'll tell you one.—Those who are most eager to know secrets are generally those who most eagerly betray them.

Butter. Don't be too cutting, sir. I is only a simple lad—I may tell you that.

Ran. Yes; for that certainly is no secret.

Butter. But I has a good heart, and that you know is a great matter.

[*Whistles, and examines the apartment.*]

Ran. Certainly. Ha! ha! Mr. Bobby Buttercup, a word: it is the fashion in this house for servants to be uncovered.

Butter. Uncovered [*knowingly*]. I say, perhaps you would not suspect that I had got something clever in the inside of my hat?

Ran. Indeed, I should not.

Butter. Time will show. So, if you'll be so good as to tell Sir Arthur to wait upon me—not that I require him to hurry himself—that's what I call polite. [*Aside.*]

Ran. I'll mention your indulgent kindness. Ha! ha!

Butter. Nay, nay, it bea'n't brotherly to laugh at me. I has a good heart. [*Exit Ran.*]

dal) Old master is coming here upon the sly, to watch his son's pranks, who, they say, is kicking up mag's diversion¹⁾, and playing at chuckies²⁾ with old man's rupees and pagodas. Ecod these consated Lunnon sarvants think we west-country lads don't know how to behave; but I'll show them what breeding is.

[*Sits down, adjusting his boot leathers, and sings.*]

"Don't you see that little turtle dove, that sits on yonder tree?

He's wooing of his love,
And cooing for his mate;
As I now do for thee, my dear!
As I now do for thee."

During this SIR ARTHUR and RANDAL enter, and stand on each Side of the Chair. BUTTERCUP starts up.

Sir Arth. At your desire, I wait upon you; but I don't require you to hurry yourself—ha! ha! And now, being at par in point of politeness, I ask the favour of your commands.

Butter. Come, that's quite genteel and satisfactory. Sir Arthur, I have the honour—but—

[*Points to Randal.*]

Sir Arth. Oh! you wish him to leave the room?

Butter. No, I don't; but he must, because—

Sir Arth. Randal— [Points to the Door.]

Butter. I means no affront, Mr. fellow-sarvant! I has a good heart. [*Exit Randal*] Now for it. [*Takes off his Hat, containing a Handkerchief, which he unfolds, and produces a Letter, which he delivers to Sir Arthur*] There! that's what I call being rather clever. And now, your honour! as we are by ourselves, and sociable-like, we can conversation a bit about—

Sir Arth. Silence! A very extraordinary epistle—'Son—dog—doting father—discarded scoundrel—break my heart—break his bones.'—Rather a fierce style!

Butter. He! he! he! isn't it?—

[*Looking at the Letter.*]

Sir Arth. Fellow! [*puts him away*] 'will wait privately on Sir Arthur Stanmore—build an hospital—cut off with a shilling!' ha! ha!

Butter. Old master, you understand, made all his money in the Inge³⁾ spice islands; and, dang it! there's no getting the pepper out of him; and raps out such naughty immortal⁴⁾ words! calls me every thing but a gentleman.

Sir Arth. Where is your master?

Butter. Oh! snug! he's invisible at the inn, if you want to see him. [*Gate-bell rings.*]

Sir Arth. Should this be young Revel, their meeting must be prevented.

Enter RANDAL.

Ran. Here's Miss Raven, again, sir.

Sir Arth. More annoyance! well, well; I'll be on the alert, depend on't. Randal, you must take a note to the inn; this blockhead may make some blunder: follow me, sir.

Butter. Don't you be cross with me; I is no but a simple lad, but I has a good heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Pleasure-ground—view of Conservatory—Lake—Pavilion, etc.

Enter LADY STANMORE and MISS RAVEN.

Miss Rav. Well, my dear, and what were the effects of my advice?

¹⁾ Playing the devil. ²⁾ A child's game. ³⁾ India. ⁴⁾ Immoral.

Lady Stan. Oh, delightful! he said he was the happiest of men; and, showing one's power is so irresistibly tempting!

Miss Rav. And if your youth and beauty, joined to his doting fondness, don't secure your sway, blame only yourself. Pray, is Sir Arthur in the habit of breaking his appointments?

Lady Stan. Oh, never!

Miss Rav. I perceive 'tis past the hour he promised to join us.

Lady Stan. So it is, I declare.

Miss R. Ah, my love! you must learn to bear these neglects.

Lady Stan. Must I?

Miss Rav. Indeed, I wish it may be only neglect. [*Sighing*]

Lady Stan. Only neglect?

Miss R. Pray don't let what I fear make you uneasy! I hope no accident has happened! I saw his servant cleaning pistols. [*Alarmed.*]

Lady Stan. Pistols?

Miss Rav. Had not he a dispute with Lord Stallfeel about the prize ox?

Lady Stan. Not that I know of: besides, I saw him just now by the side of the lake.

Miss Rav. The lake? don't be agitated! I suppose you have drag-nets?—Poor Sir Arthur!

Enter SIR ARTHUR.

Sir Arthur. Drag-nets!—poor Sir Arthur!—ha! ha! My love, what is all this?

Miss R. Not very feeling, sir, to laugh at your wife's fears.

Lady Stan. Nor very polite to keep her waiting.

Sir Arth. My dear Harriet! I beg your pardon. I really thought I was within the—

[*Looking at his watch*] Oh, yes! I am right: look here, my dear! [*Showing his Watch.*]

Lady Stan. You are wrong; look here, my dear! [*Producing her Watch.*]

Sir Arth. I've just set my watch by the sun.

Lady Stan. Then the sun is wrong.

Enter JOHN.

John, look at the turret-clock.

John. It does not go, my lady! [*Exit.*]

Lady Stan. How provoking!

Sir Arth. My dear love! why give importance to such an absurd trifle? come, let it rest.

Lady Stan. You'll own then you are wrong?

Sir Arth. No, madam: for, insignificant as the object is, I cannot purchase even your smiles at the expense of a deliberate falsehood.

Lady Stan. [*Indignantly*] Indeed!

Miss Rav. Now, my dear injured friend, assert your rights, or you are lost: but I must retire to conceal my tears—I pity you! [*Exit.*]

Sir Arth. She seems distressed; I'll change the subject. Really, Harriet, you have arranged your dress to-day with admirable taste; it is extremely handsome.

Lady Stan. Do you think it more becoming than that I wore yesterday?

Sir Arth. Infinitely!

Lady Stan. Ah! I know I looked ill yesterday; but I hoped it might have escaped the partial eyes of a husband.

Sir Arth. Nay, nay; my affection does not rest on the foreign aid of ornament, or the light frivolities of fashion, but on the solid basis of esteem.

Lady Stan. When a husband talks of esteem, there is an end of love.

Sir Arth. Ha! ha! come, come; you can't be serious. Ha! ha!

Lady Stan. Do you laugh, Sir? Is the sensibility of my heart an object of mirth?

Sir Arth. No, on my honour!

Lady Stan. Are tears of affection to be rewarded by smiles of contempt? [*Weeps.*]

Sir Arth. You mistake,—on my soul you do! Harriet! dear Harriet!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. and Mrs. Revel are arrived.

Sir Arth. So soon? why, it is not yet—

[*About to look at his Watch.*]

Lady Stan. [*With quickness*] What, Sir?

Sir Arth. Nothing. We'll attend them; serve refreshments. [*Exit Servant*] Come, I long to secure you the friendship of my amiable sister.

Lady Stan. [*Meekly*] Excuse me; I am unfit for company. Say I am ill. Indeed you may say so with truth.

Sir Arth. [*Affectionately*] Ill are you? my heart aches to think so.

Lady Stan. Go and be happy; don't think of me.

Sir Arth. Not think of you, Harriet? Well, I'll not control your wishes;—adieu.

[*Tenderly kissing her Hand.*]

Lady Stan. [*Snatching it away*] And will you leave me, Sir?

Sir Arth. Why 'sdeath, madam, did not you desire—

Lady Stan. All company is to be preferred to mine;—ungrateful man!

Sir Arth. I shall go distracted!

[*Walks up the Stage.*]

Lady Stan. Oh, dear! I fear I've gone too far; I had better make it up; luckily, one kind look will suffice for that. Sir Arthur, here's my hand. [*Smiling—he joyfully advances to take it*] I forgive—

Sir Arth. [*Suddenly stops*] Forgive? I've not the good fortune, madam, to understand.

[*Bows.*]

Lady Stan. Does he refuse? does he dare?—Oh, lud! what shall I do now?—I must find Miss Raven. Sir Arthur, you shall severely repent this.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Arth. Phew! I'm in a high fever! So, so; all's over! prospects of increasing love, of domestic joy—fled;—gone for ever.

[*Wipes his eyes*] How lovely she looked, even in her anger!—she's very young. I might have taken her hand; I wish I had. I'll follow her, and—what! record myself a doting traveller? ask to become her slave?

[*Indignantly.*]

Enter RANDAL.

Ran. Mr. Revel, senior, is arrived.

Sir Arth. Pshaw! intruded on at this moment, when my mind is agonized!

Ran. I hope I am not to blame, Sir?

Sir Arth. No, good fellow! I am to blame; but Lady Stanmore's behaviour.—Ah, Randal! what will remove this misery from my heart?

Ran. Your old receipt, Sir; removing misery from the hearts of others.

Sir Arth. You are right, old Honesty! Let

me shake off this unworthy weakness,—Yes, I will resist this attack on my happiness, and assert the honour and rights of the husband. Attend me to Mr. Revel.

Ran. The old gentleman is coming.

Sir Arth. He desires to be kept apart from his son. Give me notice if young Revel leave the house. [*Goes up the stage.*]

Enter OLD REVEL.

Old Rev. So I must run after you, must I?

Ran. You sent me to inform Sir Arthur, and accordingly—

Old Rev. I must run after him myself.

Ran. You are pleased to be pleasant, Sir.

Old Rev. No, Sir, I'm never pleased when I'm pleasant.—You might have the civility to offer a seat to an old man. [*Randal brings a garden-chair*] Phew! and did your master teach you these manners?

Ran. He is here to answer that question himself. [*Sir Arthur advances.*]

Old Rev. [*Remaining seated*] Oh! Sir Arthur Stanmore, I suppose?

Sir Arth. At Mr. Revel's service.

Old Rev. You brute, why don't you hand your master a chair? Be seated, Sir.

Sir Arth. Thank you. [*Sits*]—[*To Randal*]

—Go. [*Exit Randal.*]

Old Rev. No ceremony; you are at your own house, you know.

Sir Arth. Faith, I began to doubt it! [*Aside.*]

Old Rev. I'm your guest.

Sir Arth. Much flattered.

Old Rev. But no spunger. I've made a large India fortune;—not by cutting throats;—no, Sir, I made it in the civil line. [*Striking the ground with his cane*] So my reprobate son has, it seems, married your sister. I say, an imprudent match, Sir Arthur!

Sir Arth. And I say, I quite agree with you, Mr. Revel.

Old Rev. [*Aside*] Agree with me!—rather taking a liberty at first sight. It was not sanctioned by my consent, sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. Nor by mine, Mr. Revel.

Old Rev. But there's no necessity to fly into a passion, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. None in the least, Mr. Revel.

Old Rev. A terrible hot-headed fellow, I see; I must smooth him down. I believe, Sir Arthur, you have got into the same scrape.

Sir Arth. [*Sighing*] I am married, Sir.

Old Rev. Aye, you look so; the old luck, I suppose;—as maidens, fluttering their pinions like doves; married, flapping away like dragons. I've had experience—been married twice; my first wife hated and obeyed me—the second adored and thumped me.

Sir Arth. But to what may I owe the honour of your present visit?

Old Rev. Don't you know? How should you? I'll tell you. I wish to be convinced of the extent of Ned's extravagance, before I discharge his debts; I mean, before I disinherit the villain. I suppose you have shut your door against the poor fellow.

Sir Arth. He is now in my house.

Old Rev. What, my Ned here? [*Joyfull, then relapsing into anger*] I should like to see him just for the pleasure of knocking him down.

Sir Arth. One word. The happiness of an amiable and beloved sister gives me a strong interest in your son's social and moral conduct. To-day he gives a splendid entertainment. Suppose you are introduced as my friend; you may then estimate the extent of his prodigal expenditure without being known.

Old Rev. An excellent thought!

Sir Arth. Your long residence abroad will prevent your person being recognised.

Old Rev. What, you think I may be a little altered? Why, I've only been in India nineteen years and a half. Bless me—what altered—eh?

Sir Arth. I think it possible.

Old Rev. Indeed! And is this my reward for basking my brains under a vertical sun—for bearing stings of conscience and musquitoes, and changing into the yellow leaf the roses and lilies that bloomed on these cheeks?

Sir Arth. If any effort of mine can assist you in producing reformation—

Old Rev. And would you help me to—try—to—to save the poor devil? Bless you! bless you!

Sir Arth. And I am sure his wife would join.

Old Rev. Don't she hate Ned?

Sir Arth. Sincerely loves him.

Old Rev. Bless her! bless her! I'm an old fool, Sir Arthur; but he's my flesh and blood, and without him, you see, I have not much of those articles left. [*Showing his bare Figure*] I dare say now the profligate has got a dozen or twenty people to entertain.

Sir Arth. The whole county, Sir.

Old Rev. The what? Let me have only one blow at him; but alas, the expense is incurred,—the feast prepared,—so my killing him before dinner would not save much, I suppose?—Eh, who comes here?

Sir Arth. 'Sdeath, how mal-apropos! 'Tis Lady Stanmore, Sir.

Old Rev. Your wife!—egad you're a judge. Happy fellow! for if ever Nature stamped the impress of an angelic temper and cheerful obedience—on that lovely form the seal was placed. [*Striking his stick on the ground.*]

Sir Arth. [*Embarrassed*] I feel highly flattered—much gratified.

Enter LADY STANMORE.

Lady Stan. I've got such a nice lesson from Miss Raven! [*Aside*—Sir Arthur, when I reflect on what has passed,—

[*With affected Meekness.*]

Sir Arth. Madam, the presence of a stranger—

Lady Stan. I hope a friend—Mr. Revel, I believe. [*Presenting her Hand, which old Revel kisses.*]

Old Rev. Charming creature! what a murmuring zephyr-like tone! You're a lucky dog,

[*To Sir Arthur.*]

Lady Stan. And I wish that friend to witness my contrition; and, I hope, your indulgent forgiveness,—

Sir Arth. Forgiveness?

[*With joyful Surprise.*]

Lady Stan. While I express my sorrow.

Sir Arth. Sorrow? banish that feeling for ever from that dear bosom? I fear I was too harsh; how could I refuse this hand?

[*Taking it tenderly.*]

Lady Stan. Hear me, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. Certainly, my angel. I am a lucky fellow, Mr. Revel.

[*Shaking him heartily by the hand.*]

Lady Stan. I hope I have acquired a proper sense of obedience.

Sir Arth. A proper sense of your own happiness, Harriet; don't talk of obedience.

Lady Stan. 'Tis my duty, Sir.

Sir Arth. Duty!—nay, you'll distress me I don't require duty; I wish my wife to be my equal—my mistress—the partner of my heart, and all its interests: no more of duty.

Lady Stan. I am sorry that an entire submission to your will won't satisfy you. [*To Old Revel*] What can I do more?

Old Rev. [*In the same submissive Tone*] Aye, what can she do more?

Sir Arth. [*Rather irritated*] Sir, your kind interference is, I dare say, well meant, but not required. Harriet, you won't understand me.

Lady Stan. 'Tis my misfortune that my understanding is so weak: in future, I'll not pretend to judge at all.

Old Rev. There! Surely that humiliation—

Sir Arth. Sir, I don't require humiliation.

[*With quickness*]

Old Rev. Don't be too tyrannical!

Sir Arth. Tyrannical—ha! ha! Absurd, Sir, I defy you or any man to prove—I tyrannical? truly ridiculous!—ha! ha! Is it not, Harriet?

Lady Stan. Very, Sir. May I laugh?

Sir Arth. May you laugh? Why, 'sdeath, madam!

Lady Stan. You've dropt your handkerchief, husband!

[*Presents it.*]

Old Rev. There's a lovely hand, to strew the path of life with flowers! Oh, you happy fellow! Come, let's away!

Lady Stan. Sir—Sir! May I follow you, Sir?

Sir Arth. May you follow? Now that is so provoking, Harriet! you know I am only happy when you are by my side.

Lady Stan. Which side, Sir?

Sir Arth. Plagues!—torments!

[*Walks about agitated.*]

Old Rev. Oh fie, Sir Arthur.

Lady Stan. What can I do more?

Old Rev. Very true—what can she do more?

Sir Arth. Oh! I shall choke.

[*Rushes out—they follow.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment draped with Silk Hangings, forming an elegant Tent; lighted and decorated.—The back of the Tent to be open, and displaying an illuminated Temple Cascade, and Groove.—Music.—Servants in handsome Liveries pass bearing Refreshments.*

Enter DEXTER.

Dex. More ices and champagne! Egad, these amphibious country squires should have gills, for they drink like fishes! [*To Servant*] what have you there? [*Passing the Bottle under his Nose*—the elegant aroma of Burgundy. No. 1; Carry that to my party: the first wines to the second table—that's the rule, my fine fellow! [*Exit Servant*—Now, to

get that young farmer, that Frank Ryeland, into my power: his intoxication is achieved; and if I can tempt him to throw a merry-main¹⁾—no wedding for you, Miss Fanny. Is not that she? and with her my graceless lord and master? I must instantly stop these profligate proceedings.—What impertinence, to dare to interfere with my pleasures! [*Exit.*]

Enter BUTTERCUP tipsy, singing.

"Father, I am your bonny boy,
And stealing corn is all my joy."—[*Hiccups.*
Ecod, I feel so agreeable and so vicious, I could love any body, or fight any body. Well, after all, 'tis very pleasant to be quite comfortable; at least, that's my sentiment.

Dex. [Without] More ice—ice, I say!

Butter. Ice!—aye that's what makes this place so mortal slippery.

Enter YOUNG REVEL.—[BUTTERCUP runs against him.]

Y. Rev. How came you in this apartment, fellow?

Butter. In rather a roundabout way.

Y. Rev. Who are you?

Butter. Why, if you'll stand still, and not keep twirling round and round—I'll tell you: I'm Bobby Buttercup, a Sober pastoral swain from the Cornish tin mines, and vallaty sham²⁾ to your ancient, venerable paternal father, old Mr. Revel, the elder, senior.

Y. Rev. Zounds—My father! what here?

Butter. No—there.

Y. Rev. What a critical discovery! so the old boy came incog?

Butter. No, he came in a coach.

Y. Rev. I've hit my man! With Sir Arthur Stanmore?

Butter. Baronet.

Y. Rev. Your worthy master is a starch, strait, thin, gray—?

Butter. As a badger.

Y. Rev. And so I was not to be let into the joke?—Ha, ha!

Butter. No, that was the fun on't.—He! he!

Y. Rev. My sober, sensible little fellow, your discretion I value—

Butter. At how much?

Y. Rev. Oh! there. [*Holding out his hand. Gives money*] Reckon on my gratitude.

Butter. I will; one, two, three

Y. Rev. [Heroically] Now to find a father by the infallible attraction of all-powerful instinct. Ha! ha! Here's company: away to the butler's room! you must be thirsty.

Butter. I am—*parched.*

Y. Rev. That's a dangerous symptom; so drink, and be careful of your health, Bobby! and now my old dad, you shall pay for peeping!

Butter. Thirst is a shocking disease, and makes the tongue stick so, one can't pronounce legibly. I've been too abstemious. I'll reform that error forthwith, and drink till I get rid of this dizziness. How bad my head is! but has a good heart. [*Exit, feeling.*]

Enter SIR ARTHUR STANMORE and MRS. REVEL.

Sir Arth. I never will pardon it! never!

1) To play at dice.

2) Valet de chambre.

Lady Stanmore's behaviour to me I might forgive; but rudeness to you! a marked neglect—

Mrs. Rev. I own I regret my inability to conciliate Lady Stanmore's friendship; but the fault may be mine.

Sir Arth. No, excellent Constance! How her eyes sparkled at the admiration she excited!

Mrs. Rev. So did yours, brother!

Sir Arth. Did they?—a husband's admiration should have satisfied her. Then her affected and provoking care of my health—"Don't eat that, Sir Arthur! you know the least acidity destroys you;" "Shut down that window;" or, "My dear man will have his rheumatism again." Then the whisper went round—"Amiable creature! she don't wish her quizz of a husband to die."—I begin to think they are mistaken.

Y. Rev. [Without] Ha! ha! Bravo! bravo!

Sir Arth. Aye! there's your precious mate.

Mrs. Rev. 'Tis the hour of festivity.

Sir Arth. Of brutal intemperance!

Mrs. Rev. Surely my husband's hospitality cannot displease.

Sir Arth. Hospitality? a rank libel, madam, on that noble English word:—"its characters are regulated liberality, not undistinguished profusion; innocent cheerfulness, not licentious riot; virtuous encouragement! not profligate example." Look into that room, and see the tenantry, madly intoxicated with foreign wines, insulting their superiors: the next apartment presents a scene that wrings my heart. I there saw a young farmer, Frank Ryeland, the worthy son of a worthy widow, in a state of frenzy at dice, with a heap of gold before him: win or lose, 'tis equal ruin. Poor fellow! bitter will be his repentance!

Mrs. Rev. How can you prevent?

Sir Arth. How can I remain a tame spectator?—What excuse can I offer, as a magistrate, for not giving the vice of gaming its due castigation, when the laws have provided houses of correction for the express purpose?

Enter OLD REVEL, unobserved.

Old Rev. Phew! the Black Hole's an ice-house to this. Oh for a Punka to fan and cool me! There's his wife! a precious pair, no doubt! [*Listens.*]

Mrs. Rev. I own my husband's conduct is unthinking.

Sir Arth. Unthinking was his marked attention to that young creature, Fanny Bloomly?

Mrs. Rev. Oh! spare me!

Sir Arth. Was that unthinkingness? was it not a deliberate plan of poisonous flattery and base seduction?—and I must add, Constance! your insensibility—

Mrs. Rev. Insensibility! [*Bursting into an Agony of Tears*] Oh, brother, my heart is broke!

Old Rev. And so is mine!

Mrs. Rev. You have wrung from me a confession I hoped to have confined a sad inmate in this wretched bosom.

Sir Arth. Why suffer thus? leave the prodigal to his fate.

Mrs. Rev. [Firmly] Leave my husband?

leave that that man whom I have sworn for my life and with my life to cherish?—Never!

Old Rev. [Rushing forward and embracing her—she alarmed] Bless you! bless you!

Sir Arth. His father.

Old Rev. Your father—your adorer—your guardian angel.

Sir Arth. But a due regard to your own interest—

Mrs. Rev. I despise that wretched deity of man's worship. Shall I on its grovelling altar sacrifice my own estimation and my solemn vows to heaven? I may become the victim of selfishness, but I scorn to be its votary.

Old Rev. Charming!

Sir Arth. Such treason to love!

Mrs. Rev. Oh! I hate the treason; but then I love the traitor.

Old Rev. She loves the traitor!

Sir Arth. But what can you hope?

Old Rev. Ah! true, what can you hope?

Mrs. Rev. To reclaim him.

Old Rev. She says to reclaim him.

Sir Arth. By what magical agency?

Old Rev. Aye, by what magical—

Mrs. Rev. By the natural magic of good humour.

Old Rev. That's the true way; good humour is my system.

Sir Arth. It will fail.

Old Rev. [Sharply] How do you know it will fail?—a hot-headed impatient—take a lesson here, Sir Arthur! [*Pointing to Mrs. Revel*] There's a smile! I'll forgive him—I will—I'll pay his debts—I'll—

Mrs. Rev. Pardon me, sir, that must not be. The sooner he feels the bitterness of adversity, the sooner will my hopes of happiness be realized; his fault is improvidence, not prodigality.

Sir Arth. Hush! he comes! let us away.

Mrs. Rev. Remember—good humour—

Old Rev. To be sure—as if there was any merit in that!

[*Exeunt Sir Arthur and Mrs. Revel.*]

Enter YOUNG REVEL.

Y. Rev. He doesn't know me,—Now for the effect of instinct!

Old Rev. Now to carry my point.

[*They bow ceremoniously.*]

Y. Rev. A friend of Sir Arthur Stanmore—

Old Rev. Who has been delighted and dazzled with the splendid hospitality of the fortunate Mr. Revel.

Y. Rev. Fortunate? Ah, Sir, trust not to appearances!

Old Rev. [Aside] I won't.

Y. Rev. How oft, under the semblance of wreathed smiles, is concealed a tortured heart! Heigho! Pardon the freedom I take, but I feel a sort of magnetic attraction—an irresistible impulse to impart—

Old Rev. Poor fellow! Unbosom your griefs: here's a living echo, [*Striking his Breast*] that will return sigh for sigh, and groan for groan.

Y. Rev. Know then, interesting stranger! I have a father alive.

Old Rev. And that makes you miserable. Unnatural scoundrel!

[*Aside.*]

Y. Rev. Oh, no! for he is affluent—sensible—handsome—generous!

Old Rev. [Aside] He's my own boy.

Y. Rev. Ah, Sir! why do I press this hand with filial fondness? why hang upon your neck with infant tenderness? can you tell me?

Old Rev. [Fondly] I can tell you.

Y. Rev. Why do I fancy I behold that father?

Old Rev. Because you do behold that father!

[*They embrace*] Infallible instinct!

Y. Rev. Triumphant nature!

Old Rev. Divine inspiration!

Y. Rev. [Aside] Ha! ha! Tolerably acted, I flatter myself.

Old Rev. Why the dog's grinning! Phew! If the rascal knew me—if he has been cajoling! Tigers and crocodiles! I fume enough to turn a steam-engine; am hot enough to explode a detonator!

Y. Rev. My father! I hope this meeting will repay [*Aside*] all I owe. And how is your health, Sir?

Old Rev. Sadly pinched by this climate, Ned! and I've the tic-douloureux so bad in my right-hand, I don't think I could manage to sign a draft.

Y. Rev. My dear sir, exercise your hand, by all means.

Old Rev. No, I believe 'tis safer to be close-fisted, Ned!

Y. Rev. But, my dear dad! why not enjoy life like me, and with me? what pleasure in amassing gold?

Old Rev. Not much, I own.

[*Aside.*]

Y. Rev. Consider you have not long to live, my dear father!

Old Rev. Kind monitor!

Y. Rev. Then enjoy while you may. *Vive l'esprit! Vive Londres!* That is the city of enchantment—the spirits elastic—the wit electric—the taste refined—the senses in ecstasy.

Old Rev. By Jove, Ned! your painting is so seducing, your colouring so brilliant, that I could almost find in my heart to—[*Aside*] Now to carry my plan into execution. Suppose—he! he!—I shall make myself confoundedly ridiculous—but no matter—'tis to save an only son, Here goes! [*To him*] You dog, you've inspired me—fired me—

Y. Rev. Bravo!

Old Rev. I'll no longer be an old moiling mopus—all morals and mumps.

Y. Rev. Delightful!

Old Rev. No, *Vive la folie!* is my motto. So now for fun and revelry—luxurious feast, and generous wine. Ecod. I'll have a skin-full! [*Aside*] for the proverb says, as the house is on fire, one may as well warm oneself. So have with you, Ned!

Y. Rev. Allons, father!

Old Rev. Father? no, bacchanalian brothers—dashing dogs—graceless gallants—*Viva Baccho!*

[*Exeunt singing.*]

SCENE II. — A Gala Apartment.

Enter LADY STANMORE.

Heigho! I'm very miserable. Is it not heart-breaking to see a circle of elegant young men offering their homage, and my own husband to presume to frown, and absolutely

leave the room, at the crisis of my triumph? Miss Raven says, I must threaten to leave him—instruct on parchments—separate maintenance; but I flatter myself I can conquer without opposing such desperate weapons. He's here.

Enter SIR ARTHUR STANMORE.

So, Sir Arthur!

Sir Arth. So, Lady Stanmore!

Lady Stan. How could you leave me to be suffocated by the oppressing attentions of the men?

Sir Arth. They seemed very distressing, indeed!

Lady Stan. You could not persuade the assembly to follow your example, and bow to the shrine of Mrs. Revel.

Sir Arth. Madam! my attentions to my sister were occasioned by an endeavour to atone for your indelicate rudeness.

Lady Stan. I owe her no homage.

Sir Arth. She requires none: she seeks your friendship—she asks a sister's love. Come, Harriet, go to her—say you are sorry for the uneasiness I am sure you have caused.

Lady Stan. I ask her pardon? Insufferable idea! Now I'll strike him into marble. Sir Arthur, after what has passed, I must inform you there is a subject which, though you cannot have even thought of, I have—parting, sir!

[*Emphatically.*]

Sir Arth. I beg your pardon, madam! I have thought of it very seriously.

Lady Stan. Indeed! I'm glad to hear it—very glad. Dear me! the room is so oppressive! will you have the humanity to unclasp my necklace?

Sir Arth. [*Greatly moved*] C-c-cer-certainly.

Lady Stan. Thank you, sir.

Sir Arth. [*Agitated*] You are very welcome, Harriet. Madam, perhaps the air may revive; lean on my arm. [*She places her arm in his: he seems inclined to press it, but forbears*] Are you better, Harriet?

Lady Stan. Somewhat: rather cold. [*Folds his arm round her; she smiles triumphantly.*]

Sir Arth. Cold? you are indeed! we had better go home.

Lady Stan. Oh, no: I promised to return to the dance. Shall we astonish the natives, by waltzing together?

Sir Arth. You know I never waltz; besides, 'tis late, and I've ordered the carriage.

Lady Stan. [*Suddenly leaving his arm*] What then, sir? But 'tis no matter, as we are to part, the present time will do as well as any other.

Sir Arth. [*Indignantly aside*] Parting again!

Lady Stan. Will you come? if not, good bye.—

[*Smiling.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. The carriage is ready, sir.

Sir Arth. [*Irresolute*] Not quite ready, is it?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Arth. He says 'tis quite ready.

Lady Stan. I hear! Well, sir! am I to be honoured with your hand?

[*Exultingly.*]

Sir Arth. Eh?

[*Hesitating.*]

Lady Stan. [*Sarcastically*] Don't keep both me and the horses in the cold.

Serv. Your commands, sir?

Sir Arth. [*After a struggle*] Home!

[*Exit.—Servant following.*]

Lady Stan. I'm petrified!—Gone!—Am I awake? Yes, to vexation; to misery! What have I done? what shall I do? Cruel tyrant!

[*Weeps.*]

Enter MRS. REVEL.

Mrs. Rev. Lady Stanmore in tears! Pardon me, you must allow me to offer my attentions. [*Taking her hand*] Nay, nay, I won't be shook off. As your hostess, your relation, as one who wishes to love you,—receive me in your heart.

Lady Stan. Your words are kind—

Mrs. Rev. Do not trust them; prove their truth.

Lady Stan. I fear—

Mrs. Rev. My sincerity?

Lady Stan. My own unworthiness.

Mrs. Rev. Hear me, Lady Stanmore! I can feel as keenly as another the wrongs the heart of woman is doomed to suffer; but I do not weep, for I am too proud to accept a husband's pity. I do not coquette, for I am too cunning to afford him the least hope of excuse by recrimination. I do not scold or storm; for, dearly as I prize his love, I own I am vain enough to value more my own estimation.

Lady Stan. But [*forcing a laugh*] I vow I quite forgot: your kind advice is superfluous: we are going to part.

Mrs. Rev. Part?

Lady Stan. Dear me, what alarms you? What can be more common?

Mrs. Rev. The frequency of the occurrence is a poor voucher for its propriety. Can you expose your fair fame to encounter the horrid insinuations of the licentious, the smile of the envious, and the pity of the prude?

Lady Stan. [*Greatly moved*] Such pictures are shocking.

Mrs. Rev. Very; but if like, what are they who sit for those pictures? not associates for my innocent, but mistaken friend. We are interrupted: retire to my boudoir, and I'll interpose my good offices with Sir Arthur.

Lady Stan. No, no! I'll leave him, and never see human being more.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Rev. Here's my eccentric father-in-law. How whimsical his conduct! he promised to explain.

Enter OLD REVEL.

Old Rev. Keep it up! keep it up! [*In an exhausted voice, and leaning against the pilaster*] Keep it up! I'll show your husband what it is to be jolly, and prodigal, and idle. devilish hard work though!

Mrs. Rev. I guess your scheme, my dear sir! it is new and admirable.

Old Rev. But, like some other new schemes, rather difficult to execute.

Mrs. Rev. I'll risk my life on its success.

Old Rev. No, my dear! 'tis I shall risk my life; but I'll never say die. Keep it up! What a scene of profligacy! This house was lost and won a dozen times; forests were laid low, and flourished again; and on a single throw was staked the happiness of a respect-

able tenantry, whom deuce or ace would have consigned to the gripe of a scoundrel: then, out-topping their betters, the second table out-heroded the first: for there I detected that rascal Dexter ruining a young farmer with false dice. I'll have both in my power; both shall be punished.

Mrs. Rev. And that young innocent—

Old Rev. What, the lovely Fanny? have her snug under my wing [*Nods and winks*]: let fly one of my assassinating glances. I mean to—ha! ha!—I won't tell you what I mean—ha! ha!

Y. Rev. [*Without*] Where's my father?—where's the jolly old boy?

Old Rev. I'm with you, Ned! A jackanapes, to dare to match himself against me in the race of folly! I'll show him who has the foot [*Hobbling*].—I'll double-distance the cock-tail rascal—so clear the course, for here I start, helter skelter. Be sure you back me up. [*Putting both Hands to his Loins*].—Ugh!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A parlour of DAME RYELAND'S.

Enter DAME RYELAND, her Dress changed from her Widow's Weeds. HANNAH following, with a small Basket containing Bride-favours.

Dame. Now Hannah, give me the bride favours—there's one for you: this I'll pin here: no, no, I'll surprise Frank: he does not know that to-day he's to become a bridegroom. But how late he stays! the sun up, and not come home!

Han. La, missus! how glad I be you are out of your dismal weeds¹⁾! I vow you looks so young and gaysome, I should not wonder to see you a bride yourself.

Dame. [*With severity*] Hannah! has my conduct as a mistress, or a mother, authorised that insult?

Han. Insult! what harm?

Dame. What harm, girl?

Han. I'm sure I would not scold any body for saying I was likely to be a bride. [*Sobbing.*]

Dame. Well, don't cry, Hannah! you meant no harm; go take the bride-cake to the oven, and run to the garden for the posies; come, be alive, girl! [*Exit Hannah*]. So the day is come at last,—the happy day that returns to my neighbours their just and full demands, and gives to my dear boy the girl of his heart. How his eyes will sparkle when he sees this! [*Displays a Favour*]. But where is he? Sure no accident has happened! he has not fallen into danger, or bad company! [*Weeps*] Had any one told me I should have shed any tears, but those of joy to-day—but I will not. No—no, the road is safe, and my boy that travels it is prudent and virtuous. Weep, indeed! [*Sings a few notes of "Haste to the wedding, my friends!" etc. then relapses into tears*] But where can he be? Ah, bless him, here he comes! Hannah! go and order the bells to be set ringing, and send for the bride. Dear-ee me, I shall go out of my poor wits! Envy me, mothers! envy me! [*Exit with basket of favours.*]

¹⁾ A widow's mourning-dress is called her weeds.

Enter FRANK RYELAND pale and disordered, looks about with caution.

So I've ventured home. I've heard that guilt makes men cowards; it has made me bold, or how dare I meet a mother's frown, or, what is worse, her tears? What can I say? What excuse? excuse! no—no, the truth, terrible as it is; the truth! she's here.

[*Sinks into a Chair, and breathes with difficulty.*]

Enter DAME RYELAND.

Dame. Why, you sad rake, an't you ashamed of yourself? [*Snatching his Hat playfully*] Well, I suppose you had brave merry doings?

Frank. [*With a Smile of Anguish*] Very.

Dame. How pale you are, you young scape-grace!

Frank. Am I?

Dame. [*Who has been arranging a Favour in his Hat*] But I'll make the colour come into your cheeks. Look here!

Frank. What's that? [*Starts up.*]

Dame. The church bells will soon tell what it is.

Frank. Oh, oh! [*Sobs convulsively.*]

Dame. Frank, my child! are you ill? Frank Ryeland, I say, speak!

Frank. [*Falling on his knees*] I am a villain!

Dame. No, 'tis impossible; I'll not believe it. What has happened? tell me, I command you; tell me, dear Frank! while I have strength and sense.

Frank. [*Rises*] I will. At the Hall Fanny was parted from me, and seated next to that steward—that Dexter! Oh, mother! his looks, his words, tore my heart to pieces; and I thought (I hope I was mistaken) Fanny seemed pleased by his attention.

Dame. Oh, vanity—vanity!

Frank. He challenged me to drink bumpers: had they been poison, I would have swallowed them; I could not eat; and the strange wines overturned my poor brain: eat last dice were brought in: I was terrified, but they laughed at me—sneered—insulted—dared me—I gained—I lost.

Dame. [*Faintly*] Had you the money with you that was to pay the—

Frank. I had.

Dame. And the rent?

Frank. And the rent.

Dame. Did you lose all?

Frank. [*Scarcely articulate*] All!

Dame. Poor fellow! poor fellow!—come, come to thy fond mother's heart.

Frank. [*Starting from her*] No, no: scold me, mother, if you have any pity; scold, spurn, hate—

Dame. Hate thee? Frank, listen to me: obediently, calmly listen. [*With Serenity*] The only atonement we can make to Providence, for offending against its laws, is a patient submission to the punishment our misdeeds have brought upon us. This house and what it contains is no longer ours. Ah! in that church-yard I hoped to lay my aged bones in peace and respect. Farewell home! farewell to the grave of my husband! Come, my dear!

Frank. Where? [*A knocking*] Hush! some of the creditors.

Dame. Well, Frank, we must face them. Admit them directly; they have waited long and patiently.

[*Frank exit, returns with a Letter.*]

Frank. [*Giving the letter*] From Old Mr. Revel.

Dame. To me? I don't know the gentleman. Bless me, I'm in such a twitter! [*Reads*] "The punishment that awaits a wicked and profligate son"—I can read no more.

Frank. [*Taking the Letter*] Let me think—try to recall last night,—last fatal night. Did he not interpose?—speak of foul play!—brain! brain!—all is confusion—madness. What's this? "Let your son not fail to attend me; perhaps a mother's credit may be saved." Ah! don't despond; perhaps I may obtain a loan of the money.

Dame. [*Looking up*] Indeed.

Frank. I hope I can. [*She smiles*] I'm sure I can. Ah, she revives! now misery gnaw my heart, and welcome. "A mother's credit saved!" [*Kisses the Letter*] Blessed hope!—cheerly, cheerly!—all may yet be well.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon at YOUNG REVEL's, decorated with flowers.—An open Firanda.—A marine View in the distance.*

Enter OLD REVEL and BUTTERCUP.

Old Rev. How reviving is the breath of the morning! After night's feverish orgies, nature exhales her freshest odours, and bestows on unthankful man her animating blessings.

Butter. Now I find it mortal raw and chilly, and should like to mix nature's odours with a drop of brandy.

Old Rev. Drunkard! to lose your senses—

Butter. Ah, worse than that! I lost nine halfcrowns at putt.¹⁾

Dex. [*Without*] Where are you all? Jonathan! Peter!

Old Rev. Here's my son's crafty confidant; a precious pair!—like master, like man.

Butter. Yes, that's what every body says of us two.

Enter DEXTER and JONATHAN.

Dex. Breakfast immediately! Any thing simple, for I feel rather damaged. A grilled woodcock; kipper salmon; eggs; *café au lait*; Leman's rusks; Sauterne and Noyau: nothing more! [*Exit Jonathan*] Eh, who are these people? [*Eyeing them with his glass*] Last night I saw that old quiz. Ha, ha! A Birmingham copy of the *Anatomie Vivante*²⁾. Your business, Sir?

Old Rev. Is with your master, Sir.

Dex. [*Aside*] The true croak of a creditor. You can't see him; he's asleep.

Old Rev. I must talk to him.

Dex. He don't talk in his sleep. What are your claims?

1) A vulgar game of cards.

2) The *Anatomie Vivante*, from France, is still to be seen in London, presenting one of the most horrible spectacles that can be imagined, a human being, alive, and nothing but skin and bone. A Birmingham strolling is a counterfeit one.

Old Rev. Very humble ones, I own; only the claims of a father.

Butter. Ha, ha! Only his father;—that's all.

Dex. [*Alarmed, and wiping his forehead*] The old nabob, by all that's sudorific!

[*Advances with Humility.*]

Butter. I say, Sir, we have taken the stiffness out of his back, however.

Dex. What blindness! but that my faculties were absorbed in your amiable son's interests, the likeness must have struck me. The piercing eye, the commanding front, the fascinating smile, the condescending bow; and [*seeing Buttercup*] this interesting youth—

Butter. I'm his humble servant,—that's all.

[*Concededly.*]

Dex. Then, Sir, I'm your humble servant. Permit the privilege.

[*Offering Snuff.*]

Butter. Sir, to oblige you.

Dex. What an interesting figure!

Butter. And I has a good heart.

Old Rev. Now for my plan. You are my son's faithful confidant!

Dex. Proud, if so estimated by his respected sire.

Old Rev. Then I'll tell you, Sir; last night's scene disgusted. What a mean, *demi-fortune* set out! Pah! Where was the orchestra; the corps de ballet; the fire-works? Here's no style; no train of servants! Oh, I must legislate here, and with such an executive as Mr. Dexter—[*Dexter bows*] May I ask the amount of your stipend?

Dex. I serve from attachment; four hundred a-year.

Old Rev. Infamous! I discharge you from my son's service.

Dex. [*Alarmed*] Sir!

Old R. And install in mine at a thousand.

Dex. [*Elated*] I'll serve you with the fidelity—

Old Rev. You serve my son: nothing can be more satisfactory.

Butter. A thousand! oh, oh, then my nine pounds a-year shall be made guineas.

Old Rev. And, Dexter, take this raw material, [*pointing to Buttercup*] and manufacture him into something human and useable.

Dex. Fear not. [*Eyeing him*] There are capabilities. By the aid of tailors—

Butter. Sir, you talked of having this coat turned!

[*Aside.*]

Old R. Silence, mognrel! But are we not to have a *fête champêtre* and regatta? [*Dexter bows*] Bravo! that for expense!

[*Snapping his Fingers.*]

Dex. Your son's prime yacht will carry the prize triumphant.

Old Rev. [*Apart*] Not if I can help it.

Dex. [*To Buttercup*] Come, cousin!

[*Exit Dex.*]

Butter. [*To Old Rev.*] La! I declare he's cozening me³⁾.

Old Rev. Trying at it, no doubt! stick to him, honest Bob!

Butter. I will, for he has a good heart.

[*Exit Butt.*]

Enter MRS. REVEL.

Old Rev. Oh, my dear daughter! I can't stand it: this asthma—this sciatica—

3) Cousin and cozen are pronounced in the same way: their different meanings produce the pun only in reading.

Mrs. Rev. Courage, my dear Sir! persevere but a few hours.

Old Rev. A few hours? I'll live fifty years to spite him: I'll sip panada: I'll munch water-cresses: I'll rise with the lark, fly up with the hens: [*Coughs*] I'll smoke stramonium¹. A father may submit to play the fool for a day, if it prevent his son from doing so all his life. Here comes Ned, jaded and blue-devilled; and yet that head-ache cost the fool a thousand pounds.

Enter YOUNG REVEL in an elegant Morning-dress.

Y. Rev. [*Reading newspaper*] County ball—music meeting—hounds thrown off—the old, dull, miserable routine! I've dosed myself with every stimulant the dispensatory of dissipation prescribes; tried the joys of the table—nausea and plethora—handled the four-in-hand ribbons, and got damaged by a dislocation: next, gaming; played up to my knees in cards; waded out of them to shoot the scoundrel that cheated me: but courage! the arrival of my old dad may vivify, and, like the electric shock—

Old Rev. [*Slapping him violently on the Back*] Ned, my boy! what moralising, while your wife is arranging a public breakfast to add splendour to your regatta?

Y. Rev. What! you, Constance! you?

Mrs. Rev. Yes, I! Are you displeased as well as surprised?

Y. Rev. Delighted! charmed!

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. [*To Old Revel apart*] Young Farmer Ryeland says he comes by your appointment. [*Exit Jonathan.*]

Old Rev. I know. [*He motions Mrs. Revel to leave the Room. She kisses her Hand to him, and exits*] Ned! send your wife away.

Y. Rev. She's gone, Sir.

Old Rev. That's lucky. I say, Fanny Bloomly—sly rogue!—I saw you—pugh!—all's right—snug: blushing—tempting little rose-bud. Her lout of a lover's here. He must not wear such a gem.

Y. Rev. Oh no, it would be gilding a hob-nail.

Old Rev. Setting a diamond in pewter.

Y. Rev. Last night Dexter cleaned him out.

Old Rev. I know; capital fellow that Dexter!

Y. Rev. Invaluable!

Old Rev. Young Clod wants to borrow the money he lost to pay his dead father's debts—more fool he, I say: ba, ha! you shall lend it him—there it is—[*giving Pocket-book*] on condition he gives up the girl. Eh, don't you see?

Y. Rev. Ah, sir, you have a tact!

Old Rev. Yes, I've had practice: I'll leave you to manage: mind the promise—signed: Ah, Ned! don't I act like a father?

Y. Rev. Oh, sir, I shall never know the extent of my obligations.

Old Rev. [*Aside*] Yes you shall, to a farthing! He's here: secure the delicate darling, the—oh! [*kisses his Hand in ecstasy, and exits.*]

Y. Rev. What a treasure have I in such a parent! let me be grateful for it.

[*Goes up to Table, and sits.*]

Enter FRANK RYELAND.

Frank. I ask pardon, sir, for thus intruding; but authorized by this letter—

Y. Rev. From my father. He has requested me to talk with you: don't agitate yourself, but proceed, young man!

Frank. The large sum I last night lost by gaming, was the product of a year's anxious toil, and devoted to the payment of my father's debts.

Y. Rev. Very wrong to risk so sacred a fund!

Frank. True, sir, but I was intoxicated.

Y. Rev. A poor excuse!

Frank. I own an aggravation. This letter gives me hopes that a mother's credit—nay, her life, may be preserved by—by—you best know your benevolent intentions. [*Bowing.*]

Y. Rev. Why, I may be induced to advance the sum, large as it is.

Frank. [*With fervour*] If the blessings of a wretched, but grateful heart—if the unceasing labour of these hands—if a life of obedience and devotion to your will—

Y. Rev. I shall require no obedience, which has not your interest for its object; for instance, embarrassed as your circumstances are, prudence would not justify your thinking of marriage.

Frank. [*Starting*] Prudence would not justify it! [*Sighs.*]

Y. Rev. And as your landlord and creditor, you would, perhaps, consider my approbation necessary before you formed an alliance?

Frank. [*Bowing*] I certainly should think it my duty to ask it.

Y. Rev. Very sensible and prudent! then we'll just say so on paper.

Frank. [*Alarmed*] Do you require me to sign?

Y. Rev. I think it will be more satisfactory.

Frank. What! abandon my heart's dearest hope? resign my love, my bride? 'tis a bitter moment!

Y. Rev. Sorry to hasten your determination, but the day wears.

Frank. True: and the creditors may have met. Dear mother! [*Firmly*] Sir, I am ready.

[*Writes, delivers the Paper to Young Revel.*]

Y. Rev. [*Reading*] "Resign all claims—solemnly promising—without consent of"—very well—there's the money. [*Gives a pocket-book, which Frank presses to his heart*] Good morning. [*Smiles significantly.*]

Frank. What meant that smile? It shot through my heart.

Y. Rev. [*Smiling again*] You may go.

Frank. Again! distraction! can he mean?—Sir, one moment. To save the life of her that gave me being, I have resigned all the fond hopes that sustained my youth—all the promised joys of wedded love; and true to that resolve, would, if my Fanny's good required it, lead her this moment to the church, and bless her union with a happier man. The lover is no more—but the friend survives! and he who aims to raise a blush upon her virgin

¹) Famous remedies for asthma, consumption, &c.

cheek—who dares, by flattery, to corrupt her innocent heart—dares it with his life! no rank shall shelter, no place protect him.

Y. Rev. And this threat is meant to fall—

Frank. Wherever justly it may light.

Y. Rev. Insolent! make way!

[*Pushes him Back.*]

Frank. A blow, that makes us equal! and, by the rights of manhood, thus I rebel—

Enter OLD REVEL.

Old Rev. Hold! is this your gratitude? Has he not saved your parent?

Frank. Need I say how I venerate that title?

Old Rev. I am a parent.

Frank. Sir, I will remove the cause of your alarm! Yet,—a blow!—Pardon my distraction—pity the desolation of this heart!—indeed, it is a broken one! Mother, I come! [*Exit.*]

Old Rev. Poor fellow! he shall not suffer long, for mercy shall temper justice. [*Wiping away a Tear, then suddenly recovering his Vivacity*] Well, my boy, have you got the promise?

Y. Rev. Safe.

Old Rev. Where?

Y. Rev. Here!

[*Producing it.*]

Old Rev. Thank you. [*Taking it suddenly*] And now I may own, (spare the soft effusion)—that I love—I adore the fascinating Fanny!—Oh, I could mousel her like an old tiger; hug her like a boa constrictor!

Y. Rev. [*Astonished*] You, Sir!—you love?—death, have I been catering for my old dad's dainty palate?

Old Rev. Oh, that ruffles you!—at him again! [*Aside*] Look here, Ned! [*Displaying a splendid casket of Jewels*] you are a judge of diamonds—a simple offering to the girl of my heart!

Y. Rev. By all that's splendid, a dower for a duchess!

Old R. That frightens you!—at him again!

[*Aside.*]

Y. Rev. Surely, my dear father, such a present to a mere rustic—

Old Rev. Would be preposterous!—but to your father's wife, Ned!—[*Aside*] That will finish him.

Y. Rev. Wife!—furies! ruin! your wife?—marry at your years?

Old Rev. I've been a sad fellow, I own; but having now arrived at years of discretion—

[*Examining the Diamonds.*]

Y. Rev. Consider, venerable Sir, you are of an age—

Old Rev. [*Still looking at the Jewels*] Oh! I don't deny I'm of age.

Y. Rev. She is very young.

Old Rev. I hope so.

Y. Rev. And may refuse—be cruel!

Old Rev. Cruel? don't libel the sex. I've heard indeed of cruel beauties, but never yet found the icy bosom I could not melt, or the irresistible that could resist me.

Enter MRS. REVEL.

Y. Rev. Oh my dear wife, here's the devil pay!

Old Rev. [*Aside*] That is, I'm to pay.

Y. Rev. Such an event! he is going to marry.

Mrs. Rev. I'm delighted to hear it;—we know 'tis the only happiness life affords.

Y. Rev. He's mad. That casket is for a vulgar giggling chit. 'Tis a bulse for a princess; he'll ruin us, my dear!

Mrs. Rev. Then you ought to be much obliged to him, my dear! for it will save you a great deal of trouble.

Y. Rev. And you think it a good joke?—she's as mad as he is!

Enter DEXTER and a Servant, with a Letter, which he gives to MRS. REVEL.

Dex. Sir, your crew are singing out for you: the good ship *Rover* and the rest of the fleet are getting under weigh: all tight and trim for the race.

Y. Rev. I wish they were all in the Dead Sea. [*Aside.*]

Y. Rev. Five thousand to four I name the winner.

Old Rev. Five thousand to four! I blush for him.

Dex. Sir, they wait.

Y. Rev. Well, I must commit this last act of folly. Come, my faithful fellow, attend your master.

Dex. [*Bowing to Old Revel*] I will, Sir.

Old Rev. Do you want my servant, Ned?

Y. Rev. Your servant? What have you deserted me, you ungrateful?—

Old Rev. Oh fie!—should serving the father offend the son?

Y. Rev. Sir, I—I—plagues! torments!

[*Rushes out.*]

Old Rev. Ha! ha! I'll be after you, my boy—"pursue the triumph, and partake the gale." I mean to carry the prize: have procured the fleetest boat: have not doubled the Cape for nothing. I'll show these duckpond dandies¹⁾ how to hand, reef, and steer. But hey-day child, you look agitated?

Mrs. Rev. Dear Sir, my brother's domestic sorrows weigh on my heart. By this letter I learn that Lady Stanmore threatens a separation. I hope that may be prevented.

Old Rev. And I hope she'll put her threats into execution. I'll go directly and brew mischief. I'll out-croak Miss Raven: they shall part.

[*Firmly.*]

Mrs. Rev. And destroy my brother!

Old Rev. Save him! secure his felicity! Lady Stanmore will never know the value of domestic happiness till she has lost it: she will then find that female domination is wretched slavery; and that the silken tie—the silver links that chain the heart of woman to a worthy husband, is her noblest ornament—her crown of triumph.

[*Going.*]

Dex. [*Advancing*] I beg pardon, Sir, but the artists and ministers of the toilet wait your commands. I left them in congress; for the reigning fashions are threatened with a sudden revolution; and a council of tailors is now determining the legitimate length of the pantaloons.

Old Rev. [*With mock dignity*] Say to the

1) Dandy, a Gentleman, who, when once got into his fashionable clothes, can neither bend, move, nor walk, without being in an exact perpendicular, on account of his stays, so that he must trust to the philanthropy of his fellow-creatures for picking any thing up from the ground if he wants it.

tailors, I attend their board; and take care, Dexter, that my drapery is exquisitely fitted. Let the anatomy of my figure be fully displayed; the bust ample; and the swell of the lower muscles well defined.

Dex. Rely on my care.

Old Rev. For do you hear; if I can get into my clothes, I certainly won't have them.

Mrs. Rev. Ha! ha!

Old Rev. Oh dear! Oh dear! But while all is artificial, why not transform me into something young and stylish? Have we not pearl powder for the pimpled, and cosmetics for the cadaverous? Have we not unguents, for removing beards from the chins of dowagers, and Macassar oil for placing them on the lips of boys? Have we not stockings for legs without calves, stays for calves without heads, and wigs for heads without brains? and is not the mind as artificial as the body? Have we not ladies' lips, that can smile or pout at command? necks that can bend without humility? arms that can embrace without sincerity? and false bosoms that conceal falser hearts?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Breakfast-room at SIR ARTHUR STANMORE'S; on one side the Stage, a Table with tea Equipage.

Enter LADY STANMORE.

Lady Stan. Sir Arthur nothere yet? Heigho! what a miserable woman I am! I've kept my room till noon to make him suppose I've slept profoundly, though I have not closed my weary eyes. Oh, there's his servant. Randal!

Enter RANDAL.

Does Sir Arthur know breakfast waits?

Ran. Sir Arthur has breakfasted.

Lady Stan. Indeed!

Ran. [*Aside.*] Alas! he tasted nothing.

Lady Stan. Then why don't you order coffee? stay! where is your master?

Ran. In his library, madam.

Lady Stan. [*With anxiety.*] Is he much agitated, Randal?

Ran. [*Surprised.*] Agitated, madam?

Lady Stan. [*Sharply.*] What is he doing?

Ran. Reading, my lady.

Lady Stan. How long has he been reading?

Ran. All the morning.

Lady Stan. Impossible! What did you say when he inquired for me?

Ran. He did not inquire for you, my lady.

Lady Stan. [*With vexation.*] Oh, very well!—Not inquire for me? Take away those things.

Ran. I thought you ordered coffee.

Lady Stan. You thought? [*Pettishly.*] Take them away. [*Exit Randal, removing tea Equipage.*] The world combines to torment me: Miss Raven promised to be here, but she deserts me.

[*Gate-bell rings.*]

Ah! here she is! how apropos!—[*Running towards the Entrance.*] Oh my kind friend!

Enter OLD REVEL.

Old Rev. May I hope to be honoured by that envied title?

Lady Stan. [*Curtseying.*] Sir Arthur is in his library, sir.

Old Rev. There let him stay: [*Bluntly.*] ah, madam, I see the effects of last night's agitation,—am grieved—but not surprised. Oh these husbands! these husbands! but I am taking an unwarrantable liberty.

Lady Stan. Dear sir, your feelings do you honour: your soothing sympathy—

Old Rev. Lady Stanmore, I am a man, almost ashamed of being one: we are all tyrants and bullies! but if women will not employ those irresistible weapons nature has armed them with, (and which are most puissant in Lady Stanmore) [*Bowing.*] they must be content to remain the slaves of these bo-badil bashaws.

Lady Stan. The very words my dear Miss Raven has used.

Old Rev. Then she must be an amiable, well-meaning woman.

Lady Stan. In her absence, sir, may I request the honour of your confidence? the benefit of your experience? You have been more than once married?

Old Rev. Two wives, madam: killed them both: no spirit, or they might have led me like a muzzled bear; but they adored, drooped, and died.

Lady Stan. I own I love Sir Arthur.

Old Rev. Then prove it.

Lady Stan. How?

Old Rev. By curing him of his tyranny.

Lady Stan. In what way?

Old Rev. By leaving him.

Lady Stan. [*Elated.*] 'Tis my fixed determination—I'm delighted you approve my plan. Yes, I will leave him.

Old Rev. [*Smiling.*] No you won't.

Lady Stan. Why?

Old Rev. He won't let you.

Lady Stan. Do you think not? what a triumph! [*Exulting.*] I'll put him to the test directly.

Old Rev. The sooner the better. Adieu!

Lady Stan. But, sir, if he should—'tis a foolish fear, perhaps—but—if—he—should not prevent—my—leaving him.

Old Rev. Then, madam, honour my house by your residence—my equipage by your employment—my fortune by your acceptance.

Lady Stan. Kind, true friend!

Old Rev. That I am!

[*Aside.*]

Lady Stan. My trunks are corded.

Old Rev. Bravo!

Lady Stan. They shall be brought here: then—

Old Rev. [*Aside.*] Out you go, [*Gun fired at a distance.*] A signal for me to crowd sail and get aboard—"then seize the helm, and steer to victory." [*Exit.*]

Enter RANDAL.

Lady Stan. Randal! come hither; accept this token of my respect. I may not see you again, old man. [*Giving Purse.*] In a few minutes I leave this house for ever.

Ran. Leave the house!—no—no, indeed—no such thing.

Lady Stan. How dare you take that liberty?

Ran. Indeed, lady, you take more liberty with me: you have no right to make me miserable.

Lady Stan. Silence! and tell your master I must speak with him instantly.

Ran. Ah, lady, where will you find happiness?

Lady Stan. Any where but here.

Ran. I'm sure I would rather cry here than laugh any where else.

Lady Stan. Obey me, Sir, and order those trunks to be brought in. [*Randal beckons Servants, who enter with Trunks*] Now, Obstinacy, dear tutelary spirit of my sex, support me through this trial!—He's coming.

[*Collecting her Fortitude.*]

Enter SIR ARTHUR.

Sir Arth. Randal! return that book to its proper shelf. [*Seeing the Trunks, starts—looks anxiously at Lady Stanmore, but recovers his Composure*] Why do these trunks encumber this apartment?

Lady Stan. Neither the trunks nor their proprietor will long encumber it: put them to the carriage.

Sir Arth. [*Aside*] Indeed! Manhood, be firm.

Ran. To the carriage, my lady? Master—not—not to the—

Sir Arth. [*Calmly*] Don't you hear your lady's orders? [*Trunks are borne out. Exit Randal, following.*]

Lady Stan. Is it possible? [*Aside*] Oh, dear, he'll let me go.

Sir Arth. My servant, madam, informed me, you wish to see me. I instantly obeyed your summons, and now wait your commands.

Lady Stan. My commands! Don't insult me, Sir Arthur. I have borne insults enough: one more I must bear; that of being turned out of your house a beggar.

Sir Arth. Lady Stanmore! as this may be our last conference, it would be but decent to let truth preside at it. You turn yourself out. As to maintenance—name your wishes, and, on my honour, my signature shall follow the demand.

Lady Stan. I dare say you will grudge no expense to get rid of me; but I won't accept a farthing. I have friends that are not weary of me. I must go, or I shall faint. [*Aside*] Sir Arthur Stanmore, if you have any thing to add, this is the moment. [*Pause*] Nothing?

Sir Arth. Only, Harriet, a sincere and heartfelt wish that you may find that happiness it has not been my good fortune to secure to you. [*Bows.*]

Lady Stan. Barbarian! I—Farewell! [*Rushes out.*]

Sir Arth. [*Walking about agitated*] She will not—must not go. Randal! Randal! recall—

Enter RANDAL.

What noise is that?

Ran. The carriage driving off.

Sir Arth. Are you certain?

Ran. You may see it leaving the avenue.

Sir Arth. I cannot see it. [*Covering his Face*] 'Tis done! My wife, gone?

Ran. Dear master, be comforted.

Sir Arth. Do not speak, old man; follow me to my room. Hush! I thought I heard—

[*Strikes his Forehead and exit, Randal following.*]

SCENE III.—*The Stage is occupied by Pavilions with silk Draperies and Flags.*—

In the Pavilions are Tables luxuriously furnished.—The Back of the Scene is a marine View.—A Band of Music is playing.—Company are seated in the Pavilions.—Servants attending with Refreshments.—MRS. REVEL doing the Honours of the Fête.—Huzzas behind.—A Gun is fired.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. Madam, the fleet has doubled the point, the yachts are in sight.

[*A dressed Ship is at anchor, towards which are steering the prize Yachts, attended by Steamers and numerous Boats gaily equipped; when the first passes the Ship at anchor—Guns are fired—Cheers are heard—The Band plays "Rule Britannia."*]

Enter DEXTER out of Breath.

Dex. Madam! Madam! your husband is defeated, distanced, obliged to give in: he is come on shore in a terrible storm; but as I don't fancy these land breezes, I'll run into harbour. [*Exit.*]

Enter YOUNG REVEL.

Y. Rev. Beat! disgraced! Bungling block-head! dolt! idiot! What, to be last, when even to be first is a folly, a gewgaw, a toy! but if ever again I—Ah, Constance! you've heard, I suppose? but, hey day! here's a display, to celebrate my defeat, no doubt.

Mrs. Rev. 'Tis very stylish, is it not?

Y. Rev. Why, wife, have you lost all sense of prudence? Such an expense!

Mrs. Rev. Never mind the expense; but welcome the guests, my dear!

Y. Rev. But they are not welcome, my dear!

Mrs. Rev. Nonsense! Come, my jolly tar¹), in, in, and refit; there's every thing in profusion.

Y. Rev. I dare say there is.

Mrs. Rev. Oh! the fortunate victor is landed, I see. Do you know who he is?

Y. Rev. I don't know the fellow: some extravagant—puppy heedlessly sailing into the vortex of ruin!

Mrs. Rev. Whoever he is, I, as patroness of your fête, must receive him with polite respect.

Y. Rev. [*Sullenly*] I suppose you must.

Enter in Procession—Sailors bearing Flags Peasants in their holyday Clothes, decorated with blue Ribbons—the Crew of the Yacht handsomely equipped—Girls dressed with Garlands, bearing a small Platform decorated with miniature Flags, on which is placed the Prize-cup—the Procession closed by OLD REVEL in a dandy naval Costume—the Company bow—he salutes them in passing—Shouts.

Mrs. Rev. [*Takes the Prize-cup*] I have the pleasure to congratulate you on your victory, and to present its splendid reward.

[*Presenting the Cup, which Old Revel receives, and hands it to his Boatswain.*]

Y. Rev. Though a stranger and a rival, I must express my admiration of your skill, and—Eh—your—Why—No, it can't—

Old Rev. Yes it can. Vy, Eddard! don't

1) Sailor.

you know your own natural father, because he's new rigged, and has hoisted a caxon?¹⁾

Y. Rev. You, Sir, pretend—

Old Rev. And you pretend to sail a boat against me, that can steer into a mousquito's eye?

Y. Rev. And so I am indebted to you for my defeat?

Old Rev. I'm sure I'm indebted to you for my victory.

Y. Rev. A dear victory!—if I may judge by the extravagant—

Old Rev. Oh! cost lots of shiners;²⁾ hardly got a shotleft in the locker;³⁾—but 'tis wholesome; and who knows but I may live twenty years the longer for't? So you would grudge the expense, Ned?

Y. Rev. Certainly not; I begin to feel what an inconsiderate ass I've been.

Old Rev. [*Aside*] Ha! ha! Brought him on his beam-ends⁴⁾. But I say, messmate, why so melancholy? You seem as much out of your element as a grampus on a gravel walk. Rouse up, my hearty! and take a bit of hacky. [*Opening a large Tobacco-box*] No? then you don't know the staff of life. But avast! avast! tho': while we are sarving out this palaver, the sports are taken aback. Ya! hoy! Boatswain! pipe all hands, and clear decks for a dance; and do you hear? let it be elegant.

Boats. A reel, my commander?

Old Rev. A reel, you lubber? You can dance that when you are drunk; which we must soon be, as in duty bound. No; get ready your grappers; make prize of a full complement of pretty wenches; form two lines a-head, and manoeuvre a country dance; and then, to do the genteel thing, finish with a hornpipe.

A Country dance; after which a Girl dances a Hornpipe. Old Revel enjoys it; fidgets about; at last joins her in the Dance. Scene drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*DAME RYELAND'S Cottage.*—*DAME RYELAND discovered at the Window.*—*She curtsies and nods.*

Enter HANNAH.

Dame. Well, Hannah! are our neighbours assembled? Are they impatient?

Han. Oh no, they said they were sure you would not wrong them of a penny.

Dame. Heaven knows I would not. But what will they say, if Frank fail in getting the money? And how can he succeed?—where raise such a sum? 'Tis impossible. I had better go and own the truth. 'Tis a sharp trial, but I must meet it.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. [*Exultingly*] My father's debts are paid; my mother's mind is at peace.

Dame. No, Frank! Nor can it be, till she knows more. Look at me! you have not used dishonest means? You have not broke—

Frank. [*Faintly smiling*] Broke! only my own heart, mother.

Dame. Your heart? [*Commandingly*] Frank Ryeland, how came you by that money?

Frank. Our landlord; Mr. Revel, was kind enough to advance it.

Dame. Bless him! bless him! [*Frank strikes his Forehead*] Why do you sigh so heavily? Why start so?

Enter FANNY BLOOMLY.

Fanny. Oh cruel forsworn man! He has basely deserted me.

Frank. Nay, Fanny.

Fanny. You can't deny it. The wicked paper is signed by your barbarous hand. Yes, Dame, he has forsaken me for the lucre of gain.

Dame. What! were these the terms? Give her up to save me? Cruel boy! to suppose a mother's happiness could be built on her child's misery.

Frank. Never mind me; think of yourself.

Dame. Myself? you are myself; Oh, ten thousand times dearer than myself!

[Throws herself into a Chair.

Fanny. [*Sobbing*] I'm sure, Mr. Ryeland, if I wanted lovers, I need not cry about that.

Dame. [*Rising*] What's to be done?

Fanny. I forgot: Old Mr. Revel ordered us to be at the Hall.

Dame. Come, then, my children, we must obey; and Frank, mind you are submissive to your landlord.

Frank. Submissive! He struck me.

Dame. [*Endeavouring to contain her Rage*] Struck you! well!

Frank. His father interposed. I respected his presence, and left the house.

Dame. [*Calmly*] Good boy, you did right. Yes, yes, I'm thankful it ended so. A blow? Insulted my broken-hearted son? Then I'll face him, and see if he'll strike me. Come, my dears! I hope my poor wits will hold. Struck you? I'll go to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Saloon at YOUNG REVEL'S.*

Enter BUTTERCUP in a splendid Livery.

Butter. [*Admiring his Person*] If this don't beat cock-fighting, I'll be shot. But what's become of old master? However, that's no affair of mine; for if he wants me, 'tis his business to look for me.

Enter OLD REVEL, fashionably dressed.

Old Rev. So, this is fashionable ease! Was ever unfortunate old gentleman so trussed up and spitted! But if the father's follies can teach the son wisdom, I'd become emperor of the dandies. I should like a pinch of snuff if I could get at it. [*Endeavours to find his Pockets.*

Butter. A stranger! Now to show my shapes.

Old Rev. [*They approach*] Why Bobby? ha! ha!

Butter. Why, is it master? He! he! What a comical concern they have made of him! Drabbit it, Squire, if we were to go home in these clothes, how old Blucher¹⁾ would savage us, and the turkey-cock gobble at us!

Old Rev. How do you like this sort of life, eh?

¹⁾ The name of a dog.

¹⁾ A wig. Our readers will remember the old barber in Walter Scott's *Antiquary*.

²⁾ Silver pieces.

³⁾ Hardly got any money left.

⁴⁾ A vessel laying on her side, is said to be on her beam-ends.

Butter. Hugely. Swinging on a gate all day is nothing to it.

Old Rev. And have you thrown about your money?

Butter. Sown it broadcast.

Old Rev. Bravo! away! for here's my confederate. Waste your time how you like.

Butter. I will, with all diligence. He! he! He'd be worth his weight in gold stuck up in a cherry orchard; but, bless him, he has a good heart. [Exit.]

Enter MRS. REVEL.

Mrs. Rev. [Walking round Old Revel] Exquisite! the concentrated essence of supreme bon ton.

Old Rev. Nay, don't laugh. Where's Ned?

Mrs. Rev. Studying the multiplication-table, and projecting plans of economy, more absurd, if possible, than his schemes of extravagance: he's coming, most dutifully, to admonish his father.

Old Rev. Hush! he's here.

Enter YOUNG REVEL and JONATHAN, with Books.

Y. Rev. Jonathan, where's the book I ordered? [Taking a Book] Dr. Franklin! great political economist! [Reads] "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." I'll get that by heart. "Take care of your shillings—guineas take care of themselves." That golden rule I'll double down for my improvident father. I must look into his affairs.

[Returns Jonathan the Book, who goes off.]

Old Rev. [To Mrs. Revel] How kind, to do for me, what he never did for himself!

Y. Rev. [Looking at Old Revel] My father, in that dress!

Old Rev. [Alarmed] What's the matter with it? If any thing is out of taste I shall faint! Call back the tailors!

Y. Rev. Oh no, they have done quite enough. [With Solemnity] I have been reflecting on my past life, my father!

Old Rev. [In the same Tone] You have done quite right, my son! take a pinch.—

[Presenting Snuff-box.]

Y. Rev. And 'tis high time for me to have done with levity.

Old Rev. It is indeed, Ned! La, la, la, la!

[Attempts waltzing with Mrs. Revel.]

Y. Rev. How can you, Constance, lend yourself to such absurdity? I thought you a reasonable woman.

Mrs. Rev. A reasonable woman! My love, don't propagate such a report, or I shall be supposed to have lost my senses.

Y. Rev. Come—this folly is assumed! I detest dissimulation!

Mrs. Rev. Detest dissimulation? Would you, with Gothic sternness, break the bonds of civilized society? 'Tis the school of mutual instruction, where faithless husbands learn prudence and uxoriousness, and vixen wives to lisp my duck and my deary: where lawyers pretend to quarrel, and doctors to agree. Dissimulation is the cementer of new friendships, and the tinker¹⁾ of old ones: it makes more matches than mutual attachment, and prevents

1) Mender.

more divorces than conjugal fidelity.—In a word, nations are indebted to it for peace, and refined society for its existence!

Y. Rev. You are an able advocate, madam.

Mrs. Rev. Your insincere praise proves, at least, I have gained a convert.

Y. Rev. I love sincerity.

Mrs. Rev. So do I, but it is not a garment for everyday's wear and tear, being formal, starch, and plebeian.

Old Rev. When do you put it on?

Mrs. Rev. In the solemn hour of devotion—in the privacy of wedded love—for the reception of real friendship—[bowing to Old Revel] I wear it now.

Old Rev. But, sounds, we are becoming moral!

Y. Rev. And very becoming it is.

Old Rev. That's more than your coat is: the collar is too low, my dear boy! there, [arranging it] that's better.

Y. Rev. My dear sir, I have left off the fancy for these—

Old Rev. Left off the fancy! but you've got the gloves¹⁾, I hope? [Sparring at him.]

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. One of your honour's tenants waits.

Y. Rev. Indeed! [with importance] nobody must wait for me: I'll go immediately.

Old Rev. Their time is valuable.

Y. Rev. Not more than mine, I assure you. Pardon my leaving you, sir,—but business must be minded. [Exeunt Y. Rev. and Jonathan.]

Old Rev. Ha! ha!

Mrs. Rev. 'Tis the mother of young Ryeland: she will not spare him.

Old Rev. I hope not; for nothing will cure him but his sounding the bass string of humility, and draining the chalice to its bitterest dregs. But here comes my blushing darling, Fanny! Now to rouse her vanity—try her fidelity—and if she comes pure from the ordeal, then bless her with the man of her heart. See how I'll play the young lover.

Enter FANNY BLOOMLY.

Fanny. Oh! good venerable old gentleman!

Mrs. Rev. Rather an awkward beginning!

[To Old Revel.]

Fanny. I would beg, but my poor heart beats so—

Old Rev. So does mine. You were no doubt thinking of my passion—my sighs— [you.]

Fanny. Indeed, sir, I was not thinking about

Old Rev. You'll make me wretched, Fanny!

Fanny. Never mind that, sir.

Old Rev. And, then, I must leave you.

Fanny. Thank you, sir. Oh, madam!

[Running to Mrs. Revel.]

Mrs. Rev. Be comforted: I'll love you.

Fanny. Will you, lady? ah, but then what signifies your love compared to my dear Frank's?

Old Rev. Bless her constant heart! I can withhold no longer: I'll give her the promise.

—[Takes out paper] Fanny, I here offer you a settlement that will make you as happy as a princess.

Fanny. I won't have it—I had rather not be as happy as a princess.

1) Boxers are called gentlemen of the Fancy; and old Revel is thus made guilty of a miserable pun.

Old Rev. Nay, but look at it.

[*Giving the Paper.*

Fanny. [*Seeing Frank's Writing, runs into Old Revel's Arms, and kisses him*] How I love you!

Old Rev. Do you? [*Delighted*] I almost wish I had the paper again!

Fanny. I'm the happiest young girl!

Old Rev. And I'm the happiest old boy!

Fanny. Now to show this to dear Frank!

Old Rev. Not till I give you leave, remember.

Fanny. Oh, you dear man!

[*Extending her Arms.*

Old Rev. Prudence! not to be again ventured, or the consequences might be.—Out of my sight, you tempting, teasing, tickling—

[*Exit Fanny. He goes up the Stage in Ecstasy.*

Mrs. Rev. My brother!

Enter SIR ARTHUR STANMORE.

Sir Arth. Constance, she is gone—lost to me for ever!

Old Rev. Another couple to make happy!—I've as much hammering together as the Scotch blacksmith¹).

Sir Arth. She must have been the victim of some envious meddling adviser—some insidious serpent—

Old Rev. That was me.

Sir Arth. And am I indebted to you for the loss of my wife? [*Indignantly.*

Old Rev. To be sure you are! now here's gratitude! and but that I am the sweetest-tempered—

Mrs. Rev. [*To Old Revel*] Come, sir, this is too distressing.

Old Rev. Not a bit; do him good. I have seen Lady Stanmore: she loves you, and when I mentioned your name, she blessed you, and a tear of repentant love fell upon this hand.

Sir Arth. [*Eagerly taking it*] What! on this hand? you have raised me from despair!—a precious drop! and on this hand?

Old Rev. I beg your pardon; I just want my hand for a minute, to take a pinch of snuff: upon my honour you shall have it again.

Mrs. Rev. Ah! Lady Stanmore's carriage!

Sir Arth. Let me fly to her!

Old Rev. [*Holding him*] Fly to her you may; but go to her you shall not. Retire!

Mrs. Rev. Dear brother! all is concerted for your happiness; pray retire, and watch my signal.

Sir Arth. [*To Old Revel*] Restore but my Harriet to these arms, and I am your debtor beyond what gratitude can pay! [*Exit.*

Old Rev. Within there! those old parchments—quick! [*Servant brings in Parchments, and exit*] What have we here? an old cancelled deed: it will do. "I must be cruel only to be kind."

Enter LADY STANMORE.

Lady Stan. Good morning, madam. [*Bowing to Mrs. Revel*] My dear Sir, I have taken the freedom—

Old Rev. Ah! is it you? [*Nods, pretending to read, but secretly observing Lady Stanmore*] "And further, that the aforesaid Harriet Stanmore shall not, by tumult of tongue,

¹) Marrying at Greta Green.

abuse, scold, insult, or, with stones, sticks, or staves, assault, beat, or batter, the aforesaid Sir Arthur—"

Lady Stan. May I inquire what those parchments are?

Old Rev. [*Chuckling her under the Chin*] Your articles of separation, my dear! No fear of your husband's troubling you when this is executed.

Lady Stan. I'm sick at heart. [*Aside.*

Old Rev. I'll tell the lawyer to wait on you at home.

Lady Stan. [*Hanging her head*] Sir, I—I—have no home.

Old Rev. True: then at Miss Raven's.

Lady Stan. [*Shuddering*] Don't name her.

Old Rev. Not your friend?

Lady Stan. Friend! she has caused all my misery; and when I flew to her with open arms to seek the shelter of her heart and home, she insulted—refused to see me.

Old Rev. That's always the way with these meddling advisers; but you'll find my conduct very different.

Lady Stan. I'm sure I shall.

Old Rev. So, whenever you happen to come this way, and will call in and take a lunch—

[*Lady Stanmore starts*] And I'm sure, Constance, you'll make Lady Stanmore welcome, as far as a cup of tea and a muffin goes.

Lady Stan. Insupportable humiliation! Sir, I hope I feel, as I ought, your protecting courtesy, and have the honour to wish you a good morning.

Mrs. Rev. Where are you going, my dear sister?

Lady Stan. I know not—farewell!

Mrs. Rev. Stay and hear me: I insist.

Lady Stan. Excuse me—

[*Going.*

Mrs. Rev. I entreat. [*Lady Stanmore curtseys, and remains*] There is an asylum I would propose, [*beckoning to Sir Arthur, who enters,*] where the world's malice could never reach you, where tranquil happiness would beam around you, and peace enshrine in its lovely temple.

Lady Stan. Is there such a haven for a wretch like me to shelter in?

Mrs. Rev. Yes, dearest sister; its gates are now open: I will lead you to your sanctuary.

[*Leads her towards Sir Arthur.*

Lady Stan. [*Seeing Sir Arthur, with Arms extended, rushes to his Feet*] My husband!

Sir Arth. Rise to my heart! [*Raising her*]—'tis your home, my Harriet!

Lady Stan. I can only offer tears.

Sir Arth. Then let mine, which spring from joy's purest fountain, change their bitterness to balmy sweetness, to connubial joy.

Old Rev. [*Throwing away parchment, and wiping his eyes*] This snuff is always getting into my eyes! That's finished; and now for Ned, and then my task is done. Come, come, time enough for raptures: to business! to business. I shall want you all;—you, Sir Arthur, must become a black-leg, and your ladyship a blue-stocking¹). Hollo, Dexter!

¹) The blue stockings or *blues* are the *femmes servantes* of England, a most formidable party in Literature at the present day. They are called *blues*, from their affected negligence of dress, so far as to wear (horrible for a lady) a *blue* stocking.

take cards and dice to the drawing-room. Mind, you are to win all my estates!

Sir Arth. With all my heart.

Old Rev. Absolutely ruin me!

Sir Arth. With the greatest pleasure.

Old Rev. Not leave me a Bank-note!

Sir Arth. Ha! ha! nor a rag to make one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE LAST.—*A Library to* YOUNG REVEL.
YOUNG REVEL seated at a Table covered with
Papers and account Books: a Pen behind
his Ear.

Eleven and seven—eighteen; and eleven—twenty-nine:—twenty pence is one and eight-pence:—two and five-pence—right:—two and aught is two—certainly—[*Noise of Dice*] What rattling noise is that?—My father and wife playing at sixpenny backgammon! what a waste of precious time!

Enter DEXTER—he runs to a Drawer.

Why am I disturbed?—What do you want?

Dex. Dice, sir; Mr. Revel and Sir Arthur are at deep play; your father has lost thousands. In his fury he swallowed the dice, and wants more.

Old Rev. [*Without*] Dice! I say.

Dex. They are here, sir. [*Exit running.*]

Y. Rev. Losing thousands!—dreadful depravity! Ah! my father, what would become of you, if you had not such a son as I am! [*Enter Jonathan*] Again my studies interrupted?

Jon. Your tenant, Dame Ryeland.

Y. Rev. What, would you bait me with her maudlin woes? Why did not you deny me?

Jon. Sir, you did not say—

Y. Rev. Was it necessary to say I did not want to see an old woman? Say, that abstruse calculations engross my mind, as you see, Jonathan! [*Exit Jonathan*] I must begin again.

Enter DAME RYELAND.

Dame. [*Speaking as she enters*] Don't jabber your nonsense to me—I will be heard.

Y. Rev. [*Rising*] Will be heard?

Dame. Your patience, sir. I beg with all humility to state, that lowly as my station is, I have feelings and affections that are very dear to me, and possessing little else makes them cling more closely round my heart.

Y. Rev. What favour do you solicit?

Dame. None: I would receive with gratitude the favours of a kind considerate landlord; but from him who does me wrong, I will accept nothing but justice, and I demand—

Y. Rev. Your language is impertinent: consider your situation.

Dame. A mother struggling for her child's happiness; and surely the cause of nature ought to be supported by the language of truth. As you cannot have forgot insulting my son by an unworthy blow, I trust you can have no objection to making him a due apology.

Y. Rev. [*Scornfully*] He requires it, does he?

Dame. No, 'tis the mother asks for peace—my son demands blow for blow. It would be kind to grant my request—perhaps prudent.

Y. Rev. Insolent! and, but that I am a lover of your sex.—

Dame. You the lover of women!—Oh no. He that can admire the sparkling eye, yet smile at the tear which dims it; he that can gaze on the heaving bosom, yet be insensible to the agony it throbs with;—is woman's worst foe, and can only expect the contempt of the virtuous, and the curses of the unfortunate.

Y. Rev. Plagues! but I have deserved it.

Old Rev. [*Without*] One more throw: what refuse me my revenge?

Sir Arth. [*Without*] Well, double or quits!

Old Rev. [*Without*] All or nothing!

[*Dice thrown.*]

Sir Arth. [*Without*] Huzza, 'tis mine! [*a Noise of broken Glass.*]

Enter BUTTERCUP.

Butter. Oh my poor master—a beggar'd gamester! he has lost all his treasures, except me.

Y. Rev. What noise was that?

Butter. In desperation, he jumped through the window, and ran to the fish-pond.

Y. Rev. You followed?

Butter. No.

Y. Rev. Fool! follow him! within there! fly, pursue! [*to Dame Ryeland*] in mercy assist.

Dame. That I will. [*Exeunt Dame Ryeland, Buttercup, and Servant.*]

Y. Rev. Ah! but here comes his honourable plunderer!

Enter SIR ARTHUR STANMORE, his Hands full of Banknotes, which he is pocketing.

Sir Arth. Ha! Ha! What glorious sport! I'm a made man.

Y. Rev. Sir, this intrusion into my room of business is irregular and offensive.

Sir Arth. Indeed!—I have not left him land enough to fill a bowpot; nor timbers, to make the old boy a crutch.

Y. Rev. To add insult to ruin is the act of a coward.

Sir Arth. I understand, but I'm not to be bounced out of my property.

Y. Rev. Follow me.

Sir Arth. No—I sha'n't fight to day! deep play has shattered my nerves—I'm fatigued by the oppression of wealth—I really could not depend on my aim: [*Looking along his Finger towards Young Revel*] but to-morrow, breakfast and bullets are at your service.

Y. Rev. I heard some one lamenting.

Sir Arth. It would be rather awkward if the old boy has been desperate.

Butter. [*Without*] I've cut him down! I've cut him down!

Sir Arth. Surely he could not be so vulgar as to hang himself!

Enter BUTTERCUP. MRS. REVEL and LADY STANMORE enter, supporting OLD REVEL, his Dress disordered. They place him in a Chair; following them, enter DAME RYELAND, FRANK, and FANNY.

Butter. Oh, that ever I should live to save my old master from killing himself!

Old Rev. Where am I? [*Looking at Sir Arthur and Young Revel*] Among fiends! [*Looking at the Ladies*]—No—angels!

Y. Rev. Look up, my father, see your repentant, broken-hearted son.

Old Rev. Ah, Ned, is that you? I have done my best to follow my dear son's example: you see what it has ended in—ruin!

Y. Rev. Be comforted, sir, all I have is yours.

Old Rev. All he has—*[Aside]*—not a guinea!

Y. Rev. I'll labour for you: no obstacle shall deter: I'll rise every morning at ten—

Old Rev. Rise with the lark at ten! hear that, ye ploughmen.

Y. Rev. I'll part with my billiard table!

Old Rev. Mark that, ye markers!

[A Noise of several Voices without.]

Enter DEXTER.

Dex. [Aside] My new master ruined! I must rat¹⁾.

Old Rev. What's the matter, my dear Dexter?

Dex. Ugly reports have reached your creditors: they clamously demand their money, or your person.

Old Rev. My person! Why, as I feel pretty comfortable here, you had better pay them.

[Rises.]

Dex. 'Tis the best way when it happens to be convenient.

[Significantly.]

Old Rev. Here are a few thousands. *[Pulling out notes]* Will these do, Dexter?

Dex. Not ruined? Oh! about ship again!

[Aside] No, Sir; I'll not pay the scoundrels a farthing! to dare to molest a noble gentleman with their insolent demands! I'll ride the house of the rascals. *[Exit.]*

Y. Rev. Sir, you have dropt notes to an enormous amount.

[Picking up notes.]

Old Rev. Never mind, Ned, put them in your pocket.

Y. Rev. Ah! hopes down! light flashes! Sir Arthur, you are not the scoundrel I took you for. Dear father, you are not ruined!

Old Rev. [With Emphasis] What! could I, in one day, shamefully dissipate the product of fifty years' honourable industry? Could I, at my age, seriously practise the profligacy I wept to behold at yours?

Y. Rev. I kiss the rod! Your discipline has been severe; but the cure is radical. The father has, indeed, at heart the son's interest.

Old Rev. Then let the son have at heart the father's principle: you are restored to affluence—how will you use it?

Y. Rev. In proving myself worthy the forgiveness of such a wife!—in fully estimating the blessing of such a father!

Old Rev. Then my plan has triumphed, and I feel a giant refreshed.

1) Desert my party.

Fanny. Dear sir, may I—*[Showing a Paper, Old Rev. nods, and chuckles her under the chin]* Here, dear Frank! look, Dame!

[They come forward.]

Y. Rev. Mr. Ryeland, I have wrangled, insulted—

Frank. Enough! I perceive, sir, you are sorry for what you have done; but one blow demands another; 'twas this hand that gave it—thus I return it!

[Takes Young Rev's hand, and bows.]

Y. Rev. Generous fellow! be my friend, my companion!

Dame. Excuse him there. It would be a pity to spoil an excellent farmer by making him a shabby sort of gentleman. No: we'll keep as we are; and while agriculture affords health and competence to the cultivator, and good subjects to the state, I trust its efforts will be justly estimated, and its children respected.

Enter DEXTER.

Dex. I've cleared the house of the scoundrels.

Old Rev. What, all gone?

Dex. All.

Old Rev. [With emphasis] But one. Did you ever see these dice before? Refund *[Pointing to Frank]* or go. Bob, see your friend out.—Embrace him at parting. *[Apart to him]* Give him a Cornish hug!

Butter. I will. *[Exeunt Dexter and Butter.]*

Lady Stan. Dear sir, to your correcting discipline I owe my happiness.

Y. Rev. And I—

Frank. And I—

Sir Arth. And all.

Old Rev. Then am I pedagogue of our School for Grown Children.

Enter BUTTERCUP.

Pupils, stand in a row! and let me hope that we shall find indulgent and encouraging patrons, while our lessons inculcate that we should avoid—

Y. Rev. Profligacy—

Lady Stan. Pettishness—

Frank. Intemperance—

Fanny. Vanity.

Old Rev. That we should cherish—

Sir Arth. Honourable occupation—

Mrs. Rev. Cheerful obedience—

Dame. Inflexible integrity—

Butter. And a good heart.

1) Signifies a good beating

ARTHUR MURPHY

Was born near Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, December 27, 1750. His father was a merchant in Dublin; and his mother, whose maiden name was French, was the daughter of Arthur French, of Tyrone, in the county of Galway. When young, our author was brought to London by his mother; whence he was sent to an aunt, (Mrs. Plunket) then residing at Boulogne, who entered her nephew at the College of St. Omers, in 1760. Here he remained near seven years, and on his return spent two years in the counting-house of Mr. Hanold, an eminent merchant in Cork. Leaving this place in consequence of a theatrical dispute, in which he had taken too active a part, he came to town, and obtained admission into the counting-house of Ironside and Belchier, bankers. How long Mr. Murphy continued in this situation we are not informed; but when he relinquished it, having cultivated a taste for literature, and

conceived a disgust to trade, he commenced author. In the year 1758, he published *The Gray's Inn Journal*, which continued until October 1754. His next attempt was on the stage, where he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Othello, October 18, 1754; but though he possessed figure, voice, genius, and an accurate conception of the parts he acted; yet he soon found that he was not likely to add to his fame in a situation where excellence is very seldom to be met with. At the end of the first year he removed to Drury Lane, where he remained only until the season closed, at the conclusion of which he renounced the theatres as an actor, and resumed his former employment of a writer. The violence of parties at this juncture running very high, our author undertook the defence of the unpopular side, and began a periodical paper, 6th November 1756, called *The Teat*, which was answered by the late Owen Ruff-head, Esquire, in another, under the title of *The Contest*. To prevent his being obliged to rely solely on the precarious state of an author, he now determined to study the law; but, on his first application to the societies of both the Temples and Gray's Inn, he had the mortification to be refused admission, on the illiberal ground of his having acted on the stage. He was, however, received as a member of Lincoln's Inn, and in due time called to the bar; after which he gradually withdrew himself from the public as a writer. At the beginning of the reign of King George III. he was employed to write against the famous *North Briton*, and for a considerable sum published a weekly paper, called *The Auditor*; but being disgusted, as is supposed, at some improper behaviour among his party, he from that time gave up all attention to politics, and devoted himself wholly to the study of his profession as a lawyer. He published an edition of Henry Fielding's works, with a life of the author, in 1768. His translation of *Tacitus*, his poems, prologues, etc. are well known, and have been justly admired. His *Life of David Garrick*, however, did him no credit. He was many years a commissioner of bankrupts, in which office he continued to his death, which happened at Knightsbridge, the 18th of June 1825.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Comedy of two acts, by Arthur Murphy. Performed at Covent Garden. 1776. This piece affords a very striking proof of the capriciousness of public taste, and the injustice of some public determinations. It is no other than the *What we must all come to*, of the same author, with a new title. On its first appearance it was condemned almost without a hearing, and lay dormant for several years, until Mr. Lewis ventured to produce it again at his benefit; when it met with universal applause, and still continues to be frequently acted and favourably received. The following anecdote is related by Mr. Ryley (in his entertaining work called *The Itinerant*) of a country manager, named Davies: When Mr. Ross, formerly the Edinburgh Roscius, was at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, in a very infirm state of health, being a general favourite among the visitors, Manager Davies applied to him, and he bespoke *Three Weeks after Marriage*. Davies undertook the part of Sir Charles; and Miss Stanley was quite at home in Lady Racket, having often played it with Mr. Dimond, of the Bath Theatre, whose business she wrote down for Davies's instruction. One thing, which she particularly desired, was, that when they are parting after the first quarrel, and she says, "Won't you go to bed?" he should reply, "No, Madam, I'll never go to bed with a woman who does not know *what's trumps*." It is supposed that he had taken particular pains to be correct; but not being at all easy in the part, and seeing the eyes of the great actor Ross intently fixed upon him from the stage-box, when the fatal question was put, "Come, Sir Charles, won't you go to bed?" he replied, "No, Madam, I'll never go to bed with a woman that *trumps*!" The house was in a roar. Davies, perceiving his mistake, made it worse by hawling out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I did not mean any such thing; I meant trumps at cards—diamonds, spades, clubs—that is, I—" and off she stage he ran, and was with great difficulty persuaded to appear again that evening.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR CHARLES RACKET.
DRUGGET.

LOVELACE.
WOODLEY.

LADY RACKET.
MRS. DRUGGET.

NANCY.
DIMITY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter WOODLEY and DIMITY.

Dim. Po! po!—no such thing—I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity—has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience—But go on your own way, sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity—your advice has governed my whole conduct—Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick!—you ought to have made love to the father and mother—what, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for?—That was the practice, indeed; but things are alter'd now—you must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress—that's the way of the world now.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then?—You should have entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank—

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself.—Have not you to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country—and yet you must find fault with his situation!—What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know *his* heart is set upon it; and could not you have commended his taste? But you must be too frank!—Those walks and alleys are too regular—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes.—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature—Oh, you're likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But, why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first—And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter—"Don't you see," says she, "how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying sir Charles Racket?" She has been married three entire

weeks, and not so much as one angry word has pass'd between them—Nancy shall have a man of quality too."

Wood. And yet I know sir Charles Racket perfectly-well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last—But what then? You should have humour'd the old folks—you should have been a talking empty top to the good old lady, and to the old gentleman an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him—he is grown fond of his beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him; the coxcomb ingratulates himself by flattery, and you're undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons—To-morrow is fix'd for the wedding-day; sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engag'd, indeed, at a great rout in town but they take a bed here, notwithstanding.—The family is sitting up for them; Mr. Druggett will keep you all up in the next room there, till they arrive—and to-morrow the business is over—and yet you don't despair!—hush!—hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace.—Step in, and I'll devise something, I warrant you. [*Exit Woodley*] The old folks shall not have their own way—'tis enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do. So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

Nan. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, miss?—I thought you were gone to bed!

Nan. What should I go to bed for? Only to tumble and toss, and fret and be uneasy—they are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Dim. Why then you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frighten'd at such a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me choose for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nan. My mamma does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion?

Nan. Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nan. Does it?—pray who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o'my conscience.

Nan. And what's the last new fashion, pray?

Dim. Why, to marry any fop that has a few, deceitful, agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable tailor.

Nan. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nan. Why, then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan. Pshaw! I don't like him; he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleas'd with himself all the while.—I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with sir Charles Racket—and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. Oh! fie! no! they won't quarrel yet awhile.—A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest—By-and-by we shall hear of their whims and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

Nan. I don't know what to say.

Re-enter WOODLEY.

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betray'd me so, Dimity; I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that—Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haste away.

[*Exit Woodley and Nancy.*]

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb!—Dimity, do you step to Mrs. Druggett, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, sir—It works upon him. I see.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already—a sorry, ignorant fop!—When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by.—And then to abuse the nurseryman's rarities!—A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose not quite grown, but it's thought in the spring it will be very forward—I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground-ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay, and there's a lord mayor's feast in honeysuckle, and the whole court of aldermen in hornbeam; with the dragon of Wantley in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be wall'd round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nurseryman's whole catalogue—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more—And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of it, but I'll dissappoint ye both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—Don't ask me, pray don't—I don't like pain.

Drug. I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. [*Cries*] Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither—

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!—

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as sir Charles and lady Racket arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again—You know, my sweet, what an happy couple sir Charles and his lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

Re-enter DIMITY.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy—Where are they? I long to see 'em! [*Exit.*]

Dim. Well, sir, the couple are arriv'd.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! don't forbode any ill, you jade—don't, I say—It will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good humour'd—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done—and yet there is in the composition of sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head—Vhea once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! hut here he comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES RACKET.

Sir C. My dear sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, sir Charles.

Sir C. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable

of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir C. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why my wife is so minded.

Sir C. Oh, by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow Lovelace—And as to that Mr.—Woodley I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—nobody knows him; he is not one of us—Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it must be so—Would you take any refreshment?

Sir C. Nothing in nature—it is time to retire.

Drug. Well, well! good night then, sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter—Good night, sir Charles.

Sir C. Bon repos.

Drug [*Going out*] My lady Racket, I'm glad to hear how happy you are, I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. I must humour this old putt, in order to be remember'd in his will.

Enter LADY RACKET.

Lady R. O lat—I'm quite fatigued—I can hardly move—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There, take my arm—Was ever thing so pretty made to walk?

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No. Dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? pshaw!—You awkward thing, let it alone; you can't fit to be about me, I might as well not be married, for any use you are of—reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—why do you drag me to routs?—You know I hate 'em.

Sir C. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour; I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much.

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir C. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—Not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir C. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool!—But I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury—Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night—I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was cramm'd up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind 'em?

Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange, unaccount-

able woman, Mrs. Nightshade—She behav'd so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natur'd, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man—but she so teas'd him—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Ah, fie! I'm asham'd of you!"

Sir C. She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all—there was my lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins—"Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your la'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—and so, me'm, little Pompey—and if your la'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty, little, innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—and so, me'em, while I was talking to captain Flimsey—your la'ship knows captain Flimsey—nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it!"—and so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once?—And so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is heal'd, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?"

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now let's go to rest—but, sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

Sir C. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir C. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card, against the world.

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

Sir C. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir C. 'Sdeath and fury! do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so—have it your own way.

[*Walks about and sings.*]

Sir C. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever liv'd; there's no conversing with you—Look'ye here, my lady Racket—

it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, sir! ha, ha, ha!

[*With a sneering laugh.*]

Sir C. I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—then, you know—the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't see it—give me leave, sir Charles—your left hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finess'd the club, and rough'd the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir C. Zoons! madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, sir.

Sir C. Zoons! hear me, I say—Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

[*Hums a Tune, and walks about fretfully.*]

Sir C. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a stoic. [*Looks at her; she walks about, and laughs uneasily.*] Very well, madam—you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—you know no more of what than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Takes out a Glass, and settles her Hair.*]

Sir C. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, sir.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be as I please—I'll order my chariot this moment. [*Going.*] I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. [*Going.*] And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my lady Racket. [*She hums a Tune, and he looks at her.*] Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent—Lookye, my lady Racket—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business.—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir C. Damn it, I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. [*Exit.*]

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman's in! ha, ha! [*Laughs in a peevish Manner.*] I promise him I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES RACKET.

Sir C. My lady Racket, lookye, ma'am—once more, out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinc'd of your good nature.

Sir C. That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so—I have no objection.

Sir C. It's the clearest point in the world—we were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that very reason—you know the club was the best in the house.

Sir C. There is no such thing as talking to

1) This is said in reply to a look of mortification from her partner at her playing such bad cards.

you—You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant—[*Stops at the Door*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well!—I'll go to bed—will you come?—You had better—come then—you shall come to bed—not come to bed when I ask you!—Poor sir Charles! [Looks and laughs; then exits.]

Sir C. That ease is provoking. [*Crosses to the opposite Door where she went out*] I tell you the diamond was not the play, and I here take my final leave of you. [*Walks back as fast as he can*] I am resolv'd upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the house. [Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Ha, ha, ha! oh, heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing—this is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had—the whole house is in an uproar—ha, ha! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter—ho, ho, ho! this is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity?—What am I call'd down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion—[*Stifles a laugh.*]

Drug. Why, you saucy minx!—Explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour—Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Ay!—what, have they quarrell'd—what was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehension, and yours too, I believe—People in high life understand their own forms best—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [Exit.]

Enter SIR CHARLES RACKET.

Sir C. [*To the People within*] I say let the horses be put to this moment—So, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle—I did not expect this—what can be the matter?

Sir C. I have been us'd by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunderbolt to me! After seeing how elegantly and fashionably you liv'd together, to find now all sunshine vanish'd—Do, sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir C. Sir, 'tis impossible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over hasty—let me entreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it—in the morning, when you're cool—

Sir C. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure—ha, ha!—it is not in her power, sir, to—a—a

—to disturb the serenity of my temper—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine—But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! My daughter, I hope—

Sir C. Her character is now fully known to me—she's a vile woman! that's all I have to say, sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—a vile woman—what has she done—I hope she is not capable—

Sir C. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it a present—But depend upon it I have done with her—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put to.

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble—Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's any thing amiss—

Sir C. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake—but there is no possibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! VVhat can she have done?

Sir C. VVhat all her sex can do; the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay, ay, ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us—This comes of her marrying a man of fashion.

Sir C. Fashion, sir!—that should have instructed her better—she might have been sensible of her happiness—VWhatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims respect—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world, as she has been by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir C. And, sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir C. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir C. Nothing can excuse her—'tis to no purpose—she has married above her; and if that circumstance makes the lady forget herself, she at least shall see that I can, and will support my own dignity.

Drug. But, sir, I have a right to ask—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear; be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience; I must and will inquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say—you're not a person of fashion at least—My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir C. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then it is all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour! how the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [Exit.]

Sir C. She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town—My mind is fixed—She sees me no more; and so, your servant, sir. *[Exit.*

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and so well dispos'd, till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turn'd her to folly. *[Exit.*

Re-enter MRS. DRUGGET and DIMITY, with LADY RACKET.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner, to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh, child! I never thought I would have come to this—your shame won't end here! it will be all over St. James's parish by to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her—you shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so harden'd.

Lady R. Harden'd do you call it?—I have liv'd in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband.

Lady R. How! *[Turns short and stares at her.]* Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this—has sir Charles accus'd me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has—he has found you out, and you have behav'd basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolv'd to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that, ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Lady R. Then let your doors be open'd for him this very moment—let him return to London—if he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, though he beg on his knees at my very door—a base, injurious man! *[Exit.*

Mrs. D. Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself. *[Exit.*

Dim. She has excuse enough, I warrant her—What a noise is here indeed!—I have liv'd in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. *[Exit.*

Re-enter SIR CHARLES RACKET and DRUGGET.

Sir C. 'Tis in vain, sir; my resolution is taken—

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir C. She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive—there may be some mistake.

Sir C. No mistake—did not I see her, hear her myself?

Drug. Lack-a-day! then I am an unfortunate man!

Sir C. She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—she may thank herself—she might have been happy, had she been so dispos'd.

Drug. Why truly I think she might.

Re-enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. I wish you'd moderate your anger a little—and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every title of your charge.

Sir C. Denies it! denies it!

Sir C. She does indeed.

Sir C. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir C. So! she does not allow it to be wrong then!—Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly; I say, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs. D. Then you are in opposite stories—she swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

Sir C. And what then?—What if she does say so?

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir C. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charg'd her with infidelity to me, madam—there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did not you charge her then?

Sir C. No, sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you're a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Pr'ythee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet—though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it—did not I fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir C. What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charg'd her with falsehood to your bed.

Sir C. No—never—never.

Drug. But I say you did—you call'd yourself a cuckold—did not he, wife?

Mrs. D. Yes, lovey, I'm witness.

Sir C. Absurd! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver you did.

Mrs. D. You did indeed, sir.

Sir C. But I tell you no—positively no.

Drug. *Mrs. D.* And I say yes—positively yes.

Sir C. 'Sdeath, this is all madness—

Drug. You said she follow'd the ways of most of her sex.

Sir C. I said so—and what then?

Drug. There he owns it—owns that he call'd himself a cuckold—and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

Sir C. I never own'd any such thing.

Drug. You own'd it even now—now—now—now.

Re-enter DIMITY, in a fit of Laughing.

Dim. What do you think it was all about—ha, ha! the whole secret is come out, ha, ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha, ha!—

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. [Laughing] It was all about a club and a diamond. [Runs out Laughing.]

Drug. And was that all, sir Charles?

Sir C. And enough too, sir.

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir C. I can't bear to be contradicted when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

Drug. I never heard such a heap of nonsense in all my life. Why does not he go and beg her pardon, then?

Sir C. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assur'd. [Exit.]

Drug. Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you.

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my lady Racket to speak to him—then all will be well. [Exit.]

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse, however.

Enter NANCY.

So, Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it?—With all this noise in the house, and you're going to marry me as ill as my sister—I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Nan. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall—don't fright yourself, child—step to your sister, bid her make herself easy—go, and comfort her, go.

Nan. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

SIR CHARLES RACKET discovered with a Pack of Cards in his Hand.

Sir C. Never was any thing like her behaviour—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there—now—there—no—damn it—no—there it was—now let's see—they had four by honours—and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation!—honours were divided—ay! honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other side had the—confusion!—this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head—[Puts the Cards into his Pocket] Mighty well, madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Come, sir Charles, let me prevail—Come with me and speak to her.

Sir C. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bath'd in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again—I'll have nothing to say to her—[Going, stops] Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does, she agrees to any thing.

Sir C. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please—she's all submission.

Sir C. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs. D. She does—she does.

Sir C. Then I'll step and speak to her—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [Exit.]

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [Exit.]

Enter DRUGGET and LOVELACE.

Drug. So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end—Have they made it up?

Loce. Oh! a mere bagatelle, sir—these little fracas among the better sort of people never last long—elegant trifles cause elegant disputes, and we come together elegantly again—as you see—for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES RACKET and Mrs. DRUGGET, with LADY RACKET.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; sir, you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconcil'd again?

Lady R. All made up, sir—I knew how to bring him to my lure—This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, sir Charles?

Sir C. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy at last—Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

Sir C. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well, well!—It's time to retire now—I am glad to see you reconciled—and now I'll wish you a good night, sir Charles—Mr. Lovelace, this is your way—fare ye well both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end—This way, Mr. Lovelace.

[Exit Mrs. Drugget, Mrs. Drugget, and Lovelace.]

Lady R. Ah! you're a sad man, sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

Sir C. My dear, I grant it—and such an absurd quarrel too—ha, ha!

Lady R. Yes—ha, ha!—about such a trifle.

Sir C. It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha, ha!

Lady R. Ridiculous, beyond expression—ha, ha!

Sir C. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha, ha!

Lady R. That too is a diverting part of the story—ha, ha!—But, sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

Sir C. No, no, pr'ythee—don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

Sir C. Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady R. How could you say so harsh a thing?—I don't love you.

Sir C. It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a vile woman?

Sir C. How can you, my angel?

Lady R. I shan't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this. [*Sings, and plays with him*]—Go, naughty man.—Ah! sir Charles!

Sir C. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

Lady R. [*Sings*] Go, naughty man, I can't abide you.—Well! come let us go to rest. [*Going*] Ah, sir Charles!—now it is all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Oh no, no, no,—my dear! ha, ha!—it was the club indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you're mistaken.

Sir C. Oh, no, no, no.

Lady R. But I say, yes, yes, yes—

[*Both Laughing.*]

Sir C. Pshaw! no such thing—ha, ha!

Lady R. 'Tis so, indeed—ha, ha!

Sir C. No, no, no—you'll make me die with laughing.

Lady R. Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha, ha!

[*Toying with him.*]

Enter Footman.

Footm. Your honour's cap and slippers.

Sir C. Ay, lay down my nightcap—and here, take these shoes off. [*He takes them off, and leaves them at a distance*] Indeed, my lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha, ha!

Lady R. You may laugh—but I'm right, notwithstanding.

Sir C. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir C. Well now mind me, my lady Racket—We can now talk of this matter in good humour—We can discuss it coolly.

Lady R. So we can—and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you—are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir C. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty—but indeed you played the card wrong.

Sir C. How can you talk so?—

[*Somewhat peevish.*]

Lady R. See there now—

Sir C. Listen to me—this was the affair—

Lady R. Pshaw! fiddlestick! hear me first.

Sir C. Po—no—damn it, let me speak.

Lady R. Very well, sir! fly out again.

Sir C. Look here now—here's a pack of cards—now you shall be convinced—

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow; I know I'm right.

[*Walks about.*]

Sir C. Why then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here now—here are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.

Sir C. Damn it! will you let a man show you. Po! it's all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it—[*Puts up the Cards*] Come, we'll go to bed. [*Going*] Now only stay a moment—[*Takes out the Cards*] Now, mind me—see here—

Lady R. No, it does not signify—your head will be clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed.

Sir C. Stay a moment, can't ye?

Lady R. No—my head begins to ache—

[*Affectedly.*]

Sir C. Why then, damn the cards—there—there [*Throwing the Cards about*] and there, and there—You may go to bed by yourself; and confusion seize me if I live a moment longer with you—[*Putting on his Shoes again*] No, never, madam.

Lady R. Take your own way, sir.

Sir C. Now then, I tell you once more you are a vile woman.

Lady R. Ha, ha! don't make me laugh again, sir Charles.

Sir C. I wish I had never seen your face—I wish I was a thousand miles off; will you sit down quietly and let me convince you?

[*Sits down.*]

Lady R. I'm disposed to walk about, sir, I thank you.

Sir C. Why then, may I perish if ever—a blockhead—an idiot I was to marry [*Walks about*] such a provoking—impertinent—[*She sits down*]—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—she is not worth my notice—[*Sits down, turns his Back, and looks uneasy*] I'll take no more pains about it—[*Pauses for some time, then looks at her*] Is not it very strange that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir C. Very well then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game stood.

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me.

Sir C. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly.

Sir C. Why thus—you may be as wrong as you please, and may I never hold four by honour, if I ever endeavour to set you right again.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter DRUGGET, MRS. DRUGGET, and LOVE-LACE; with WOODLEY and NANCY.

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born—I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose.—Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, she is yours for life.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so—

Drug. It shall be so—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

Love. The devil! and so I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

Lady R. Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to—This will all be made up.

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now—Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, say I! for these wranglings are, I am afraid, what we must all come to.

Lady R. [*Advancing*] What we must all come to? What?—Come to what?

Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot? | To form a plan so trivial, false, and low?
 If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet, | As if a belle could quarrel with a beau.
 'The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll show it.' | Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,
 VVhate could induce him in an age so nice, | VVake to a blaze the dying flame no more.
 So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice, | [Exit.]

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Who has been with great propriety styled the *Congreve* of the present day, was born at Quilca, near Dublin, about the year 1753; and at the age of six years was brought to England, and placed at Harrow school, where he received his education, under the care of Dr. Burner. After having finished his studies at that seminary, he entered himself of the Middle Temple society, with a view to the profession of the law; but the attractions of dramatic poetry seem to have suspended his ardour in that pursuit. At the age of eighteen, he joined with another gentleman in translating the epistles of Aristænetus from the Greek; and, before he arrived at the age of twenty-two, his first play, *The Rivals*, was acted. In the year 1776, Mr. Garrick having resolved to quit all his theatrical connexions, entered into a treaty with Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Linley, and Mr. Ford, for the sale of his share and interest in the patent, which agreement was soon afterwards finished, and our author became one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre. On the 13th of April 1775, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Linley, an accomplished lady of exquisite musical talents. Amidst the cares of a theatre, Mr. Sheridan had not kept clear of the concerns of the political drama. Among the connexions that he had formed in this way was the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox. To that great man, then at the height of his talents, we may most probably attribute Mr. Sheridan's commencement of senatorial honours. After a variety of expectations from parliamentary interests, he offered himself a candidate for the independent borough of Stafford, in the election of 1780, against the gentleman who had for some years represented it, and succeeded. His connexion with Mr. Fox naturally led him to the support of his party, at that time in opposition. His first effort in parliament was on the subject of the employment of the military during the riots arising from the Protestant petition. On the accession to power of the second administration formed under the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1783, when Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox were principal secretaries of state, and Burke was paymaster of the forces, Mr. Sheridan became under-secretary to his friend, and with him resigned, when the death of that Noble Marquis again changed the disposition of power. Again Mr. Sheridan returned to his former exertions with new vigour, and, in conjunction with other persons, set up a periodical paper, called *The Jesuit*, which had not been long established, when its authors rendered themselves liable to a prosecution. This was not long delayed; for Mr. Pitt, then just twenty-three years old, was at the head of the administration, Mr. Dundas was the treasurer of the navy, etc., and Lord Shelburne at the head of the treasury-board. The powerful party under Lord North was now in opposition as well as that of Mr. Fox. A coalition was therefore brought about by means of Edmund Burke, the mutual friend of both, for the purpose of creating a majority against administration—This was that celebrated coalition, against which every party joined in mutual re-creation. On the debate of the preliminary articles of peace, (February 17, 1783.) Mr. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish, in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Mr. Pitt, in answer to him, thought proper to commence his speech with the following exordium: "No man (he said) admired more than he did, the abilities of that Honourable Gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points: and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would no doubt receive, what the Honourable Gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience: and it would be his fortune, '*Sui plausu gaudere theatri*.' But this was not the proper scene for these elegancies; and he therefore called the attention of the House to the question," etc. In his reply to this, Mr. Sheridan said, that "On the particular sort of personality which the Right Honourable Gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment: the propriety—the taste—the gentlemanly point of it, must have been obvious to the House. But (continued he), let me assure the Right Honourable Gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay, I will say more—flattered and encouraged by the Right Honourable Gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters—that of the Angry Boy in *The Alchemist*." The Coalition triumphed for a time, and Mr. Sheridan again returned to place (April 1785), as secretary to the treasury, of which the Duke of Portland was first Lord. Mr. Fox, at the same time, was secretary for foreign affairs, and Lord North for the home department, while Mr. Burke, as before, was paymaster. In defence of the Bill for the Government of India, of his friend Mr. Fox, Sheridan evinced powers which appeared to astonish equally his auditors and the public. The time was, however, arrived when the whole men and measures of the English government were to experience a change, and Mr. Sheridan, with his friends, receded into a long exile from power, on Mr. Pitt's more general assumption of it.—The latter gentleman now became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, with a number of new characters in the highest departments of the state. This did not, however, interrupt Mr. Sheridan's career to excellence and importance as a parliamentary orator; for, on the trial of Mr. Hastings, arising out of the disorders in the government of India, on which he had already distinguished himself, he was appointed a manager. The great estimation in which he then stood, may be readily conceived by the following eulogium, pronounced on him by Burke, upon his exertions in the above business: "He has this day surprised the thousands, who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—known upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected"—Mr. Fox said, that all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing—Mr. Pitt acknowledged, "that he had surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and that his speech (on the third charge against Mr. Hastings) possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish, to agitate and control the human mind." The next great occasion in which the powers of his eloquence were called forth, was the question of regency; in which he supported with great dignity the rights of his Royal Patron. Throughout the whole of this important period, the Prince of Wales honoured Mr. Sheridan with his confidence, and which has since remained with a steady constancy. About the same time he also lost his father, who died at Margate, August 16, 1788. The true friend of liberty, he always displayed himself as a genuine loyalist. During the melancholy period of the naval mutiny, he said—"Whatever difference in political sentiments might prevail in the country, the moment was come when His Majesty had an undoubted right to call upon all his subjects for their jealous co-operation in maintaining the due execution of the laws, and in giving every possible efficiency to the measures of Government." In all questions that regard the liberty of the subject, Mr. Sheridan has ever been prominent and active; and in questions of commerce and finance, as well as military affairs, he has surprised his most intimate friends. Mr. Sheridan had, previous to his entering into Parliament, increased his property in the Theatre

Royal, Drury Lane, by the purchase of Mr. Lacy's share in the patent, in addition to his own; yet the increased expenses of an establishment calculated for all that was great and gay, rendered the increase of fortune unequal to their support, and produced embarrassments, of which, however they may, on some occasions, delight in the recital, we should not feel warranted in the insertion. In 1798, he lost his lady, who died of a lingering decline. Mr. Wilkes said of her, she was "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower" he had seen. Once more he lent his aid to the interests of Drury Lane Theatre, as well as the drama at large. In the latter end of the season of 1799, appeared the tragedy of *Pizarro*, translated from the German of Kotzebue; but translated with such freedom and additional beauties that it might be said to be his own. It was most happily adapted to the times and to the genius of the British nation, with all the graces and combinations of dramatic interest; hence the applause it met with was unbounded. Notwithstanding the success of the establishment, for which Mr. Sheridan's talents were so ably exerted, its finances were in a state that required the frequent interference of the Lord Chancellor; the decisions of whom were, however, always to the honour of Mr. Sheridan. It was about this time that he purchased the pleasant villa of Poleadam, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, formerly the residence of Admiral Geary; soon after which he was appointed receiver-general of the Duties of Cornwall, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan acted as usual in accordance with Mr. Fox; and on the return of Mr. Pitt, to office, he did not fail of his wonted rigour against him. On the death of that great statesman, Mr. Fox, after an absence from power of twenty-three years, was, by the unanimous voice of the Sovereign and the people, called into office, and Mr. Sheridan was invited to share the honours of his friend. He became a member of the privy council, and treasurer of the navy, and applied himself to the important duties of his situation with great diligence. But an event soon took place that checked the apparent serenity of his progress, as well as that of his co-partners: this was the death of Mr. Fox. The pleasing prospects which honour, popularity, and power, might have given to the view of Mr. Sheridan, now soon faded before him. On the subject of the Roman Catholic question a difference in the cabinet took place, which occasioned a sudden dissolution of Parliament in consequence of which Mr. Sheridan again was found in opposition, in which he continued. We decline stating the wretchedness of his latter end, as that is now known to all the world.

THE RIVALS.

Comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Acted at Covent-Garden, 1775. This was the first dramatic piece of an author, who has since reached the highest point of excellence in the least easy and most hazardous species of writing. The present play is formed on a plot unhorrified from any former drama, and contains wit, humour, character, incident, and the principle requisites to constitute a perfect comedy. It, notwithstanding, met with very harsh treatment the first night, and was with difficulty allowed a second representation. It has, however, of late years been always received with great applause.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE,
FAULKLAND.
ACRES.

SIR LUCIUS O'
TRIGGER.
FAG.
DAVID.

COACHMAN.
MRS. MALAPROP.
LYDIA LANGUISH.
JULIA.

LUCY.
Maid, Boy, Servants, etc.

SCENE.—*Bath. Time of Action—Five Hours.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in BATH. COACHMAN crosses the stage.*

Enter FAG, looking after him.

Fag. WHAT! Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—What! Thomas! Thomas!

Coach. Hey!—Odd's life! Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas:—I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

Coach. Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion, be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Ay! master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit;—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, ay! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.—

Coach. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coach. No! why didn't you say you had left young master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther:—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *ensign* half of my master being on guard at present—the *captain* has nothing to do with me.

Coach. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coach. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—Love,—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coach. Ay, ay!—I guess'd there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your master pass only for *ensign*?—now if he had sham'd *general* indeed—

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste a lady who likes him better as a *half-pay-ensign* than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Coach. That is an odd taste indeed! but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich! why, I believe she owns half the stocks! Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washer-woman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of

gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coach. Bravo, faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least—but does she draw kindly with the captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though, by the by, she has never seen my master—for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o'merry-making, hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance; but damn the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupefy me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coach. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must—Here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

Coach. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coach. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of their professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge the exciseman has ta'en to his carrots¹⁾, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his bob, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! 'tis the captain—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coach. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag—

Fag. Good bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [*Exeunt severally.*]

¹⁾ Red hair.

SCENE II.—*A Dressing-room in Mrs. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.*

LYDIA sitting on a Sofa, with a book in her Hand. LUCY, as just returned from a Message.

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at. *Lydia.* And could not you get "The Reward of Constancy?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lydia. Nor "The Fatal Connexion?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lydia. Nor "The Mistakes of the Heart?"

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lydia. Heigh-ho?—Did you inquire for "The Delicate Distress?"

Lucy. Or, "The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?" Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-ea'd it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, ma'am. [*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.*] This is "The Gordian Knot,"—and this "Peregrine Pickle" Here are "The Tears of Sensibility," and "Humphrey Clinker." This is "The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself," and here the second volume of "The Sentimental Journey."

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only "The Whole Duty of Man," where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lydia. Very well—give me the *sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

Lydia. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. O, the drops!—here ma'am.

Lydia. Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is—[*Exit Lucy*] Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice! [*Re-enter Lucy.*]

Lucy. Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lydia. Is it possible!—

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [*Embrace*] How unexpected was this happiness!

Julia. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater;—but what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

Lydia. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—but first inform me what has conjured you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Julia. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

Lydia. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me

—My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since!—Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here at Lady Macbuffle's rout.

Julia. You jest, Lydia!

Lydia. No, upon my word!—She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;—but it is a Delia or a Celia, I assure you.

Julia. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lydia. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague!—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Julia. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best.—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lydia. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Julia. What was his offence?

Lydia. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel!—And, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity.—So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman. I signed it "your friend unknown," showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Julia. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lydia. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Julia. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lydia. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Julia. Nay, this is caprice!

Lydia. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had injured her to it.

Julia. I do not love even his faults.

Lydia. But à propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Julia. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lydia. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress (though under the protection of Sir

Anthony), yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Julia. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is capitious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackneyed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough:—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lydia. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him. But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Julia. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient—

Lydia. Obligation!—Why a water-spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Julia. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lydia. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter LUCY in a hurry.

Lucy. O ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lydia. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. [Exit Lucy.]

Julia. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another staircase.

Julia. Adieu!— [Embrace. Exit Julia.]

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling “Peregrine Pickle” under the toilet—throw “Roderick Random” into the closet—put “The innocent Adultery” into “The Whole Duty of Man”—thrust “Lord Aimworth” under the sofa—cram “Ovid” behind the bolster—there—put “The Man of Feeling” into your pocket—so, so—now lay “Mrs. Chaponé”¹⁾ in sight, and leave “For-dyce’s Sermons” open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, ma’am, the hairdresser has torn away as far as “Proper Pride.”

Lydia. Never mind—open at “Sobriety.”—Fling me “Lord Chesterfield’s Letters.”—Now for ‘em.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish²⁾ herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don’t know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate³⁾ him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I’m sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don’t become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won’t pretend to remember what she’s ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don’t attempt to extirpate⁴⁾ yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible⁵⁾ of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you’re bid? Will you take a husband of your friend’s choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don’t become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, ’tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle be-

fore marriage as if he’d been a black-a-moor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, ’tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia. Willingly, ma’am—I cannot change for the worse. *[Exit Lydia.]*

Mrs. Mal. There’s a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma’am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Alas! I a thousand daughters, by heaven! I’d as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy⁶⁾!

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece’s maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically⁷⁾.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny⁸⁾ of learning; I don’t think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments⁹⁾!—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity¹⁰⁾ and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious¹¹⁾ knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry¹²⁾, that she might know something of the contagious¹³⁾ countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy¹⁴⁾, that she might not mis-spell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend¹⁵⁾ the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don’t think there is a superstitious¹⁶⁾ article in it.

1) These books are introduced in such a manner, that they produce either a very whimsical contrast, or an species of allusion; for instance, Peregrine Pickle, as a lady’s man, can have no better place than the toilet; Roderick Random’s peregrinations are confined to the closet; the innocent Adultery is not the most proper thing in the whole duty of man; Lord Aimworth (see Maid of the Mill) has debased himself by a *méalliance*; Ovid is to attend the dreams of the love-sick maid; and the Man of Feeling is to direct our charities. Mrs. Chaponé has written advice to young women upon marriage, &c.

2) Now for Mrs. Malaprop’s “words so ingeniously mis-applied, without being mispronounced.” We can be lavish of any thing, but we must throw away ourselves.

3) Obliterate. 4) Extricate. 5) Incontrovertible.

6) Misanthropy. 7) Ironically. 8) Prodigy. 9) Here the old lady is completely out of her depth. 10) Ingenuitiness. 11) Superficial. 12) Geography. 13) Contiguous. 14) Orthography. 15) Comprehend. 16) Superstitious.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a phrensy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o'my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations¹);—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible²).

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [Exit Sir Anth.]

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition³). She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—[Calls] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but

mid, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are intrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence¹) for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality²).

[Exit Mrs. Mal.]

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear simplicity, let me give you a little respite—[altering her manner]—let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately—[Looks at a paper]. For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign!—in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, etc. etc. numberless!—From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half!—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black paduasoy.—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never delivered—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, simplicity!—yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece: for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE's Lodgings.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE and FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectural oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought you here?

Abs. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath; in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Abs. You have said nothing to them—?

Fag. O, not a word, sir,—not a word. Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Abs. 'Sdeath!—you rascal!—you have not trusted him!

Fag. O, no, sir—no—no—not a syllable,

1) Benevolence. 2) Venality.

1) We invoke the deity. — Adorations would not have been so much too high for her style.

2) Ineligible.

3) If we leave out the particle *in* in this word, we shall have the lady's meaning.

upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! My master, (said I) honest Thomas, (you know, sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors), is come to Bath to recruit—Yes, sir, I said to recruit¹⁾—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Abs. Well, recruit will do—let it be so.

Fag. O, sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your Honour had already inlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon—But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security,—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down—

Abs. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yea, sir—[*Going*]—I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember, that we are recruiting, if you please.

Abs. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your Honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I should esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [Exit.]

Abs. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him—

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

1) Here Mr. Fag gives a proof of the fertility of his invention, for in the course of this phrase, he hits upon the word *recruit*; the stage effect is lost in the closet.

2) A valet de chambre is never called by any other name than a gentleman now-a-days; and the gentleman calls for his gentleman, to come and dress him.

Abs. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Abs. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, capacious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abs. Am not I a lover; ay, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing, you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

Abs. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health, does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abs. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not.—So, then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Abs. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below

Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up.

[*Exit Fag.*]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abs. O, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is, of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed skulking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—He's here.

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived, faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant.—Warm work on the roads, Jack—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither—Gite me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: Sir, I solicit your connexions.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who—

Abs. Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir;—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir,—never better. Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess— isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well—what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, odds crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—O, by my soul!

there is an innate levity in woman, that, nothing can overcome.—What! happy, and I away!

Abs. Have done:—How foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's spirits.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!¹⁾—there was this time month—Odds minnuma and crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's concert!

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abs. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr.—what's his damnd name!—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I indeed.

Abs. Stay now, they were some pretty melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing, 'When absent from my soul's delight'?

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abs. Or, 'Go, gentle gales!'—'Go, gentle gales!'—

[*Sings.*]

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds! now I recollect one of them—'My heart's my own, my will is free.'—

[*Sings.*]

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifle! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, sir?

Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay; but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Ay truly, does she—there was at our last race ball—

¹⁾ The English words squall, fumble, and quiver, Italianised by Mr. Acres' ingenious application of their terminations.

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine!—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance!—Oh! damn'd, damn'd levity!

Abs. For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. O, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country-dancing*—Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!

Faulk. Now disappointment on her! defend this, Absolute; why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jigs and reels! am I to blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a minuet—but *country-dances*!—Zounds! had she made one in a *cotillion*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies!—to show paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *country-dance*; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abs. Ay, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded look has perceived it. [Going.]

Abs. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. Dawn his news! [Exit Faulkland.]

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—'nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!'

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

Abs. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours!¹⁾ I sha'n't take matters

¹⁾ The people in England call frochmen frogs, and at

so here—now ancient madam has no voice in it.—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—My hair has been in training some time.

Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Ay—and tho'ff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Abs. O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—than if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Abs. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense; and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete—Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I show him into the parlour?

Abs. Ay—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone—

Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [Exit Fag.]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abs. That I will with all my heart. [Exit Acres] Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was

that time our *mode* fashions were imported from France; now, we have the advantage, and we have trimmed the Frenchman's jacket these many years. Tambour-work for frills, ruffs, etc.

going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget her though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! Sir—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but, *business* prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrensy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now damn me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—*I mean, you dog—if you don't by—*

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose! she shall have a hump on each shoulder, she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the hull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence; if you please—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can *passion* do?—*Passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overhearing reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you—If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge alive—and threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the

interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinher it you, I'll unget you! and damn me! if ever I call you Jack again! *[Exit Sir Anthony.]*

ABSOLUTE *solus.*

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands.—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, damns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[Pushes him aside, and exit.]

FAG *solus.*

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my master: he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest—

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the—

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—*[Exit kicking and beating him.]*

SCENE II.—The NORTH PARADE.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute. However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear *Delia*, as he calls her: I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; though I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Luc. Hah! my little ambassadress—upon

my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. *[Speaking simply]* O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir Luc. Faith! may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffeehouse, and I chose the window on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir Luc. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius.

[Gives him a letter.]

Sir Luc. *[Reads]* "Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction¹⁾ than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion²⁾ I felt at the first superfluous³⁾ view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger."—Very pretty, upon my word.—"Female punctuation⁴⁾ forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible⁵⁾ to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections⁶⁾." DELIA."

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir Luc. Experience? what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. O tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentleman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However,

1) Seduction. 2) Emotion. 3) Superficial. 4) Punctillie.

5) Infallible. 6) This word has no business here; but it is not easy to hit upon any one sounding something like it with a meaning any way suitable. Our readers will observe that Mrs. Malaprop knows a great many hard words; but has not a very correct ear in applying them.

my pretty girl [*Gives her money*], here's a little something to buy you a riband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, buss, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind. [*Kisses her.*]

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Luc. Faith, she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Luc. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir Luc. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience! [*Sees Fag.—Exit, humming a tune.*]

Enter Fag.

Fag. So, so, ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud! now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, madam.—I saw you give the baronet a letter.—My master shall know this—and if he don't call him out, I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have! Why, I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag.—A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith. Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well, you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you [*Going*] But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear! never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The NORTH PARADE.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is

very sincere.—So, so,—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never—never—never—never.

Abs. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent.—I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abs. Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcester-shire?

Sir Anth. Worcester-shire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints!—A red-haired girl!—Zounds! no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irre-

solite! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love!—Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes!—Then, Jack, her lips! O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

Abs. That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman!

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck!—O Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father!—Zounds! not to please—Oh, my father—Odds so!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter.—Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress so beautiful?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and though *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock.—You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir: if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt*; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *niece*.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you,—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with

rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*JULIA'S Dressing-room.*

FAULKLAND solus.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point;—but on this one subject, and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Julia. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I was rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Julia. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill:—You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then—shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what!—For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy:—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Julia. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: No, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with mirth—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Julia. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I seemed sad, it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to up-

braid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me.—O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Julia. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Julia. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Julia. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from you, Julia,—I despise person in a man—yet, if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Aethiop, you'd think none so fair.

Julia. I see you are determined to be unkind—The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Julia. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—my heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold, even though I wished it!

Julia. O! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you.—If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But bear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this.—Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, nor character, to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Julia. I know not whither your insinua-

tions would tend:—But as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this! [*Exit in tears.*]

Faulk. In tears! Stay, Julia: stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia!—my soul—but for one moment: I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Ay—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in women!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is *not* coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now this is being too resentful: stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—[*Hums a tune: then listens*].—No—Zounds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness* but *obstinacy*! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

MRS. MALAPROP, with a Letter in her Hand, and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation¹; but from the ingenuity² of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*Siz*].—Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual³ qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding—He is the very pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Abs. O, I have heard the silly affair before.—

¹) Recommendation.
³, Intellectual.

²) Ingenuitiness.

I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain.—I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded ¹⁾ the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions ²⁾ on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's proposition ³⁾ before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle ⁴⁾ that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics ⁵⁾ to such a degree;—I thought she had persisted ⁶⁾ from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded ⁷⁾ another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. O the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. Ay, here it is.

Abs. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

Abs. [*Reads*] "*My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*"—Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too, o'my conscience!

Abs. "*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival!*"—

Mrs. Mal. That's you, sir.

Abs. "*Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour,*"—Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. O, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, sir,—you'll see presently.

Abs. "*As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you!*"—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, sir—*me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—"*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand!*"—

Mrs. Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure if I reprehend ⁸⁾ any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular ⁹⁾ tongue, and a nice derangement ¹⁰⁾ of epithets ¹¹⁾!

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—"some ridiculous vanity"—

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am—"does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb!—"so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview."—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! a concealed puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was any thing better perpetrated ¹⁾!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling*]—He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, captain, your servant—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!* yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the Pictures.*]

1) To perpetrate a crime; we must read here, concerted. There is the similarity of *or* in one part of the word.

2) An explosion would have made too much noise. Mrs. M. means discovered.

3) Injunctions. 5) Proposition. 4) Article.

6) 'Tis a pity she is not accused of hydrophobia; she means hysterics. The first and last syllable of the word sound alike and that is quite sufficient to warrant her using it.

6) Denisted. 7) Intercepted. 8) Comprehend.

9) Vernacular. 10) Arrangement. 11) Epithets.

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*]

Lydia. O heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lydia. O charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. O, she's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. O, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness—bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness! abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright—By heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—[*Embracing her*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*Aside.*]

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports¹) herself. [*Aside.*]

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lydia. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-tempered little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lydia. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face!

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

[*Kneeling.*]
Mrs. Mal. Ay, poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abs. O, confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologise for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. So—all's safe, I find. [*Aside.*] I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Mal. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory²) on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel!—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance! you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are *too* good, captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally. Absolute kissing his Hand to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop stopping her from speaking.*]

SCENE IV.—ACRES'S Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID. ACRES *as just dressed.*

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

David. You are quite another creature, believe me, master, by the mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkerony³) in all the printshops in Bath!

¹) Alligator.

²) Macaroni, a fashionable.

¹) A refinement on the word *behave*, only Mrs. M. forgot that *deport* means only with respect to the outward behaviour.

Acres. Dress does make a difference, David.
David. 'Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waist-coat—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

David. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De-la-grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring¹).

David. I'll call again, sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

David. I will.—By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! *[Exit.]*

[Acres comes forward, practising a dancing Step.]

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee—Confound the first inventors of cotillions! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen—I can walk a minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance.—Odds jigs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over to couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *pàs* this, and *pàs* that, and *pàs* t'other!—damn me! my feet don't like to be called paws! no, 'tis certain I have most Anti-Gallican toes!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Show him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius,—I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

¹) *L'élancer, chasser, faire des pas de Bourrée.*

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Luc. What the devil signifies right, when your honour is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend! if I had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it.—The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!—Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!"

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come, here's pen and paper.—*[Sits down to write.]*—I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. Well—

Sir Luc. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well—

Sir Luc. "I shall expect the honour of your company"—

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Luc. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well then, "honour of your company"—

Sir Luc. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see, ay, King's Mead-field will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ACRES's Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID.

David. Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't?

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valour.

David. Not he, indeed. I hate such blood-thirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: but for your curst sharps and

snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

David. Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David. I say then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman.—Look'ee, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me!—by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damn'd double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols!—Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't!—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Zounds! I won't be afraid—Odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i'the name of mischief, let him be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter;—and I warrant smells of gun-powder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall!—but I ha'

done.—How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born, [*Whimpering.*]

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. [*Exit Servant.*]

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, master. [*Whimpering.*]

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit David.*]

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abs. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

Abs. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. O!—There—

[*Gives him the Challenge.*]

Abs. "To ensign Beverley." So—what's going on now! [*Aside*] Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Abs. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Abs. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abs. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—You couldn't be my second—could you, Jack?

Abs. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Abs. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*]

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Abs. To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him,

'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a-week; will you, Jack?

Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "*Fighting Bob.*"

Acres. Right—right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Abs. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*]

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Abs. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Abs. Ay, ay, "*Fighting Bob!*"

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteelman? a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising! [*Aside*]—So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons¹), miss, if you please.—Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lydia. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. Then he's so well bred!—so full of alacrity and adulation²):—and has so much to say for himself;—in such good language too!—His physiognomy³) so grammatical!—Then his presence is so noble!—I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—"Hesperian⁴) curls—the front of Job⁵) himself!—an eye, like *March*⁶), to threaten at command!⁷)—a station, like Harry Mercury⁸) new—" Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude⁹) struck me directly.

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Show them up here. [*Exit Servant*] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman.—Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution!—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him. [*Flings herself into a Chair, with her Face from the Door.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY and ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting

1) Comparisons.

2) Gaiety and compliment. Mrs. M. deals here in superlatively taken superlatives, which produce almost the opposite to what she wished to express.

3) Physiognomy. 4) Hyperion's. 5) Jove. 6) Mars.

7) Threaten and command. 8) The Herald Mercury.

9) Simile.

beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects! [*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her.

[*Aside to him.*]

Abs. What the devil shall I do! [*Aside.*]—You see, sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so—Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Absolute seems to expostulate with his Father.*]

Lydia. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence¹⁾ over my niece is very small.—Turn round, Lydia; I blush for you!

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—Why don't you begin, Jack? Speak, you puppy—speak!

[*Aside to him.*]

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak!

[*Aside to him.*]

Lydia. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! madam—hem! [*Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir Anthony.*]—Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir,—I knew it.—The—the tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly! [*Absolute makes Signs to Mrs. Malaprop to leave them together.*]

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—what the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

[*Aside to him.*]

[*ABSOLUTE draws near LYDIA.*]

Abs. Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.

[*Aside.*]

[*Speaks in a low hoarse Tone.*]

—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not—

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow?—

Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front. [*Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.*]

Abs. So all will out, I see!

[*Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.*]

Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lydia. [*Aside.*] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice!—Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!

[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*]

Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading!

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lydia. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

Sir Anth. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abs. Ye powers of Impudence, befriend me!

[*Aside.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *yours* also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer—and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lydia. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

[*Sullenly.*]

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abs. O, you flatter me, sir,—you compliment—'tis my modesty you know, sir—my modesty that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be,

1) Influence.

however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am—So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*?—I thought it was damn'd sudden!—You *never* heard their names before, not you!—*What*, The *LANGUISHES* of Worcester-shire, hey?—*if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!*—Ah! you dissembling villain!—*What!* (*pointing to Lydia*) *she squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!*—hey?—*Why*, you hypocritical young rascal!—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, sir—I am confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey! how! what! Captain, did you write the letters then?—*What*—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation¹⁾ of "*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*"—hey?—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate²⁾ the past;—so mind, young people—our retrospection³⁾ will be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—isn't the cheek as I said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue!—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness!—"Youth's the season made for joy"—[*Sings*]—hey!—Odds life! I'm in such spirits, I don't know what I could not do!—Permit me, ma'am—[*gives his Hand to Mrs. Malaprop. Sings*]—Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol!—de-rol!

[*Exit singing and handing Mrs. Malaprop.*

[*LYDIA sits sullenly in her Chair.*]

Abs. So much thought bodes me no good.

[*Aside*]—So grave, Lydia!

Lydia. Sir!

Abs. So!—'gad! I thought as much!—that damn'd monosyllable has froze me! [*Aside*]—*What*, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows—

Lydia. Friends' consent indeed!

[*Peevishly.*

Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

Lydia. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Abs. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and—

Lydia. The licence!—I hate licence!

Abs. O, my love! be not so unkind!—thus let me entreat—

[*Kneeling.*

Lydia. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

Abs. [*Rising*] Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your heart—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *strut* will do.

[*Aside.*

Lydia. [*Rising*] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—*What*, you have been treating me like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

Lydia. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and I am myself the only dupe at last! [*Walking about in a Heat*]—But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [*Taking a Miniature from her Bosom*] which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, sir, [*flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Abs. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that—Here, [*Taking out a Picture*] here is Miss Lydia Languish.—*What* a difference!—ay, *there* is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have checked the ardour of my thanks—Well, all that's past!—all over indeed!—There, madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that I cannot find in my heart to part with it.

[*Puts it up again.*

Lydia. [*Softening*] 'Tis your own doing, sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abs. O, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this*!—*What* signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises:—all that's of no consequence, you know.—To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that!—or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing his insolence.

[*Bursts into Tears.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Mal. [*Entering*] Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate.

[*Sobbing.*

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—Zounds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest* billing and cooing I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I am quite astonished!

Abs. Ask the lady, sir.

Mrs. Mal. O, mercy!—I'm quite analysed¹⁾,

1) Appellation.

2, and 3) These words explain themselves.

1) Paralyzed.

for my part!—why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Zounds! I shall be in a phrensy!—why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there?—you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Abs. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. [*Exit Lydia.*]

Mrs. Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

Mrs. Mal. O lud! Sir Anthony,—O fie, captain!

Abs. Upon my soul, ma'am—

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

Abs. By all that's good, sir—

Sir Anth. Zounds! say no more, I tell you—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop:—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come away, Jack—Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain. [*Pushes him out.*]

Mrs. Mal. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, captain! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—The North Parade.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself.—Upon my conscience! these officers are always in one's way in love affairs:—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me!—And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.—Hab! isn't this the captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? [*Steps aside.*]

Enter Captain Absolute.

Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gypsy!—I did not think her romance could have made her so damn'd absurd either.—'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it.—I

never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. [*Sir Lucius goes up to Absolute.*—With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason—For give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

Abs. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir Luc. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Abs. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension—[*Bowing*]
—you have named the very thing I would be at.

Abs. Very well, sir—I shall certainly not balk your inclinations:—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Luc. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week.—So, no more, but name your time and place.

Abs. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once.

Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled!¹⁾ and my mind's at ease. [*Exit Sir Lucius.*]

Enter Faulkland, meeting Absolute.

Abs. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o'the head by and by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

1) This is the general character of the Irish with respect to duelling. Lord Byron says, Don Juan Cant. IV. when Heide's father points a pistol at the young hero "But after being fired at once or twice, 'The car becomes more Irish, and less nice.'"

Faulk. What can you mean?—Has Lydia changed her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Abs. Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her love-eye was fixed on me—'t'other—her eye of duty, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point that the same way—off 't'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you—

Abs. O, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has (*mimicking Sir Lucius*) begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious.

Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock:—'tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) "be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot."—Confound his long shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By heavens! Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, gives FAULKLAND a Letter.

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore—O! how I suffer for my folly!

Abs. Here—let me see. [*Takes the Letter and opens it*] Ay, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't keep me in suspense.

Abs. Hear then.—"*As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with you as soon as possible.—Yours ever and truly, JULIA.*"—There's stubbornness and resentment for you! [*Gives him the Letter*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulk. O, yes, I am—but—but—

Abs. Confound your *buts*!—You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately damn it with a *but*.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don't you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive?—Women should never sue for reconciliation:—that should always come from us.—They should retain their coldness till *woo'd* to kindness—and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should "not unsought be won."

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you:—thou'rt incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject.—I must go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.—A poor industrious devil like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a capitious sceptic in love, a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of his own creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! [*Exit Absolute.*]

Faulk. I feel his reproaches:—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue.—I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness—if her love prove pure and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour!—and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride predominate—'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for. [*Exit Faulkland.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—JULIA'S Dressing-Room.

JULIA sola.

—How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments—how many tears have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

Julia. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Julia. Heavens! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

Julia. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intrust my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's band, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on

you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Julia. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.

—Perhaps this delay—

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Julia. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you:—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Julia. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By heavens! Julia—

Julia. Yet hear me.—My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been

content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear—

Julia. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepenting kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this—

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have followed you in beggary through the world! [*Exit.*]

Faulk. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place.—O fool!—dolt!—barbarian!—Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O—Love!—tormentor!—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [*Exit.*]

Enter MAID and LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [*Exit Maid.*]

Lydia. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. O, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! child, what's the matter with you?—You have been crying! I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Julia. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness!—Something *has* flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister! [*Aside.*]

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may

have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Julia. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

Julia. Nay, Lydia—

Lydia. Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last.—There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the news-papers!—O, I shall die with disappointment!

Julia. I don't wonder at it!

Lydia. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! O, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

Julia. Melancholy, indeed!

Lydia. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to 'be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

Julia. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lydia. O lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP, FAG and DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. So! so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide, paricide, and simulation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!¹⁾

Julia. For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped²⁾ the affair to me.

Lydia. Do, sir, will you, inform us?

[*To Fag.*]

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very de-

1) Catastrophe. 2) Developed.

ficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lydia. But quick! quick, sir!

Fag. True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

Lydia. Opatience! Do, ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mal. Why! murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars³⁾.

Lydia. Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

Lydia. But who, sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lydia. But who is this! who! who! who!

Fag. My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

Lydia. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Julia. But who are with him, sir?

Fag. As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

Julia. Do speak, friend.

[*To David.*]

David. Look'ee, my lady—by the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Julia. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

David. My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first.—You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, 'Squire Acres.—Then comes 'Squire Faulkland.

Julia. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. Mal. O fie—it would be very inelegant in us—we should only participate things.

David. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrefactions!

Lydia. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. Mal. Why fly with the utmost felicity²⁾, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—here, friend—you can show us the place?

Fag. If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony.

[*Exit David.*]

1) Particulars.

2) Perhaps the lady meant the word velocity, and that is rather elevated.

Mrs. Mal. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort¹⁾ us.—Come, sir, you're our envoy²⁾—lead the way, and we'll precede³⁾.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mal. You're sure you know the spot.

Fag. I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, ma'am, never fear.

[*Exeunt, he Talking.*]

SCENE II.—*South Parade.*

Enter ABSOLUTE, putting his sword under his great coat.

Abs. A sword seem in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last. O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him?

[*Muffles up his face, and Takes a Circle to go off.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey!—Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack,—what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right.—Why, Jack—Jack Absolute! [*Goes up to him.*]

Abs. Really, sir, you have the advantage of me.—I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey?—why, zounds! it is—Stay—[*Looks up to his Face*] So, so—your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Abs. O! a joke, sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky.—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

Abs. 'Tis cool, sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow;—but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Stay.—Why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Abs. Going, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay—where are you going?

Abs. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abs. I was going, sir, to—to—to—Lydia sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and I was looking for you, sir, to—to—

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose.—Well, come along.

Abs. O! zounds! no, sir, not for the world!—I wished to meet with you, sir,—to—to—to—You find it cool, I'm sure, sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

Abs. O, sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow;—but I detain you, sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. O, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters,

1) Exhort. 2) Convey. 3) Follow, perhaps proceed.

when once you are wounded here—[*Putting his Hand to Absolute's breast*] Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Abs. Nothing, sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What's this?—here's something damn'd hard.

Abs. O, trinkets, sir! trinkets—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste. [*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—Zounds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anth. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, sir, Lydia is romantic—devilish romantic, and very absurd of course:—now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword—and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon a fiddle-stick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her—Get along, you fool.

Abs. Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—“O, Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel”—says I.

Sir Anth. “O, booby! stab away, and welcome”—says she.—Get along!—and damn your trinkets! [*Exit Absolute.*]

Enter DAVID, running.

David. Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—O! Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'm stop! Murder! Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder! where?

David. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath! for my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

Sir Anth. Zounds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? stop Jack?

David. Ay, the captain, sir!—there's murder and slaughter—

Sir Anth. Murder!

David. Ay, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter—to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, sir—bloody sword-and-gun-fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, dunce?

David. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony:—every body is going to fight, my poor master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain—

Sir Anth. O, the dog!—I see his tricks; do you know the place?

David. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

David. Not an inch;—but I'll call the mayor—aldermen—constables—churchwardens—and beadles—we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anth. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!—Well, I shall be in such a phrensy—So—this was the history of his trinkets! I'll bauble him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*King's-Mead-Fields.*

SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius,

forty yards is a good distance—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the Stage*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will, be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you—choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—here, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude*]—aside-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*Levelling at him*].

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—it will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him*] let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. [*Looking at his watch*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!

Sir Luc. Ay—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed! well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we won't run, by my valour! [you?

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter with

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Ay—true—my honour—Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming.

[*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour.—Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and ABSOLUTE.

Sir Luc. Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Hah!—what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Abs. Hear'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, [*To Faulkland*] if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Luc. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abs. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Abs. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you *snug* lying in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *coward*; coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—*coward* may be said in joke—But if you had called me a *poltroon*, odds daggers and balls—

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres.—I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres—He is a most *determined dog*—called in the country, *Fighting Bob*.—He generally *kills a man a week*—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home!

Sir Luc. Well then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor—[*draws his sword*],—and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abs. Come on then, sir—[*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, and the WOMEN.

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!¹⁾

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrensy—how came you in a duel, sir?

Abs. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his majesty!—Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Abs. Sir, I tell you! that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mal. Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies—Captain Absolute, come here—How could you intimidate¹⁾ us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Abs. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Nay, no delusions²⁾ to the past—Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence—Now mark—

Lydia. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lydia. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abs. O! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the lady—if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing, here—

[*Takes out Letters.*]

Mrs. Mal. O, he will dissolve³⁾ my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate⁴⁾—

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

good behaviour; i. e. is obliged to find surety for his conducting himself well.

1) Intimidated is the improper word here for frightened; there is something like the meaning in it; it sounds difficult, and that's enough for Mrs. M.

2) Allusions. 3) Discover. 4) Explain.

1) A man accused before a justice of offending any person, except in his own defence, is bound over to his

Lydia. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[*Lydia and Absolute walk aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment¹⁾—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Luc. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke²⁾—those letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity³⁾—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you.—And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Aces. Odds wrinkles! No—But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Aces is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Mal. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians.

[*All retire but Julia and Faulkland.*]

Julia. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me—O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Julia. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!

[*Sir Anthony comes forward.*]

Sir Anth. What's going on here?—So you

1) Accusation.

2) Vandal (poor Vandyke).

3) A cramp word with something like goodness in its meaning.

have been quarrelling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never interfered before: but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

[*The rest come forward.*]

Sir Luc. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as, I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better—

Aces. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—*yours* for having checked in time the errors of an illdirected imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and *mine*, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Abs. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets, of love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I*—

Lydia. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty?—But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unallayed as general.

Julia. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its leaves are dropt!

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Com. by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. First acted at Drury Lane, May 8, 1777. Any attempt to be particular in the praise of this comedy, would be at once difficult and unnecessary. No piece ever equalled it in success on the stage, and very few are superior to it in point of intrinsic merit. It is evident, that Mr. Sheridan, when he composed this comedy, had a reference to Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, in the formation of his plot; and to Congreve, in the poignancy of his dialogue.—Yet there are those who have asserted, that the plan was taken from a manuscript which had been previously delivered at Drury Lane Theatre, by a young lady, the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street, who afterwards died at Bristol, of a pectoral decay. This, however, is probably more scandal, founded on envy of the great success of the piece.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE.
JOSEPH SURFACE.
CHARLES.

CRABTREE.
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.
ROWLEY.
MOSES.

TRIP.
SNAKE.
CARELESS.
SIR HARRY BUMPER.

LADY TEAZLE.
MARIA.
LADY SNEERWELL.
MRS. CANDOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LADY SNEERWELL's House.

Discovered LADY SNEERWELL at the dressing-table; SNAKE drinking chocolate.

Lady Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least—every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most labour'd detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the

most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite: the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady Sneer. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady Sneer. How dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

Lady Sneer. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady Sneer. True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Surface.

Lady Sneer. Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

Lady Sneer. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have in-

formed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

Joseph S. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

Joseph S. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

Lady Sneer. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you: but do your brother's distresses increase?

Joseph S. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceeded any thing I have ever heard of.

Lady Sneer. Poor Charles!

Joseph S. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves—

Lady Sneer. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Joseph S. Egad, that's true!—I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter;—however, it certainly is a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake, I believe, *Lady Sneerwell*, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—*Mr. Surface*, your most obedient. *[Exit Snake.]*

Joseph S. Sir, your very devoted.—*Lady Sneerwell*, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady Sneer. Why so?

Joseph S. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Joseph S. Nothing more likely:—take my word for't, *Lady Sneerwell*, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany.—Ah! Maria!

Enter MARIA.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do?—What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slept out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady Sneer. Is that all?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady Sneer. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle's as bad.

Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance.—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, *Mr. Surface*?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady Sneer. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature; the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, *Mr. Surface*?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in.—*[Exit Servant.]*—Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes, with a very gross affection of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. Faith that's true, *Lady Sneerwell*: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady Sneer. Hush!—here she is!—

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. Can. My dear *Lady Sneerwell*, how have you been this century?—*Mr. Surface*, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Oh, Maria! child,—what is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. Indeed! I am very sorry, ma'am, the town is not better employed.

Mrs. Can. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and *Lady Teazle* have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. Can. Very true, child:—but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. Can. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. Can. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so,—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. Can. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation.—But, Lord, do you think I would report these things?—No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. Can. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best.—By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way.—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Back-bite.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady Sneer. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACK-BITE.

Crabt. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Back-bite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benj. B. O fie, uncle!

Crabt. Nay, egad it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

Sir Benj. B. Uncle, now—pr'ythee—

Crabt. I faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

Lady Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish any thing.

Sir Benj. B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties.—However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crabt. Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crabt. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. Can. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crabt. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. Can. Impossible!

Crabt. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crabt. Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady Sneer. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. Can. It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir Benj. B. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. Can. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those

of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. B. True, madam,—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Can. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir Benj. B. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray?

Crab. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farmhouse where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady Sneer. Strange, indeed!

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you.—O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Benj. B. To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of radesmen waiting in the ante-chamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable.—Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [Exit Maria.]

Mrs. Can. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

Mrs. Can. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [Exit Mrs. Candour.]

Lady Sneer. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. B. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that:—follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. O Lud, lay! undone as ever man was.—Can't raise a guinea!—

Sir Benj. B. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.—

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house.—Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots—

Sir Benj. B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [Going.]

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir Benj. B. But, however, as he's your brother— [Going.]

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity. [Exit Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.]

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—SIR PETER'S House.

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle ruade me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she

plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor-square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley. What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

Sir Peter T. A good question to a married man!

Rowley. Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter T. Why, has any body told you she was dead?

Rowley. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter T. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition.—Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter T. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the *sentiments* he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be

the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter T. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter T. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter T. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their disposition.

Sir Peter T. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter T. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady to his text.

—Well, he must be soon at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception.—But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley. By no means.

Sir Peter T. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley. I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter T. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmean-

ing luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter 'as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter T. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan¹⁾ with the curate: to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I swear I never did that; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter T. This, madam; was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

1) A game at cards.

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune; and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye. [Exit Lady Teazle.]

Sir Peter T. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—At LADY SNEERWELL'S.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benj. B. O plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabt. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benj. B. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty

Curricie was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;

Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:

To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,

Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crabt. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph S. A very Phoebus mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and MARIA.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady T. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as you please.

Lady T. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her! I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. O surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabt. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benj. B. Truc, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but, what's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

Crabt. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. Can. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir Benj. B. Nay now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she

has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crabt. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it.—What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benj. B. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were,—thus [*Shows her teeth.*]

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice.—But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Ladies, your most obedient.—Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter T. It must be very distressing to you, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

Mrs. Can. O they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Popsy.

Lady T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter T. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabt. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner, upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugarbaker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! you are both of you too good natured!

Sir Peter T. Yes, damned good natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter T. No, to be sure!

Sir Benj. B. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mot-tos—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. B. So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

Crab. Caledonian locks—

Sir Benj. B. Dutch nose—

Crab. Austrian lips—

Sir Benj. B. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crab. And teeth *à la Chinoise*—

Sir Benj. B. In short, her face resembles a table d'hôte at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*]

Lady Sneer. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter T. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues.—But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter T. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir Peter T. Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud, Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter T. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter T. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Sir Peter T. O, mine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation!

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter a Servant who whispers SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*]

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter T. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

[*Exit Sir Peter.*]

Sir Benj. B. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being; I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady T. O, pray don't mind that;—come, do let's hear them.

[*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.*]

Joseph S. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

Joseph S. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria. Why will you distress me by renewing the subject?

Joseph S. Ah, Maria! you would not treat

me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

Maria. Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Joseph S. Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!—[*Aside*].—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

Maria. Lady Teazle!

Joseph S. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect—

Enter LADY TEAZLE, and comes forward.

Lady T. What is this, pray? Do you take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit Maria.*].—What is all this, pray?

Joseph S. O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady T. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

Joseph S. O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady T. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

Joseph S. True—a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every wife is entitled to.

Lady T. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion.—However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

Joseph S. The only revenge in your power.—Well—I applaud your moderation.

Lady T. Go—you are an insinuating wretch.—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

Joseph S. But we had best not return together.

Lady T. Well—don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. [Exit Lady Teazle.]

Joseph S. A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter ROWLEY and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Sir Oliver S. Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country.—Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Rowley. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliver S. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!—But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

Rowley. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it.—But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.—No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowley. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.—Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliver S. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?—Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

Rowley. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliver S. Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

Sir Peter T. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, I have had my share.—But, what! I find you are married, hey?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir Peter T. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver S. True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

Rowley. Take care, pray, sir.—

Sir Oliver S. Well—so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

Sir Peter T. Wild! Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver S. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter T. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter T. Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts: and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter T. Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

Sir Oliver S. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter T. Allons then!

Sir Oliver S. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and ROWLEY.

Sir Peter T. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards:—but how is this, master Rowley? I don't see the jest of your scheme.

Rowley. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles: from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliver S. Ah!—he is my brother's son.

Sir Peter T. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

Rowley. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal

bard expresses it,—“a heart to pity, and, a hand open as day, for melting charity.”

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Rowley. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir Peter T. Pray let us have him in.

Rowley. Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs. [Apart to Servant.]

Sir Peter T. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Rowley. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

Sir Peter T. I have heard too much on that subject.

Rowley. Here comes the honest Israelite.—

Enter MOSES.

—This is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir Oliver S. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliver S. Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir Peter T. What,—one Charles has never had money from before?

Moses. Yes,—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir Peter T. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir Peter T. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as Old Stanley.

Sir Peter T. True—so you may.

Rowley. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me;—this is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliver S. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses—But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir Oliver S. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, a'n't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

Sir Peter T. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage—would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir Oliver S. Well—but how must I talk?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir Peter T. O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir Oliver S. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir Oliver S. Hey!—what the plague!—how much then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the monies very bad, you may ask double.

Sir Peter T. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you hav'n't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. And your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. My friend an unconscionable dog?

Moses. Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir Oliver S. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir Peter T. I faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean, you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

Moses. Very much.

Rowley. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

Moses. Ay, great pity!

Sir Peter T. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act, whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

Sir Oliver S. So—so—Moses shall give

me farther instructions as we go together.
Sir Peter T. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir Oliver S. O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.*]

Sir Peter T. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Rowley. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir Peter T. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her.

[*Exit Rowley*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria. No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir Peter T. Well, Maria; do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir Peter T. So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria. Never to his brother!

Sir Peter T. Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir Peter T. Was ever man so crossed as I am? every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir Peter T. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter T. Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and if faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. O no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her Hand.*]

Sir Peter T. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter T. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay—so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter T. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter T. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir Peter T. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter T. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter T. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir Peter T. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

Sir Peter T. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter T. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter T. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter T. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter T. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, you and Charles are—not without grounds.—

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter T. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.—Let us separate, madam.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye—bye. [*Exit.*]

Sir Peter T. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—CHARLES SURFACE'S House.

Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Trip. Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliver S. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

Moses. Mr. Premium.

Trip. Premium—very well.

[*Exit Trip, taking snuff.*]

Sir Oliver S. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

Moses. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, etc. just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir Oliver S. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir Oliver S. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir Oliver S. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliver S. Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags¹⁾ and bouquets.

Sir Oliver S. Bags and bouquets! halts and hastinadoses! [*Aside.*]

Trip. And, *à-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

Sir Oliver S. Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*]

Moses. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

Trip. Gook lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

Moses. No! 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir Oliver S. An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*]

Moses. Well, but you must ensure your place.

Trip. O with all my heart! I'll ensure my place, and my life too, if you please.

Sir Oliver S. It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*]

Moses. But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver;—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow?

Moses. Well, well. [*Bell rings.*]

Trip. Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

1) Bags for the hair behind

Sir Oliver S. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, *etc. etc.* at a table with wine, *etc.*

Charles S. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but plague on't, they won't drink.

Careless. It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O certainly society suffers by it intolerably; for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of Champagne, without the spirit or flavour.

1st Gent. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Careless. True: there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

Charles S. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose—at least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2d Gent. Ay, that I believe.

Charles S. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

Careless. Now then, Charles, be honest and give us your real favourite.

Charles S. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

Careless. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Charles S. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!—

Sir Harry B. Maria who?

Charles S. O damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

Careless. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir Harry B. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen!

Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,—

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, 'sir:
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
'And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you?

Careless. Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

Charles S. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Careless. O damn it! let's have the Jew in.
1st Gent. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

2d Gent. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Charles S. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

Careless. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

Charles S. O hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES.

Charles S. So, bonest Moses, walk in: walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir.

Charles S. Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. *Success to usury!*

Careless. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliver S. Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

Careless. No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1st Gent. A pint bumper, at least.

Moses. O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

Careless. And therefore loves good wine.

2d Gent. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Careless. Here, now for't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

Charles S. No, hang it, you sha'n't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

Sir Oliver S. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company!

[*Aside.*

Careless. Plague on 'em then!—if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

Charles S. I will! I will! [*Exeunt*] Careless!

Careless. [*Returning*] Well!

Charles S. Perhaps I may want you.

Careless. O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me.

[*Exit.*

Moses. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

Charles S. Pshaw! have done,—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend.—I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

Sir Oliver S. Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles S. Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing: I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog, isn't he, Moses?

Moses. But you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles S. Right. People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir Oliver S. Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles S. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver S. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles S. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

Sir Oliver S. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles S. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver S. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles S. O no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

Sir Oliver S. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Charles S. Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

Moses. O yes! I'll swear to't.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

Charles S. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a postobit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that any thing had happened to him.

Sir Oliver S. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Charles S. O yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver S. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles S. VVbat! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver S. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in christendom.

Charles S. There again now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

Sir Oliver S. No! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him, ha! ha! ha!

Charles S. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. No, no, I'm not.

Charles S. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver S. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

Charles S. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he, Moses?

Moses. O yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver S. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—haven't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes, most undoubtedly!

Sir Oliver S. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles S. How do you mean?

Sir Oliver S. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

Charles S. O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver S. Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls¹⁾—[*Aside*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact—

Charles S. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver S. Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heirloom!

¹⁾ Gold- or silver-cups won at races; bowls received as presents from the city.

[*Aside*] Pray, what are become of the books? *Charles S.* You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver S. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles S. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles S. Every man of them to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver S. VVhat! your great uncles and aunts?

Charles S. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver S. Now I give him up. [*Aside*] VVhat the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles S. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver S. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvass. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside*].

Enter CARELESS.

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles S. I can't come yet: i'faith we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

Careless. O, burn your ancestors!

Charles S. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. Handle a hammer as well as a dice-box!

Sir Oliver S. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside*].

Charles S. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver S. O yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [*Aside*].

Charles S. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt*].

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Picture Room at Charles's.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

Charles S. VValk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver S. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting;—no *volontier* grace and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the

strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture.—No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that's true;—what parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver S. VVhat an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*]

Careless. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless!—VVell, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveling, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—VVhat say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regiments, as a general should be.—VVhat do you bid?

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles S. VVhy, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver S. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*—VVell, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah:—Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago; when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles S. VVell, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'Tis good bargain.

Charles S. Careless!—This, now, is a grand-

father of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—VVhat do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the wool-sack¹; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver S. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, VVilliam and VValter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver S. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Careless. VVell said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver S. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver S. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver S. VVell, well, any thing to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. VVhat, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. VVhat, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Careless. Your uncle Oliver!—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver S. The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly

¹ The Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords, is on a wool-sack; and it thus applies to all belonging to the law.

will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver S. I forgive him every thing! [*Aside*].—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver S. How like his father the dog is! [*Aside*].—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—[*Aside*].—Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliver S. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

Sir Oliver S. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But, hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver S. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver S. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver S. A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside*].—Good-day!—Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.*]

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw!

Charles S. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Hah! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless. I will—but don't let that old block-head persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles S. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit Careless*].—Sob! this was an odd old fellow, indeed.—Let me see—twothirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds: 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.—

Enter ROWLEY.

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there's the point! my dis-

tresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 'tis very affecting; but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I? *Rowley.* There's no making you serious a moment.

Charles S. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

Rowley. A hundred pounds! Consider only—

Charles S. Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Rowley. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

Charles S. 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old lame hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

Rowley. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

Charles S. Ay, ay, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and now' for hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Parlour.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.

Moses. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir Oliver S. True, but he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And games so deep.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture.—O, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase—

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Rowley. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Moses. Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

Rowley. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Rowley. Not yet a while; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—Moses, a word. [*Exeunt Trip and Moses.*]

Sir Oliver S. There's a fellow for you—

would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Oliver S. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

JOSEPH SURFACE and a Servant.

Joseph S. No letter from Lady Teazle?
Serv. No, sir.

Joseph S. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife, however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

[Knocking heard without.]

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph S. Hold!—See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph S. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper.—*[Servant draws the screen, and exit.]*—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before.

Joseph S. O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

Lady T. Upon my word you ought to pity me: Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph S. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. *[Aside.]*

Lady T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Indeed I do not. *[Aside.]*—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one?—And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

Joseph S. Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!

Joseph S. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

Lady T. Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence—

Joseph S. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady T. 'Tis very true!

Joseph S. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady T. Do you think so?

Joseph S. Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady T. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

Joseph S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calamity!

Joseph S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady T. Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

Joseph S. O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady T. Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the question?

Joseph S. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady T. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honourable logic, after all.

Joseph S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—

[*Taking her Hand.*]

Enter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph S. Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

Lady T. Sir Peter! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

Serv. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady T. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—

[*Goes behind the Screen.*]

Joseph S. Give me that book.

[*Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his Hair.*]

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—

Joseph S. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—[*Gaping—throws away the Book*—I have been dozing over a stupid book.

—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

Sir Peter T. 'Tis very neat indeed.—Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps?

Joseph S. O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter T. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

Joseph S. Ay, or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

Sir Peter T. Well, I have a little private business—

Joseph S. You need not stay.

[*To the Servant.*]

Serv. No, sir.

Joseph S. Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg—

Sir Peter T. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short; my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

Joseph S. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter T. Ay, 'tis too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph S. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Peter T. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter T. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

Joseph S. Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter T. I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph S. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter T. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph S. My brother! impossible!

Sir Peter T. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter T. True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Joseph S. Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter T. Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph S. That's very true.

Sir Peter T. And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph S. That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

Sir Peter T. Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph S. No—you must never make it public.

Sir Peter T. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph S. Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter T. Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

Joseph S. O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter T. What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph S. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir Peter T. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she

almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir Peter T. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph S. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter T. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

Joseph S. [*Softly*].—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter T. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph S. I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly*].—'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way. [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter T. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

Enter Servant.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph S. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter T. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—you shall be at home.

Joseph S. Well, well, let him up. [*Exit Servant*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

Sir Peter T. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I intreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph S. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?

Sir Peter T. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph S. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridi-

culous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter T. Ah! you rogue! But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph S. O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir Peter T. No! then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph S. Well, go in there.

Sir Peter T. Sly rogue! sly rogue!

[*Going into the Closet.*]

Joseph S. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady T. [*Peeping*].—Couldn't I steal off?

Joseph S. Keep close, my angel!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping*].—Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph S. Back, my dear friend!

Lady T. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph S. Be still, my life!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping*].—You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph S. In, in, my good Sir Peter—'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph S. Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles S. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph S. He was, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles S. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph S. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles S. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men—But how so, pray?

Joseph S. To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles S. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph S. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh—

Charles S. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Joseph S. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Aloud.*]

Charles S. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph S. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you—

Charles S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father—

Joseph S. Well—

Charles S. Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

Joseph S. O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles S. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

Joseph S. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles S. Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here—

Joseph S. Nay, pri-hee, Charles—

Charles S. And found you together—

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! I insist—

Charles S. And another time when your servant—

Joseph S. Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must siop him. [Aside.

Charles S. Informed, I say, that—

Joseph S. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles S. How, sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph S. Softly; there! [Points to the Closet.

Charles S. O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph S. No, no—

Charles S. I say, Sir Peter, come into court—[pulls in Sir Peter]—What! my old guardian!—What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog?

Sir Peter T. Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

Charles S. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did; what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles S. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph?

[Apart to Joseph.

Sir Peter T. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles S. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Charles S. But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph?

[Apart to Joseph.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph S. Would they were both well out of the room!

[Aside.

Enter Servant, and whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.

Sir Peter T. And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

Joseph S. Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles S. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph S. They must not be left together. [Aside] I'll send this man away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

[Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out.

Sir Peter T. I! not for the world!—[Apart to Joseph]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment.—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

Charles S. Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

Sir Peter T. No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect—I have a great mind to tell him—we should have a laugh at Joseph.

[Aside.

Charles S. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir Peter T. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles S. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter T. No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—[Aside] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles S. I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter T. Then, 'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for discovering me—He had a girl with him when I called.

Charles S. What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter T. Hush! a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

Charles S. The devil she is!

Sir Peter T. Hush! I tell you! [Points.

Charles S. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter T. No, no—he's coming—you sha'n't, indeed!

Charles S. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter T. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

Charles S. I'll stand by you—

Sir Peter T. Odds, here he is—

[Joseph Surface enters just as Charles Surface throws down the Screen.

Charles S. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles S. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you

are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment! [*Exit Charles. They stand for some time looking at each other.*]

Joseph S. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter T. If you please, sir.

Joseph S. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir,—Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—She, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter T. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter T. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter T. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph S. [*Aside*]—'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter T. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir Peter T. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

Joseph S. The woman's mad!

Lady T. No, sir,—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [*Exit Lady Teazle.*]

Joseph S. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

Sir Peter T. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph S. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

[*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface Talking.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Library.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Servant.

Joseph S. Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Joseph S. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir. — Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady—

Joseph S. Go, fool! [*Exit Servant*]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir Oliver S. What! does he avoid us!—That was he, was it not?

Rowley. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir Oliver S. O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Rowley. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir Oliver S. Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

Rowley. Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

Sir Oliver S. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

Rowley. I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir Oliver S. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Rowley. Without losing a moment. [*Exit.*]

Sir Oliver S. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you ten thousand par-

dons for keeping you a moment waiting—Mr. Stanley, I presume.—

Sir Oliver S. At your service.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir!—

Sir Oliver S. Dear sir—there's no occasion—too civil by half!

Joseph S. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

Sir Oliver S. I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

Joseph S. Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

Sir Oliver S. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

Joseph S. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir Oliver S. I should not need one, my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Joseph S. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliver S. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Joseph S. O, dear sir, nothing of the kind:—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir Oliver S. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers!

Joseph S. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliver S. Not I, for one!

Joseph S. The sums I have lent him!—Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliver S. Dissembler! [Aside]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Joseph S. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliver S. I am extremely sorry—

Joseph S. Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliver S. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Joseph S. You leave me deeply affected,

Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

Sir Oliver S. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

Joseph S. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, your most obsequious.

Joseph S. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliver S. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Joseph S. In the mean time I wish you health and spirits.

Sir Oliver S. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Joseph S. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, you are my heir!

[Aside. Exit.

Joseph S. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas he sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Joseph S. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley.

[Reads the Letter]—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Rowley. He is, indeed: we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Joseph S. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

Rowley. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

Joseph S. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Rowley. I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Joseph S. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—Never, to be sure, was any thing so damned unlucky.

[Aside. *Rowley.* You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Joseph S. Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it—Just at this time!

Rowley. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

Joseph S. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.

—[Exit Rowley]—Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter MRS. CANDOUR and MAID.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. Can. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

Maid. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. Can. Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit Maid*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Oh, Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose—

Sir Benj. B. Of lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

Mrs. Can. And Sir Peter's discovery—

Sir Benj. B. O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. Can. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir Benj. B. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Can. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir Benj. B. No, no, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. Can. No such thing! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir Benj. B. I tell you I had it from one—

Mrs. Can. And I have it from one—

Sir Benj. B. Who had it from one, who had it—

Mrs. Can. From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle.

Mrs. Can. Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young! *Lady Sneer.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. Can. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady Sneer. No; but every body says that Mr. Surface—

Sir Benj. B. Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. Can. No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

Mrs. Can. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

Sir Benj. B. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

Mrs. Can. Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Benj. B. No! what, no mention of the duel?

Mrs. Can. Not a word

Sir Benj. B. O, yes: they fought before they left the room.

Lady Sneer. Pray, let us hear.

Mrs. Can. Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir Benj. B. "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

Mrs. Can. Ay, to Charles—

Sir Benj. B. No, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

Mrs. Can. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir Benj. B. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

Enter CRABTREE.

Crabt. With pistols, nephew—pistols: I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. Can. O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

Crabt. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

Sir Benj. B. By a thrust in second quite through his left side—

Crabt. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. Can. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

Crabt. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

Mrs. Can. I knew Charles was the person.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

Crabt. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

Sir Benj. B. That I told you, you know—

Crabt. Do, nephew, let me speak! and insisted on immediate—

Sir Benj. B. Just as I said—

Crabt. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau [for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salt-hill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton], so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir Benj. B. I heard nothing of this.

Crabt. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess, but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

Lady Sneer. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information, [*Aside*].—[*Exit Lady Sneerwell.*]

Sir Benj. B. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Crabt. Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Can. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

Crabt. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

Mrs. Can. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crabt. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir Benj. B. Hey! who comes here?

Crabt. O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

Mrs. Can. O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Crabt. Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs. Can. Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

Sir Benj. B. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword?

Crabt. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

Sir Oliver S. Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

Sir Benj. B. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

Crabt. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

Sir Oliver S. Not a word!

Crabt. Not of his being dangerously wounded.

Sir Oliver S. The devil he is!

Sir Benj. B. Run through the body—

Crabt. Shot in the breast—

Sir Benj. B. Ay one Mr. Surface.

Crabt. Ay, the younger.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir Benj. B. O, yes, we agree there.

Crabt. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir Oliver S. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

Sir Benj. B. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

Sir Oliver S. Why, man, what do you out of bed with a smallsword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

Sir Peter T. A small sword, and a bullet?

Sir Oliver S. Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law, or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir Peter T. Why, what is all this?

Sir Benj. B. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

Sir Peter T. So, so; all over the town already.

Crabt. Though, Sir Peter, you were cer-

tainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

Sir Peter T. Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs. Can. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir Peter T. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

Sir Benj. B. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir Peter T. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

Crabt. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

Sir Peter T. I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony—I insist on your leaving my house directly.

Mrs. Can. Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Crabt. And tell how hardly you've been treated. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Sir Benj. B. And how patiently you bear it. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

Sir Oliver S. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Rowley. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir Oliver S. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir Peter T. A precious couple they are!

Rowley. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

Rowley. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir Oliver S. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Rowley. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Rowley. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

Rowley. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir Peter T. And does Sir Oliver know all this? *[Aside.]*

Sir Oliver S. Every circumstance.

Sir Peter T. What of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir Oliver S. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you; ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

Rowley. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments: ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

Sir Oliver S. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir Oliver S. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

Sir Oliver S. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir Peter T. O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be so entertaining!

Rowley. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir Oliver S. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

Sir Peter T. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

Rowley. We'll follow. [Exit Sir Oliver.]

Sir Peter T. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Rowley. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir Peter T. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Rowley. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir Peter T. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

Rowley. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir Peter T. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Rowley. Certainly.

Sir Peter T. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Rowley. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir Peter T. Faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Rowley. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

Sir Peter T. Hold, master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Library.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Lady SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Joseph S. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning neither. O! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Joseph S. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

Lady Sneer. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your veneration.

Joseph S. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

Lady Sneer. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Joseph S. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Joseph S. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Joseph S. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

Lady Sneer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Joseph S. Come, come; it is not too late yet. [Knocking at the door.] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if he should find you out too?

Joseph S. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own cre-

di's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady Sneer. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

[*Exit Lady SNEERWELL.*]

Joseph S. I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this 'time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

Joseph S. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir Oliver S. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, sir—

Joseph S. Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out.*]

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Hey day! what's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

Joseph S. So! he has been with you too, has he?

Charles S. To be sure he has. Why he's as honest as little—But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

Joseph S. Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every—

Charles S. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

Joseph S. Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

Charles S. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

Joseph S. No, sir, Stanley.

Charles S. No, no, Premium.

Joseph S. Well, no matter which—but—

Charles S. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.')

[*Knocking.*]

Joseph S. 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

Charles S. Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

Sir Oliver S. Gentlemen—

Joseph S. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

Charles S. Ay, out with him, certainly!

S. Oliver S. This violence—

Joseph S. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

Charles S. Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir Oliver out.*]

Enter Sir PETER and LADY TRAZLE, MARIA and ROWLEY.

Sir Peter T. My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

Lady T. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

Rowley. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir Oliver S. Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stoud a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down, without being bid for.

Joseph S. Charles!

Charles S. Joseph!

Joseph S. 'Tis now complete!

Charles S. Very!

Sir Oliver S. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

Lady T. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call me to his character.

Sir Peter T. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

Charles S. If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and by? [*Aside.*]

Sir Oliver S. As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

Charles S. Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*]

Joseph S. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

Charles S. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter T. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely! [*To Joseph.*]

Joseph S. I trust I could.

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

Charles S. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver. *Sir Oliver S.* What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Charles S. True, sir; but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Rowley. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir Oliver S. Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either.—Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

1) It is customary to give one's address in an Advertisement, A. B. at a Coffee-house, or other place.

Charles S. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Charles S. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady T. Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

Sir Peter T. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Maria. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Charles S. How, Maria!

Sir Peter T. Hey day! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

Maria. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

Charles S. Lady Sneerwell!

Joseph S. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

[Opens the door.]

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Sir Peter T. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

Lady Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel, for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Charles S. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Joseph S. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir Peter T. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Rowley. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady Sneer. A villain! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow; have you too conspired against me?

Snake. I beg your ladyship then thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir Peter T. Plot and counter-plot, egad!

Lady Sneer. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all.—

Lady T. Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady Sneer. You too, madam—provoking—insolent—May your husband live these fifty years! [Exit.]

Sir Peter T. Oons! what a fury!

Lady T. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir Peter T. Hey! Not for her last wish?

Lady T. O no!

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Joseph S. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say; however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. [Exit.]

Sir Peter T. Moral to the last drop!

Sir Oliver S. Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can.—Oil and Vinegar, egad! you'll do very well together.

Rowley. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

Snake. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

Sir Oliver S. Hey!—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir! consider, I live by the badness of my character; I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well,—we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear. [Exit Snake.]

Sir Peter T. There's a precious rogue!

Lady T. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and egad we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Charles S. Thank you, dear uncle!

Sir Peter T. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

Charles S. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

Maria. For shame; Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

Sir Oliver S. Well, then, the fower the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

Sir Peter T. And may you live as happily

together as Leady Teazle and I intend to do!
Charles S. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir Oliver S. You do indeed, Charles.

Rowley. If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt; but deserve to be happy, and you overpay me.

Sir Peter T. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Charles S. Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be

a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave thy beauty's sway,

Thou still must rule, because I will obey.

An humble fugitive from Folly view,
 No sanctuary near but Love and you;

[To the audience.

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,
 For even Scandal dies if you approve.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

Was born about the year 1676, in Ireland, in which kingdom one branch of the family was possessed of a considerable estate in the county of Wexford. His father, a counsellor at law in Dublin, was private secretary to James Duke of Ormond, but he was of English extraction; and his son, while very young, being carried to London, he put him to school at the Charterhouse, whence he was removed to Merton College, in Oxford, where he was admitted a postmaster in 1699. His inclination and genius being turned to polite literature, he commenced author during his residence in the university, and actually finished a comedy; which, however, he thought fit to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. Mr. Steele was well beloved and respected by the whole society, and had a good interest with them after he left the university, which he did without taking any degree, in the full resolution to enter into the army. This step was highly displeasing to his friends; but the ardour of his passion for a military life rendered him deaf to any other proposal. Not being able to procure a better station, he entered as a private gentleman in the horse-guards, notwithstanding he thereby lost his Irish estate. However, as he had a flow of good-nature, a generous openness and frankness of spirit, and a sparkling vivacity of wit,—these qualities rendered him the delight of the soldiery, and procured him an ensign's commission in the guards. In the mean time, as he had made choice of a profession which set him free from all the ordinary restraints on youth, he spared not to indulge his inclinations in the wildest excesses. Yet his gaieties and revels did not pass without some cool hours of reflection, and in these it was that he drew up his little treatise, entitled *The Christian Hero*, with a design, if we may believe himself, to be a check upon his passions. For this use and purpose it had lain some time by him, when he printed it in 1701, with a dedication to Lord Cutta, who had not only appointed him his private secretary, but procured for him a company in Lord Lucas's regiment of fusiliers. The whole plan and tenour of our author's book was such a flat contradiction to the general course of his life, that it became a subject of much mirth and railery: but these shafts had no effect; he persevered invariably in the same contradiction, and, though he had no power to change his heart, yet his pen was never prostituted to his follies. Under the influence of that good sense, he wrote his first play, which procured him the regard of King William, who resolved to give him some essential marks of his favour; and though, upon that prince's death, his hopes were disappointed, yet, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, he was appointed to the profitable place of Gazetteer. He owed his post to the friendship of Lord Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had been recommended by his schoolfellow Mr. Addison. That gentleman also lent him an helping hand in promoting the comedy, called *The Tender Husband*, which was acted in 1704, with great success. But his next play, *The Lying Lover*, found a very different fate. Upon this rebuff from the stage, he turned the same burlesque current into another channel; and, early in the year 1709, he began to publish *The Tatler*; which admirable paper was undertaken in concert with Dr. Swift. His reputation was perfectly established by this work; and, during the course of it, he was made a commissioner of the stamp-duties, in 1710. Upon the change of the ministry the same year, he sided with the Duke of Marlborough, who had several years entertained a friendship for him; and, upon his Grace's dismission from all employments, in 1711, Mr. Steele addressed a letter of thanks to him for the services done to his country. However, as our author still continued to hold his place in the stamp-office under the new administration, he forbore entering with his pen upon political subjects. But, adhering more closely to Mr. Addison, he dropt *The Tatler*; and afterwards, by the assistance chiefly of that steady friend, he carried on the same plan, under the title of *The Spectator*. The success of this paper was equal to that of the former, which encouraged him, before the close of it, to proceed upon the same design in the character of *The Guardian*. This was opened in the beginning of the year 1713, and was laid down in October the same year. But, in the course of it, his thoughts took a stronger turn to politics; he engaged with great warmth against the ministry, and being determined to prosecute his views that way, by procuring a seat in the House of Commons, he immediately removed all obstacles thereto. For that purpose, he took care to prevent a forcible dismission from his post in the stamp-office, by a timely resignation of it to the Earl of Oxford, and, at the same time, gave up a pension, which had been, till this time, paid him by the Queen, as a servant to the late Prince George of Denmark. This done, he wrote the famous *Guardian*, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, which was published August 7, 1713; and the Parliament being dissolved the next day, the *Guardian* was soon followed by several other warm political tracts against the administration. Upon the meeting of the new Parliament, Mr. Steele having been returned a member for the borough of Stockbridge, in Hampshire, took his seat accordingly in the House of Commons, but was expelled thence in a few days after, for writing several seditious and scandalous libels, as he had been indeed forewarned by the author of a periodical paper, called *The Examiner*. Presently after his expulsion, he published proposals for writing the History of the Duke of Marlborough. At the same time he also wrote *The Spinster*; and set up a paper, called *The Reader*. He also continued publishing several other things in the same spirit, until the death of the Queen. Immediately after which, as a reward for these services, he was taken into favour by her successor to the throne, K. George I., and appointed surveyor to the royal stables at Hampton Court, and put into the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex; and, having procured a license for chief manager of the royal company of comedians, he easily obtained it to be charged the same year, 1714, into a patent from His Majesty, appointing him governor of the said company during his life; and to his executors, administrators, or assigns, for the space of three years afterwards. He was also chosen one of the representatives for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, in the first Parliament of that King, who conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, April 28, 1715; and, in August following, he received five hundred pounds from Sir Robert Walpole, for special services. Thus highly encouraged, he triumphed over his opponents in several pamphlets, written in this and the following year. In 1717 he was appointed one of the commissioners for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. This carried him into that part of the united kingdom, where, how unwelcome a guest soever he might be to the generality, yet he received from several of the nobility and gentry the most distinguishing marks of respect. In 1718 he buried his second wife, who had brought him a handsome fortune, and a good estate in Wales; but neither that, nor the ample additions lately made to his income, were sufficient to answer his demands. The thoughtless vivacity of his spirit often reduced him to little shifts of wit for its support, and the project of *The Fish Pool* this year owed its birth chiefly to the projector's necessities. The following year he opposed the remarkable peerage bill in the House of Commons, and, during the course of this opposition to the court, his

license for acting plays was revoked, and his patent rendered ineffectual, at the instance of the lord chamberlain. He did his utmost to prevent so great a loss, and, finding every direct avenue of approach to his Royal Master effectually barred against him by his powerful adversary, he had recourse to the method of applying to the public, in hopes that his complaints would reach the ear of his Sovereign, though in an indirect course, by that canal. In this spirit he formed the plan of a periodical paper, to be published twice a week, under the title of *The Theatre*; the first number of which came out on the end of Jan. 1719—20. In the mean time, the misfortune of being out of favour at court, like other misfortunes, drew after it a train of more. During the course of this paper, in which he had assumed the feigned name of Sir John Edgar, he was outrageously attacked by Mr. Dennis, the noted critic, in a very abusive pamphlet, entitled *The Character and Conduct of Sir John Edgar*. To this insult our author made a proper reply in *The Theatre*. While he was struggling, with all his might, to save himself from ruin, he found time to turn his pen against the mischievous South Sea scheme, which had nearly brought the nation to ruin, in 1720; and the next year he was restored to his office and authority in the playhouse in Drury Lane. Of this it was not long before he made an additional advantage by bringing his celebrated comedy, called *The Conscious Lovers*, upon that stage, where it was acted with prodigious success; so that the receipt there must have been very considerable, besides the profits accruing by the sale of the copy and a purse of five hundred pounds given to him by the King, to whom he dedicated it. Yet, notwithstanding these ample recruits, about the year following, being reduced to the utmost extremity, he sold his share in the play-house, and soon after commenced a lawsuit with the managers, which, in 1726, was determined to his disadvantage. During these misfortunes of Sir Richard, there was once an execution in his house. Being, however, under the necessity of receiving company a few days afterwards, he prevailed on the bailiffs to put on liveries, and to pass for his servants. The force succeeded but for a short time; for the knight enforcing his orders to one of them in a manner which this vermin of the law thought too authoritative, the insolent rascal threw off the mask, and discovered his real occupation. Soon after, Sir Richard retired to a small house on Haverstock Hill, in the road to Hampstead. Part of this building remains, and is now a cottage. Here Mr. Pope and other members of the Kit-cat Club used to call on him and take him in their carriages to the place of rendezvous. Having now, therefore, for the last time, brought his fortune, by the most heedless profusion, into a desperate condition, he was rendered altogether incapable of retrieving the loss, by being seized with a paralytic disorder, which greatly impaired his understanding. In these unhappy circumstances, he retired to his seat at Langunnor, near Carmarthen, in Wales; where he paid the last debt to nature, on the 21st of September 1729, and was privately interred, according to his own desire, in the church of Carmarthen. Sir Richard was a man of undiminished and extensive benevolence, a friend to the friendless, and, as far as his circumstances would permit, the father of every orphan. His works are chaste and manly. He was a stranger to the most distant appearance of envy or malevolence; never jealous of any man's growing reputation, and so far from arrogating any praise to himself from his conjunction with Mr. Addison, that he was the first who desired him to distinguish his papers. His greatest error was want of economy. However, he was certainly the most agreeable, and (if we may be allowed the expression) the most innocent rake, that ever trod the rounds of indulgence.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

Comedy by Sir Richard Steele. Acted at Drury Lane 1721. The general design of this celebrated comedy, which had been written some years before it was acted, and at first intended to be called *The Unfashionable Lovers* (or, as some say, *The Fine Gentleman*), is taken from the *Andria* of Terence: but the author's principal intention in writing it was, as he himself informs us, to introduce the very fine scene in the fourth act between young Bevil and Myrtle, which sets forth, in a strong light, the folly of duelling, and the absurdity of what is falsely called the *point of honour*; and in this particular merit the play would probably have ever stood foremost, had not that subject been since more amply and completely treated by the admirable author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, in the affair between that truly accomplished gentleman and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. This play was acted twenty six nights the first season: yet, before it appeared, it excited the envy and ill-humour of Dennis, who, while it was in rehearsal, published a pamphlet (alluding to Sir Richard Steele's censure of Etherege's *Man of Mode*, in *The Spectator*), under the following title: "A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutterm, written by Sir George Etherege: in which Defence is shown, that Sir Fopling, that merry Knight, was rightly composed by the Knight his Father, to answer the Ends of Comedy; and that he has been barbarously and scurrilously attacked by the Knight his Brother in the 55th Spectator; by which it appears, that the Knight knows nothing of the Nature of Comedy." The scurrility of this pamphlet (which was intended to prejudice the public against Steele's forth coming play) is implied in the title-page; and in the course of his writing he not only reflects illiberally on Steele for being an Irishman, but foolishly calls him a twopenny author, because he wrote the *Tutors*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*. In fine, he promised a criticism on *The Conscious Lovers*, when it should appear on the stage; which criticism, when it appeared, was allowed by all to be the most civil, and therefore the *dullest*, of all his critical writings. This was the first play acted on the secession from Fleetwood, Sept. 20, 1745.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN BEVIL.	MYRTLE.	TOM.	ISABELLA.
SEALAND.	CIMBERTON.	DANIEL.	INDIANA.
BEVIL.	HUMPHREY.	MRS. SEALAND.	LUCINDA.

PHILLIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SIR JOHN BEVIL's House.

Enter SIR JOHN BEVIL and HUMPHREY.

Sir J. HAVE you ordered that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Hum. Yes, sir; I believ'd you had something of moment to say to me.

Sir J. I'll tell thee then. In the first place, this wedding of my son's in all probability—shut the door—will never be at all.

Hum. How, sir! not be at all? For what reason is it carried on in appearance?

Sir J. Honest Humphrey, have patience, and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myself, in some part of my life lived indeed with freedom, but I hope without reproach; now I thought liberty would be as little injurious to my son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards

man, I indulg'd him in living after his own manner. I know not how otherwise to judge of his inclination; for what can be concluded from a behaviour under restraint and fear? But what charms me above all expression is, that my son has never, in the least action, the most distant hint or word, valued himself upon that great estate of his mother's, which, according to our marriage settlement, he has had ever since he came to age.

Hum. No, sir; on the contrary he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it before you or any belonging to you. He is as dependant and resigned to your will as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate bounty. You have ever acted like a good and generous father, and he like an obedient and grateful son.

Sir J. To be short, Humphrey, his repu-

tation was so fair in the world, that old Sealand, the great India merchant, has offered his only daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a wife for him. You may be sure I made no difficulties; the match was agreed on, and this very day named for the wedding.

Hum. What hinders the proceeding?

Sir J. Don't interrupt me. You know I was, last Thursday, at the masquerade; my son, you may remember, soon found us out. He knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and though it was in the mode of the last age, yet the maskers, you know, followed us as if we had been the most monstrous figures in that whole assembly.

Hum. I remember indeed a young man of quality, in the habit of a clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Right; he was too much what he seemed to be. You remember how impertinently he followed and teased us, and would know who we were.

Hum. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. [*Aside.*]

Sir J. Ay, he followed us till the gentleman, who led the lady in the Indian mantle, presented that gay creature to the rustic, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my mask: with that the gentleman, throwing off his own, appeared to be my son; and in his concern for me, tore off that of the nobleman. At this they seized each other, the company called the guards, and in the surprise the lady swooned away; upon which my son quitted his adversary, and had now no care but of the lady; when, raising her in his arms, "Art thou gone," cried he, "for ever?—Forbid it, heaven!"—She revives at his known voice, and with the most familiar, though modest, gesture hangs in safety over his shoulders, weeping; but wept as in the arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose, were she not under observation. While she hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.

Hum. I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzzed about she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea officer, who had serv'd in France. Now this unexpected and public discovery of my son's so deep concern for her—

Hum. Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. Sealand, in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

Sir J. You are right: he came to me yesterday, and said he thought himself disengaged from the bargain, being credibly informed my son was already married, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct breach between us.

Hum. Well, sir, and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

Sir J. That's what I wanted to debate with you. I have said nothing to him yet. But lookye, Humphrey, if there is so much in this amour of his, that he denies upon my summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then, by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engaged to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures. In the mean time, I would have you find out how far that rogue, his man, is let into his secret: he, I know, will play tricks as much to cross me as to serve his master.

Hum. Why do you think so of him, sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you at your son's age.

Sir J. I see it in the rascal's looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long: I'll go to my son immediately; and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue, Tom, that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit.*]

Hum. Well, though this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain is attended with constant, mutual uneasiness. I am sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both; but they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful however.—Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught.—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

Enter Tom, singing.

Tom. Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic, ordinary drudges, that do business; we are raised above you: the pleasures of board wages, tavern dinners, and many a clear gain—vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Hum. Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, though it is but as t'other day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience. You then pulled off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful, great, awkward cub as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop, that's fit for nothing except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants. You talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth; when you went to dinner because it was so much o'clock; when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes, in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Hum. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow, in a black gown, said something over the meat¹; as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

¹) A prayer used generally to be said before sitting down to dinner.

Hum. Sirrah, who do you prate after—despising men of sacred characters? I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate?

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to town, about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Hum. Sirrah, I gave you those lessons because I supposed at that time your master and you might have dined at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made a good family servant: but the gang you have frequented since at chocolate-houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance—

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance: but we gentlemen who are well fed and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Hum. Very well, sir, I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

Tom. Master Humphrey, ha, ha! you were an unhappy lad to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, sir, the lackeys are the men of pleasure of the age, the top gamsters; and many a laced coat about town have had their education in our party-coloured regiment. We are false lovers, have a taste of music, poetry, billet-doux, dress, politics, ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' wigs, and marry fortunes.

Hum. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, sir, our order is carried up to the highest dignities and distinctions: step but into the Painted Chamber, and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality! then again, come down to the Court of Requests, and you shall see us all laying our broken heads together for the good of the nation; and though we never carry a question nemine contradicente, yet this I can say with a safe conscience (and I wish every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and say the same), that I never took so much as a single mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

Hum. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them. I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day?

Tom. Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dressed as gay as the sun; but between you and I, my dear! he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dressed I retired, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walked thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid you know—

Hum. Is passionately fond of your fine person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays,

operas, and ridottos, for the winter; the Parks and Bellisize for our summer diversions; and, "Lard!" says she, "you are so wild, but you have a world of humour."

Hum. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he order'd you?

Tom. Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

Hum. Not easily come at? Why, sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It's no matter for that: her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the grey mare is the better horse¹⁾.

Hum. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff-starved philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffered no message or letter from my master to come near her.

Hum. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond soul, that can keep nothing from me; one that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly managed.

Hum. What, her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even she, sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at—

Hum. Your sweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to fret and play with the little wanton.

Hum. Play with the little wanton! What will this world come to?

Tom. I met her this morning in a new manteau and petticoat, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes; then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole town of coquettes at second-hand. But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

Hum. Then I hope, dear sir! when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend; and those are people I never forget.

Hum. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugarkey at home? Lard! one is almost ashamed to pass along the streets. The town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see any thing dress'd like a woman of condition pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. Oh, fortune, fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk? Why, madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. Thomas; but I wish I were

1) The lady is master in the family.

generally carried in a coach or a chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter or slide, to be shortsighted or stare, to sleet in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I was rich I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh, Tom, Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great a coxcomb, and I so great a coquette, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that.

Phil. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy, upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast manteaus—that any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy (for now only it was becoming); to my lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you said after somebody or other. Oh, Tom, Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all: but you, wretch! talk to me no more on the old odious subject: don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your commands, madam.

[In a submissive Tone, retiring.]

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her! I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon and set a prating. [Aside] Why, truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

Phil. Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it all of a sudden offends your nicety at our house?

Tom. I don't care to speak particulars, but I dislike the whole.

Phil. I thank you, sir; I am a part of that whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good Phillis.

Phil. Good Phillis! saucy enough. But, however—

Tom. I say it is that thou art a part which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know, madam, to be serious, I am a man at the bottom of prodigious nice honour. You are too much exposed to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your mistress's lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the heart when I touched your guilty conscience about Judy.

Tom. Ah, Phillis, Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Don't disparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealousy of so worthless an object; besides she is a poor hussy; and if you doubt the sincerity of my love, you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune, Phillis—

Phil. What would the fop be at now? [Aside] In good time indeed you shall be setting up for a fortune.

Tom. Dear Mrs. Phillis! you have such a spirit, that we shall never be dull in marriage when we come together. But I tell you you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my

hands. [He pulls out a Purse, she eyes it.]

Phil. What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Thomas?

Tom. As thus: there are hours you know when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick nor well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open to look at her own dear image in the glass.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natured moments; as when a knot or a patch is happily fixed; when the complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not patience!

Tom. Why then, or on the like occasions we servants who have skill to know how to time business, see when such a pretty folded thing as this [Shows a Letter] may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humour. And, madam, because it is a long wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of a lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this to bear your charges on the road.

[Gives her the Purse.]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt hussy.

Tom. O fie! I only think you'll take the letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence: I take it for my mistress's sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one! I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my mistress deluded by one who gives no proof of his passion: but I'll talk more of this as you see me on my way home. No, Tom; I assure thee I take this trash of thy master's, not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress. I remember a verse to the purpose—

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who part with money never feign.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—BEVIL'S Lodgings.

BEVIL discovered, reading.

Bevil. These moral writers practise virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza!—such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aching heart! If this lady my father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? is not she in equal distress with me? has not the letter I have sent her this morning, confessed my inclination to another? nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements too to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it; for sure to be denied is a favour any man may pretend to. It must be so. Well then, with the assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my father I am ready to marry her; then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at) an honest dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir John Bevil, sir, is in the next room.

Bevil. Duncel! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, sir, you were in your closet.

Bevil. I thought you had known, sir, it was my duty to see my father any where.

[Going himself to the Door.]

Tom. The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have.

[Aside.]

Enter SIR JOHN BEVIL, introduced by BEVIL.

Bevil. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant of all parents. Sure 'tis not a compliment to say these lodgings are yours. Why would you not walk in, sir?

Sir J. I was loath to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

Bevil. One to whom I am beholden for my birthday might have used less ceremony.

Sir J. Well, son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my curiosity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter, for courtship must then be over.

Bevil. I assure you, sir, there was no insolence in it, upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family, but much acknowledgment of the lady's great desert.

Sir J. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this? and will you really marry her?

Bevil. Did I ever disobey any command of yours, sir? nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon? If the lady is dressed and ready, you see I am. I suppose the lawyers are ready too.

Enter HUMPHREY.

**Hum.* Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Oh! that's well! then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the way, you say.

Bevil. If you please, sir, I'll take a chair and go to Mr. Sealand's; where the young lady and I will wait your leisure.

Sir J. By no means; the old fellow will be so vain if he sees—

Bevil. Ay; but the young lady, sir, will think me so indifferent—

Hum. Ay, there you are right. Press your readiness to go to the bride—he won't let you.

[Apart to Bevil.]

Bevil. Are you sure of that?

[Apart to Humphrey.]

Hum. How he likes being prevented! *[Aside.]*

Sir J. No, no; you are an hour or two too early; *[Looking on his Watch]* besides, this Sealand is a moody old fellow. There's no dealing with some people, but by managing with indifference. We must leave to him the conduct of this day; it is the last of his commanding his daughter.

Bevil. Sir, he can't take it ill that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Well, son, I'll go myself and take orders in your affair. You'll be in the way I suppose, if I send to you: I leave your old friend with you. Humphrey, don't let him stir, d'ye hear. Your servant, your servant.

[Exit.]

Hum. I have a sad time on't, sir, between you and my master; I see you are unwilling,

and I know his violent inclinations for the match; I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common good. Heaven grant a good end of this matter: but there is a lady, sir, that gives your father much trouble and sorrow. You'll pardon me.

Bevil. Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to both, and in that confidence I dare tell thee. That lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may assure yourself I never will marry without my father's consent; but give me leave to say too, this declaration does not come up to a promise that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Hum. My dear master! were I but worthy to know this secret that so near concerns you, my life, my all, should be engaged to serve you. This, sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your trust at worst but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bevil. That's all I ask. Thou hast made it now my interest to trust thee. Be patient then, and hear the story of my heart.

Hum. I am all attention, sir.

Bevil. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my last travels my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

Hum. I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

Bevil. His fears were just; for there I first saw this lady: she is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol, who upon repeated misfortunes was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and in six years time restored him to his former fortunes. On this he sent directions over that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convey¹⁾, but took the first occasion of a single ship; and with her husband's sister only and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage; for here, poor creature, she lost her liberty and life: she and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though as such not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon her unhealthy frame, that she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

Hum. Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

Bevil. Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her: the captain too proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having married himself an English woman, and being childless, he brought home into Toulon this her little countrywoman, this orphan I may call her, presenting her with all her dead mother's moveables of value to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Hum. Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

1) A ship of war to protect the merchant-vessels, which sailing together in a great number, make what is called a convoy.

Bevil. Only to make her frowns more terrible; for in his height of fortune this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea; and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found among his other riches this blooming virgin at his mercy.

Hum. He durst not sure abuse his power?

Bevil. No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her. In short he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty, demanding her to account for all her maintenance from her childhood, seized on her little fortune as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me, by miracle, to relieve her.

Hum. 'Twas Providence indeed! But pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

Bevil. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts descended to a composition, which I without her knowledge secretly discharged.

Hum. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bevil. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England; where we no sooner arrived but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

Hum. I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

Bevil. As my vital life dwells in my heart; and yet you see what I do to please my father; walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow. But, Humphrey, you have your lesson.

Hum. Now, sir, I have but one material question.

Bevil. Ask it freely.

Hum. Is it then your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

Bevil. I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer than in all the rest of my story; for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me, yet in all my acquaintance and utmost privacies with her I never once directly told her that I loved.

Hum. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bevil. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that till I have his consent to speak, I am determined on that subject to be dumb for ever.—An honourable retreat shall always be at least within my power, however fortune may dispose of me; the lady may repine perhaps, but never shall reproach me.

Hum. Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

Re-enter TOM.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and if you are at leisure, would be glad to wait on you.

Bevil. Whenever he pleases—Hold, Tom; did you receive no answer to my letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desired to call again; for I was told her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence Mrs. Phillis said I should have one.

Bevil. Very well.

Hum. Sir, I will take another opportunity; in the mean time I only think it proper to tell you, that from a secret I know, you may appear to your father as forward as you please to marry Lucinda, without the least hazard of its coming to a conclusion.—Sir, your most obedient servant.

Bevil. Honest Humphrey, continue but my friend in this exigence, and you shall always find me yours. [*Exit Humphrey*] I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda.—Poor Myrtle! what terrors must he be in all this while!—Since he knows she is offered to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing or taking any measures with him for his own service.—But I ought to hear with my friend, and use him as one in adversity.

All his disquietudes by my own I prove,
For none exceeds perplexity in love. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter BEVIL and TOM.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle.

Bevil. Very well. Do you step again, and wait for an answer to my letter. [*Exit Tom.*]

Enter MYRTLE.

Well, Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? is there any thing in this world deserves it? you who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myr. I think we have of late chang'd complexions: you, who us'd to be much the graver man, are now all air in your behaviour.—But the cause of my concern may, for aught I know, be the same object that gives you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day (and your dress confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

Bevil. You are not misinformed.—Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival till you hear me out. I shall disoblige the best of fathers if I don't seem ready to marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her for your own service as you please; but I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing or complying, unless you help me to escape the match.

Myr. Escape, sir! neither her merit nor her fortune are below your acceptance.—Escaping, do you call it?

Bevil. Dear sir! do you wish I should desire the match?

Myr. No—but such is my humorous and sickly state of mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that, though I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

Bevil. Pardon me, sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit—

Myr. Nay, dear Bevil, don't speak of her as if you loved her neither.

Bevil. Why then, to give you ease at once, though I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue, I know another in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myr. There you spoke like a reasonable and goodnatured friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness, and cure my jealousy.

Bevil. But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehension of another man that has twice the fortune of either of us.

Myr. Cimberton? Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantic coxcomb!—for the sot, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity, and very little judgment, shows his strongest bias is avarice; which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms than if she were a mere breeding animal.

Bevil. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence, than by all the blaze and ceremony of a court.

Myr. No, no, hang him! the rogue has no art; it is pure simple insolence and stupidity.

Bevil. Yet with all this I don't take him for a fool.

Myr. I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, though a very slow understanding; he says indeed many things that want only the circumstances of time and place to be very just and agreeable.

Bevil. Well, you may be sure of me if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says, the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda, though those for mine with her are, by her father's order, ready for signing; but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

Myr. Pah! a poor troublesome woman!—Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it; besides, I am sure Cimberton can make no settlement upon her without the concurrence of his great uncle, sir Geoffry, in the west.

Bevil. Well, sir, and I can tell you that's the very point that is now laid before her counsel, to know whether a firm settlement can be made without this uncle's actually joining in it.—Now, pray consider, sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture, how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father too to hear his proposals?

Myr. There you are right indeed; that must be provided against.—Do you know who are her counsel?

Bevil. Yes, for your service, I have found out that too; they are sergeant Bramble and old Target.—By the way, they are neither of 'em known in the family; now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false counsel upon her, to delay and confound matters a little; besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

Myr. As how, pray?

Bevil. Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be old Bramble yourself?

Myr. Ha! I don't dislike it. But what shall I do for a brother in the case?

Bevil. What think you of my fellow Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimic; all his part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case.—Nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it not that his impatience is the occasion of its breaking out to that degree.—The conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myr. I like it of all things; if you'll send Tom to my chambers, I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for awhile at least.

Bevil. I warrant you success; so far we are right then. And now, Charles, your apprehension of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

Myr. Dear Bevil! though I know you are my friend, yet, when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope—

Bevil. Dear Myrtle! I am as much obliged to you for the cause of your suspicion, as I am offended at the effect; but be assured I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire satisfaction.

Myr. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; though I cannot but remember that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity. *[Going.]*

Bevil. Then depend upon it you have no chance against you.

Myr. Nay, no ceremony; you know I must be going. *[Exit.]*

Bevil. Well, this is another instance of the perplexities which arise too in faithful friendship. But all this while poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me. I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for though the religious vow I have made to my father restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure delight of my eyes, and the guiltless joy of my heart. But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery.

To hope for perfect happiness is vain,
And love has ever its allays of pain. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—INDIANA'S Lodgings.

Enter ISABELLA and INDIANA.

Isa. Yes—I say 'tis artifice, dear child! I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all skill and management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill design in supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality; attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one in my appearance abroad, and my furniture at home every way in the most sumptuous manner; and he that does it has an artifice, a design in it?

Isa. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me that all about me comes from him,

Isa. Ay, ay, the more for that; that keeps the title to all you have the more in him.

Ind. The more in him!—he scorns the thought—

Isa. Then he—he—he—

Ind. Well, be not so eager. If he is an ill man let's look into his stratagems; here is another of them. [*Shows a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes. Why, dear aunt, now here's another piece of skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend; and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life, and the support of it; then again, as the man who loves me with sincerity and honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love. I say thus it is with me while I see him; and in his absence, I am entertained with nothing but your endeavours to tear this amiable image from my heart, and in its stead to place a base dissembler, an artful invader of my happiness, my innocence, my honour.

Isa. Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? Don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken been the most proper with you? Oh, ho! he has sense, and has judged the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, since nothing can answer you; say what you will of him.—Heigho!

Isa. Heigho! indeed. It is better to say so as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the destroyers of women the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble; who all, soon after their success in their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters. They embrace without love, they make vows without conscience of obligation; they are partners, nay, seducers, to the crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observed. [*Aside*] But what's all this to Bevil?

Isa. This is to Bevil and all mankind. W'ont you be on your guard against those who would betray you? won't you doubt those who would condemn you for believing 'em?—Such is the world, and such (since the behaviour of one man to myself) have I believed all the rest of the sex. [*Aside*]

Ind. I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not doubt it; he has not spoken it by an organ that is given to lying: his eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to trust his management with a father to whom he has uncommon obligations. What have I to be concerned for? My lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my purpose of life is only to please him; if he leaves me, (which heaven avert!) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than death has happened to me.

Isa. Ay, do persist in your credulity! flatter yourself that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the town, and marry a handsome beggar for love.

Ind. The town! I must tell you, madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil will but make

themselves more ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

Isa. Come, come, if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks, without sending you to Bristol in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

Ind. I am convinced he still designs it; besides, has he not writ to Bristol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there almost these twenty years?

Isa. All sham; mere evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked hopes! Did I ever give him any such?

Isa. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say in your conscience he has ever once offered to marry you?

Ind. No; but by his behaviour I am convinced he will offer it the moment 'tis in his power, or consistent with his honour, to make such a promise good to me.

Isa. His honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy by these ungrateful jealousies of one to whom I am and wish to be obliged; for from his integrity alone I have resolved to hope for happiness.

Isa. Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't see, at your peril be it.

Ind. Let it be.—This is his hour of visiting me. [*Aside*] All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit*]

Isa. Well, go thy way, thou wilful innocent! I once had almost as much love for a man who poorly left me to marry an estate; and I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid: but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me; only keep up the suspicion of it to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms. [*Exit*]

Re-enter INDIANA, speaking to a Servant.

Ind. Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in.—Design! impossible! a base, designing mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice; and yet, since the late rumour of his marriage, he seems more reserved than formerly; he sends in too before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure. Such new respect may cover coldness in the heart. It certainly makes me thoughtful.—I'll know the worst at once. I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation; for these doubts are insupportable.—But see he comes and clears them all.

Enter BEVIL.

Bevil. Madam, your most obedient. I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night; 'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own fault; I never saw you in such agreeable humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleased; for I thought I never saw you better company.

Bevil. Me, madam? you rally; I said very little.

Ind. But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

Bevil. Then it's a pity, madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your talent or power to make my actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

Bevil. If I might be vain of any thing in my power, madam, it is that my understanding from all your sex has marked you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my vanity forfeit the very esteem you offer me.

Bevil. How so, madam?

Ind. Because esteem is the result of reason; and to deserve it from good sense the height of human glory. Nay, I had rather a man of honour should pay me that, than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

Bevil. You certainly distinguish right, madam; love often kindles from external merit only.

Ind. But esteem arises from a higher source, the merit of the soul.

Bevil. True; and great souls only can deserve it.

[*Bows respectfully.*]

Ind. Now I think they are greater still than can so charitably part with it.

Bevil. Now, madam, you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is that I esteem you—as I ought.

Ind. As he ought! Still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

[*Aside.*]

Bevil. But, madam, we grow grave, methinks. Let's find some other subject.—Pray how did you like the opera last night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

Bevil. Oh! your servant, madam.

Ind. Now once more, to try him. [*Aside.*] I was saying just now, I believe, you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so: however, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate betwixt my aunt and me just before you came hither. She would needs have it that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman, but for his own sake.

Bevil. Well, madam, indeed I can't but be of her mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain and support her, without demanding any thing of her on her part?

Bevil. Why, madam, is making an expense in the service of a valuable woman (for such I must suppose her), though she should never do him any favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroic business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

Bevil. Dear madam, why so? 'tis but at best a better taste in expense. To bestow upon one whom he may think one of the or-

naments of the whole creation; to be conscious that from his superfluity an innocent, a virtuous spirit is supported above the temptations, the sorrows of life; that he sees satisfaction, health, and gladness in her countenance, while he enjoys the happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible): I say, if he is allowed to delight in that prospect, alas! what mighty matter is there in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship.

Bevil. Disinterested! I can't think him so. Your hero, madam, is no more than what every gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are: he is only one who takes more delight in reflections than in sensations; he is more pleased with thinking than eating; that's the utmost you can say of him. Why, madam, a greater expense than all this men lay out upon an unnecessary stable of horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say?

Bevil. You may depend upon it, if you know any such man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bevil. Nor cards nor dice.

Ind. No.

Bevil. Nor bottle companions.

Ind. No.

Bevil. Nor loose women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bevil. Take my word then, if your admired hero is not liable to any of these kind of demands, there's no such pre-eminence in this as you imagine: nay, this way of expense you speak of is what exalts and raises him that has a taste for it, and at the same time his delight is incapable of satiety, disgust, or penitence.

Ind. But still I insist his having no private interest in the action makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bevil. Dear madam, I never knew you more mistaken. Why, who can be more an usurer than he who lays out his money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him who has a true taste of life to ease an aching heart, to see the human countenance lighted up into smiles of joy on the receipt of a bit of ore which is superfluous and otherwise useless in a man's own pocket! What could a man do better with his cash? This is the effect of a humane disposition, where there is only a general tie of nature and common necessity; what then must it be when we serve an object of merit, of admiration?

Ind. Well, the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the generosity.

Bevil. Nay then, madam, 'tis time to fly, after a declaration that my opinion strengthens my adversary's argument. I had best hasten to my appointment with Mr. Myrtle, and be gone while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity. [*Exit carelessly.*]

Re-enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Well, madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On

my heart, he has no other view but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

Isa. Ah, dear niece! don't be in fear of both; I'll warrant you you will know time enough that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me when you tell me so; for if he has any wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them but with honour.

Isa. I wish I were as confident of one as t'other.—I saw the respectful downcast of his eye when you catch'd him gazing at you during the music. Oh, the undissembled, guilty look!

Ind. But did you observe any thing really? I thought he looked most charmingly graceful. How engaging is modesty in a man, when one knows there is a great mind within!

Isa. Ah, niece! some men's modesty serves their wickedness, as hypocrisy gains the respect due to piety. But I will own to you there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but till—till—till—

Ind. Till what?

Isa. Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes: and that I will be convinced of before I sleep; for you shall not be deceived. *[Exit.]*

Ind. I'm sure I never shall, if your fears can guard me. In the mean time, I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious honour all his actions steers,
So conscious innocence dispels my fears.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SEALAND'S House.

Enter TOM, meeting PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, Phillis!—What! with a face as if you had never seen me before?—What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has catch'd, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question, videlicet, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. *[Aside.]* Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant.

[Looks stedfastly at her.]

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty: perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I'll say one word.

Tom. I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal; and by

not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire, I am my mistress's from choice, would she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

Tom. Oh, the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haste about my master's letter; but I must go through it. *[Aside.]* Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion, I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service. I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty, little, tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper. At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean; the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you; you could not guess what surpris'd me; you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breath'd upon the glass; and when my lips approach'd, you rubb'd a dirty cloth against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit and rubb'd, and smiled at my undoing.

Phil. What silly thoughts you men have!

Tom. We were Pyramus and Thisbe; but ten times harder was my fate: Pyramus could peep only through a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe, in all her beauty; but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls were between; for there was more, there was her will against me. Would she but relent!—Oh, Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh, my charming Phillis! if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory suffer; but, dearest creature! consider our miserable state.

Phil. How! miserable?

Tom. We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love. With that generous passion in the heart to be sent to and fro on errands, called, checked, and rated, for the meanest trifles—Oh, Phillis! you don't know how many china cups and glasses my passion for you has made me break: you have broken my fortune as well as my heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you that I believe your master writes and you speak the best of any men in the world

Never was a woman so well pleased with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Tom. This was well done, my dearest! Consider, we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves by closing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement, out of their large possessions. Whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one acre with Phillis would be worth a whole county without her.

Phil. Oh, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the utterance, believe the touch, of my lips. [*Kisses her.*]

Phil. There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue, Tom!

Tom. And will closer in due time; but I must hasten with this letter, to hasten towards the possession of you—then, Phillis, consider how I must be reveng'd (look to it) of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best, but coy compliances.

Phil. Oh, Tom! you grow wanton and sensual, as my lady calls it: I must not endure it. Oh, foh! you are a man, an odious, filthy, male creature! you should behave, if you had a right sense, or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey. But hush—the ladies are coming. Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone. Lord! we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main business of our masters' and mistresses'.

Tom. Why their business is to be fooling and toying as soon as the parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remembered—Parchments. My lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb cousin, Cimberton, and my mistress, though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepared between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and I believe my mistress herself has signed and sealed in her heart to Mr. Myrtle. Did I not bid you kiss me but once and be gone? but I know you won't be satisfied.

Tom. No, you smooth creature! how should I? [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a map of quality. [*They salute formally.*]

Tom. Plague of all this state.

[*Offers to kiss her more closely.*]

Phil. No, pr'ythee, Tom, mind your business. Oh, here is my young mistress! [*Tom taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers*] Go, ye liquorish fool. [*Exit Tom.*]

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service, to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No, but he has so much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you: why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love. We servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow or treat for, squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another without such earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry hussy.

Phil. I wish, madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, madam; and I won't ask you what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle; what your father will do with Mr. Bevil; nor what you all, especially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different beds in the same house.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his pretensions in the letter I gave you for him.

Phil. Then Mr. Myrtle—

Luc. He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my affections; who is to have this body of mine without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me: my mother says 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband; nay, she says a maid rightly virtuous, though she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man when she sees him in a third place.

Phil. That's more than the severity of a nun; for not to see when one may is hardly possible; not to see when one can't is very easy: at this rate, madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen who—

Luc. Mamma says the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him, then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a passion, 'tis a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflection! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience, have I been expos'd and offer'd to some awkward booby or other in every county of Great Britain!

Phil. Indeed, madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb: as fast as

one treaty has gone off another has come on, till my name and person have been the titl-tattle of the whole town.

Phil. But, madam, all these vexations will end very soon in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly; nay, has, whether you know it or no, been in treaty with air Geoffry, who, to join in the settlement, has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great Britain; the art of listening, madam, for your ladyship's service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do. Leave me, leave me, Phillis; be gone; here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants, though I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phillis*] Here he comes with my mother—it's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more notice of me than of any other moveable in the room.

Enter MRS. SEALAND and CIMBERTON.

Mrs. S. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honourable house, in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly descended as may be.

Cim. Why, really, madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewilder'd in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood: they have no ideas of happiness but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

Cim. And in truth, madam, I have considered it as a most brutal custom, that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame to bed, as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no shame, I'm sure.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. S. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! but indeed it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best govern'd families, my master and lady are gone to bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hides her Face with her Fan.*

Cim. Lycurgus, madam, instituted otherwise: among the Lacedemonians the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us, under the audacious word, marriage.

Mrs. S. Oh! had I lived in those days, and

been a matron of Sparta, one might, with less indecency, have had ten children, according to that modest institution, than one under the confusion of our modern barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman, she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. S. We will talk then of business. That girl, walking about the room there, is to be your wife: she has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cim. I have observed her; her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance, speak her very—

Luc. Very what?

Cim. If you please, madam, to set her a little that way.

Mrs. S. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him; when you are married you may speak to such a husband when you're spoken to; but I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cim. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniences I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man—Ha! ay, the vermilion of her lips!

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cim. The pretty enough pant of her bosom.

Luc. Sir! Madam, don't you hear him?

Cim. Her forward chest!

Luc. Intolerable!

Cim. High health!

Luc. The grave, easy impudence of him!

Cim. Proud heart!

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cim. I say, madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable—

Cim. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries!

Mrs. S. Oh, child! hear him; he talks finely; he's a scholar; he knows what you have.

Cim. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing!—Now I am considering her on this occasion but as one that is to be pregnant; and pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly: I fear I shan't for many years have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot!—There's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale!

Cim. At sale!—she's very illiterate; but she's very well limb'd too. Turn her in, I see what she is.

Mrs. S. Go, you creature, I am ashamed of you.

[*Exit Lucinda, in a Rage.*

Cim. No harm done.—You know, madam, the better sort of people, as I observed to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings; [*Adjusts*

himself at the Glass] and the woman in the bargain, like the mansion-house in the sale of the estate, is thrown in; and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all considered.

Mrs. S. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the common world think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cim. Madam, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to beget a colony or a plantation. This young woman's beauty and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least.

Mrs. S. But I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and sir Geoffry Cimberton's counsel is to meet ours here at this hour concerning his joining in the deed; which, when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cim. No, no, no; indeed, madam, it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to overstock my family.

Mrs. S. I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton; but she is, for aught I see, as well as the daughter of any body else.

Cim. That is very true, madam.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Mrs. SEALAND.

Mrs. S. The laweys are come, and now we are to hear what they have resolved as to the point whether it is necessary that sir Geoffry should join in the settlement, as being what they call in the remainder. But, good cousin, you must have patience with 'em. These laweys I am told are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-counsel, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is slow, from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunned the bar, but extremely passionate, and impatient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he, but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

Cim. You mean old sergeant Target and counsellor Bramble: I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. S. The same. Show in the gentlemen. *[Exit Servant.]*

Re-enter a Servant, introducing MYRTLE and TOM, disguised as BRAMBLE and TARGET. Gentlemen, this is the party concerned, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have considered of the matter.

Tom. Yes, madam, we have agreed that it must be by indent—dent—dent—dent—

Myr. Yes, madam, Mr. Sergeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleased to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for sir Geoffry must needs be a party. Old Cimberton, in the year one thousand six hundred and nineteen, says, in that ancient roll in Mr. Sergeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear.

Tom. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands it appears that—

Myr. Mr. Sergeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody, but speak to the titles in your own deeds. I

shall not show that deed till my client is in town.

Cim. You know best your own methods.

Mrs. S. The single question is, whether the entail is such that my cousin sir Geoffry is necessary in this affair?

Myr. Yes, as to the lordship of the Tretreplet, but not as to the message of Grimgribber.

Tom. I say that Gr—gr—, that Gr—gr, Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us; that is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—, Tr—, Triplet.

Myr. You go upon the deed of sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretreplet is in him: but we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son. Then we know sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family, yet—

Tom. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

Myr. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its parts; but, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into; I tell you it is as probable a contingent that sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tom. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Myr. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no further than as to the claimants under old Cimberton. I am of opinion, that, according to the instructions of sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Tom. Sir, I have no patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber—

Myr. I will allow it you, Mr. Sergeant; but there must be the words, heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cim. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question. Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him. But, gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this matter, and are firm in your different opinions: 'twere better, therefore, you proceed according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing. And, do you see, sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

Myr. Why, what is all we have been saying? In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit. But, however, to please you, sir, you shall have it in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cim. But I would have it, sir, without delay.

Myr. That, sir, the law will not admit of. The courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least; the rest would take it ill else: therefore

I must leave what I have said to Mr. Sergeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

[Exit.]

Tom. Agreed, agreed.

Cim. Mr. Bramble is very quick. He parted a little abruptly.

Tom. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick about that Gr—gr—ber.

Mrs. S. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you. I shall send to you, Mr. Sergeant, as soon as sir Geoffry comes to town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tom. I shall be at my chambers at my usual hours.

[Exit.]

Cim. Madam, if you please I'll now attend you to the tea-table, where I shall hear from your ladyship reason and good sense after all this law and gibberish.

Mrs. S. 'Tis a wonderful thing, sir, that men of their profession do not study to talk the substance of what they have to say in the language of the rest of the world; sure they'd find their account in it.

Cim. They might, perhaps, madam, with people of your good sense, but with the generality 'twould never do: the vulgar would have no respect for truth and knowledge if they were exposed to naked view.

Truth is too simple, of all art bereav'd;
Since the world will, why let it be deceiv'd.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—BEVIL'S Lodgings.

Enter BEVIL, with a Letter in his Hand, followed by Tom.

Tom. Upon my life, sir, I know nothing of the matter; I never opened my lips to Mr. Myrtle about any thing of your honour's letter to madam Lucinda.

Bevil. What's the fool in such a fright for? I don't suppose you did. What I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle showed any suspicion, or asked you any questions, to lead you to say casually that you had carried any such letter for me this morning?

Tom. Why, sir, if he did ask me any questions, how could I help it?

Bevil. I don't say you could, oaf! I am not questioning you, but him. What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dressed for the lawyer's part your honour was pleased to put me upon, he asked me if I had been to Mr. Sealand's this morning? So I told him, sir, I often went thither; because, sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now than at another time.

Bevil. Very well. The fellow's caution I find has given him this jealousy. [Aside] Did he ask you no other questions?

Tom. Yes, sir—now I remember as we came away in the hackney-coach from Mr. Sealands; "Tom," says he, "as I came in to your master this morning, he bade you go for an answer to a letter he had sent; pray did you bring him any?" says he.—"Ah!" says I, "sir, your honour is pleased to joke with me;

you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no."

Bevil. And so, by showing him you could, you told him you had one.

Tom. Sir—

[Confused.]

Bevil. What mean actions does jealousy make a man sloop to! how poorly has he us'd art with a servant to make him betray his master! [Aside] Well, and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pulled off his lawyer's gown at his own chambers.

Bevil. Very well, and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

Tom. He looked a little out of humour, sir, and said it was very well.

Bevil. I knew he would be grave upon't. [Aside] Wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad, I don't like this: I am afraid we are in the wrong box here.

[Aside, and exit.]

Bevil. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturbed. This bot man, to write me a challenge on supposed artificial dealing, when I profess'd myself his friend! I can live contented without glory, but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's letter again. [Reads] Sir, —I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring the refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it than the courtship of him who I fear will fall to my lot, except your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness. I have reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter till hereafter; and am your most obliged humble servant, LUCINDA SEALAND. —Well, but the postscript.—I won't, upon second thoughts, hide any thing from you: but my reason for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper, which gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a tender love, and what may be cured by a careful and unblameable conduct.—Thus has this lady made me her friend and confidant, and put herself in a kind under my protection. I cannot tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her in the article of secrecy, more than I should by complying with her directions. But then this duelling, which custom has imposed upon every man who would live with reputation and honour in the world, how must I preserve myself from imputations there? he'll forsooth call it, or think it fear, if I explain without fighting.—But his letter; I'll read it again. [Reads] Sir,—You have used me basely, in corresponding and carrying on a treaty where you told me you were indifferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you; which advertisement I thought proper to send you against the next meeting between you and the injured.

CHARLES MYRTLE.

Re-enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, sir: would your honour please to see him?

Bevil. Why, you stupid creature, let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Show him up. [*Exit Tom*] Well, I am resolved upon my carriage to him; he is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for. But here he is.

Re-enter Tom, introducing MYRTLE.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour. But, sir, you, with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit Tom*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myr. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without further ceremony or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have further notice taken of my message than these half lines. I have yours. I shall be at home.

Bevil. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style, but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face;—and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myr. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness, and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage and not mine, to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

Bevil. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle?

Myr. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bevil. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at: but, sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as—

Bevil. As what?

Myr. As fear of answering for 'em.

Bevil. As fear of answering for 'em? But that apprehension is just or blameable according to the object of that fear. I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into his presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you this coolness, this gravity, this show of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have indeed the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda; but consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bevil. Sir, show me but the least glimpse of argument that I am authorised, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will show thee to chastise thee

hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger, and you shall you know not why be cool, as you know not why you have been warm.

Myr. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours, and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour, you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business; and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess; for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bevil. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man, and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation and observe your letter. Sir, I'll attend you.

Re-enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, sir? I thought you did. I heard you speak aloud.

Bevil. Yes; go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—Master—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen, what d'ye mean? I'm but a servant, or—

Bevil. Call a coach. [*Exit Tom. A long Pause; they walk sullenly by each other*] Shall I, though provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine? [*Aside. Shuts the Door*] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer, when perhaps too much regard to a false point of honour makes me prolong that suffering.

Myr. I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence than his sword.

Bevil. Why then would you ask it first that way?

Myr. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

Bevil. True, But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed would have been worse than death to yourself. Read it.—When he is thoroughly mortified, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda. [*Aside.*]

Myr. With what a superiority has he turn'd the injury on me as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported. Is not

that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find (on the postscript)—With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer? [*Aside*] Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I—

Bevil. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myr. But can you—

Bevil. You have overpaid the inquietude you gave me in the change I see in you towards me. Alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man, to that of my companion, my friend.

Myr. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

Bevil. Pray, no more.

Myr. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say, again and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with. What had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

Bevil. I congratulate no us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the onery of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myr. Dear Bevil! your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practise of virtue and justice; and yet how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other with dissembled anger and real fear.

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,
They hazard being to preserve a name;
Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake
Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*St. James Park.*

Enter SIR JOHN BEVIL and SEALAND.

Sir J. Give me leave, however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the business of an ancient house. Genealogy and descent are to be of some consideration in an affair of this sort.

Seal. Genealogy and descent! Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your ancient house, I am to talk freely of every thing you are pleased to put into your bill of rates on this occasion. Yet, sir, I have made no objections to your son's family; it is his morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a citizen's credit, may be no stain to a gentleman's honour.

Seal. Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit of a trader: we are talking of a marriage; and in such a case, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover, that he is a keeper—

Sir J. Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

Seal. Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases.

Sir J. My son, sir, is a discreet and sober gentleman.

Seal. Sir, I never saw a man that wench'd soberly and discreetly that ever left it off; the decency observed in the practice, hides even from the sinner the iniquity of it.

Sir J. But, my son, sir, is in the eye of the world a gentleman of merit.

Seal. I own to you I think him so. But, sir John, I am a man exercised and experienced in chances and disasters; I lost in my early years a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant: this makes me perhaps over cautious to preserve the second bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this child.—You'll pardon me; my poor girl, sir, is as valuable to me as your boasted son to you.

Sir J. Why, that's one very good reason, Mr. Sealand, why I wish my son had her.

Seal. There is nothing but this strange lady here, this incognita, that can be objected to him. Here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one passion.

Sir J. A man of my son's understanding cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Seal. Very wise men have been so enslaved; and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether moved from the demand of the world, or slighter reasons, such a husband soils with his wife for a month perhaps; then good by, madam; the show's over.—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says,

"And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is."
Now, in plain terms, sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turn'd a grazing; and that must be the case when—

Sir J. But pray consider, sir, my son—

Seal. Look you, sir, I'll make the matter short.—This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him: but one way or other he is or has been certainly engaged to her. I am therefore resolved this very afternoon to visit her. Now, from her behaviour or appearance, I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing inquired into relating to my son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his advantage.

Seal. I hope that as sincerely as you believe it.—Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I shall wish your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great Britain; and so your servant.

[*Exit.*]

Sir J. He is gone in a way but barely civil; but his great wealth, and the merit of his only child, the heirress of it, are not to be lost for a little peevishness.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*BEVIL'S Lodgings.*

Enter TOM and PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle, you shall: he is now with my master in the library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with

him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed for me to retire, and leave my mistress with another man!

Phil. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so; but however I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you. I'll call him to you. *[Exit.]*

Phil. What a deal of pother and sputter here is between my mistress and Mr. Myrtle from mere punctilio! I could, any hour of the day, get her to her lover, and would do it; but she, forsooth, will allow no plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it. I must therefore do her an acceptable violence, and surprise her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable: if she were my maid, I should think her the best servant in the world for doing so by me.

Re-enter TOM, with MYRTLE.

Oh, sir! you and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen, to let a lady remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and not attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the danger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

Myr. Tom has been telling—but what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done?—When a man can't come at his mistress, why can't you fire our house, or the next house to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

Myr. How, Mrs. Phillis?

Phil. Ay, let me see that rogue deny to fire a house, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I am obliged to you, madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themselves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hanged for love?—Oh! were I a man—

Myr. What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

Phil. Only be at once what one time or other you may be, and wish to be, and must be.

Myr. Dear girl! talk plainly to me, and consider I, in my condition, can't be in very good humour. You say, to be at once what must be.

Phil. Ay, ay; I mean no more than to be an old man. In a word, old sir Geoffrey Cimberton is every hour expected in town to join in the deeds and settlements for marrying Mr. Cimberton. He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions and desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

Tom. Come, to the business; and don't keep the gentleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection. Go and put on that very habit, and come to our house as sir Geoffrey. There is not one there but myself knows his

person. I was born in the parish where he is lord of the manor; I have seen him often and often at church in the country. Do not hesitate, but come thither. They will think you bring a certain security against Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle. Leave the rest to me. I leave this with you, and expect—They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of town; which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this opportunity.—I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myr. My dear Phillis!

[Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.]

Phil. Oh, fie! my kisses are not my own; you have committed violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. *[Tom kisses her.]* Come, see me down stairs, *[To Tom]* and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize. *[Exit Tom and Phillis.]*

Myr. I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient. But I am so mortified at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil: he must think meanly of me. I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirit enough for such an adventure as this; yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda under her present perplexities; and sure—

The next delight to transport with the fair, Is to relieve her in her hours of care. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SEALAND'S House.

Enter PHILLIS, with Lights, before MYRTLE, disguised like SIR GEOFFRY CIMBERTON; supported by MRS. SEALAND, LUCINDA, and CIMBERTON.

Mrs. S. Now I have seen you thus far, sir Geoffrey, will you excuse me a moment while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation? *[Exit.]*

Myr. I have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you to keep up your name and family, I shall upon very reasonable terms join with you in a settlement to that purpose, though I must tell you, cousin, this is the first merchant that has married into our house.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a merchant because my father is? *[Aside.]*

Myr. But is he directly a trader at this time?

Cim. There's no hiding the disgrace, sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

Myr. We never had one of our family before who descended from persons that did any thing.

Cim. Sir, since it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honour of my family, willing to take it in again, and to sink her into our name, and no harm done.

Myr. 'Tis prudently and generously resolved.—Is this the young thing?

Cim. Yes, sir.

Phil. Good madam! don't be out of humour, but let them run to the utmost of their extravagance—Hear them out.

[Apart to Lucinda.]

Myr. Can't I see her nearer? my eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the uncle has something worth your notice. I'll take care to

get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [*Apart, and exit.*]

Cim. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer—Approach, sir.

Myr. By your leave, young lady—[*Puts on Spectacles*].—Cousin Cimberton, she has exactly that sort of neck and bosom for which my sister Gertrude was so much admired in the year sixty-one, before the French dresses first discovered any thing in women below the chin.

Luc. Chin, quotha! I don't believe my passionate lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha, ha!

Cim. Madam, I would not willingly offend; but I have a better glass—

[*Pulls out a large Glass.*]

Re-enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Sir, my lady desires to show the apartment to you that she intends for sir Geoffrey. [*To Cimberton.*]

Cim. Well, sir, by that time you have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse there, I will wait on you again. [*Exeunt Cimberton and Phillis.*]

Myr. Were it not, madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, though we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old fellow, methinks, that raises my curiosity. [*Aside.*]

Myr. To be free, madam, I as heartily condemn this kinsman of mine as you do, and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents to so insensible a possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope then, sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

Myr. This hand of mine shall never be employed to sign any thing against your good and happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments; but there is a gentleman in the world, whose gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the favour.

Myr. All the thanks I desire, madam, are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myr. Only, madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover, you will, with open arms, receive him.

Luc. As willingly as heart could wish it.

Myr. Thus then he claims your promise! Oh Lucinda!

Luc. Oh, a cheat, a cheat, a cheat!

Myr. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover; Myrtle himself, madam.

Luc. Oh, bless me! what rashness and folly to surprise me so!—But hush—my mother—

Re-enter MRS. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, and PHILLIS.

Mrs. S. How now, what's the matter?

Luc. Oh, madam! as soon as you left the room, my uncle fell into a sudden fit, and—and—so I cried out for help to support him, and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. S. That was kindly done. Alas, sir, how do you find yourself?

Myr. Never I was taken in so odd a way in my life—Pray lead me—Oh, I was talking here—Pray carry me—to my cousin Cimberton's young lady—[*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him as one in Pain.*]

Cim. Plague, uncle, you will pull my ear off!

Luc. Pray, uncle, you will squeeze me to death!

Mrs. S. No matter, no matter; he knows not what he does. Come, sir, shall I help you out?

Myr. By no means; I'll trouble nobody but my young cousins here. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Cimberton and Lucinda leading Myrtle.*]

SCENE II.—*Charing Cross.*

Enter SEALAND and HUMPHREY.

Seal. I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree with me, that it is for our common good I should look thoroughly into this matter.

Hum. I am indeed of that opinion; for there is no artifice, nothing concealed in our family, which ought in justice to be known. I need not desire you, sir, to treat the lady with care and respect.

Seal. Master Humphrey, I shall not be rude, though I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to see how she will bear upon a surprise.

Hum. That's the door; sir, I wish you success. [*Exit.*]

Seal. [*Knocks*] I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to inquire, though I make an errand to begin discourse. [*Knocks again.*]

Enter a Footboy.

So, young man, is your lady within?

Boy. Alack, sir, I am but a country boy; I don't know whether she is or no; but, an' you'll stay a bit, I'll go and ask the gentlewoman that's with her.

Seal. Why, sirrah, though you are a country boy, you can see, can't you? you know whether she is at home when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad, neither, master, to think she is at home because I see her; I have been in town but a month, and I lost one place already for believing my own eyes.

Seal. Why, sirrah, have you learn'd to lie already?

Boy. Ah, master! things that are lies in the country are not lies at London; I begin to know my business a little better than so; but, an' you please to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you that can tell you for certain; she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

Seal. Oh then, she is within I find, though you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay, that's neither here nor there; what's matter whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any body?

Seal. I can't tell, sirrah, whether you are arch or simple; but, however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in? I'll see what I can do for you.

Seal. I see you will be fit for your business in time, child; but I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in such a house.

Boy. Such a house, sir! you ha'n't seen it yet. Pray walk in.

Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [Exit.

SCENE III. — INDIANA'S House.

Enter ISABELLA and Footboy.

Isa. So, Daniel, what news with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a gentleman below would speak with my lady.

Isa. Sirrah, don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the gentleman who comes every day and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isa. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before. Well, be who it will, let him come up to me. [Exit Footboy.

Re-enter Footboy, with SEALAND. ISABELLA looks amazed.

Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surprised to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and—

Isa. I am indeed surprised.—I see he does not know me. [Aside.

Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, madam: in troth, you seem to have every thing in plenty.—A thousand a year, I warrant you, upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[Aside, and looks about.

Isa. Twenty years, it seems, have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty, than of a girl of fourteen—he's almost still the same. How shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction?—He must not know me yet.

[Aside.

Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance? but there is a young lady here with whom I have a particular business to discourse: and I hope she will admit me to that favour.

Isa. Why, sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Seal. That, madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isa. Well, sir, you shall see her; you shall see her presently, sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you. [Exit.

Seal. As a mother! right: that's the old phrase for one of those commodé ladies, who lend out beauty for hire to young gentlemen that have pressing occasions. But here comes the precious lady herself: in troth, a very slightly woman!

Enter INDIANA.

Ind. I am told, sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

Seal. Yes, madam. There came to my hands a bill, drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and he, in the intercourse of business, sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

Ind. Sir, was that necessary?

Seal. No, madam; but to be free with you,

the fame of your beauty, and the regard which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance, sir, which my friend described, made me expect no rudeness, or absurdity at least.—Who's there?—Sir, if you pay the money to a servant, 'twill be as well.

Seal. Pray, madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay, a virtuous, design; and if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, sir, I have mistaken you: I am composed again. Be free; say on—what I am afraid to hear. [Aside.

Seal. I fear'd indeed an unwarranted passion here; but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplished a lady, as your sense and mien bespeak: but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame, so they gratify—

Ind. Sir, you are going into very great errors; but as you are pleased to say you see something in me that has changed at least the colour of your suspicions, so has your appearance altered mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concerned you to inquire into my affairs and character.

Seal. How sensibly, with what an air, she talks. [Aside.

Ind. Good sir, be seated, and tell me tenderly—keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeps.] But I beg your pardon; though I am an orphan, your child is not; and your concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither. I'll be composed: pray go on, sir.

Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster to injure such a woman?

Ind. No, sir, you wrong him; he has not injured me: my support is from his bounty.

Seal. Bounty! when gluttons give high prices for delicacies, they are prodigious bountiful!

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that error; but my own fears tell me all. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed a husband by his good father? and he has perhaps consented to the overture, and he is to be perhaps this night a bridegroom.

Seal. I own he was intended such; but, madam, on your account I am determined to defer my daughter's marriage till I am satisfied, from your own mouth, of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions, sir, his eyes, have only made me think he designed to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour made me misinterpret all; 'twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me. He never made one amorous advance to me; his large heart and bestowing hand have only helped the miserable: nor know I why, but from his mere

delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favours.

Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am, methinks, afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 'tis the same thing as if we had talked never so distinctly; he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor: no, sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues.—If to bestow, without a prospect of return; if to delight in supporting what might perhaps be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these actions, sir, can, in a careful parent's eye, commend him to a daughter, give yours, sir; give her to my honest, generous Bevil!—What have I to do but sigh and weep, to rave, run wild, a lunatic in chains, or, hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts and broken accents my strange, strange story!

Seal. Take comfort, madam.

Ind. All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, to relieve with frenzy my despair, and shrieking to demand of fate why, why was I born to such a variety of sorrows?

Seal. If I have been the least occasion—

Ind. No, 'twas heaven's high will I should be such—to be plundered in my cradle, tossed on the seas, and even there, an infant captive, to lose my mother, hear but of my father, to be adopted, lose my adopter, then plunged again in worse calamities!

Seal. An infant captive!

Ind. Yet then to find the most charming of mankind once more to set me free from what I thought the last distress; to load me with his services, his bounties, and his favours; to support my very life in a way that stole at the same time my very soul itself from me.

Seal. And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very man to take another, without leaving me the right, the pretence, of easing my fond heart with tears! for, oh! I can't reproach him, though the same hand that raised me to this height now throws me down the precipice.

Seal. Dear lady! oh yet one moment's patience; my heart grows full with your affliction! but yet there's something in your story that promises relief when you least hope it.

Ind. My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

Seal. Do not think so. Pray answer me; does Bevil know your name and family?

Ind. Alas, too well! Oh! could I be any other thing than what I am!—I'll tear away all traces of my former self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first state, the hints of what I ought to have been.

[*As her Disorder she throws away her Bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly at it.*]

Seal. Ha! what's this? my eyes are not deceived! It is, it is the same; the very brace-

let which I bequeathed my wife at our last mournful parting.

Ind. What said you, sir? your wife! Whither does my fancy carry me? what means this new-felt motion at my heart? And yet again my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, sir, your name is Sealand; but my lost father's name was—

Seal. Danvers, was it not?

Ind. What new amazement! that is indeed my family.

Seal. Know then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious now to mention, I changed my name of Danvers into Sealand.

Re-enter ISABELLA.

Isa. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, examine well this face; yours, sir, I well remember. Gaze on, and read in me your sister Isabella.

Seal. My sister!

Isa. But here's a claim more tender yet—your Indiana, sir, your long-lost daughter.

Seal. Oh, my child, my child!

Ind. All-gracious heaven! is it possible? do I embrace my father?

Seal. And do I hold thee?—These passions are too strong for utterance. Rise, rise, my child, and give my tears their way.—Oh, my sister! [*Embraces Isa.*]

Isa. Now, dearest niece, if I have wronged thy noble lover, with too hard suspicions, my just concern for thee, I hope, will plead my pardon.

Seal. Oh! make him then the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy: fly this instant: tell him all these wondrous turns of Providence in his favour; tell him I have now a daughter to bestow which he no longer will decline; that this day he still shall be a bridegroom; nor shall a fortune, the merit which his father seeks, be wanting. Tell him the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit Isabella*] My dearest Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then at last a father's sanction on my love? his bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

Seal. Oh, my child! how are our sorrows past or repaid by such a meeting! Though I have lost so many years of soft, paternal dalliance with thee, yet in one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation! and yet again the merit of thy lover—

Ind. Oh, had I spirits left to tell you of his actions, the pride, the joy of his alliance, sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquered mine.

Seal. How laudable is love when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him.

Ind. See, sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

Re-enter ISABELLA, with SIR JOHN BEVIL, BEVIL, MRS. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, MYRTLE, and LUCINDA.

Sir J. Where, where's this scene of wonder?—Mr. Sealand, I congratulate, on this occasion, our mutual happiness. Your good

sister, sir, has, with the story of your daughter's fortune, filled us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are removed; my son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and I am told your goodness has consented to reward him.

Seal. If, sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

Bevil. I hear your mention, sir, of fortune with pleasure only, as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love: let him be provident, but let me be happy.—My ever destined, my acknowledged wife!

[*Embraces Indiana.*]

Ind. Wife!—oh! my ever loved, my lord, my master!

Sir J. I congratulate myself as well as you that I have a son who could under such disadvantages discover your great merit.

Seal. Oh, sir John, how vain, how weak, is human prudence! What care, what foresight, what imagination, could contrive such blest events to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us?

Cim. I am afraid, madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too busy for our affair; if you please, we'll take another opportunity.

[*To Mrs. Sealand.*]

Mrs. S. Let us have patience, sir.

Cim. But we make sir Geoffry wait, madam.

Myr. Oh, sir, I'm not in haste.

[*During this Bevil presents Lucinda to Indiana.*]

Seal. But here, here's our general benefactor. Excellent young man! that could be at once a lover to her beauty, and a parent to her virtue!

Bevil. If you think that an obligation, sir, give me leave to overpay myself in the only instance that can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Seal. She is his, without reserve. I beg he may be sent for.—Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is, since I saw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cim. I hope, sir, your lady has concealed nothing from me?

Seal. Troth, sir, nothing but what was concealed from myself; another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

Cim. How, Mr. Sealand? why then, if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't say that any of my estate is settled upon her; I was in treaty for the whole: but if that's not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain. Sir, I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady, my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myr. That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart.

[*Discovers himself.*]

Omnes. Mr. Myrtle!

Myr. And I beg pardon of the whole company that I assumed the person of sir Geoffry only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her, which if her parents will ratify, as they once favoured my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man!

Seal. If, sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is yours.

Luc. Mr. Myrtle, though you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I deserve you less.

Mrs. S. Well, however, I'm glad the girl's disposed of any way.

[*Aside.*]

Bevil. Myrtle, no longer rivals now, but brothers.

Myr. Dear Bevil! you are born to triumph over me, but now our competition ceases. I rejoice in the preeminence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

Sir J. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have set the world a fair example; your happiness is owing to your constancy and merit, and the several difficulties you have struggled with evidently show—

Whatever the generous mind itself denies,
The secret care of Providence supplies.

[*Exeunt.*]

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

Performed for the first time at Covent-Garden, March 11th, 1826. This piece was dedicated to Mr. Canning, but the author did not choose to mention his own name; it being, as he says, his first attempt, he had not confidence enough in his own talents openly to stand the fiat of the severely criticising public. Modesty is in every case to be commended; but in this he might certainly have dared; for the whole is not only prettily, but well written, characters finely drawn, and full of good smart repartee. The character of the old Connecness is most admirably painted. Torrento in the serenades and prison scenes must be excellent in the hands of Jones. The dandy Cornet is just the prototype of the modern puppies, with their monstrous affectation of language; if we add to this the ridiculous pronunciation with which these men-milliners honour the English language, we shall have an exact antidote to the manly Major O'Shannon, who blunders out his Irish with the greatest good-humour in the world, till the honour of his country is attacked, and then he is all fire and flames. Our readers may, perhaps, remember an affair that took place some time ago, about the 10th. Hussars, in which the officers of that regiment are said not to have conducted themselves with that manly behaviour, that ought to be the guide of a man of honour and a soldier, and were consequently, in the eyes of the world, as the Cornet says "utterly nonentified, Muffs and Meerschaums!" We think that there is something like a reflection on this affair in Torrento, who will have nothing to do with "the abandoned habits of the Hussars," nor aspire to be a national benefactor in breaking the regiment. Major O'Shannon's oath of "by the glory of the twentieth," might be divided by two. Whatever this may be, the play is well written; and, if it be but a young pen, we are inclined to think it must be plucked from the wing of a young eagle, which upon growing a little stronger may produce us something good.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

COUNT VENTOSO.
LORENZO, *a Captain*
COLONEL PISTRUCCI
MAJOR O'SHANNON
CORNET COUNT CARMINE

} *Sicilian*
} *Hussars.*

TORRENTO.
STEFANO.
SPADO.
JAILOR.
LAZARO.

PISANIO.
CIVIL OFFICER.
LORENZO'S SERVANT.
OFFICER.
BERNARDO.

COUNTESS VENTOSO.
VICTORIA.
LEONORA.

Serenaders, Turnkeys, Prisoners, etc. Attendants, etc.

SCENE.—Palermo.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Night. The front of a Villa in the Suburbs of Palermo. A Shrubbery—a Balcony.*

SPADO enters with Musicians from the Street.

Spa. THERE, my men of strings and symphonies! Lutes in front. I always make the light troops take the advance.—[*They begin to tune*]—My master is coming—Stand back—All ready? Now, my lads, the moment the lady shows the head of her column, close ranks, and give her a volley of violins. Here's the Signior Torrento. Arrived just in time, your honour! [*To Torrento, who enters.*]

Tor. Bravo, gentlemen, well met—forwards—a general discharge,—a raking fire.

[*Approaching the Balcony, and speaking towards it.*]

Come, wake my lady from the honied sleep, That sits upon her eyes like dew on flowers; Our song shall be the sun that dries it off.

Spa. [*Whispering*]—There's light in the chamber.

Tor. Let the silver lute, Not softer than my love, tell of my love: Then fill the winds of night with harmonies Solemn as incense, sweet as zephyr's wing New wet from rosebuds, to petition her That she would stoop,—an empress—from her throne,

And listen to the suit of my true love.

Spa. [*To the Musicians*]—Now level a mortal canonnet at her casement—a bar-shot¹).

[*Aside.*]

1st Seren. Sir, shall we sing the Galliard, or the Allemande?

Spa. Is this a wine-house, dog! are these the tunes To draw a lady down a ladder?

[*The Casement opens.*]

Tor. See, she's coming; are you prepared?

Spa. Let me alone, Sir, I have been a serenader before now; in my time I would undertake to blow the heaviest Signora in all Palermo out of her first sleep.

Tor. Hush! begin—begin.

The SERENADERS sing.

SERENADE.—(Italian.)

Oh, lady!

Sweet lady!

Unveil thine eyes;

The stars are dim, the moon is gone,

The hour's for love, and love alone,

Oh, hear its sighs.

LEONORA appears at the Window, and sings.
—(Span.)

Gay Serenaders, away, away!

¹) A bar of music.

Maidens must shun you, or be undone;
Cupid's a traitor both night and day;
Oaths are but air, when the heart is won.
Then farewell to his billing and cooing,
The little rogue's gone, other victims pursuing,

So sing, Fal, la, la, la, etc.

CHORUS.—So sing, Fal, la, la.

SERENADERS sing.

Lady of beauty! away, away,
Roses will fade, Time is flying on.
Weep when you must,—when you can, begay,
Life is too short to be sighing on.
Here at your feet is your Cavalier suing:
Hard hearted beauty, you'll be his undoing!

So sing, Fal, la, la, la, la, etc.

CHORUS.—So sing, Fal, la, la.

Tor. My adorable! [*To Leon.*]

Leon. [*Whispering*]—VWho's there?

Spa. Your adorable. [*To Leon.*]

Tor. Dog, be quiet! Your Torrento.

[*To Leon.*]

Leon. [*Whispering*]—VWhat do you want?

I cannot elope—in-night.

Spa. [*To Torrento*]—VWhat do we want? (Ask her to lend you some money.) [*Aside.*]

Tor. [*To Spado*]—Villain!—silence, or I shall stab you.

Tor. [*To Leon*]—Lovely Leonora, this is the propitious moment.

Leon. Ah, deceiver! [*She sighs.*]

Tor. I must leave Palermo to-night.

Leon. This night? so soon!

Tor. Yes, Leonora, my angel! yes. [*He declaims*] Misfortune! desperation! fatality! disastrous love! wrecked happiness! eternal constancy! an early grave! (That must do.)

Leon. Oh, irresistible! [*Aside.*]

Tor. Yes, divine Leonora, daylight must not see me in Palermo.

Spa. Or it will see you in gaol. [*Aside.*]

Leon. VWhat cruel chance has done this?

Tor. Ah! [*Sighs*] (VWhat the deuce shall I say?) [*Aside.*]

Spa. Tell her you killed a Duke in a duel. Anything will do for a woman.

[*Aside to Torrento.*]

Tor. Oh, a deadly rencounter! [*To Leon.*]

Leon. Alas! what is to be done? Prudence.

Tor. Yes; I know it all. Prudence! Oh, farewell!

The image of my love will follow me.

Spa. Aye, and the original, too, if you don't take care. [*Aside.*]

She's coming. [*Whispers to Torrento.*]

Tor. [*To Leonora*]—And make me miserable. [*He declaims*] Ruin! anguish! sudden death!

Leon. Are you determined to die?

Spa. A good wife's question! [*Aside.*
Tor. Most certainly, and at this moment;
 unless we fly together.

[*LEONORA suddenly goes in*]

Tor. [*To Spado*].—The bird's flown.
Spa. [*To Torrento*].—Aye, to get moss for
 her nest. Here comes the lady again, and in
 marching order.

Leon. Take this, and now—my love!

[*Throwing a Bundle to Spado.*

Spa. [*Taking it up, and speaking to himself*]. A beauty's baggage! of course, a
 bunch of curls—a French novel—a box of
 carmine—a bale of Spanish wool—and a bush-
 el of love letters! [*To Leon*]. Ma'am, I don't
 feel the purse.

[*Torrento brings the Ladder to the
 Balcony.*

Leon. [*Flings the Purse down*].—There
 —there—go—come—I am in infinite terror.

Spa. [*Puts it in his Pocket*].—The doub-
 loons—paid into court. Any necklaces, ma'am?
 any earrings—drops— [*To Leon.*

Tor. [*To Spado*].—What are you picking
 up, there?

Spa. Nothing; only a little courage, against
 a wicked world.

[*Torrento mounting the Ladder—Leon-
 ora about to Descend.*

Tor. My love, the coast's clear, the ladder's
 safe. By Cupid's white wings, and Hymen's
 yellow torch! Now—

1st Seren. [*To the others*].—Aye, now;
 now's your time to bargain. [*Calls to Tor.*]
 Signior, we cannot stay any longer.

Tor. [*To Spado*].—Muzzle those miscre-
 ants—Stop their tongues, I say.

1st Seren. We will stop neither tongue,
 foot, nor fiddle, under ten sequins.

Tor. [*On the Ladder*].—Come, my bewitch-
 ing—[*To Spado*]. Here, get rid of them. Give
 them these five.

1st Seren. Five, Signior! at half price we
 always make it a rule to rouse the neighbour-
 hood. Gentlemen musicians, roar for your
 money.

[*They sing loudly, repeating the Trio.*

Tor. What's to be done? my charming,
 exquisite,—is there nothing to drown them
 with? Oh, for a water-spout—a cataract—a
 general deluge!

Leon. They will awake the house, farewell.

Spa. [*To Torrento*].—Master, you had
 better give them the other five. They have
 their scale of prices. They have their "Se-
 ducer," their "Sleeper," and their "General
 Disturber." [*Aside.*

1st Seren. We'll rouse you three streets at
 a time, Signior.

Tor. (Five sequins! The last coin I have
 upon earth. Here, here—Spado!) Come, my
 enchantress. [*To Leonora.*

Spa. [*To the Serenaders, as he puts the
 money in his Pocket*].—Lads, my master
 says, that if the streets were paved with pi-
 stoles and piastres, he would not give one to
 save the whole gang of you from the galleys.

1st Seren. Then chorus, gentlemen.

[*They sing loudly.—Viva Tutti!*

Here's a roar for all bad masters,

Ducats, pauls, pistoles, piastres,
 Never in their purse be found.

Here's a roar, etc.

[*A Noise within the House.*]

Leon. Undone, undone! farewell for ever
 —till—to-morrow. [*Shuts the Casement.*
Tor. Help me to take away this ladder!
 Confusion! my old ill luck!

Spa. Sir, I have an instinctive aversion to
 ladders. [*Torrento grasps him.*

[*Voices within*] Thieves! murder! fire!

Spa. Fire; do you think I'm bullet proof?
 There, there, I'd swear to the cocking of their
 pistols.

[*Torrento carries off the Ladder to-
 wards the Serenaders, who are
 grouped in the Distance, Clamour-
 ing and Laughing.*

Tor. Well, gentlemen, this is serviceable.
 A pleasant affair; a pretty business you have
 made of it. What have you to say for your-
 selves, you rascals!

[*Two step out from the Group.*]

1st Seren. Signior, we will be more ser-
 viceable still, and see you to your lodgings.

Tor. I'll break every head and fiddle among
 you. Begone!

1st Seren. Master, since you won't let us
 go with you, perhaps, you will do us the
 honour to go with us. Here, Lazaro. [*They
 show him a Warrant*] You know the name,
 perhaps?

Tor. The devil!

Spa. Aye, his principal creditor. [*Aside*]
 I'll be off; these Serenaders are old hands at
 a catch¹). [*Exit.*

1st Seren. We have been looking for you
 a long time, but your tricks were too many
 for us: If you will keep running gentlemen
 through the body, you must be laid by the
 heels for it; that's law. [*They drag him along.*

Tor. Law! Take of your hands, then, and
 let it at least be civil law²).

1st Seren. Off with him. Move, Signior!
 Troop! forwards!

Tor. Then I'll beat the march upon you.

[*They drag him out, fighting.*

SCENE II.—VENTOSO'S House. An Apart-
 ment, with handsome Furniture, family
 Pictures on the Walls. A japanned li-
 queur Chesi; a desk; with a ledger. VEN-
 TOSO in a gouty Chair. A Servant at-
 tending.

Ven. Why here's a life! The coldest night
 o'the spring;

With every blast a quinsy, gout, catarrh;
 To play the sentinel! Go, call my wife—

Bring me that desk. [*To the Servant.*
 And this is to have daughters! Shut the door!
 'Twill take a summer to get last night's frost
 Out of my bones. Boy, let me have my cloak.

[*The Servant goes.*
Well! I'm a Count. Pride was the Devil's
 sin,

It might be left to be his punishment.
 Then, there's my new estate,—that draws all
 rogues

¹) The pun comes from *catch* being a sort of song;
 and the word *catch-pole*, a bailiff.

²) Civil in opposition to military and police.

About my house, like drones round honeycombs.
I wish 'twere in the moon!

There's not a night,
But I am roused by jangling sonnetteers,
Strummers of wire, wild riots, rabble roars:
Better he bankrupt, beggar, nothingness,
Than be thus baited.

Would my ancient friend
Had lived to keep his title to himself,
And left me to my trade.

The Countess enters.

How now, good wife?
Coun. Good Countess, if you please.

[Haughtily.]
Ven. [Peevishly] Good Countess, then!
I sent for you to say, this rioting,
This cheating of fool's ears with nightly songs,
Must have an end. I cannot close my eyes,
With your fine daughter's frolics—I could
sleep
Better on roaring Etna.

Coun. Sleep in the day.

Ven. I'll leave Palermo.

Coun. And for what? (For
Heaven!) *[Aside.]*

Ven. Countess, I'll not be made a common
prey
To all your fortune-hunters. Must I have
My house turned inside out, my daughters fool'd,
My lungs chok'd up with asthma?—So, pre-
pare!

I'll build a hut a hundred miles off, wife!
Coun. Here is rebellion. *[Aside.]*—Signior,
spare your speech;

I'm mistress here, and have been—
Ven. (Forty years!) *[Aside.]*

Coun. If girls are handsome, noble, young
and rich—

Ven. Satan's about the house!—You're all
the same.
I'll sell my house and lands.

What's woman's wit,
Gentle and simple, toiling for through life,
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards?
Man!

What are your sleepless midnights for, your
rouls,

That turn your skins to parchment? Why,
for Man!

What are your cobweb robes, that, spite
of frost,

Show neck and knee to Winter? Why, for
Man!

What are your harps, pianos, simpering songs
Languish'd to lutes? All for the monster, Man!

What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes,
wigs,

Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drink-
ings, for?

Your morn, noon, night? For man! Aye, Man,
man, man!

[He sits at his Desk.]
Coun. [Aside]—Here are bold words!—
his ancient spirit's roused;

Here's his o'erflowing torrent of fierce speech,
That I had thought dried up this many a day;
Well, take your way, my Lord;

(I'll have that ledger burned.)—*[Aside]* There's
news arrived.

Ven. News—aye—I should have letters.
How's the wind?

—Due south,—

[Gladly]—From Lisbon and the Straits!

Coun. The Captain's come!

Ven. Bravo! old Bartolo. I'll lay this chest
Of choice Noyeau, the last of all my stock,
My relic,—to your Ladyship's turquoise,
He brings a glorious cargo!

Coun.

Have you ears?

I say Lorenzo's come.

Ven.

That's better still;

Long live the "Golden Dragon"—that's the ship!
Sh'ed beat a dolphin!—

Coun.

Will you let me speak?

Ven. I charter'd her myself, to take in furs
At the Kamchatkas; then, for cinnamon,
Touch at Ceylon—make up her diamond bags,
Emeralds and silks, along the Malabars—
Then, at Benin buy gold-dust, elephants' teeth,
Sandal, and ambergris.—Lorenzo's come!

I bade him, love, remember on his life
To bring a monkey for your Ladyship!

Coun. I tell you, that Lorenzo is come back,
Straight from Morocco, he of the Hussars!
Jacinta saw him landing at the Mole,
With half a dozen varlets like himself,
An hour ago. He *must* not wed my child,
The fellow's blood's plebeian!

Ven. [Agitated] The Hussar!

The world will be let loose. Here's new turmoil;
Here's woman's work! Here's fainting, scolding

[Aside.]—Wife,

Did we not make some promise?

Coun. That was in other times. We're
noble now;

I'll teach him how to deal with Countesses.

Ven. Woman, he may be nobler than we
think.

Our kinsman, Count Ventoso, as whose heirs
We left old trade for title, (luckless change!)

[Aside.]
Favour'd the boy, placed him i' th' fore-
most troop

Of all the Service, nay advis'd this match
Upon his death-bed, not three months ago.
There is some mystery—

Coun. [Angrily] He's Paulo's son,—
The fisherman's, beside your Cousin's gate!

Ven. But—if Victoria like the man?

Coun. Like him
She shall be dutiful and hate him, knave!—

But she's my daughter. She has proper pride.
I've talked the business with her; I have a
tongue.

Ven. I know it, (would 'twere dumb!) *[Aside.]*
Whose voice is that?

Coun. Victoria's; you may question her
yourself.

Ven. My brain's too old for love talk.
Come away.

Two women's tongues at once!—St. Anthony!
[Exit.]

VICTORIA enters.

Vic. My mind's a tossing sea, wherein my
thoughts,

Like tempest-shaken barks, sweep on at chance,
And perish as they sweep. *[She sings.]*

(Italian.)

Love, thou dear deceiver!

Here at length we part;

From this moment, never

Shalt thou wring my heart.

Yet this tear-drop stealing,
Yet this throb of pain,
Tell me, past concealing,
I'm thy slave again.

List'ning saints! befriend me;
Love! my peace restore;
Pride! thy spirit lend me;
All will soon be o'er.

VENTOSO and the COUNTESS hurry in.

Coun. 'Tis he! he's in the porch. Go, turn him back.

Tell him, I'll not receive him.

Ven. [Agitated] I go?—turn?—
'Not for a cargo!—

Vic. Whom?

Ven. Lorenzo! girl.

Vic. Lorenzo!—Heavens!—I dare not meet him now.

Coun. Where's the child flying to?

Vic. Let me begone,

Or see me die before you. [She rushes out.

Ven. Let me begone, and deal with him yourself.

Coun. Here you must stay.

Ven. [Listening] Let me but get my sword;
There's battery and bloodshed in his heels.

LORENZO enters, in high animation.

Lor. My noble father! Countess mother too!
I heard of your good fortune at the port,
And give you joy! I came on wings to you.
Where is Victoria? [They stand sullenly.
Is she ill?

Coun. No! well.

Lor. Then, all is well.

Ven. What shall I say to him? [Aside

How go the wars? You've had hard fighting, Sir?

Lor. Blows, as was natural; beds, as it pleased Fate,

Under the forest-trees, or on the sands,—
Or on the billows. Where's Victoria, mother?

Coun. Mother, forsooth!

Ven. You had rare plundering in Morocco;

—Silks,

The genuine Persian—Cachmere shawls—

Lor. None, none.

Ven. Bottles of Attar—jewels!

Lor. Not a stone!

Where is my love? [He calls] Victoria!

Ven. [Gravely] Hear me, Sir;

Our house has had new honours,—large estates
Have found their heirs in us.

Lor. I've heard all this.

Coun. How he flames out!

Ven. It is the custom here
That like shall wed with like—

Lor. Custom of fools!

No! wise and worldly, but not made for us,
I am plain spoken;—love her—know no art,
But such as is the teaching of true love;
And as I won, will wear her. Count, your hand:
This is to try me.—Yet, what's in your speech,
That thus it hangs so freezing on your lip?
Out with the worst at once. Your answer,
Lord.

Ven. Our name's ennobled.

Coun. Are you answered now!

My child, unless she find a noble spouse,
Shall die unmarried.

Lor. [In sudden dejection] Is it come to this?

'Tis true, I should have learnt humility:
True, I am nothing; nothing have—but hope!
I have no ancient birth,—no heraldry;—

[Contemptuously]

No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield;
I cheat no rabble, like your charlatans,
By flinging dead men's dust in idiot's eyes;
I work no miracles with buried bones;
I belt no broken and distemper'd shape
With shrivell'd parchments, pluck'd from mouldy shelves;

Yet, if I stoop'd to talk of ancestry,
I had an ancestor, as old and noble
As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam!

Coun. 'Twere best stop there. You knew the fisherman.

By the Palassa!

Ven. [To the Countess]—Will you have swords out? [Aside.

Lor. The man who gave me being, though no Lord,

Was Nature's nobleman,—an honest man!

And prouder am I, at this hour to stand,

Unpedestall'd, but on his lowly grave,

Than if I tower'd upon a monument
High as the clouds with rotten infamy.

[Calls]—Come forth, sweet love! and tell them how they've wrong'd
Your constant faith.

Ven. [To the Countess, aside]—He'll have the house down else.

Coun. You shall be satisfied. Now, mark my words! [She goes out.

Lor. [Turning on Ventoso]—What treachery's this?

Your answer, Sir. I'll not be scorn'd in vain!

Ven. Saint Anthony save us! I foresaw it all—

Left here alone with this—rhinoceros! [Aside.

[To Lorenzo]—Nay, Captain, hear but reason; let's be friends.

My wife—all womankind must have their will—
Please her, and buy a title.

Lor. Title,—fool!

Ven. Then half the world are fools. The thing's dog-cheap,

Down in the market, fifty below par;

They have them at all prices—stars and strings;

Aye, from a ducat upwards—you'll have choice,

Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour, goats,

Swans with two necks, gridirons and geese¹!

By Jove,

My doctor, nay, my barber, is a knight,

And wears an order at his button-hole,

Like a field marshal.

VICTORIA enters, urged by the COUNTESS.

LORENZO rushes over to her.

Lor. Victoria, love! I knew thou wert unchang'd,

As is thy beauty. Aye, this faithful lip

Keeps its true crimson, and this azure eye,

As blue as heaven, is, far as heaven, above

Our fickleness of nature.

Vic.

Stand beside me now. [To the Countess, aside.

¹) This produces a ludicrous effect to a Londoner, these blue boars, etc., are the signs of some of the well known inns in London.

We know you—a most honour'd gentleman—
A cavalier accomplished.

You will find

Others more worthy of your love.—Farewell—
I do beseech you, Sir, forget this day,
And with it—me.

[*She sinks into the Countess's Arms.*

Coun. [*To Lor.*]—Are you convinced at last?

Ven. You see the tide's against you. [*To Lor.*
Lor. All's undone!

Victoria, look upon me!—

See the face

Of one to whom you were heart, wealth
and world!

When the sun scorch'd us,—when the forest-
shade,

Worse than the lances of the fiery Moor,
Steep'd us in poisonous dew, — I thought

I kiss'd this picture [*Taking out her miniature*
of you, and was well again.

When others slept, I follow'd every star,
That stoop'd upon Palermo, with my prayers!
In battle with the Moor, I thought of you,
Worshipp'd your image with a thousand vows,
And would have fac'd ten thousand of their spears
To bring back honours, which before your feet,
Where lay my heart already, should be laid.
In health and sickness, peril, victory,
I had no thought untwinn'd with your true love.

Coun. [*To Ventoso*]—Why don't you talk
to him?—

No blood of mine

Shall link with any trooper of them all.
I'll have no knapsacks in my family: [*To Lor.*
I'll have no barracks, and no Hectors here;
No captains, with their twenty wives apiece,
Scuffling about my house; no scarlet rogues,
Who think their tags and feathers title good
To noble heiresses.

Ven. [*Agitated*]—Wife, lead her in—
Those women—Oh, those women!—plague
on plague! [*Aside.*

[*To Lorenzo*] Come here again—to-morrow
—when you will—

But leave us now.

[*To the Countess*] The girl will die.

[*To Lorenzo*] Good day.

Lor. [*To Victoria*]—One word.

Vic. My parents have commanded, Sir,
And I—I must—obey them.

[*She is overpowered.*

Lor. [*In anguish*]—Faith's gone to heaven.

I should have sworn, the gold

Of India could not thus have slain true love!
Victoria, hear me.

[*To Ventoso*] Where's your honour, Sir?

[*Turning away contemptuously.*

No; I'll not stoop my free, recovered heart,
To play the mendicant. Farewell to love:
Henceforth, let venerable oaths of men,
And women's vow's, tho' all the stars of heaven
Were listening,—be forgotten,—light as dust!—
Go, woman! [*She weeps*]—Tears!—aye, all
the sex can weep!

Be high and heartless! I have done with thee!

[*Rushes out.*

Vic. Lorenzo!—Lost for ever!

Coun. Would the fool follow him?

[*She holds her.*

Ven. Speak kinder, wife,

Her hand's like ice.—Those women!

[*Sustaining her.*
Lead me in.

Vic. [*Feebly*]

Where's Leonora?

Coun.

Run away, no doubt.

Call her, to help my Lady to her couch.

Ven. [*Musing*]—Lorenzo's wrath is roused.

He'll find revenge.

He'll loose his comrades at us, hunt us down,

We'll be the scoff o' the city. All's undone.

Coun. The girl shall have a Noble—she's
a match

For a Magnifico.

Ven.

For any man!

Had she her mother's tongue.

[*Aside.*

[*He Calls Leonora.*]

[*Exeunt.*

LEONORA comes in.

Leon. Did I not hear my name, and loud-
ly, too?

Or was't some spirit hous'd within these walls,
That, hearing it a hundred times a day,
Echoes the sound by instinct?

'Twas my name!

Am I found out? Then, serenades farewell;
Love-speeches by the moonlight, and sweet
dreams,

For convent bars and bolts, vespers and veils,
Till hope and beauty, like twin flowers, decay.
For want of cherishing.

LEONORA sings.—[*Spanish.*]

Welcome duty,

Farewell beauty;

Welcome matins, vespers, veils and tapers!

Welcome fasting,

Everlasting;

Welcome quarrels, scandal, sulks and vapours!

Welcome weeping,

Never sleeping;

Farewell dances,

Plays, romances,

With a lira la, etc. [*Slowly.*

No! let creatures

Without features

Turn their skins blue, green and yellow,

Farewell chanting,

Farewell canting,

Farewell Nuns so meek, and Monks so mellow.

Welcome wooing,

Billet-doucing,

Cards, quadrilling,

Flirting, killing,

With a lira la, etc. [*Spiritedly.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Billiard Room.

The COLONEL is beside the Table, betting.

The MAJOR and CORNET playing.

Col. I am not yet in despair, Cornet.

Maj. Be't what you please with him, Colonel.

We have the game,—pauls to pistoles. Play.

[*He plays*]—Missed it, by the glory of the
Twentieth.

Cor. Here; Marker! hold this meerschbaum.

[*Giving his Pipe*]—Beat me! Spadaccino!

I beat the Venetian marker, who could whis-
per the balls into the pockets; a fellow who

had pillaged the whole Senate;—Corpo di San

Januario! Beat me?

Maj. The Venetian marker! I have beat

every marker, from the Hill of Howth to the Peak of Teneriffe. I have brought home this muff [*Taking off his Cap*] full of ducats and doubloons, since I have handled a cue in his Sicilian Majesty's service.

Cor. It was handsomely filled—for once! Play. [*He misses*].—Diavolo! Confound this coffee-house game. Hazard and high life for me!

Maj. Ha, ha! the Cornet is a young soldier: be soon tires of being in the way of the balls. Now for a cannon¹). Play. [*He misses*].—That's all ill luck.

Cor. Cannon!—muffs and meerschbaums—you always fire great guns. Play. [*He plays*].—Mark two. [*To the Marker*].

Maj. [*Angrily*] Great guns! That is, I imagine—

Cor. [*Interrupting him*].—Rather—

Maj. That I exaggerate, [*More irritated*].

Cor. Very generously.

Maj. That I colour²).

Cor. Never!—no man alive can charge you with a propensity to blushing.

Maj. Count Carmine—I have never found occasion for it. I wish I could say as much for all my friends, Cornet my dear.

Cor. Diavolo! Do you mean to insult me? This hurts my honour.

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth, no man can cure it easier—plaster it with your vanity.

Cor. Draw, Sir!

Maj. The Cornet has got his fighting moustaches on—I must humour him. Draw, Sir! Here goes my bill of exchange.

Col. What are you both about? [*Interposing*].—Cornet, I must request—We shall be taken for a fighting regiment.

Cor. Impossible!—Excuse me, Colonel. [*He takes off his cap to the Colonel, and glances within it.*].—My mirror! the left moustache quite dishevelled.

Maj. The coxcomb's at his looking glass, by the glory of the Twentieth!

Cor. [*Arranging his Moustachio*].—One moment.—You would not have a gentleman fight, like a footman, in a state of utter brutality—all blowse.

Maj. Come on, Sir.

Cor. [*To the Major*] I make it a rule never to be disturbed at my toilet. [*To the Colonel*] My beard's three quarters of an hour too dark. Now, Sir, to correct insolence!

[*He draws his Sabre.*]
Maj. Now, Sir! to chastise insolence past correction! [*They fight a few passes—the Colonel and other Officers interpose.*]

Col. Gentlemen, gentlemen, put up your swords. Fight in the street, if you will. If one of you be killed here, we shall have the quarrel put in the bill³).—[*Laughing*] Officers, I command you to stop. This will in-

1) Garambologie.

2) To colour is the genteel word for exaggerate, or lie; but the last word is absolutely proscribed in England, under pain of a duel followed by death at least.

3) A company of Englishmen being assembled at dinner, the waiter fell down in a fit; a wager was instantly laid, that the poor fellow would die, and on the other side that he would not; the doctor arriving, was hindered from interfering, and told of the bet: "But the man will die," said the doctor, "Oh! never mind, put him in the bill," was the answer; i. e. charge it to our account.

volve the character of the corps. In a tavern too!

Maj. [*Sheathing his Sabre*] Colonel, I drew merely for quiet's sake.—[*Laughing*]. And now that it's all over, what the devil was it all about? [*To the Cornet*].

Cor. Major, you should have understood the language of my feelings.

Maj. How should I understand it, my dear? I never heard them speak a syllable before.

Col. Not another word, Major. Here's some one at the door. This quarrel must not be made a town-talk. [*Lorenzo enters, and throws himself on a Chair, dejectedly*] Oh, it's Lorenzo! why, man, what's the matter with you?—any bad news, Captain?

[*The Cornet and Major return to the Table*]

Cor. The sublime dejection of a disastrous love. [*Aside to the Major*].

Cor. [*Plays*].—Game.

Col. Lorenzo, will you play?

Lor. Excuse me, Colonel; I am not in spirits; I beg I may not disturb any one.

Cor. Quite gone out! Dull as a select party of the first distinction, 'pon honour.

Col. Stir, Lorenzo! This doubloon for the doctor who will find out his distemper.

[*Flinging Money on the Table*].

Maj. Poh! it's the military epidemic—the coming on of the half-pay;—a cursed complication of disorders.

Lor. [*Gradually recovering*] The simple fact is, my good friends, I am rather out of temper just now—I have been extremely insulted.

All. Insulted!

Maj. You had a fair thrust for it, I hope?

[*Sternly*].
Lor. No, confound it, that was out of the question. 'Twas by a woman.

Cor. Oh, jilted! nothing more? Ha, ha! It might have happened to the handsomest man in the service; for example—But on what grounds were you turned out? [*To Lorenzo*].

Lor. Turned out, Sir?

Cor. Mille pardons! I mean, exiled, expatriated, made horrible.

Col. Eh?—The infidelity all on one side, I suppose,—or—

Maj. Were you in doubt whether you were most in love with the daughter, the mother, or the grandmother?

Cor. Were you miscellaneous in the house? Pray, who is the fair deceiver, after all?

Lor. Old Ventoso's daughter. Now let me alone.

Col. He by the public gardens: the late merchant—indeed? [*Haughtily*].

Maj. Old Figs and Raisins? Ha, ha, ha!

Cor. Absolutely:—old Allspice and Sugar-canes! Muffs and meerschbaums!

Col. So, Captain, the old trafficker refused to take you into the firm? [*Haughtily*].

Maj. The veteran grocer did not like the green recruit. Ha, ha!

Cor. The green!—superb! How picturesque!—The Major's from the Emerald Isle¹).

[*They laugh*].

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth! you might have turned to trade in your full uniform, my boy. [*To Lorenzo*].

1) Ireland is called the green or Emerald Isle.

Cor. Hung out your shabrac for an apron.

Maj. Cut soap with your sabre.

Col. And made a scale of your sabretache.

Maj. For the regular sale and delivery of salt, pepper,—

Col. And Indigo.

Cor. No; that's for the *Blues*¹⁾,

Lor. Gentlemen, I find I must bid you good night. This depresses—this offends me. I'm in no temper for jesting.

Col. Poh! Lorenzo, no parting in ill humour. We all know you to be a capital, high-flavour'd fellow; but, as one of us, you might have consulted your rank,—the honour of the regiment,—in this city connexion.

Cor. By all that's dignified, one of the Royal Sicilian, the Twentieth!—should not be conscious of the existence of any thing under a Duke.

Maj. He may nod to a General, eh?—now and then;—Cornet.

Cor. When the streets are empty,—but, he should be familiar with no man—

Col. Under a Prince of the blood.

Cor. Nor with him, unless on guard at Court.

Lor. [*Half laughing*].—Gentlemen, I am perfectly sensible of our infinite superiority—but—

Maj. But what? By St. Patrick, Captain, I don't comprehend. [*Haughtily.*]

Lor. I never expected that you would, Major O'Shannon. [*To the Rest*].—Unfortunately, all the world are not so accessible to conviction. The venerable lady of the mansion's last words to me were, that she would not suffer a daughter of hers to marry any Trooper of us all.

All. Trooper! [*In various Irritation*]

Col. Beelzebub! Trooper?

Cor. Muffs and meerschaums! } [*Toge-*

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth! } *ther.*]

Lor. Gentlemen of the Twentieth—that was the very word.

Maj. I'll go instantly, and challenge the whole house, from the Count to the kitchen maid.

Cor. Let us send all the farriers to shoe the horses in front of these *parvenus*; we'll hammer them deaf.

Col. Or order the trumpeters to practise six hours a night under their balcony.

[*Laughing.*]

Cor. Or, to take signal vengeance—

Maj. Aye, to exterminate the whole neighbourhood—

Cor. No man has it more in his power than yourself, Major;—sing them one of your—national melodies.

[*They laugh, the Colonel pacifies the Major*]

Col. What kind of existence²⁾ is this dangerous jilt? Have you seen her, gentlemen?

Maj. I have—a hundred times. She was always on parade when I was officer of the day. A tough affair, with a vinegar visage; a compound of—

Cor. Her old father's cellars.

Col. A claret complexion.

Maj. Blue-ruin lips³⁾.

Cor. Tongue thick as Tokay.

Maj. And eyes, like hock in green glasses. *Col.* With, as I presume, no small share of the *Tartar* at bottom.

Cor. Tartar! Muffs and meerschaums! Hot-tentot!

Lor. [*Starting from his Chair*].—Colonel! I can listen to this no longer. I insist upon it that the subject shall be dropped. You don't know the lady. She's lovely, incomparable.

Maj. Aye, aye, a Venus of course.

[*Half aside.*]

Cor. Yes, if ever there was one at the Cape⁴⁾.

[*Half aside.*]

Col. You may leave the lady to her natural fate, the trader is rich. She will throw herself away, according to the manner of all women who have money, and the business will be done by some scoundrel with a plausible leg, a romance on his tongue, and a pair of dice in his pocket.

Lor. That will be the most appropriate of all punishments! Her pride shall be mortified. She shall make some degrading match.

Maj. Some Sicilian Quack.

All. [*murmur*] Sicilian!

Col. Or French Valet!

Cor. Or English Blacklegs, or—

Maj. No farther *Westward*⁵⁾, Sir, if you please.

[*Stopping him.*]

Cor. But where are we to find this impostor?

Maj. Ha, ha, ha! Sweet simplicity of youth! find an impostor? Why, man, you'll find him in ninety-nine out of a hundred, and that of the best company. But I'll find him for you within a hundred yards of this spot. You know my friend is governor of the jail; I beg his Generalship's pardon, of the Castle.

Col. The jail is in the next street, I think. Let us go there directly, and pick out a rogue for our purpose.

Lor. He must not be a ruffian; I will not have her insulted; the fellow must be decent.

Maj. My love, he shall be magnificent; as fine as a Duke, or a Drum-Major. He shall be as full of fuss and feathers as a new laid Aide-de-Camp.

Lor. It shall be so. Her pride shall be her shame. I could disdain myself for wasting a thought upon them! a race of weak, presumptuous, purseproud—

Col. But the direct offence,—a little coquetry, a little female tyranny?

Cor. Both as natural to the sex as lips and eyes.

Lor. My dear Pistrucci, [*To the Colonel*] don't ask me any farther. The matter is too ridiculous, considering what they were. Nothing less than—Yet why should I not say it? nothing less than my want of noble birth—of family—

Col. Poh! They are a family of fools. A soldier's noblest pedigree is his honour. Let him look to posterity.

Maj. Aye, to posterity. Let him make his forefathers out of that. What business has a soldier to be looking *behind him*; by the glory of the Twentieth—

1) The Cape of Good Hope. We remember the Hot-tentot Venus.

2) Farther westward would be towards Ireland, the Major's country.

Cor. To the jail, to the jail. I shall take remorseless vengeance. The affair's regimental; the whole Corps has been insulted most superlatively: Trooper! Muffs and meerschaums!

Lor. Yet, upon second thoughts—I—should rather—

Col. What, man! relenting, retracting?

Cor. You are pledged from frill to fetlock.

Maj. He's at the lady's feet within this half hour. Who'll take ten to one?

Lor. Never; by all that's manly, never. I abjure the sex. Do as you will for me. I will never look at one of them with complacency again. I must leave you now. I will rejoin you at the jail. All have been insulted, and I—*Women!*—compounds of vanity, perfidy, pride!—My brain, my brain! [*He rushes out.*]

Cor. Envy, hatred, malice.—

Maj. Well, we can match them in *censoriousness*, at least, Cornet. Poh, poh! The only way for a man of honour to look at a pretty woman's faults, is to shut his eyes¹.

Col. Now, to find our scapegrace.

Maj. To be sure; quick as an Irish quarrel, Colonel. To the jail, gentlemen.

Cor. To the jail!—If it must be so,—and yet—*Diavolo!* 'twill soil my spurs. I'd rather be tried by a court-martial of old women.

Maj. Aye, Cornet, every one by his *peers*².—By the glory of the Twentieth!

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Jail.—Night.*

The JAILOR comes in. He calls.

Jail. Ho! Lazaro! lock up, lock up; make haste, bring me those keys. Let the prisoners have their water: I love to treat the dogs well. And, d'y'e see, let me have my wine.

[*He sings.*]

For let who will awing,

Your Jailor's a King.

[*He sits at the Table*] No; your king is not to be compared to your jailor; for my subjects never mutiny; my will is the law; and as long as there's virtue in iron, I have all my Commons within a *ring* fence. Lazaro, I say. [*Lazaro comes in with a Flaggon.*] Sit down, you old rogue, and fill me a cup. [*Drinks*] Bright as a ruby! Now, Master Turnkey, do you think we could do this, if we had a brace of wives after us? By no means, Master Lazaro—fill, fill!

JAILOR [*sings*].

For your bachelor's happy,
And o'er his brown nappy
He'll drink down the sun and the moon, brave boys;

But the husband's a wretch,
That longs for Jack Ketch,
And a rope's end can't ease him too soon,
brave boys,

And a rope's end can't ease him too soon!

Laz. Master, here's a whole mob of officers outside, roaring away to get in.

Jail. To get into jail? Well, likely enough they may, all in good time; but not to-night. I'll not have my lambs disturbed for any officers unhang'd—fill yourself a glass, and give me a toast.

[*They fill.*]

1) A good Irish bull, or blunder.

2) Equals.

Laz. Here, Master, I give you "Success to the law."

[*Drinks.*]

Jail. Why, Lazaro, that toast's against trade; for if there were no rogues, there would be no jails.

Laz. Aye, Master, but for one rogue that the law frightens, it makes twenty.

Jail. Ha! ha! here then's "Success to the law," you sly old politician.

Laz. Politician! Lord, Sir, don't take away my character. But will you look at this paper.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Jail. Eh, what? "Admit,"—"prisoners."

[*Reads*]—The Major's hand: let them in, by all means. [*Lazaro goes*]—That fellow has been bribed by the Major: I know it. But we heads of departments must overlook those things now and then; he'll do as much for me another time. [*Noise of Chains falling*] Here they are, sad dogs; our morals will be ruined.

The COLONEL, MAJOR, and CORNET come in; LAZARO leading them, with a Lantern.

Laz. [*Outside*]—This way, gentlemen; keep clear of the blackhole,—have a care of the rope.—this way, gentlemen.

Cor. Where are we, fellow? This is "darkness visible"—a cavern—an absolute mine. Muffs and meerschaums!

Jail. Aye, Master Officer, we have a few *deep*³ ones here; and of the first families too—ha, ha, ha!

Maj. [*Advancing*]—Gentlemen! let me introduce you to Signior Jeronimo Stiletto, the guardian angel of Palermo, the author of half its virtues; a gentleman at the head of his profession, I assure you. Signior, we wish to see a parade of your best ruffians.

Jail. By all means, Major;—Lazaro, give the word within. [*Lazaro goes*] Ah, Major, you're in luck—never had a fuller calendar,—prospect of a glorious session!

[*The Prisoners come in, with Lazaro; the Jailor ranges, and displays them.*]

There, gentlemen of the Hussars, there's a turn out—right face, rascal!—and a fine burglary face too.

[*Showing a Prisoner.*]

Col. Capital; broad, bold and bloodletting.

Jail. There's a handsome petty larceny—shy as a cat.

[*Showing a Prisoner.*]

Cor. Exquisitely thievish—felony to the tips of his fingers.

Maj. A Noah's ark; a gathering of all the unclean. [*To one of the Prisoners*] Pray what brought you here, my lad?

1st Pri. My morality. I was a gambler, grew ashamed of my profession, and took to the road⁴.

Cor. The road! exquisite—mended your ways. Turned *Field Officer*, you hear, Major. And you, my coy friend? [*To a Pri.*]

2d Pri. I was a money dealer; jobbed in the funds.

Maj. From the *stocks*⁵ to the jail—the course of nature.

Col. [*To a third*]—And you, Sir, were, I presume, not quite immaculate—a thorough rogue?

1) A cunning fellow.

2) Turned highway-robber.

3) *Stocks*, the funds; and *stocks*, a punishment.

3d Pri. I was a contractor.

Cor. Conviction, in a word.

Maj. These are poor devils. Have you nothing better; nothing more showy, nothing higher crested, Signior Jeronimo?

Jail. Better! I hope you don't mean to hurt my feelings, Major. Nothing better! never had a finer family since—

Cor. Billiards and the brogue¹) came into fashion, Major O'Shannon.

Maj. Hazard and high life will do just as well, Cornet Count Carmine. [Imitating.

Jail. [Pondering]—Yet, what was I thinking off? There's one, a famous fellow, a first rate—brought in last night—an old acquaintance—the most dashing dog about town—a tip-top gallant; a supernaculum.

Col. Out with him at once, were he the Grand Turk.

Maj. Show your lion. Turn him out of his cage.

Cor. Yes, if he be not—indelicately ragged. [Lazarro goes,—a Noise is heard within.

Jail. Now, he's coming; but take care, stand back, gentlemen. He's a desperate dog; fierce as a tiger. Last night he broke the heads of the whole patrol. Here he comes, in full roar.

[Torrento, with his dress torn from the last night's riot, is dragged in by the Turnkeys—he resists, clamouring outside as he comes.]

Tor. Why, you scoundrels, you renegadoes, you dogs in office—what's this for? To be dragged out of my first sleep in my dungeon, to look in the faces of such a confoundedly ugly set of cannibals.

Jail. Bring him along. [He is forced in.

Tor. [Continuing to Struggle]—Cannot I sleep, or starve as I like? I'll blow up the prison. I'll massacre the jailor. I'll do worse—I'll let the law loose on you—Villains.

Jail. Poh! Master Torrento, you need not be in such a passion. You used to have no objection to good company—ha, ha, ha! He has been moulting his feathers a little last night.

[To the Hussars.]
Tor. Company—Banditti! Who are those fellows? Are they all hangmen?

[Looking at the Hussars.]
Maj. A mighty handsome idea, by the glory of the Twentieth.

[Laughing.]
Col. Sirrah! you must see that we are officers. Take care.

Tor. Officers!—aye, sheriff's Officers. Honest housekeepers, with very rascally countenances.

Cor. Muffs and meerschaums!—Very impudently conjectured.

Tor. Well then, parish Officers! Hunters of brats, beggars, and light bread.

Maj. [Laughing]—Another guess for your life.
Col. Insolence! Sirrah, we are in His Majesty's service.

Tor. Oh! I understand—Custom-house Officers. Tubs, tobacco, and thermometers.

[They murmur.]
Cor. Cut off the scoundrel's head!

[Half drawing his Sabre.]

Tor. I knew it; ardent spirits; every soul of them—seizers¹).

Maj. Caesars! Well done. This is our man—[To the Hussars]—I like the fellow—he's the freshest rascal!

Tor. Jailor, I will not be disturbed for any man. Why am I brought out before these, —fellows in livery? This gaol is my house; my freehold; my goods and chattels. My very straw's my own; untouchable, but by myself—and the rats.

Maj. Here's a freeholder!

Col. With a vote for the galleys.

Tor. [Turning to the Prisoners, haranguing burlesquely]—Gentlemen of the jail— [Prisoners cheer.]

Col. A decided speech!

Cor. Out of the orator's way! Muffs and meerschaums! [The Prisoners lift Torrento on a Bench, laughing and clamouring.

Tor. [Haranguing]—Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our retirement, in our domestic circle; in the loveliness of our private lives; in our otium cum dignitate?

Gentlemen of the jail! [Cheering]—Is not our residence here for our country's good? [Cheering]—Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them?

[Cheering]—I scorn to appeal to your passions, but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread, and water, our virtuous slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity?

[Cheering]—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that live by the law, die by the law?—Now, gentlemen, a general cheer! here's Liberty, Property, and Purity of principle! Gentlemen of the jail!— [They carry him round the Hall. Loud Cheering.]

Jail. Out with ye, ye dogs! No rioting!

Turnkeys [Calls]—The black hole, and double irons. [He drives them off, and follows them.]

Cor. A dungeon—Demosthenes! Muffs and meerschaums.

Maj. A regular²) field preacher, on my conscience.

Col. [To Tor.]—So then, we must not fix our head-quarters here.

Tor. Confound me if I care, if your head-quarters and all your other quarters were fixed here.

Col. No insolence, Sir. What are you?

Tor. A gentleman.

[Haughtily.]
Cor. Psha! every body's a gentleman now.

Col. Aye, that accounts for the vices of the age.

Tor. A gentleman, Sir, by the old title of liking pleasure more than trouble; play more than money; love more than marriage; fighting more than either; and any thing more than the unparalleled impudence of your questions.

Maj. Sirrah! do you mean this to me? I'll—

Tor. Aye, Sirrah! and to every honourable

¹) The Irish have a peculiar accent in speaking English: they pronounce some of the letters very strangely, and this is called the brogue.

²) Excise Officers.

³) The word regular is sometimes slang for complete.

person present. I never drink a health without sending the toast round. In matters of contempt, I make it a point of honour to be impartial.

Col. [To *Tor.*].—Be quiet, fellow. [To the *Major*].—Are you hit, Major? ha, ha, ha! Vve have a service for you. [To *Torrenito*.

Cor. On the staff,¹⁾ 'pon honour.

Tor. A constable.

Col. A constable of France, if you like. You shall be major, colonel, or general, just as you please. You shall have a week's liberty, and five hundred crowns for your campaign.

Tor. A general! What high-road am I to invade? Look ye, Sirs, I am a soldier: un-lucky a little, I own.—I am here for running a puppy through the lungs, who insulted me. [Looking at the *Cornet*] But whatever comes of that affair, I will do nothing further to disgrace my cloth.

Cor. Considering present appearances, it would be superlatively difficult.

Maj. To retrieve your character, you must turn your coat, my dear.

Tor. To your business, to your business; whose throat am I—

Maj. You must marry a prodigiously fine woman; young, and so forth.

Cor. Lead to "The Hymeneal Altar." "Happy man, blushing bride,"²⁾ and so forth.

Col. Rich besides—worth a plum.

Cor. The Grocer!—Vworth a great many, I dare say. [Aside.

Tor. Is that the affair? Good night to you, gentlemen. [Going] I have reasons against it. I am better engaged. Marry!—when I can be banged any time I like. If it were in England, indeed, I could put a rope round her neck—³⁾

Cor. To extinguish—Eh—

Tor. What! in a commercial country.—No, no.—Sell her, make a quiet house, and five shillings into the bargain. Glorious triumph of reason!

Cor. A new idea, 'pon honour. A prodigious reconciler to matrimony. England; ah! do I mistake?—the Country, where they make the bank paper and bad port.

Tor. Aye, mermaids and members of parliament.

Lorenzo comes in.

Col. Lorenzo at last!

Lor. I beg pardon,—I have been detained by—important business.

Maj. Poh! we understand. Examining whether Old Ventoso's premises are as accessible to you as to the rest of the world. Your wife's to be looked for there, my hero. [To *Tor.*

Tor. Old Ventoso's! A capital expedient to see Leonora. [Aside].—How much did you

1) Staff of a regiment; and the staff of a constable.

2) The usual expressions in an account of a marriage inserted in the newspapers.

3) Alluding to the old existing law, intended to put in the power of the poor man to get rid of a bad wife as well as the rich one. The woman must consent to have a rope placed round her neck and to be brought to market, when she is sold to the highest bidder; and the buyer thus renders himself responsible for the debts of the lady whom he has purchased; while the seller is happily delivered from them; for otherwise the man is always bound to pay his wife's debts, whether they live together or not.

say? [To the *Major*].—I will reconnoitre the lady.

Lor. You shall have five hundred crowns!

Maj. The Governor will take my word for your re-appearance, and I shall rely upon yours—with proper attendance. [Aside.

Tor. Undoubtedly. I shall be tired of the world; that is, of fools and fresh air, in half the time. But if you catch me here again— [Aside.

Lor. [To the *Hussars*].—Can we trust this fellow?—VWho are you? [To *Torrenito*.

Tor. By St. Agatha, I don't know. I may be the son of a king or a cobbler, for any thing I can tell. I am at this hour without purse, profession, or prospect. A sort of half-pay animal on the muster-roll of human nature.

Cor. How did the dog escape suspension so long?

Lor. Noequivocation, Sir. You have served? Was it in the Sicilian?

Tor. Yes, in every service in its turn. I smoked my first campaign in Algiers; fiddled my second in Italy; quadrilled my third in France; and diced, drank, boxed and billiard my fourth in England; and to this hour I cannot tell in which of them all—Impudence is the best talent—a Lie the most current coin—or Canting the most in fashion.

Cor. Surprising—you did't make your fortune.

Lor. I cannot think of this insult, with common calmness, Victoria, Victoria! [He takes out a *Miniature*].—VWas this a face for treachery? [The *Major* takes it.

Maj. A fine creature. She might make me treacherous any day in the week.

Lor. [Agitated].—I cannot talk of this. I submit all to your disposal; but let her be treated gently. She has made life hateful to me!—I am ashamed of this weakness.—The pride of her upstart family cannot be too severely punished. [To *Torrenito*].—Offer her but the slightest insult, and I will hunt you through the world.—VWould I were in my grave! [He rushes out.

Tor. Gentlemen, there is no time to be lost. My toilette—my toilette!

Cor. The fellow shall have my whole war-establishment. My parade moustaches, my velvet boots, my embroidered toothpicks—

Tor. But my stud, my team, gentlemen. A swindler's nothing unless he drives four in hand.

Col. True, true! Major, you can lend him your bays for a day or two.

Cor. Bays!¹⁾ much more easily lent than one's laurels, Major. [Laughing.

Maj. What, Sir? [The *Colonel* pacifies him].—I will lend him a sabre as long as the Straits of Gibraltar, and a meerschaum that smokes like Mount Etna;—a devilish deal more smoke than—like a young soldier, Cornet, my dear.

Col. He shall have my last uniform.

Tor. No, Colonel; my morals and my wardrobe may have sat light enough upon me, but they shall both sit lighter, before I take up the abandoned habits²⁾ of the Hussars.

1) Bay-horses, and a crown of honourable bays.

2) The left-off cloaths;—and, bad conduct.

I must have carte-blanche for a hotel, an equipage, a wardrobe,—or here I stay.

Col. Carte-blanche! The fellow will make us bankrupt. He'll break the regiment.

Tor. Break¹⁾ the regiment? No!—I don't aspire to be a national benefactor.

Maj. Bravo! your scheme?

Tor. The whole affair needs not cost you a sequin. It can be done on credit. Why, if it were not done on credit, nobody would take me for a man of fashion.—When the cash is called for, you have only to follow the most approved examples; take the benefit²⁾—of these walls, and,—*sponge*.

Maj. How the devil did he get his knowledge of first principles?

Cor. The haut-ton to a hair.—How rapidly the rascal fashionizes!—You can give him the lady's picture, Major. It will be his commission.

Maj. Undoubtedly—when he is ready to start. But what title shall we give our commissioner?

Cor. Let me see,—Duke of Monté-Pulciano, Sauterne, Côte rôtie, or Vin de Graves.

Tor. No, no. Those are "familiar as household names;" they are in every body's mouth.

Maj. I have it.—There's the old Prince de Pindemonté, that all Naples was talking about a year or two ago. He has been roving Europe for some stray son of his. You have no objection to be the heir? [*To Torrento.*]

Tor. The heir? I'll be the Prince himself, or nothing. Prince de Pindemonté! the very title for me. Brilliant—irresistible! My principality is settled. I'll be a model to the blood!

[*Parading about.*]

Col. I see a difficulty in this: suppose the Prince should hear of this assumption of his name?

Cor. Or the son, by accident, know his own father?

[*Laughing.*]

Maj. Poh, poh!—a mighty unlikely sort of thing in this country.

Col. Well, Major, to our quarters, and let us give this diplomatist his final instructions.

Maj. [*Calls*].—A word, Signior Jeronimo.

[*The Major converses with him.*]

Jail. You will be responsible, Major?—A week! You may be wanted, you know, [*To Torrento*] by that time. Good night, your honours. Sure to see them again, some time or other.—Ha, ha!

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Maj. [*To Tor.*] Forwards. Come, Cupid.

Cor. Cupid, ha, ha, ha! Follow us.

[*To Torrento.*]

Tor. [*Pushing forwards*].—Follow? Do you know to whom you speak? Follow me; Hussars, follow the Prince de Pindemonté.

Cor. The Prince!—Muffs and meerschaums!

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment, with a Balcony.

VICTORIA alone.

Farewell! I've broke my chain at last!
I stand upon life's fatal shore!
The bitterness of death is past,

1) To break the funds of the regiment; and to break, or disband the regiment.

2) Alluding to the insolvent debtor's act.

Nor love nor scorn can wring me more.
[*lov'd*], how deeply lov'd! Oh, Heaven!
To thee, to thee the pang is known;
Yet, traitor! be thy crime forgiven,
Mine be the shame, the grief alone!

The maddening hour when first we met,
The glance, the smile, the vow you gave:
The last wild moment haunt me yet;
I feel they'll haunt me to my grave!—
Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;
Thou idle tear, no longer flow;
And may that Heav'n he dar'd deceive,
Forgive, as I forgive him now.

Too lovely, oh, too lov'd, farewell!
Though parting rends my bosom strings,
This hour we part!—The grave shall tell
The thought that to my spirit clings.
Thou pain, above all other pain!
Thou joy, all other joys above!
Again, again I feel thy chain,
And die thy weeping martyr—Love.

Vic. Oh! what decaying, feeble, sickle things
Are lovers' oaths! There's not a light in heaven
But he has sworn by; not a wandering air,
But he has loaded with his burning vows,
To love me, serve me, through all sorrows,

scorns;

Aye, though I trampled him: and yet one word,

Spoke, too, in maiden duty, casts him off,
Like a loos'd falcon! No! he never loved.

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. Victoria! sister! there's a sight abroad—
What, weeping?

Vic. [*Embarrassed*].—Girl, 'tis nothing—
Chance—'tis done.

Leon. Nothing, sweet sister! here are heavy signs

Of a pained spirit; sighs upon your lips,
Blushes, that die away like summer-hues
On the cropt rose; and here's a heaving heart,
'The very beat of woe! (*She presses her
Hand upon Victoria's side.*)

[*A distant flourish of Horns is heard.*]

Vic. What sounds are those?

Leon. I flew to tell you, there's a sight i'
th' Square,

Worth all the faithless lovers in the world!

Vic. Let's rail at love. [*Musing.*]

Leon. [*Laughing*].—Aye, a whole summer's day.

Vic. Love is the lightest folly of the earth;
An infant's toy, that reason throws away;
A dream, that quits our eyelids with a touch;
A music, dying as it leaves the lip;
A morning cloud, dissolv'd before the sun;
Love is the very echo of weak hearts;
The louder for their emptiness; a shade,

A colour of the rainbow;—vanity! [*world.*]

Leon. [*Laughing*].—She will forswear the

[*A flourish of distant Music.*]

Ven. [*Outside, Calling*]. Marcello—Pedro—

Vic. My father's voice—'tis angry—

Leon. Here's a shade.
We can escape. [*They go behind the Screen.*]

VENTOSO comes in.

Ven. More plagues for me; they'll have my
life at last.

[Calls]—Pisanio! Fabian! Pestilence on your tribe;
Would I were rid of you.

A Noble's life!
What is it, after all, but gall and gout,
Clamour for quiet, etiquette for ease,
Watching for sleep, for comfort drudgery?
To feed a liveried rabble at your cost,
That rob you to your face!—Pisanio, ho!

[Calls.]
The slaves are deaf or drunk.
To waste the night,
That Nature made for sleep, in routs and balls!
To stuff your wives and daughters' heads with whims,
That bring lean beggary within the house!
I'll fling it off at once; sell all, burn all,
I'll fly to Abyssinia—to the world's end,
Before the moon is old.

Vic. [Coming from behind the Screen.]
'Tis some new trouble, we must quiet him.
What has displeased you, Sir? [To Ventoso.]

Ven. Look there—look there—
The road is full of soldiers, coming straight—
Leon. Where, my dear father?

[She runs to the Window.]
Ven. Where, but to this house?
Where else can any mischief light on earth?
I'll welcome them. [Calls] Marcello, load the arms!

I will have cannon planted at my gate.
Those are Lorenzo's rogues.

Vic. Lorenzo's? No!
He has forgotten us—for ever. [Aside.]
[A flourish of Music.—Leonora at the Window]

Leon. Here comes the loveliest pageant! all
the porch
Is fill'd with horsemen, capp'd and cloak'd in
Now they dismount. [gold.]

Ven. [Hurrying out]—Unheard of villany!
[He is met by the Countess, who stops him at the Door.]

What rabble's this?
[The Countess enters, holding up a large Letter, wrapped in Silk. She urges Ventoso back. Victoria and Leonora come round her.]

Coun. What rabble? You are wise,
And all the world are fools! This letter, Count,
Comes from—

Ven. From Lucifer!
Coun. Aye, rack your brains;
I'm but a simple woman, have no head,
No eyes, no ears; the world would run astray
But for the men, those great philosophers!

Vic. Dear mother, is't good news?
Leon. Some noble fête?

Coun. Count, read this name.
Ven. [Reads] "The Prince de Pindemonté."
Leon. [Aside]—Charming title.

Ven. I think I've heard the name.
He wants to borrow money, like them all!
Coun. When I shut out that captain, that
buff-belt,

That low-blooded strappado, that half-pay,
The world must go to wreck. My Lady there
[To Victoria.]

Forsook her meals, and march'd in tears to bed.
And you, you wisehead, second Solomon—
[Ventoso trying to escape, she stands in his way.]

Ven. Let me go down! What clamour's in
the house?

Coun. You'd have it, that we must be all
undone,—

A bye-word!—not a husband would be found
In Sicily for one of us! Look here,
Here is the letter; the despatch; the prize!
(They gather round to look over it; she repels them.)

Keep off your hands, no soul shall read a line;
I have perus'd it; 'tis a prodigy! [She reads.]
"His Highness the Prince de Pindemonté,
Duke of Tofano, Count of Venditti." (And
twenty other names besides.) [Reads] "To
the Count Ventoso, these. Having heard of
the rare beauty of the Signora your daughter;
we are disposed to honour your house with
the alliance of our illustrious family. We
shall, therefore, in pursuance of this our princely
inclination, go to your Palazzo this evening;
and, having approved of your daughter,
shall forthwith marry her." Signed—"PINDEMONTÉ," et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

Vic. Most sovereign insolence! Send his
letter back.

Leon. This is bold wooing, sister!

Ven. There's no talk
Of dower, of borrowing money,—let me see—
[He takes the Letter.]

'Tis writ like a grandee.

Coun. The finest thing
I ever read. Saints! how it smells of musk!
'Tis true court-language, birth in every line;
He is my son-in-law. Now, listen all:
[To Leon] You to your chamber, till you're
sent for, child.

Vic. I shall go with her.

Coun. Yes; to get your pearls,
Your silks, your laces.

Leon. [Laughing] Must I have no chance?
Coun. Wise mothers all push off the elder
first,

Else she may hang upon their hands for life.
[To Vic.] Curl those wild locks. Heaven help
me, here's a head!

[To Ven.] I'll give the answer to the Page
myself.

Blushing, forsooth! that colour's out of date,
Unknown among grandees. Look sallow, girl!
The men are all for sentiment this week.

Ven. My mind misgives me; 'tis a world
of rogues;

I'll sift this Page's brains. [Going, he returns.]
Yet, mark me, wife:

No wasteful fooleries; no banquettings;
No feedings of this most illustrious—fool,
Who flings his pearl of liberty away.
I will have no carouse.

[He goes toward the Door.]
Coun. We'll try that point. [Half aside.]

[She rings. Servants come in.] [up;
Where are your brother knaves? Let all come
I'll have a fête to night. Take out the bowls;
The silver gilt; we sup in the purple room:
I'll show his Highness plate. Fabricio, fly
And hire the opera singers—

[Ventoso, returning in great Agitation.]
Ven. Have I ears?

Victoria and Leonora approach him
soothingly.

Vic. Shall we attend you, Sir?
Leon. Be pacified.

Ven. Stay with that mad woman! The world's gone mad!
Princes and fêtes in old Ventoso's house?
I'll die not worth a ducat. Plague on plague!
[*He rushes out. The Countess following him.*]

Coun. Let him rave on. His wife will manage him. [*She goes out.*]
Vic. Who is this Prince?

Leon. Be sure the man is young, Handsome, and rich, who has so wise a taste. Lorenzo too will suffer, 'tis revenge.

Vic. [Indignantly]—'Twill be a deep revenge! It shall be done.
I'll wed this Prince, were he the lowest slave
That ever bronzed beneath a Moorish sun.

Enter PISANIO.

Pisan. My lady waits your presence—

Leon. [To Victoria] For the fête!
Revenge! if there is wit in woman.

[*She points to the Window*] Look!
The bridal star is lighted.

Vic. [Dejectedly] 'Tis a lamp
Lit in a sepulchre.

They sing.—Trio.—(Spanish.)

TELL us, thou glorious Star of eve!

What sees thine eye?

Wherever human hearts can heave,
Man's misery!

Life, but a lengthened chain;

Youth, weary, wild and vain;

Age on a bed of pain,

Longing to die!

Yet there's a rest!

Where earthly agonies

Awake no sighs

In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!

Sees not thine eye

Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,
In thine own sky?

Where all Life's wrongs are o'er,

Where Anguish weeps no more,

Where injur'd Spirits soar,

Never to die?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A chamber in LORENZO's Quarters,
with a Viranda opening on the Sea.
Evening. A Servant waiting. LORENZO
searching among some Papers at a Table.

Lor. Victoria's picture lost!—Yet how 'twas
lost,

Baffles all thought;—'twas lodged upon my
heart,

Where it lay ever, my companion sweet,
Feeding my melancholy with the looks,

Whereon once lived my love.

[*To the Attendant*] Go, boy; take horse,
And hurry back that loiterer.

How lovely thro' those vapours soars the moon!
Like a pale spirit, casting off the shroud

As it ascends to Heaven!

[*He rises, and goes to the Casement.*]

Woman's all false.

Victoria! at this hour what solemn vows,

What deathless contracts, lovely hopes, rich
dreams,

Were uttered in the presence of the moon!

Why, there was not a hill-top round the Bay,
But in our thoughts was made a monument,
Inscribed with gentle memories of Love!
Upon yon mount our cottage should be built,
Unmatched since Paradise;—upon the next,
A beacon should be raised, to light me home
From the Morocco wars; the third should bear
The marble beauty of the patron saint,
That watch'd me in the field—

Enter SPADO.

Return'd at last?

Have you brought back the picture? Where
wasn't found?

Or give it without words.

Spa. I've ranged the city,
Ransacked the jewel mart, proclaimed the loss,
With offer of reward, throughout the streets,
Yet still it is unfound.

Lor. I'll not believe it.
You have played truant! 'tis not three days,
since

I sav'd you from the chain.

Spa. I know it well.
Signior Torrento, with whom I had—starved,
Left me to rob, or perish in the streets.

Lor. I'll make the search myself; bring me
my cloak.

Spa. [Going; returns]—There are grand
doings in the square to-night;

The Villa is lit up.

Lor. The Count Ventoso's!

Spa. From ground to roof, the walls are
in a flame

With lamps, and burning torches; blazoned
shields [hang,

Fill all the casements, from which chaplets
And bridal banners;

Then, the companies
Of city music, in their gay chaloupes,
Play on the waters; all the square is thick
With gazing citizens.

Lor. [Musing]—Ventoso's house?

Spa. I wish 'twere burnt; there never came
a night,

This bitter week, but found me at its gate,
Shiv'ring, and singing with my gay Signior.

Lor. Torrento! [In surprise.

Spa. Nay, I saw the lady come,
Ready to make a love march.

Lor. Falsehood!

Spa. [Bowing] Truth!

Lor. She could not sink so deep. [Aside.
[To Spado] When was this seen?

Spa. Twelve hours before you hired me.

Lor. 'Twas the day,—

The very day I landed.

Woman, woman!
This was your fainting; this the secret shame,
That chok'd your voice, filled your sunk eyes

with tears,
Made your cheek burn, then take death's sud-
den hue;

This was the guilty memory, that shook
Your frame at sight of me.

[To Spado] What did you hear?

Spa. Nothing! but that some luckless, lov-
ing dog,

Some beggar suitor, some old hanger-on,
Was just kick'd out amid the general laugh.

Lor. Insult and infamy!

For what? for whom? [Half aside.

Spa. For a Magnifico—a Don of dons.

A Prince—sups there to-night.

Lor. [Musing] And for that knave,
That prison-prince, was all their jubilee?
So much the better! When the mask's torn
off,

'Twill make surprise the sharper; Shame,
more shame;

The rabble's laugh strike with a louder roar
Into their startled ears—

[To Spado] Some paper, Sir.

[Musing] That slave shall marry her!

They run to the net

Faster than scorn could drive them.

Let them run.

[He writes, reading at intervals.

Spa. That's a love-letter—I know it, by his
being so desperately puzzled.—And I'm to be
the minister of the tender passion—the Car-
rier-dove—Cupid's postmaster-general.

Lor. "I have abandoned,"—"Marry her,"—
"Five hundred crowns more" [He rises.
This—Signior Desperado, shall revenge me;
I'll make them all a sport, a common tale!

[He folds the Letter, addresses it, and
reads.]

"To His Highness, the Prince de Pindemonté."
A sounding title, made to win the sex;
Fit bait for vanity.

[To Spado] Take this with speed
To his palazza; if the Prince be gone,
Follow to Count Ventoso's. [He drops his
head on the Table]—Oh, Victoria!

Spa. [Takes the Letter, peeps into it]—
"Five hundred crowns."—A draft on His High-
ness, no doubt. I'll draw a draught on him,
too—a draught on his cellar. When the high
contracting parties deal in loans, the ambas-
sadors have a right to their per centage.

[Exit.

[Music heard outside,—Approaching]

SEPTETT.—(French.)

Joy to Ventoso's halls!

Eve on the waters falls,

Crimson and calm.

Stars are awake on high,

Winds in sweet slumber lie,

Dew-dipt, the blossoms sigh,

All breathing balm.

Come, gallant masquers! all

Come to our festival,

Deck'd in your pride,

Beauty and birth are there,

Joy to the lovely Pair!

May time and sorrow spare

Bridegroom and Bride!

Lor. What words are those? "Joy to Ven-
toso's halls;"

And I, who should have been the foremost
there,

Must be an exile! [Disturbed] Married!—
and to-night!

—'Tis but the song of the streets!

[Indignantly]—Have they not scorned me,
—broken bond and oath;

Taunted my birth!—'Tis justice.—Let them
feel!

[Musing]—I may be noble! Paulo's dying
words

Had mystery in them—

[A distant sound of the Chorus is heard.]

[He starts.] How will Victoria bear

The sudden shames, the scorns, the miseries,
Of this wild wedlock; the companionship
Of the rude brawlers, gamblers, and loose
knaves,

That then must make her world?

[Dejectedly] Her heart will break,

And she will perish; and my black revenge

Will thus have laid her beauty in the grave.

[Rising suddenly]—He shall not marry her.

[Calls]—Is Spado there?

[The Chorus is heard more distantly.

A Servant enters.

Serv. Signior, he's gone! He left the house
on the spur.

Lor. My letter! 'twill ruin all!

[Calls] Bring me my horse.

I will unmask the plot of my revenge;

And having saved her, sever the last link

That binds me to the world.

[He rushes out, the Chorus passing away.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—VENTOSO'S House.

A handsome Apartment; a beaufet with
plate; a showy Chair in the centre. Ser-
vants are arranging the Room.

LEONORA glides in.

Leon. Grand preparations! All the dancers
come!

Oh, were Torrento here! but he is lost!

The merriest fellow that e'er woke the night
With the sweet music of a lover's vows.

[A low Symphony of Horns is heard
without, which continues till the Song.

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the
thrones,

That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,

Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,

Upon whose leafy brows the evening star

Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!

Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-
paced Night,

Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell

Air.—(Spanish.)

Oh! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd
wave,

When the breezes in twilight their pale
pinions lave,

And Echo repeats, from the depths of her
cave,

The song of the shepherds' returning!

And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage fes-
toon, my love,

Lets in, like snow-flakes, the light of the
moon, my love;

And to the castanet

Twinkle the merry feet,

And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my
love.

But sweeter the hour, when the star hides
its gleam,

And the moon in the waters has bath'd her
white beam,

And the world and its woes are as still as
a dream;

For then, joy the midnight is winging:

Then, comes to my window the sound of
thy lute, my love,
Come tender tales, when its thrillings are
mute, my love:

Oh, never morning smil'd
On visions bright and wild, [love!
Such as that dark hour is bringing, my

*The COUNTESS enters, followed by BERNARDO,
with plate.*

Coun. Bernardo, set those cups on the
beaufet,
These tankards in the middle. [*She gazes*
There's a sight!

Where are the covers? What's the man about?
Must I do all the work with my own hands?
[*To another*—Bring out the bowl! Heaven
knows for what you're fed.
Bring out, I say, my mother's christening bowl.
(Saints rest the time, I seldom left it dry.)

Soflily, Sir,
China's not iron. Blockhead! by my life,
I wish the world were peopled without men!
(This night will kill me.)

[*To another*—Where's your master, knave?
Ven.—[*Entering exultingly.*]

Here, Countess! I have news for you,—the
Prince!

He's the true Phoenix!—I have heard of him
Through all the 'Change,—a bird of Paradise!
A man of gold and silver! a true mine!
Lord of Calabria! I shall be a duke!
Why, he could buy the bank of Venice; sleep
Bedded on ingots; play at dice with gems,
Common as counters.—Prince de Pindemonté,
Next to the Italian throne!

Coun. Thanks to the stars,
Most glorious news! I dream'd of it last night;
Saw golden showers, proud dames and cavaliers,
All silk and diamonds.

Ven. Signior Stefano
Well knows the name. I thought to tell you,
love,

This new acquaintance asked himself to-night;
We must endure him; he's a gentleman,
Landed to-day from Naples, with a bond,
A debt of our late kinsman's, whose discharge
Would swallow half the estate.

Coun. I've done with trade.
I'll have no fellows, black as their own bales,
To meet my son-in-law. [*Flourish of Music.*

The Prince arrived!
You must receive his Highness with a speech;
Lay on the flattery thick; trumpet his name;
Your great men have great ears.

Ven. I make a speech!
I'd take a tiger by the beard as soon.
You'll entertain his Highness. I have aches,—
The night air's bad for aches. I'm asleep:
Cannot I steal away? I hate grandees!
I've had them on my boughs.

Coun. Here you must stay.
[*To a Servant*—Call in the singers.

Enter SINGERS. She ranges them.

Now, as his Highness enters, sing the stave
You sang for the King's entry. Sing it out;
I'll have no whisperings for my money.

[*Flourish of Clarinets and Horns outside.*]
"His Highness the Prince de Pindemonté"
is announced by successive, Servants
outside.

Bern. [*Entering, announces*—His High-
ness the Prince de Pindemonté.

[*The Septett begins. A train of Valets,
richly dressed, enter. TORRENTO, mag-
nificently Costumed, follows, and flings
himself into the Chair; the Valets rang-
ing themselves behind.*]

SEPTETT and CHORUS.

Hail! to proud Palermo's city,
Fam'd for all that's rich and rare;
Fam'd for women, wise, yet pretty—
Miracles—as women are.

Fam'd for churches, without slumber;
Fam'd for statesmen above sale;
Fam'd for judges, no law lumber;
To the world's ninth wonder, hail!
Prince, to proud Palermo, hail!

[*TORRENTO, reclining himself indolently.*]

Tor. Bravo! bravissimo, superb.—Begone!
I'm weary of you. [*The Singers retire.*

Showy pictures, plate,
Tapestry.—'Twill do. [*Aside.*

[*To Bernardo*—Pray, fellow, who are those,
Bowing beside me?

[*To an Attendant*—Carlo, bring my musk.
Coun. [*To Ventoso*—Address the Prince—

[*Aside.*

Ven. Not I, for all the world!
Coun. Stand forth, my Lord.—The Count
Ventoso, Prince.

Ven. Most mighty! most magnificent!

Coun. The man's tongue-tied!

[*To Ventoso*—I will address his Highness.
[*Aside.*

Most noble, puissant, and illustrious Prince,
Whose virtues, dignities, and ancient birth,
This day both honour and eclipse our house.

Ven. Eclipse our house!

[*Attempting to harangue.*

Tor. [*Half aside*] Rival orators!
Honour! This moment there are ten grandees
Waiting, with each an heiress in his hand;
I leave them to despair. The Emperor
Offered me three archduchesses at once,
With provinces for portions.—I declined.

Ven. [*Haranguing*—This day eclipse our
house!

Coun. A Grand Signior!

Tor. Aye, there's my whisker'd friend, the
A brilliant spirit, spite of Mahomet, [Ottoman,
The finest judge in Europe of champagne—
He would have given his haram, wife and all.

Ven. His wife!—a wise old Turk.

[*Aside, laughing.*

Tor. Where is the bride?

Coun. She waits your Highness' bidding.

Ven. [*To the Countess*] Listen, wife;
No tyranny. She must not be compelled.

[*Aside.*

Coun. [*To Ventoso aside*—Hold your wise
tongue—if she's a child of mine,
Pd make her wed a hippopotamus. [*Exit.*

Ven. A hippopotamus! [*Laughing*—'Twixt
son and wife

I might turn showman.

Tor. [*Advances towards a Picture*] A
noble picture,

Count—a Tintoret!

Ven. Some martyrdom, or marriage—all
the same. [*Aside.*

But Prince,—my Titian,—worth its weight in gold. [*Pointing to a Picture.*]

Bernardo. [*Announces*].—The Signior Stefano. [*He enters haughtily.*]

Ste. So, Count, your servant! Use no ceremony.

A showy house.—Those brawling citizens Have blocked your gates. I fought my way;—'tis hot;

Here, lacquey, take my cloak. [*Sits.*]

Now, where's your son-in-law. [*To Ventoso.*]

Ven. His Highness' chair!

St. Anthony!—He'll see you.—'Tis the Prince. [*Pointing.*]

Rise, honest friend!

Would you be sent to the galleys? Here's my wife—

Rise, if you'd keep your ears—She'll talk to you.

This is the wildest fellow of them all. [*Aside.*]

The Countess! Prince.

Coun. [*Leading in Victoria, veiled*].—

Prince de Pindemonté,

This is the hand too honour'd—

Ste. Pindemonté!

A bold usurper. [*Aside.*]

Tor. 'Tis Leonora! I must talk her dumb,

Or else Torrento's name is on her lips,

And so my Princedom's vanished. [*Aside.*]

[*Affectedly, as Victoria approaches.*]

'Tis an enchanted vision! Ha! she comes—

There's music in her motion. All the air

Dances around her. Venus! There's a foot,

So light and delicate, that it should tread

Only on flowers, which, amorous of its touch,

Should sigh their souls out, proud of such

sweet death.

So glides upon her clouds the queen of Love!

So sovereign Juno won the heart of Jove.

Ste. [*Aside*].—A high-flown wooer! Now,

—that face! Oh, Heaven,

There's no similitude! Deceived—deceived—

No touch of the voice, no glance! I'll try him

deep

Ere I have done with him.

Tor. [*To Victoria*]. Transcendent one!—

The countenance that would befit this shape,

Must be a miracle. Nay, envious veil!

[*He lifts the Veil, and stands surprised.*]

Coun. He's struck at once! [*Aside to Count.*]

Ven. Countess, I'll be a duke!

Ste. As sure as he's a prince—old Vanity.

[*Aside.*]

Tor. A paragon of beauty! and alone?

[*To the Countess.*]

Has she no sister-witchery?

Coun. None—none—

Fit to be looked at—

Ven. But a girl, a child,

Still at her sampler. Here's the heiress, Prince!

Tor. Then 'twassome cunning witch of Sicily,

Some chamberer, that winds her mistress' silk,

A bright-eyed gipsy with a silver tongue,

That won my serenades. [*Aside.*—

[*He Takes a Miniature from his bosom,*

and gazes on it.]

'Tis beautiful!

A ruby lip, a cheek carnation-dyed.

A deep, love-darting eye! The recreant slave!

He should have treasur'd it, as monks their beads,

A thing to pray by.

Vic. 'Tis my miniature,

Given to Lorenzo! [*Aside, anxiously*].—Was it lost by chance? [*To Tor.*]

Tor. [*Excultingly*].—Yes; by such chance as hangs upon the die!

To me rich fortune! for this crystal round, Like a bright lamp, first lit me to the shrine,

Where I have turned—idolater.

Vic. His stake!

Lost among gamblers! [*Aside*] Let me look

on't, Sir!

I'll drive him from my heart. [*Aside*] Has

it a name?

Tor. [*Holds it playfully from her—Stefano advances to him.*]

Ste. [*Sternly*].—Give her the picture! What!

resist the wish

Told in the glistening of a fair maid's eye!

When I was young, I should have ranged

the earth,

Plung'd in the billows of the angry sea,

Defied the hungry desert, leap'd the moon!

Rather than see my lady's rosy lip

Pale with soliciting. Give her the picture.

[*Stefano grasps it, and gives it to Victoria,*

who retires, overwhelmed.]

Vic. Lorenzo! cruel, faithless Lorenzo!

[*Exit.*]

Tor. Count, what buffoon is this? the lady

fled!—

Taking my soul with her. Gonsalvo—ho!

Seize this old bravo—to the jail with him,

The deepest dungeon, He may lodge in mine.

[*Aside—Attendants approach.*]

Coun. The deepest dungeon!—

Ven. Pardon, gracious Prince,

He's old, light-headed, is my guest to-night;

He knows your Highness well.

Tor. Betrayed, blown up. [*Aside.*]

Know me? Impossible!

Coun. He know the Prince!

Out with him, husband.

Ste. I will spare his shame. [*Aside.*]

Lady, some mercy! I am old,—and time,

That makes such havoc in a lady's cheek,

May cloud an old man's brains; I had mistook

Your Highness for a famous reprobate:

'Twas in Algiers;—he wore the turban then;

A gambling, fighting, roving, spendthrift knave,

Familiar with all jails. I'll lay my life,

He's deep this hour in knavery, plotting thick,

To drain some dotard's purse, beguile some

maid,

Or lead some ancient idiots by the ears,

As easily as asses. And his name,

I think—'twas called—Torrento!

[*Looking on Tor.*]

Tor. Still unhang'd?

Ste. His time will come, my Prince.

Ven. [*Aside to Countess*] 'Torrento!

Can he be living? old Anselmo's son,

The rightful heir, whose coming thrusts us out

From title and estate?

Coun. [*Aside, angrily, to Ventoso*].—I know

he's dead,—

As deep as seas can drown him.

Signior Stefano,

Where is that varlet?

Tor. [*Fixing his eye upon him*].—Not

in Sicily.—

Ste. This sounds of Curiosity; beware!

'Twas woman's sin in paradise.

Ven. And since—

Coun. 'Tis woman's privilege; 'tis the salt of the earth.

Tor. He must be bribed. I'll lead them from the scent;

I'll rhapsodize the fools. [*Aside.*

CURIOSITY!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips, Both man and woman would find life a waste, But for the cunning of—Curiosity!

She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,

The merriest masquer underneath the moon!

To beauties, languid from the last night's rout, She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt

In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits, Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,

Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace, The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown!

And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,

And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again; And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff as steel, In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,

She makes their rigid muscles gay with news Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,

Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratafia; And thus she gives them prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed As if a hundred years were on her back;

Then peering through her spectacles, she reads A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales

Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies, (Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun,

Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake, And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.

And thus she makes the world, both young and old,

Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!

Ste. The knave has spirit, fire, a cunning tongue;

Can it be he?—and yet, that countenance.

Coun. Your Highness sups with us? We have a dance;

A hurried thing. My daughter will return. She's gone into the air—the night breeze stirs.

You'll honour us? [*earth—*

Tor. [*Affectedly*].—I'll follow you thro' By Cupid's bow, by his empurpled wings,

By all his arrows—quiver'd in those eyes.

Coun. He's an angelic man! [*Aside.*

Ven. Friend Stefano, There's no ill blood; be gay; you'll come with us—

Would he were in the dungeon—Renegade! [*Aside.*

Ste. I'll see that girl. Truth, stain'd and scorn'd by man,

Makes woman's heart its temple. [*Aside*] To your dance?—

No—while there's freshness in the open sky, Silence in night, fragrance in breathing flowers,

Or music in the murmur of the waves!—I'll walk in the garden. Leave me:—I'll come back

By supper time.—I'll know the truth this night. [*Aside—he goes.*

Ven. There's a proud step, the frown of a grandee!

Poh! I'll be one next week! I'll learn the step! I'll give as fierce a frown—as cool a stare;

Look dignity with any duke alive. I'll strut with all the blood of Charlemagne!

Coun. [*Calling*]. Count!

Must I stay here all night?

Tor. Countess—your slave! What jewels would you choose to wear in church?

My noble father; there's a hunting lodge, A trifling thing of fifty thousand crowns,

In my Calabrian woods. The toy is yours. If you have friends who wish for pension, place,

Now is their time to ask. Give me your ear. [*To Ventoso.*

I made the Minister. [*Aside*].—Be what they will, [*south,*

Consuls, commissioners—east, west, north, I will provide for them. Lead on, my Lord!

[*A Dance his heard within.* Breathe sweet, ye flutes! Ye dancers, lightly move,

For life is rapture, when 'tis crown'd by love! [*Ventoso leads. The Countess is handed by Torrento, who moves round her to the Music.*

SCENE II.—*A Saloon, decorated for a Fête, opening on the Garden, with a view of the Bay. Illuminated boats, fireworks, etc. The Dance has begun. Towards its close, TORRENTO, handing the COUNTESS, with VENTOSO leading the way, enters.*

Tor. Magnificent! Incomparable! Superior to my friend the grand Signor's fêtes—to Naples—to the Tuileries—superb! But the goddess of the night! Where is your lovely daughter?

Coun. She will be here by-and-bye. Seek for her, Bernardo.

[*A Tumult is heard outside. The Dancers retire.*]

Coun. What can be the meaning of all this noise? Street serenaders! Voices prodigiously high!

Tor. But set in a prodigiously low key. A quarrel among the footmen.

[*The Noise increases.*

Ven. They are breaking into the house. Worse and worse. [*He hurries to the Door.*

Tor. [*Listening*].—It's more like breaking out of prison. A bravura of bars, with a running accompaniment of chains—"linked sweetness long drawn out."

[*Lorenzo's voice heard outside, through the Clamour.*

Lor. The Count will see me. The Count shall see me. Out of my way, scoundrels—I will cut the throat of the first that stops me.

[*He bursts into the Saloon, forcing the Attendants before him.*

Coun. The Captain!—Insult.

Ven. The Captain!—Bloodshed. [*Aside.*]

Tor. The Captain!—(Ruin.) [*Aside.*]

[*Together.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Count, I come to—[*Sees Torrento*]

—Oh! you here, Sir.—Give me my letter this instant.

Tor. What do you mean?—I have no letter.—What, in the name of confusion, brings you here?—You'll destroy your own scheme.

[*Aside.*]

Lor. All's safe, then. [*Aside*]—Count, I make no apology. I have come to render you the most essential service;—to warn you, that you are on the brink of disgrace,—that your family are about to be plunged into contempt, vexation and shame,—that this marriage is—a mockery! and this Prince—an impostor!

Tor. An explosion! All's over—I have nothing to do but to make a run for it.—The door crowded.) [*Aside*—Count, you can't believe this? You should know me better.

Ven. Here's a discovery! An earthquake! Is this possible? [*To Torrento*]—Why, he has not a word to say in his defence. No Prince!—Yet I thought I could not be mistaken, he was so monstrously impudent.—There was something in old Stefano's hints, after all. Know you better! Sir, I don't choose to extend my acquaintance in your line at present. The world is full of impostors!

Coun. Can I believe my eyes!—He seems mightily cast down. [*Looking at Torrento.*

Ven. Aye—cast¹⁾ for transportation.

Tor. The girl's worth fighting for. I'll battle it out. [*Aside. To Lorenzo*]—Sir, my insulted honour scorns to defend itself but by my sword. Dare you draw?

[*He half draws his sword.*

Lor. [*Bursting into a contemptuous laugh*] Draw! and with you! Go, draw corks.—The devil take his impudence! Begone, Sir!

Coun. There will be suicide; I shall faint.

Tor. Countess, I respect your delicacy. [*Sheathes his sword*] You shall have proof irresistible of my rank and honour. You, Sir, shall hear of me to-morrow. [*To Lorenzo.*

Lor. Count and Countess, I congratulate you. This is true triumph! Leave the house. His rank and honour, ha, ha! He will not find a gentleman in the whole circuit of the island to vouch for his character, his property, or his title. [*As Torrento retires, Spado totters in behind, Drunk, holding up a letter.*

Spa. A letter, my Lord Count. [*The Attendants attempt to hold him*] Dog, would you stop royal correspondence? would you rob the mail? Is the Prince de Pindemonté here? [*Tottering about*] Keeps mighty good wine in his Palazzo. I'll drink his health any time in the twenty-four hours. A letter—for the—Prince de Pindemonté.

Lor. Spado! [*Rushes forward*]—That's my letter, Sirrah.

Tor. Spado! [*Seizes the letter*]—That's my letter.

Coun. Horribly inebriated. We shall come at the truth at last.

Ven. I wish they were all three looking for it at the bottom of the deepest well in Sicily. [*Aside.*

Tor. Here, Count and Countess, is convincing proof! his own letter,—for the fellow can write,—addressed to me! [*Reads*]—“To his Highness the Prince de Pindemonté.”

Spa. You the Prince—ha, ha! a prince of good fellows; always liked him. Worth a

hundred dozen of that guitar-scraper, that sighing Cavaliero, that pays me my wages now, and be hanged to him. My master!

[*Sees Lorenzo, and runs out.*

[*Torrento glances over the letter.*]

Tor. “Five hundred crowns more.”—[*Aside*] Psha! contemptible!

Lor. What devil owed me a grudge, when I wrote that letter. [*Aside.*

Ven. I should like to see the inside of that paper, Sir.

Tor. Bad policy, that. [*Aside*] No, spare him. [*In his ear*] Merely a begging letter:—“Pressure of the times—tax upon pipe-clay”—deficiency of shoes.” Beginning, as usual, with sycophancy, and ending with supplication.

Ven. [*Peeping over his shoulder, reads*] “Scoundrel!” A very original compliment. I must see that letter. [*He seizes it, and reads*]—“Scoundrel!” Nothing very sycophantic yet.

Lor. [*Attempting to obtain the letter*]—Count, I must insist. That letter is mine: written for the purpose of relieving you from all future trouble on this painful subject.

Tor. Count, it is impossible. Private correspondence—seal of secrecy—tale of distress—

[*Reaching at the letter.*

Ven. [*Reads*]—“Scoundrel!”—

Tor. Confound it! You have read that three times.

Ven. [*Reads*]—“I am determined to take no further interest in Count Ventoso's family.”—Very proper; just what Count Ventoso wishes.

Lor. There—there, read no more. That was my entire object. [*Interposing*] Tear that letter.

Ven. [*Reads*]—“I have abandoned all personal respect for that pedigree of fools.” Pho—

Coun. Fools! A libel on the whole nobility.

Tor. The Captain's in a hopeful way.

[*Aside.*

Ven. [*Reads*]—“No contempt can be too severe for the bloated vanity of the vulgar Mother;—

[*He laughs, aside.*

Coun. Excellent! I like it extremely. Bloated! So, Sir, this is your doing. [*Going up to Lorenzo*]—Bloated vanity! He deserves to be racked—bastinadoed. Husband, throw that letter into the fire!

Lor. Count, hear me; hear reason. Will you be plundered and disgraced? Will you have your family degraded, and your daughter duped? Read no more of that unfortunate letter.

Ven. I must have a line or two yet. [*Reads*]—“Or the inanity of that meagre compound of title and trade, the—ridiculous Father.” [*To Lorenzo*]—Death and daggers, Sir! Is this all you have to say? What excuse? What reason? Out of my house! Inanity—meagre! Out, out! Go! [*He tears the letter*] I'll bring an action! Title and trade! There is the impostor. [*Pointing to Lorenzo*]—Out of the house, I say!

Coun. Out of the house! Prince, let us leave him to himself.

Tor. His whole story is palpably a fable.—I think I have peppered the Hussar pretty handsomely. Beat him by the odd trick at last; trumped the Captain's knave. [*Aside.*

[*Leading off the Countess towards the Door.*

1) Condemned.

2. The soldiers use pipe-clay to clean their regimentals.

Coun. Come, if the Captain want amusement, let him laugh at himself. I can assure him the subject is inexhaustible.

[*Exit with Torrento.*]

Ven. [*Looking at Lorenzo*].—A fine figure for the picket or the pillory. Meagre inanity—Title and trade!

[*Exit Ventoso.*]

Lor. Now is my light extinguished! Now the world

To me is but a melancholy grave,
Wherein my love lies buried. Life, farewell!

Ste. [*To an Attendant without*].—Gone to the banquet?—

[*He sees Lorenzo.*]

Who are you?—Speak!—Let me but hear your voice—

You are not native here.

Lor. What wonderer's this?

Out of my way, old man!

[*Attempting to pass him.*]

Ste. The very voice!

The living likeness! Hold, my heart! One word—

Your name?—

Lor. 'Tis infamous!

Ste. 'Tis noble blood

That fills your veins.

Lor. [*With a bitter laugh*].—Mine—noble blood! Begone!

Tempt me no further—for this hour, my mind is feverish—bitter—thick with sullen thoughts, That touch on madness.

Ste. I will go with you.

Lor. Tho' 'twere into my grave!—then follow me.

[*Lorenzo rushes out—Stefano gazing on him.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Mess Room* ¹.—*Sabres, Caps, etc. hung up. The COLONEL, MAJOR, and CORNET at Table, after Dinner.*

Cor. The actual Prince de Pindemonté arrived, and to be proclaimed Viceroy to night!—We shall be broke, every soul of us;—excoriated of fur, lace and feather, for life; utterly nonentified! Muffs and meerschauts.

Col. This arrival is certainly most unexpected and unlucky. Is there any thing of the Prince in the evening paper, Major?

Maj. [*Glancing over it*].—Heads of columns, paragraphs, rank and file. [*Reads*] "Marriage in high life—Grand boxing match: Fashionable boarding school—Capital man-traps: The comet—New tale of the Isle of Sky: Polar passage: voyage to the moon." Ha, ha! not a syllable, Colonel.

Col. One of the aides-de-camp has just taken the order for parade to Lorenzo's quarters. This love is a formidable thing, when it keeps a man from messing. The lady's picture is certainly striking.

Maj. She's a beauty of the first water. She should lodge in my heart on a lease for ever, and as long as she liked after.

Col. Lodge in your heart, Major? Aye, and in your head!—love reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Cor. In the Major's head! Muffs and meerschauts, would you put the lady into unfurnished lodgings?

¹) Dining Room.

Col. Let it pass, Major. Forgive the Cornet his brains; you'll quarrel with no man about trifles.

Maj. Very true, Colonel. But I can't help wondering what makes the Cornet always so hard upon love and the ladies. I should have thought him the most successful wooer in the corps.

Cor. Ha, ha! You compliment.—He civilizes.

[*Aside*] Major, a glass of wine.

Col. Conciliatory claret? Major.

Maj. No; it's too cold for the occasion. Here, Cornet, a generous bumper of Madeira. My countrymen always go for their healths to Madeira.

Cor. And for their morals to Port—*Jackson* ¹, I think they call it. [*Aside to the Colonel*] But now, Major, be candid. Why did you think me likely to succeed with the sex?

Maj. Because—the dear creatures are so fond of their own faces, that they always choose a fellow as like themselves as they can. By the glory of the Twentieth!

Cor. Diavolo! you shall answer for this.

[*Rising angrily.*]

Col. Poh! Swallow it with your wine. Here's Lorenzo; he'll laugh at you. Welcome, Captain. We must be on parade before the new Viceroy in half an hour. The order, I see, reached you in good time.

LORENZO enters.

Lor. In the worst time possible, Colonel. I cannot obey it. I would rather throw up my commission.—Victoria is to be married to-night.

[*Dejectedly.*]

Col. Rapid manoeuvring, that. Marriage in full gallop. Hymen turned into a Hussar.

Maj. His old rank was in the rifle corps.—Ha, ha!

Cor. Throw up his commission! Muffs and meerschauts! Wear plain clothes, and be taken for a doctor or a lawyer, or some such abomination. The man's crazed.—Try if he'll stand a glass of water. [*Aside to Major.*]

Maj. No; water proves nothing in the corps. All Hussars have the *hydrophobia* ² by nature.

Lor. Those people about Victoria make a bugbear of me. It is to prevent presumed disturbance from me, that this unfortunate ceremony is thus hurried; and is to take place in an old castle a league out of town.

Col. And are we to buy or blow up your castle?

Lor. None of the family have ever visited it. It was left to the old Count to dispose of in some way or other. Their ignorance seemed to allow me a chance of rescuing Victoria from ruin. Spado has already ordered our grooms to drive their Prince, and be hanged to him, and his cavalcade, round the suburbs, and, under cover of night, lodge them in the jail instead of their castle. I shall then burst upon them, and break up the imposture at

¹) A bit at the Irish gentlemen, who take refuge in this island to avoid their creditors; the Major only hears the word *Port* (wine), the Irish being a wine-drinking nation are influenced to good deeds by drinking *Port*; *Jackson*, as heard by the Colonel, finishes the stroke; *Port Jackson* is in Botanybay, and thus the wit of this phrase is perfectly clear.

²) An aversion to water.

once, by flinging the impostor into his dungeon before their eyes.—[*Spado enters.*]—And here's Spado. What have you done? Have you settled their reception with the jailor. Are the grooms prepared? Are the cavalcade going?

[*To Spado.* *Spa.* Signior, the cavalcade are gone. I saw them off: a grand show, Sir, private as it was! The old Count and Countess full of bustle—blunders and Brussels lace, according to custom; the bride full of blushes and tears, according to custom; and the bride's maids, servant maids, and maids of all descriptions, full of laughing and impudence, tattle and white top-knots, also according to custom. I will be revenged on some of them, yet.

Lor. Silence, Sir!—will you be kicked out of the room?

Cor. According to custom. [*Spado goes.*]

Col. Yet, Lorenzo, if the affair be so close upon beginning, we can all go with you. We have still half an hour before parade.

Lor. My dear Colonel, I must insist on going alone. I know the result of having used the Viceroy's name; and no man shall be implicated in my misfortunes. On this hour may depend every future moment of my life. I must go,—were I never to return. [*Exit.*]

[*Major, Colonel, and Cornet, buckling on their Sabres.*]

Maj. [*Calls.*]—Wait a moment. Off like a rocket. You shan't go alone, unless you take us along with you; that's plain. [*Exit.*]

Col. That's plain; yes, plain Irish, Major.—Forwards! [*Exit, laughing.*]

Cor. [*Equipping himself.*]—Detestable, to be hurried in one's making up¹). Irish!—The Major's blunders spring up as thick as blossoms in one of his own potatoe fields. Perdition to all straps, strings, and stay-laces, I say. [*Trying to put on his Accoutrements.*]—Chin-stays and chokebands! Diavolo! Sebastian, my *sal volatile*. [*He calls.*]—My tailor has been taking measure of some one for the half pay²)—no allowance for dinner. Viva! there's a form. The Major was right. Irresistible! “C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour.” [*Exit, singing.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Jail, with a rude attempt at decoration on the Walls. A Wreath of tarnished Flowers, festooning a grated Window. Prisoners are busy removing Chains and Bolts. Some are sitting at a small Table, drinking. The JAILOR comes in hastily, with LAZARO.*

Jail. Hurry, hurry!—Off with yourselves and your table. By St. Januarius, this looks showy, gay, quite in the gala style, Lazaro. I wish we had the floor chalked³);—we might have a quadrille—Ha, ha, ha! [*A Noise of Chains outside.*]—Hurry, hurry! We are to have grand visitors to-night. Rather an odd place for a wedding, to be sure.—What would you say to being one of the bride-maids, Lazaro—ha, ha, ha! [*The Prisoners laugh.*]

But now away with you, every man to his cell.—What! grumbling? Why, you dogs, you ought to think yourselves the luckiest fellows alive to be here.

Song.—JAILOR and Chorus.

He who lives in a jail
Will never turn pale,
With a dun at his tail,
For his bolts are his bail;
He may dance, drink, and sing,
As free as his king,
From Monday to Monday morning.

(CHORUS repeats.)

When once he's here,
At the world he may jeer,
And pay no more debts than a prince or a peer,
But take his sling,
Till he takes his swing,
All on a Monday morning.

Jail. Off with you, here comes the party. Away, you hounds! [*Exeunt Lazaro and Prisoners.*]—Here they live without rent, tithe, or taxes, and do as little for it as if they were so many lords; and yet they will grumble! [*Exit.*]

[*A Door is unlocked, and the Count, Countess, and Torrento, highly dressed, come in.*]

Tor. Upon my honour, Count, this is the most singular looking castle. And what a detestable atmosphere of rank tobacco, and vinegar wine! Your friend must have lived like a basbaw or a bandit, and this was the black hole.

Ven. The Marquis was a singular man, certainly. Very gloomy, very ancient; a very ghostly habitation.

Coun. Husband, husband, it's a very fine castle; our reception was quite royal, sentinels on the walls, lighted torches, draw-bridges up, altogether a very grand affair.

Tor. [*Aside.*]—It has the look of a jail, the smell of a jail—it feels like a jail. [*To Ven.*]—Why have you brought me to this detestable place? A wedding in this—condemned cell?

Ven. Excellent name!—very appropriate for the ceremony—chairs for life. Ha, ha, ha!

Tor. Chains for life—capital jest—ha, ha, ha! [*He forces a Laugh, which gradually diminishes.*] A prodigious smell of thieves.

[*Aside.*]

Coun. Prince, this is but the reception room; I order'd the grand baronial hall to be prepared for the ceremony—and this is, I suppose, the door. [*Tries it.*] Bless me, it is lock'd.

Tor. [*Runs over to it.*] Lock'd, aye, and double lock'd. [*Aside. Angrily to Ventoso.*] For what purpose is this locking up, Sir? And at this early hour too; it's against all rule.

Ven. Your Highness! this can be nothing but the carefulness of the servants. My friend, the Marquis, was a very particular man, and locked up every thing, himself included. He was a great buyer of all sorts of oddities, curiosities, and monstrosities. He built this castle for a show, and then shut it up like a prison. You have heard of the Marquis Chiar' Oscuro?

Tor. The Marquis! unquestionably—my most particular friend. Ha, ha! that explains

1) Dressing.

2) The poor half-pay Officers are the butt of many a joke, from those who are in full pay.

3) The floor of a ball-room, in England, is generally chalked with figures representing a landscape, etc. in order to prevent the dancers from slipping.

the whole matter, and this was the castle;—I heard of his sale at the Antipodes. He had a wing of the original Phoenix—Pope Joan's marriage articles—Queen Elizabeth's wedding ring—a wig of Dido of Carthage—and a pair of pantaloons made for Don Bellianis of Greece. *[They laugh]* But the ladies—

Ven. Aye, where are the ladies? always late, always lingering.

Coun. I have left them in another apartment till the arrival of the priest. There must be no hurry, no precipitation. Marriage is a serious thing.

Ven. Yes, your Highness; it is as little of a joke as any thing in the world. But let us begin.—One is not the more reconciled to the dose, by looking at it. *[Aside]* I will run after the ladies, *[He hurries out.]*

Tor. And a very gallant run for your age.—But now, my charming Countess, for on my honour, with that bloom on your cheek, and that brilliancy in your eyes, I can't bring myself to call you—Mother-in-law. Now—

[Voices of the Hussars without.]

Hussars. Ha, ha, ha!—By the glory of the Twentieth—excellent, down with bar, bolt, and chain—Muffs and meerschaums—Allspice and sugar canes— *[The Hussars burst in.]*

Maj. Bravo! just in time; the turtle's under the net.—Colonel, let's have a laugh at the Cornet. *[Aside]*—Cornet, may I have the honour of introducing you to—the *Bride*.

Coun. The whole barrack broke loose, as I'm an honest woman!—*[To Torrento]*—*Bride!* what do the monsters mean?

Tor. The Hussars! found out and followed.—*Bride!*—the old Countess—Ha, ha! *[Aside]*—Don't mind their insolence. Those gentlemen are court jesters, paid for making themselves ridiculous; and by all that's absurd, they earn their money. Away, Lady.

[They approach the Door.]

Cor. *[Surveying her with his Glass]*—*The Bride!* a very antique susceptibility—a grand climacteric, touched by the heavenly passion.

Col. It must have been something heavenly; for nothing earthly could have done it.

Maj. Yes; like an old tree, set on fire by lightning.

Cor. *[Still approaching]*—Victim of Cupid—Maiden innocence—Virgin virago!

[Aside, to the Hussars.]

Coun. *[Bursting away from Torrento, and following the Cornet]*—Why, you red mountebank!—you impudent man-milliner!—you thing of mummery and moustaches—you King's bad bargain—you apology for a man—you trooper—

All. "Trooper!"

Maj. It's the old lady herself! Countess Figs and Raisins, by the glory of the Twentieth!

Col. Let me see her with the naked eye. Ginger and Cayenne to the life!

Cor. The venerable charmer that insulted the whole regiment. The old horse-marine! Bless me, how she prances! Why don't you stop her—Colonel—Major—

Maj. I would as soon stop a chain-shot.

Col. I would as soon stop an avalanche.

Cor. Avalanche! If the tongue could take

fire by friction, she would be a volcano.

Maj. Every one to his taste; but if the daughter be like the mamma, I would as soon marry a mermaid.—Where can Lorenzo be?—I will go for him.—They'll be off.

Col. Gathering nerve on the terrace—forth—they'll escape—stay, Cornet.

Cor. Stay in this den and be devoured!—'Pon honour—No. *[They go out.]*

Coun. The coxcombs!—Open the door, I say. *[Calling.]*

Tor. They are unlocking. *[Listening]* Three locks! That's the twist of a turnkey,—I'll be sworn to it, in any jail in the world. *[Aside.]*

[Ventoso enters, handing in Leonora.]

Ven. Your Highness—my daughter. Any news of the priest?

Leon. Torrento! Is it possible? *[In surprise.]*

Tor. Leonora, by what wonder has this happened? I am delighted beyond expression. I have a thousand questions to ask. Count and Countess, excuse me a moment.

Leon. And is this a time to ask? I am overwhelmed with surprise, with sorrow, with shame. I thought that you had fled from Palermo. I lived only in the hope of your return. But to find you here, my sister's bridegroom—you the Prince!—Traitor, I will unmask you.

Tor. Hush! one word. I will satisfy all your doubts; I expected to meet you; I have been as much deceived as yourself. I'll marry none but you. I swear, by the brightness of your eyes, by every star—

Leon. Ah! yours, I fear, are wandering stars. *[He leads her up the Stage.]*

Coun. A mighty handsome reception, indeed! The Prince's affability is charming. 'Tis all the way in high life. Friendships are as quickly made there as—

Ven. They are unmade. He's prodigiously affable. Why, it's absolute love-making. *[Calls]* Your Highness, the bride is coming. By St. Agnes, he forgets her, as much as if they had been married a month.

VICTORIA, attended by Bridemaids, enters.

LORENZO enters from an opposite Door.

Lor. Victoria! *[Irresolutely.]*

Vic. Lorenzo! *[She is overwhelmed.]*

[To the Count] There's a dimness on my eyes! Save me, my father. I would rather look Upon the pale and hollow front of death, Than meet that glance.

Lor. *[Advancing]* Victoria! if your heart—

Coun. Stand back, plebeian! Marry with your like.

There lies the door. Begone!

Ven. *[Calling to Torrento]*—Prince! take your bride. *[Aside.]*

Those wives and daughters!

Lor. Scorn'd, aspers'd, disdain'd, For blood, that flows as hotly in my veins As in an emperor's.

Can birth bequeath Mind to the mindless; spirit to the vile; Valour to dastards; virtue to the knave?— 'Tis nobler to stand forth the architect Of our own fame, than lodge i' the dusty halls Of ancestry!—To shine before the world, Like sunrise from the dusk, than twinkle on

1) By little animals.

In far and feeble starlight!

Here we part;
One kiss, fair traitress! [*He kisses her*] Death-
like cold and sweet.
And now the world's before me.

This be all,
Early or late, Lorenzo's epitaph:
That he had deem'd it nobler, to go forth,
Steering his sad and solitary prow
Across the ocean of adventurous deeds,
Than creep the lazy track of ancestry.
They be the last of theirs, I first of mine.
Vic. Lorenzo, hear me.

TORRENTO and LEONORA re-appear.

Coun. Will she kneel to him? Can she
endure this insult? Prince, take your bride.

[*To Torrento.*
Tor. Who dares insult her? That rioter
come again! Sir, the man who offends this
lady must not live.

[*Lorenzo turns.*
Lor. I had forgot!—Vagabond,—Ho—Jail-
lor! Fling this impostor into the dungeon
from which I took him.

[*Ventoso and the Females in surprise.*
Tor. Draw, and defend yourself! [*The
Jailor, Lazarro, and Assistants, rush in
behind Torrento, and pinion him: The
Hussars return*] Stiletto! 'Tis the jail—com-
pletely tricked, trapped, trepanned. What's
all this for? [*To the Jailor*]—Handcuffs—
'tis against prison rules—I have not broke
bounds—I'll give bail to any amount—a thou-
sand sequins—ten—twenty thousand. The
Count will go security. [*Aside*] Count, I say—

[*Calling.*
Ven. I am deaf. Security! Swindler! How
shall we escape?

Leon. Undone—undone. Save him, dear
father, save him.

Jail. Restive! Ho! on with the handcuffs,
Lazarro. The bosom friends!

Lor. Off with that culprit to his dungeon.

Tor. Count and Countess, this is a con-
spiracy. I will have justice!—vengeance!—
scoundrels! high treason!—injur'd prince!—
Pindemonté!—

[*He is carried off.*
Ven. Let us escape. Security indeed! Here
is security with a vengeance—locks and bars—
to find myself in a jail! Open the door!

[*They knock.*

Col. [*A Bugle sounds*] Officers! the call
to parade. Troopers! Pride! Ha, ha, ha!
Troopers! Birth—Pride! ha, ha!

[*He urges the Major and
Cornet out, laughing.*

Lor. Count and Ladies, farewell. We have
met for the last time. You, Victoria, have
suffered for the crime of inconstancy; you,
Count, for the folly of being a slave to the
will of women; you, Countess, for the violence
of your temper; and all for your common
crime, Pride! Farewell for ever. [*Exit.*

Vic. If sorrow—shame—penitence!—Oh,
Lorenzo!—He's gone.

Leon. If I can climb the walls, or under-
mine the dungeon, or dry up the moat, or
bribe the guards, my true Torrento—my un-
fortunate Torrento—shall not linger another
day in prison. [*Aside.*

Coun. Undone—insulted—laughed at—I shall
never be able to hold up my head again. We

must fly the country. Our pride has had a fall.
Ven. Aye: now boast—now triumph. A
fall!—and so hard a one, that may I be in
the Gazette¹⁾, if I ever try a fall again. Here,
Victoria; Leonora, help to bear up your mother's
griefs. Hers is a heavy case, a very weighty
concern, indeed. She see through a rogue!
She might as well see to the end of a suit in
Chancery. Pride—ruin—madness! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in VENTOSO'S
House.* VICTORIA and LEONORA come in.

Vic. At home again! Stay with me, Leo-
nora—My brain is wild. I can scarcely think
that we have escaped from that hideous prison.
Did not Lorenzo upbraid me, cast me off?—
I will take the veil.

Leon. Take the veil! take nothing but
courage. Your beauty might kill a whole regi-
ment of officers, instead of pining for one.
I would not give a sigh to save the whole
army-list—Yet, I feel some strange, delighful
hope, that all will yet be well—Your Prince,
you see, was one of my adorners—In coming
to marry you, he thought he was come to
marry me—Monstrous impudence in either
case.—I shall have him yet for all that, if I'm
woman. [*Aside.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pisan. Ladies, your immediate attendance
at the palace is commanded by order of the
Viceroy, the Prince de Pindemonté.

Vic. The Impostor!—Viceroy! impossible!

Leon. Torrento, Viceroy! incredible! Got
out of prison—got into the palace—He is the
great sublime of impudence. I adore him
for his ingenuity.—Can the news be true?

Pisan. Nothing more certain; the nobility
are going in crowds to the palace—the Count
and Countess have been summoned, and are
already gone. The guards are on parade:—
and one of the officers is now waiting below,
to have the honour of escorting you, when
the carriage returns.

Leon. [*Runs to the Mirror*]—Heavens,
what a head! the damp of that odious prison
has made me the very emblem of a weeping
willow.—Come, sister, dear Victoria, rise!
Will you wear plumes or roses? But smile,
and you will conquer. You can then return,
and—take the veil, if you choose.

[*She attempts to arrange her Dress,
Victoria repels her.*

Trio.—(Italian.)

VICTORIA.

Spirit of Love! the heart still deceiving;
Still, on the dim eye delicious dreams weaving;
Still, with sad pleasure the torn bosom heaving;
Go! I'm thy slave and thy victim no more!

LEONORA.

Spirit of Hope! from thy light pinions shedding
Flowers where the steps of young Passion are
treading,
Sunny hues over life's sullen clouds spreading,
Here, live or die, at thy shrine I adore!

PISANIO.

Spirit of Joy! on those bosoms descending,
Come, like the day-star, the weary night ending:
Come, like the bow with the summer storm
blending,

1) Bankrupts are inserted in the Gazette.

Bid all the anguish of true love be o'er.

VICTORIA.

Love!—from my bosom—the traitor disdaining!

LEONORA.

If I am scorned, I shall die uncomplaining.

PISANIO.

No bitter tear must those rich cheeks be staining;
No thought of woe must those young hearts
be paining.

VICTORIA.

Spirit of love, etc. etc.

SCENE IV.—*And Last. A Saloon in the Palace. Attendants in waiting. STEFANO, with papers.*

Ste. Those documents—the similitude of his features form evidence irresistible. Now, to add conviction to conviction. Ho, Sir, has the Signior Torrento been brought from the jail? Have the Count Ventoso and his family been summoned to the palace?

Officer. [Outside] “Room for the Count and Countess Ventoso.”

Ste. Come already! I shrink instinctively from the volley of that woman's tremendous tongue. *[He walks aside.]*

The COUNT and COUNTESS enter, led by the OFFICER. Servants range themselves in the distance.

Coun. Now, husband, what have you to say for your wisdom? Solomon!—The Prince's seizure was clearly a conspiracy. Here we are, by the express command of his Highness the Prince de Pindemonté, my son-in-law!

Ven. It's all a riddle—all moonshine to me. In jail and out of jail at once! He must be a conjuror—an eater of fire and a swallower of small swords. But, why was I sent for here?—I see it—to squeeze money out of me—a forced loan.

Coun. Wise head! the Prince has sent for my daughters. Depend upon it, there will be a wedding to-night, and this is a very pretty apartment for the ceremony. On my virtue, I should like a suite here, with a handsome pension.

Ven. I don't doubt you, my love; a taste for the public money is not uncommon in either sex.

Coun. But, bless me! there's your Signior Stefano. I before suspected him of being a Jew, but now I am sure of it. Nothing else could have such access to people of quality.

Ste. Count, those papers—these— *[Aside.]*

Coun. This is no time to talk of your affairs. Retire! I cannot give you my countenance here.

Ste. Retire! Countenance! Upon my honour, Madam, your ladyship's countenance is one of the last presents that could excite my gratitude.

Ven. He can't bear for five minutes what I have been bearing these forty years. *[Aside.]*

Coun. He's a spy of Lorenzo's: but, rather than give my daughter to that buff-belt, I'd marry her to the Khan of Tartary!

Ven. Now she's in for it— *[Aside.]*—Man, make your escape. *[To Stefano.]*

Ste. Intolerable!— *[Aside.]*—Khan of Tartary! Madam, if the tongue made the Tartar,

you would be worthy of the throne yourself. Spy! This to a man of honour!

Ven. Friend Stefano, a man of honour may be like a debt of honour—a very roguish affair.

Coun. I insist on seeing his Highness! Keep your distance, Sir!

Ste. Yes, Madam, if I would preserve my ears.—I never ran foul of such a fire-ship before.— *[Aside.]*—Your Prince you shall see. You would make the best match since the fall of Babel. *[He goes out.]*

The COLONEL, MAJOR, and CORNET, enter at the opposite Door.

Maj. Ha, ha—A mighty fine discovery for Lorenzo—one of his fathers—

Cor. Charming—Nature to the last, Major—exquisitely Hibernian!

Maj. Perhaps no such mighty blunder, after all—make it your *own case*, Cornet. What, angry? Poh, shake hands.

Cor. 'Pon honour, no—but by sentence of a Court-Martial.

Col. Well, Lorenzo deserves it all; as capital a fellow as ever wore spur.

Coun. *[Sees them.]*—The Hussars!

Ven. Are you sure we're not in jail again?

[To Countess.]

Col. Ho! the Count and Countess. Come, don't turn away; let us be friends.

Cor. Her Ladyship! Excuse me, Colonel—the Hussars never notice the *Heavys* ¹⁾.

Maj. Poh, nonsense, man! Your Ladyship, he aspires to the honour of a salute.

Cor. Me! Diavolo! I'll never come in contact with that harpy again, but in a cuirass—Muffs and meerschauts!

Col. Well, then, let me introduce the Major—He comes from the land of gallantry; the country where they raise men for exportation.

Maj. Aye, to improve the modesty of mankind, your Ladyship.

Ven. But what—what were you saying of Lorenzo?

Maj. He is this moment closeted with the Viceroy,—one of the Cabinet, my dear.

Col. A grand discovery, heir to a superb estate! In his infancy he had been sent from Italy with a large sum in jewels to his family, banker in Cadiz—one Anselmo.

Ven. Anselmo!

Coun. Our kinsman!

[Aside.]

Col. Yes; an old villain, who embezzled the money, and ran away with the boy to this island; where he brought up Lorenzo as a peasant's son. The rogue died only some months ago.

Ven. St. Anthony!—had he no son?

Col. What, am I to trace a scoundrel's whole genealogy!

Cor. But did you hear the name of the present heir?

Col. No, not I. Some old accomplice; he will be stripped of course.

Maj. Oh, what's the use of his name—some old trafficker—he will be sent to the galleys, to a certainty.

Cor. Yes; if he have any hemp or rat-bane in his establishment, he may take the benefit of his own stock in trade.

¹⁾ Heavy Horse—Dragoons.

Coun. Undone!

Ven. I don't believe a word of your story! I'll not part with a sequin—I'll go to law first,—I'll go to ruin first!

Col. You the heir!

Cor. Muffs and meerschauts!

Maj. Law—ruin—aye, they generally go together, my old friend.

Cor. An alliance perfectly matrimonial, Count. [*Voices within*] "Room for his Highness the Prince!—room!"

Tor. [*Within*] Asses and idiots! out of my way, you pampered buffoons! Must I never stir without a rabble of you grinning at my heels? [*He enters*] The Count and Countess! Confusion! what brought them here?

[*The Hussars stand aside, laughing.*]

Coun. Your Highness's commands—

Ven. Your Highness's orders—your—

Tor. I am overwhelmed! I can submit to the indignity of disguise no longer.—[*Aside*] Count and Countess—I am no prince—no body—nothing—but one of the thousand luckless children of chance, who fight their obscure way through the world.—[*Victoria and Leonora enter. He approaches Leonora*]—We must part, my love. I am unworthy of you; and from this hour I care not on what sea or shore fortune may fling me!

Leon. No, Torrento! we part no more. I have been unwise, and you unfortunate. But here I swear to follow you with constancy as strong as life or death. We are one.

[*They go up the Stage.*]

Coun. Impudence unparalleled! No Prince!

Ven. I appeal to the Viceroy. Impostor!

Col. The business is tolerably complete, Major. Their pride's down upon the knees¹⁾, like a cast charger—it will carry the mark beyond all cure.

Maj. Aye, like a scar on a fine woman's reputation—it will go on widening for life—

Cor. They will be in no want of our trumpeters now—they will be *blown* every step they go.

Enter LORENZO, unperceived but by VICTORIA.

Lor. My love, all must be forgiven and forgotten. I have the most delightful intelligence—the happiest discovery. I have just been with the—

[*The Countess sees him.*]

Coun. The Captain! another impostor—another stolen match—He a man of family? the Hussar?

Lor. Countess, if honour and attachment, long tried, can entitle me to this lady's hand—

Vic. My father! if duty, if love, if feelings pained to agony can move you—[*Kneeling.*]

Ven. Another daughter gone! By all means, Madam. What next? Is there any thing else you would have, Captain? We're in the jail again! Gang of thieves!—[*To Countess*]—Sir, is there any thing about me that strikes your taste?—[*Going up to the Hussars*]—Or your's, Sir?—My watch and seals—my purse. Does any gentleman take a fancy to the Countess? No! that stock lies on hand.

1) A horse which has fallen has generally a mark on its knee, thus losing two-thirds of its value.

Enter ATTENDANTS, announcing the VICEROY.

Flourish of Music. Enter STEFANO, splendidly dressed, and attended by the HUSSARS.

Coun. [*Advances*] Your most gracious Highness. [*She recognises him*] Stefano the Viceroy! what have I said to him—I could bite off my tongue!

Ven. Well resolved, Countess; do so, and we shall both be quiet for life. Stefano the viceroy!—We shall both be sent to the galleys.)

[*Aside.*]
Ste. Count, I have heard something about a love affair in your family. I have certainly no right to insist upon the Captain's being your son-in-law—Lorenzo, what have you to say for yourself?

Lor. Nothing, my Lord, [*Leading Victoria*] but to express my delight, my happiness, at this day's discovery; my reverence, my love.

[*They kneel.*]

TORRENTO and LEONORA return.

Ven. Aye, flattery does every thing here.

Ste. Well, Madam, as he cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I am afraid he must be content with—Rise, Sir! stand forth—the son of the Viceroy of Sicily, of Stefano, Prince de Pindemonté. Come to your father's arms, my long-lost, late-found son, my gallant son!

Lor. My father! my generous, noble father!

All. His son!—Viva! viva!

Vic. My lord and love!

Leon. Happy Victoria!

Ste. There, Sir, go mollify the Countess.—But, if you find her as tough a subject—as I did)—[*Aside*] Now, take your bride, and be happy.

[*To Lorenzo.*]

The HUSSARS approach.

Officers. We congratulate you, Prince Lady, we wish you all happiness. [*To Victoria.*]

Ste. How I obtained the knowledge of my son, how I preserved my incognito as Viceroy till the search was complete—you shall hear at the banquet,—to which I now invite you all.

LORENZO, and all, advance.

Lor. Fair ladies, nobles, gallant cavaliers! This day shall be a bright one in the web Wherein our lives are pictur'd—Thro' all years This shall be holiday—The prison gates Shall know no envious bars; rich pageantries Shall paint our love-tale; children's merry tongues

Shall lisp our names; and old men, o'er their fires,

Flourish their cups above their hoary heads, And drink our memory! Come in, sweet love!

[*To Victoria.*]

Col. There's a fine girl on her own hands, Cornet;—[*Pointing to Leonora*]—No husband for the lady.

Cor. Excuse me, Colonel, we, the Twentieth, are not connubial. But if the girl want a husband, I'll state the circumstance on parade.—Muffs and meerschauts!

Tor. Your Highness! since you have the art of finding out sons, perhaps you can find out fathers too. Pray, whose son am I? somebody's, I suppose?

Ste. Ignorance, the Captain, I accidentally fell in with your career. I mistook you for each other. I found your errors more of the head than the heart. You have your liberty. Count, you must resign your title.

Fen. With all my heart.

Ste. And, with them, Anselmo's estate.

Fen. Not the money—not the money—I have an old prejudice in favour of the money.

Count. I'm thunderstruck.

Ste. Torrento, stand forth; you are Anselmo's heir! you are the banker's son!

Maj. Then, upon my conscience, there'll be a mighty great run on the bank.

Tor. [*In Exultation*]—A banker's son, magnificent! a golden shower!—Leonora, my love, we'll have a wedding worthy of bankers. What trinkets will you have? the Pitt diamond, or the Great Mogul? A banker, my angel! 'Tis your bankers that sweep the world

before them! What army shall I raise? What cabinet shall I pension? What kingdom shall I purchase? What emperor shall I annihilate? I'll have Mexico for a plate-chest, and the Mediterranean for a fish-pond. I'll have a loan as long as from China to Chili. I'll have a mortgage on the moon! Give me the purse, let who will carry the sceptre.

Count and Countess, you shall keep your titles, and he as happy as mirth, money, and macaroni can make you.

[*To Leonora and the rest.*]

Now! to the banquet. Having fix'd our fates With freedom, title, fortune, loving mates!— If I have erred, 'twas youth, love, folly;—here, With generous hearts around, I scorn to fear— Where heroes judge, and beauty pleads the cause, Who talks of censure? Give me your applause.

OPERA.

ROSINA.
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.
INKLE AND YARICO.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.
THE DUENNA.

FRANCES BROOKE.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Moore, was the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, rector of Colney, in Norfolk, of St. Augustine, in the city of Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. Her husband died Jan. 21, 1789; and she herself on the 26th of the same month, at Blesford, at the house of her son, who had a prebend in that part of the country. Mrs. Brooke was a lady of first-rate abilities, and as remarkable for gentleness and suavity of manners, as for her literary talents. She wrote and published some admirable novels (among which were, *Lady Julia Mundeville*, *Emily Montague*, *Marquis of St. Fortrain*, and *The Recursion*); a periodical paper, called *The Old Maid*; and a translation of Millot's *Elements of the History of England*.

ROSINA,

Comic Opera, by Mrs. Brooke. Acted at Covent Garden 1785. The story of this piece is founded on that of Palemon and Lavina (in Thomson's *Seasons*), or Boaz and Ruth, in the Scripture, and was performed with great applause. It has, however, the disadvantage of wanting the grace of novelty, and the pleasure of surprise; as must always be the case with scriptural stories, or others of notoriety. The music, by Shield, is charming, and can never fail of attracting attention. Of all the petite pieces that are exhibited on the British stage, *Rosina* is perhaps the least offensive to the severe moralist; as it corrects the mind, while it pleases the senses.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR. BELVILLE.
CAPTAIN BELVILLE.
WILLIAM.

RUSTIC.
1st IRISHMAN.
2nd IRISHMAN.

ROSINA.
DORCAS.
PHOEBE.

*Reapers, Gleaners,
Servants, etc.*

SCENE.—*A Village in the North.*

SCENE opens and discovers a rural prospect: on the left side a little hill with trees at the top; a spring of water rushes from the side, and falls into a natural lagoon below: on the right side a cottage, at the door of which is a bench of stone. At a distance a chain of mountains. The manor-house in view. A field of corn fills up the scene.

In the first act the sky clears by degrees, the morning vapour disperses, the sun rises, and at the end of the act is above the horizon: at the beginning of the second he is past the height, and declines till the end of the day. This progressive motion should be made imperceptibly, but its effect should be visible through the two acts.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*After the Trio, the Sun is seen to rise: the Door of the Cottage is open, a Lamp burning just within; DORCAS, seated on a Bench, is spinning; ROSINA and PHOEBE, just within the Door, are measuring Corn; WILLIAM comes from the top of the Stage; they sing the following Trio.*

When the rosy morn appearing
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
Take the scatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

[*William retires.*]

Ros. See! my dear Dorcas, what we glean'd
yesterday in Mr. Belville's field!

[*Coming forward, and showing the Corn at the Door.*]

Dor. Lord love thee! but take care of thyself: thou art but tender

Ros. Indeed it does not hurt me. Shall I put out the lamp?

Dor. Do, dear; the poor must be sparing.
[*Rosina going to put out the Lamp, Dorcas looks after her and sighs; she returns hastily.*]

Ros. Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

Dor. I cannot bear it! it's nothing to Phæbe and me, but thou wast not born to labour.

[*Rising and pushing away the Wheel.*]

Ros. Why should I repine? Heaven, which deprived me of my parents, and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage?

Dor. Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet that thou pick'dst up half starved under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour, he's main kind to the poor.

Ros. Not for the world, Dorcas, I want nothing; you have been a mother to me.

Dor. Would I could! Would I could! I ha' worked hard and earn'd money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am push'd about by every body. More's the pity, I say; it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wicked every day.

Ros. Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest; go into the cottage, whilst Phæbe and I join the gleaners, who are assembling from every part of the village.

Dor. Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant, in these arms; little did I think a child of hers would live to share my poor pittance.—But I won't grieve thee.

[*Dorcas enters the Cottage, looking back affectionately at Rosina.*]

Phæ. What makes you so melancholy, Rosina? Mayhap it's because you have not a

sweetheart? But you are so proud, you won't let our young men come a near you. You may live to repent being so scornful.

AIR.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,

How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget the labour and toil,

Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,

And believe every word of his song:

You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,

Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

[*During the last Stanza William appears at the end of the Scene, and makes Signs to Phæbe; who, when it is finished, steals softly to him, and they disappear.*]

Ros. How small a part of my evils is poverty! And how little does Phæbe know the heart she thinks insensible! the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion. I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy! lost Rosina!

AIR.

The morn returns, in saffron drest,
But not to sad Rosina rest.

The blushing morn awakes the strain,
Awakes the tuneful choir;

But sad Rosina ne'er again
Shall strike the sprightly lyre.

Rust. [*Without*] To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the sun is half an hour high, and not a stroke struck yet.

Enter RUSTIC, singing, followed by Reapers.

AIR.

Rust. See, ye swains, yon streaks of red
Call you from your slothful bed:

Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See! where harvest crowns your toil!

Cho. Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See! where harvest crowns your toil.

Rust. As we reap the golden corn,
Laughing Plenty fills her horn:

What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peasant's labour fail?

Cho. What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peasant's labour fail?

Rust. Ripen'd fields your cares repay,
Sons of labour haste away;

Bending, see the waving grain,
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Cho. Bending, see the waving grain,
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Rust. Hist! there's his honour. Where are all the lazy Irishmen I hir'd yesterday at market?

Enter BELVILLE, followed by two Irishmen and Servants.

1 Irish. Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? Then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Bel. You are too severe, Rustic; the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

1 *Irish*. Bless your sweet face, my jewel, and all those who take your part. Bad luck to myself, if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning.

[*To Belville*.]

Rust. If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good.

[*The Reapers cut the Corn, and make it into Sheaves. Rosina follows, and gleanes.*]

Rust. [*Seeing Rosina*] What a dickens does this girl do here? Keep back; wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

Ros. [*Timidly*] If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have glean'd down again.

[*She lets fall the Ears she had gleaned.*]

Bel. How can you be so unfeeling, Rustic? She is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

Rust. Your honour is too good by half.

Bel. No more: gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

Rust. There, take the whole field, since his honour chooses it.

[*Putting the Corn into her Apron.*]

Ros. I will not abuse his goodness.

[*Retires, gleaning.*]

2 *Irish*. Upon my soul now, his honour's no churl of the wheat, whate'er he may be of the barley!).

Bel. [*Looking after Rosina*] What bewitching softness! There is a blushing, bashful gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion! She turns this way: What bloom on that cheek! 'Tis the blushing down of the peach.

AIR.

Her mouth, which a smile,

Devoid of all guile,

Half opens to view,

Is the bud of the rose,

In the morning that blows,

Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath

Than the flow'r-scented heath

At the dawning of day;

The hawthorn in bloom,

The lily's perfume,

Or the blossoms of May.

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, in a Riding-dress.

Capt. B. Good morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

Bel. My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September²⁾.

Capt. B. I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles 'distant, where I left my chaise, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

Bel. You know our harvest is late in the north; but you will find all the lands clear'd on the other side the mountain.

Capt. B. And pray, brother, how are the partridges this season?

1) He gives his bread away willingly enough; but he seems to keep his drink all to himself—Beer being made from malt and hops.

2) The captain is a sportsman, and does not forget the 1st of September, the beginning of the shooting-season

Bel. There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order. *Capt. B*. The gamekeeper is this moment leading them round. I am fir'd at the sight.

AIR.

By dawn to the downs we repair,
With bosoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheasant or hare—
Gain health by the sports of the day.

Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare—
See Diana!—she points!—see, they rise—
See, they float on the bosom of air!

Fire away! whilst loud echo replies

Fire away!

Hark! the volley resounds to the skies!
Whilst echo in thunder replies!

In thunder replies,

And resounds to the skies,

Fire away! Fire away! Fire away!

But where is my little rustic charmer? O! there she is: I am transported. [*Aside*] Pray, brother, is not that the little girl whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year?

Bel. It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you share our rural repast, or have a dinner prepar'd at the manor-house?

Capt. B. By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner time.

[*Exeunt Belville and Rustic. Captain Belville goes up to Rosina, gleanes a few Ears, and presents them to her; she refuses them, and runs out; he follows her.*]

Enter WILLIAM, speaking at the side Scene.

Will. Lead the dogs back, James; the captain won't shoot to-day. [*Seeing Rustic and Phoebe behind*] Indeed, so close! I don't half like it.

Enter RUSTIC and PHOEBE.

Rust. That's a good girl! Do as I bid you, and you shan't want encouragement.

[*He goes up to the Reapers, and William comes forward.*]

Will. O no, I dare say she won't. So, Mrs. Phoebe!

Phoe. And so, Mr. WWilliam, if you go to that!

Will. A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

Phoe. I don't deserve this of you, WWilliam: but I'm rightly sarved, for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

Will. You do right to cry out first; you think belike that I did not see you take that posy from Harry.

Phoe. And you, belike, that I did not catch you tying up one, of cornflowers and wild roses, for the miller's maid; but I'll be fool'd no longer; I have done with you, Mr. WWilliam.

Will. I shan't break my heart, Mrs. Phoebe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

DUETT.—WILLIAM AND PHOEBE.

Will. I've kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,

And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see!
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phæ. There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,

And call'd me the fairest she:
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,

Her face like the blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,

Her breath like the new-made hay.

Phæ. He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,

His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;
He looks like a squire of high degree
When drest in his Sunday clothes.

Will. I've kiss'd and I've prattled, etc.

Phæ. There's fifty young men, etc.

[*Exeunt on different Sides of the Stage.*]

ROSINA runs across the Stage; CAPTAIN BELVILLE following her.

Capt. B. Stay and hear me, Rosina. Why will you fatigue yourself thus? Only homely girls are born to work.—Your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

Ros. Why do you stop me, sir? My time is precious. When the gleanng season is over, will you make up my loss?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Will it be any advantage to you to make me lose my day's work?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Would it give you pleasure to see me pass all my days in idleness?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. We differ greatly then, sir. I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

AIR.

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild content the constant guest.

Capt. B. Mere prejudice, child; you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

Ros. Let me call my mother, sir: I am young, and can support myself by my labour; but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestow'd. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

Capt. B. Why—as to that—

Ros. I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

Capt. B. Really—I believe not.

Enter DORCAS.

Ros. You are just come in time, mother. I have met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour youth.

Dor. 'Tis very kind.—And old age—

Ros. He'll tell you that himself.

[*Goes into the Cottage.*]

Dor. I thought so.—Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old.

Capt. B. You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

Dor. And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

Capt. B. You have a charming daughter—

Dor. I thought as much. A vile, wicked man!

Capt. B. Beauty like hers might find a thousand resources in London; the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

Dor. And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

Capt. B. She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

Dor. I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I had rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame.

[*Goes into the Cottage, and shuts the Door.*]

Capt. B. These women astonish me; but I won't give it up so.

Enter RUSTIC, crossing the Stage.

A word with you, Rustic.

Rust. I am in a great hurry, your honour; I am going to hasten dinner.

Capt. B. I shan't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

Rust. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For yourself. And this purse.

Rust. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For Rosina; they say she is in distress, and wants assistance.

Rust. What pleasure it gives me to see you so charitable! You are just like your brother.

Capt. B. Prodigiously.

Rust. But why give me money, sir?

Capt. B. Only to—tell Rosina there is a person who is very much interested in her happiness.

Rust. How much you will please his honour by this! He takes mightily to Rosina, and prefers her to all the young women in the parish.

Capt. B. Prefers her! Ah! you sly rogue!

[*Laying his Hand on Rustic's Shoulder.*]

Rust. Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I meant no harm.

Capt. B. Give her the money, and tell her she shall never want a friend; but not a word to my brother.

Rust. All's safe, your honour. [*Exit Capt. Belville*] I don't vastly like this business. At the captain's age, this violent charity is a little dubious¹. I am his honour's servant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour; O, here he comes.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

Rust. A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make good use of his money; he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

1) Dubious.

Bel. For Rosina! 'Tis plain he loves her.
[Aside] Obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

Rust. I understand your honour.

Bel. Have you gain'd any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

Rust. I endeavour'd to get all I could from the old woman's grand daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing-up; but here are the labourers.

Enter DORCAS, ROSINA, and PHOEBE.

Bel. But I don't see Rosina. Dorcas, you must come too, and Phoebe.

Dor. We can't deny your honour.

Ros. I am asham'd; but you command, sir.

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, followed by the Reapers.

FINALE.

Bel. By this fountain's flow'ry side,
 Drest in nature's blooming pride,
 Where the poplar trembles high,
 And the bees in clusters fly;
 Whilst the herdsman on the hill
 Listens to the falling rill,
 Pride and cruel scorn away,
 Let us shure the festive day.

Ros. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
Bel. This is Nature's holiday.
Bel. Simple Nature ye who prize,
 Life's fantastic forms despise.

Cho. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
 This is Nature's holiday.

Capt. B. Blushing Bell, with downcast eyes,
 Sighs and knows not why she sighs;
 Tom is near her—we shall know—
 How he eyes her—Is't not so?

Cho. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
 This is Nature's holiday.

Will. He is fond, and she is shy;
 He would kiss her!—fie!—oh, fie!
 Mind thy sickle, let her be;
 By and by she'll follow thee.

Cho. Busy censors, hence, away;
 This is Nature's holiday.

Rust. Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,
 Then we'll tell the sportive tale;
Dor. All is jest, and all is glee,
 All is youthful jollity.

Cho. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
 This is Nature's holiday.

Phoe. Lads and lasses, all advance,
Irish Girl. Carol blithe, and form the dance;
1 Irish. Trip it lightly while you may,
 This is Nature's holiday.

Cho. Trip it lightly while you may,
 This is Nature's holiday.

[All rise; the Dancers come down the Stage through the Sheaves of Corn, which are removed; the Dance begins, and finishes the Act.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter RUSTIC.

Rust. This purse is the plague of my life; I hate money when it is not my own. I'll e'en put in the five guineas he gave me for myself. I don't want it, and they do. They certainly must find it there. But I hear the cottage-door open. *[Retires a little.]*

Enter DORCAS and ROSINA from the Cottage.
DORCAS with a great Basket on her Arm, filled with Skeins of Thread.

Dor. I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

Ros. This basket is too heavy for you: pray let me carry it.

[Takes the Basket from Dorcas, and sets it down on the Bench.]

Dor. No, no. *[Peevishly.]*

Ros. If you love me, only take half; this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest.—*[Takes Part of the Skeins out of the Basket and lays them on the Bench, looking affectionately on Dorcas.]* There, be angry with me if you please.

Dor. No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

Ros. Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

Dor. Indeed I have not, love; and yet I am uneasy.

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, unperceived.

Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

Ros. I'll go this moment.

Dor. But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home before me; so take the key.

Ros. I will.

Capt. B. *[Aside, while Dorcas feels in her Pockets for the Key]* Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! How lucky! I'll slip in to the house, and wait her coming; if 'tis till midnight.

[He goes unperceived by them into the Cottage.]

Dor. Let nobody go into the house.

Ros. I'll take care; but first I'll double-lock the door.

[While she is locking the Door, Dorcas, going to take up the Basket, sees the Purse.]

Dor. Good luck! What is here! a purse, as I live!

Ros. How!

Dor. Come, and see; 'tis a purse indeed.

Ros. Heav'n! 'tis full of gold.

Dor. We must put up a bill at the church-gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

Ros. Pray excuse me, I always blush so.

Dor. 'Tis nothing but childishness: but his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage. *[Exit.]*

Ros. I cannot support his presence—my embarrassment—my confusion—a stronger sensation than that of gratitude agitates my heart.—Yet hope in my situation were madness.

AIR.

Sweet transports, gentle wishes go!
In vain his charms have gain'd my heart;
Since fortune, still to love a foe,
And cruel duty, bid us part.
Ah! why does duty chain the mind,
And part those souls which love has join'd?

Enter WILLIAM.

Pray, William, do you know of any body that has lost a purse?

Will. I know nothing about it.

Ros. Dorcas, however, has found one.

Will. So much the better for she.

Ros. You will oblige me very much if you will carry it to Mr. Belville, and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

Will. Since you desire it, I'll go: it shan't be the lighter for my carrying.

Ros. That I am sure of, William. [Exit.

Enter PHOEBE.

Phæ. There's William; but I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.

Henry cul'd the flow'et's bloom,
Marian lov'd the soft perfume,
Had playful kiss'd, but prudence near
Whisper'd timely in her ear,
Simple Marian, ah! beware;
Touch them not, for love is there.

Throws away her Nosegay. While she is singing, William turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his Stick.

Will. That's Harry's posy; the slut likes me still.

Phæ. That's a copy of his countenance, I'm sartin; he can no more help following me nor he can be hang'd.

[Aside. William crosses again, singing. Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green, The maid of the mill for me.

Phæ. I'm ready to choke wi' madness; but I'll not speak first, an I die for't.

[William sings, throwing up his Stick and catching it.

Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,

Her face like the blossoms in May.

Phæ. I can't bear it no longer—you vile, ungrateful, perfidious—But it's no matter—I can't think what I could see in you—Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer.

[Sings, sobbing at every Word. Of all the gay wrestlers that spout on the green, Young Harry's the lad for me.

Will. He's yonder a reaping: shall I call him?

Phæ. My grandmother leads me the life of a dog; and it's all along of you.

Will. Well, then she'll be better temper'd now.

Phæ. I did not value her scolding of a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

Will. Wasn't I true to you? Look in my face, and say that.

AIR.

When bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
Till Phæbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd, last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The riband gay or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy;
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my riband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move:
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

Will. [Coming back] Let's part friendly howsoever. Bye! Phæbe: I shall always wish you well.

Phæ. Bye, William.

[Cries, wiping her Eyes with her Apron.

Will. My heart begins to melt a little.

[Aside] I lov'd you very well once, Phæbe: but you are grown so cross, and have such vagaries—

Phæ. I'm sure I never had no vagaries with you, William. But go; mayhap Kate may be angry.

Will. And who cares for she? I never minded her anger, nor her coaxing neither, till you were cross to me.

Phæ. [Holding up her Hands] O the father! I cross to you, William?

Will. Did not you tell me, this very morning, as how you had done wi' me?

Phæ. One word's as good as a thousand. Do you love me, William?

Will. Do I love thee? Do I love dancing on the green better than thrashing in the barn? Do I love a wake; or a harvest-home?

Phæ. Then I'll never speak to Harry again the longest day I have to live.

Will. I'll turn my back o'the miller's maid the first time I meet her.

Phæ. Will you indeed, and indeed?

Will. Marry will I; and more nor that, I'll go speak to the parson this moment—I'm happier—zooks, I'm happier nor a lord or a squire of five hundred a year.

DUETT. — PHOEBE and WILLIAM.

Phæ. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at fortune rail:
The bills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.

Will. See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale,

Both. Amid the shades the virgin's sighs
Add fragrance to the gale:
So they that will may take the bill,
Since love is in the vale.

[Exit, Arm in Arm.]

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I tremble at the impression this lovely girl has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left me, and I am grown insensible even to the delicious pleasure of making those happy who depend on my protection.

AIR.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!

1) Good bye,—shortened from good be with you.

In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.
But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sport can please;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.
The tree that in a happier hour,
It's boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blasted by the lightning's power,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exercise; I feel exhausted, and will try to rest a quarter of an hour on this bank.

[Lies down on a Bank by the Fountain. Gleaners pass the Stage, with sheaves of Corn on their Heads; last ROSINA, who comes forward singing.]

AIR.—ROSINA.

Light as thistle-down moving, which floats on the air,

Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear:
Of autumn's rich store I bring home my part,
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart.

What do I see? Mr. Belville asleep? I'll steal softly—at this moment I may gaze on him without blushing. *[Lays down the Corn, and walks softly up to him.]* The sun points full on this spot; let me fasten these branches together with this riband, and shade him from its beams—yes—that will do—But if he should wake—*[Takes the Riband from her Bosom, and ties the Branches together.]* How my heart beats! One look more—Ah! I have wak'd him.

[She flies; and endeavours to hide herself against the Door of the Cottage, turning her Head every instant.]

Bel. What noise was that?

[Half raising himself,

Ros. He is angry—How unhappy I am!—How I tremble!

Bel. This riband I have seen before, and on the lovely Rosina's bosom—

[He rises, and goes toward the Cottage.]

Ros. I will hide myself in the house. *[Rosina, opening the Door, sees Capt. Belville, and starts back.]* Heavens! a man in the house!

Capt. B. Now, love assist me!

[Comes out and seizes Rosina; she breaks from him, and runs affrighted across the Stage; Belville follows; Captain Belville, who comes out to pursue her, sees his Brother, and steals off at the other Scene; Belville leads Rosina back.]

Bel. Why do you fly thus, Rosina? What can you fear? You are out of breath.

Ros. O, sir!—my strength fails—*[Leans on Belville, who supports her in his Arms.]* Where is he?—A gentleman pursued me—

[Looking round.]

Bel. Don't be alarm'd, 'twas my brother—he could not mean to offend you.

Ros. Your brother! Why then does he not imitate your virtues? Why was he here?

Bel. Forget this: you are safe. But tell me, Rosina, for the question is to me of importance, have I not seen you wear this riband?

Ros. Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to disturb you. I only meant to shade you from the too great heat of the sun.

Bel. To what motive do I owe this tender attention?

Ros. Ah, sir! do not the whole village love you?

Bel. You tremble; why are you alarm'd?

DUETT.—BELVILLE and ROSINA.

Bel. *[Taking her Hand]* For you, my sweet maid, nay, be not afraid,

[Ros. withdraws her Hand.]

I feel an affection which yet wants a name.

Ros. When first—but in vain—I seek to explain,

What heart but must love you? I blush, fear, and shame—

Bel. Why thus timid, Rosina? still safe by my side,

Let me be your guardian, protector, and guide,

Ros. My timid heart pants—still safe by your side,

Be you my protector, my guardian, my guide.

Bel. Why thus timid. etc.

Ros. My timid heart pants, etc.

Bel. Unveil your mind to me, Rosina. The graces of your form, the native dignity of your mind which breaks through the lovely simplicity of your deportment, a thousand circumstances concur to convince me you were not born a villager.

Ros. To you, sir, I can have no reserve. A pride, I hope an honest one, made me wish to sigh in secret over my misfortunes.

Bel. *[Eagerly]* They are at an end.

Ros. Dorcas approaches, sir! she can best relate my melancholy story.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. His honour here? Good lack! How sorry I am I happen'd to be from home. Troth, I'm sadly tir'd.

Bel. Will you let me speak with you a moment alone, Dorcas?

Dor. Rosina, take this basket.

[Exit Rosina, with the Basket.]

Bel. Rosina has refer'd me to you, Dorcas, for an account of her birth, which I have long suspected to be above her present situation.

Dor. To be sure, your honour, since the dear child gives me leave to speak, she's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's daughter, squire Wellford, of Lincolnshire. His estate was seiz'd for a mortgage of not half its value, just after young madam was married, and she ne'er got a penny of her portion.

Bel. And her father?

Dor. Was a brave gentleman too, a colonel. His honour went to the Eastern Indies, to better his fortune, and madam would go with him. The ship was lost, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her, so the dear child has shar'd my poor morsel.

Bel. But her father's name?

Dor. Martin; colonel Martin.

Bel. I am too happy; he was the friend of my father's heart: a thousand times have

I heard him lament his fate. Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

Dor. Yes, I know'd it would be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

Bel. I have another question to ask you, Dorcas, and answer my sincerely, is her heart free?

Dor. To be sure, she never would let any of our young men come a near her; and yet—

Bel. Speak: I am on the rack.

Dor. I'm afeard—she mopes and she pines—But your honour would be angry—I'm afeard the captain—

Bel. Then my foreboding heart was right. *[Aside.]*

Enter RUSTIC.

Rust. Help, for heaven's sake, sir! Rosina's lost—she is carried away—

Bel. Rosina! •

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE.

Capt. B. *[Confusedly]* Don't be alarmed—let me go—I'll fly to save her.

Bel. With me, sir—I will not lose sight of you. Rustic, hasten instantly with our reapers. Dorcas, you will be our guide. *[Exit.]*

Rust. Don't be frightened, sir; the Irishmen have rescued her: she is just here. *[Exit.]*

Enter the Two Irishmen.

1 Irish. *[To Dorcas]* Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them.

Dor. Have you sav'd her? I owe you more than life.

1 Irish. Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow, going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I look'd up, and saw them pulling her into a skiff against her will. Says I, "Paddy, is not that the clever little crater that was glancing in the field with us this morning?"—"Tis so, sure enough," says he.—"By St. Patrick," says I, "there's enough of us to rescue ¹ her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillelays ², knock'd them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe: and here she comes, my jewel.

Re-enter RUSTIC, leading ROSINA, who throws herself into DORCAS's Arms.

Dor. I canno' speak—Art thou safe?

Bel. I dread to find the criminal.

Rust. Your honour need not go far a field, I believe; it must have been some friend of the captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

Capt. B. I confess my crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

Bel. You have dishonour'd me, dishonour'd the glorious profession you have embrac'd—But be gone, I renounce you as my brother, and renounce my ill-plac'd friendship.

Capt. B. Your indignation is just; I have

offended almost past forgiveness. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

Bel. If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

Ros. *[To Belville]* Will you, sir, suffer?—This hope is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love is unworthy of obtaining her.

Bel. This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves you with as strong, though purer ardour:—but if allowed to hope—

Ros. Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas; in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

Dor. Bless thee, my child; thy kindness melts my heart.

Bel. Do you refuse me too then, Rosina?

[Rosina raises her Eyes tenderly on Belville, lowers them again, and leans on Dorcas.]

Dor. You, sir? You?

Ros. My confusion—my blushes—

Bel. Then I am happy! My life! my Rosina!

Phæ. Do you speak to his honour, William.

Will. No; do you speak, Phæbe.

Phæ. I am ashamed—William and I, your honour—William pray'd me to let him keep me company—so he gain'd my good will to have him; if so be my grandmother consents.

[Courtesying, and playing with her Apron.]

Will. If your honour would be so good to speak to Dorcas.

Bel. Dorcas, you must not refuse me any thing to-day. I'll give William a farm.

Dor. Your honour is too kind—take her, William, and make her a good husband.

Will. That I will, dame.

Will. Phæ. *[To Belville]* Thank your honour.

Belville joins their Hands, they bow and courtesey.

Will. What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

Bel. I believe my brother has the best right.

Capt. B. 'Tis yours, William; dispose of it as you please.

Will. Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for our Rosina.

Bel. You have made good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

Capt. B. Allow me to retire, brother. When I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

Bel. You must not leave us, brother. Resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother—be my friend.

FINALE.

Bel. { To bless, and to be blest, be ours,
What'er our rank, what'er our powers;
Capt. B. { On some her gifts kind fortune showers,
Who reap, like us, in this rich scene.

Capt. B. Yet those who taste her bounty less
The sigh malevolent repress,
And loud the feeling bosom bless,
Which something leaves for want to glean.

1) Rescue.

2) Oak-sticks.—The Irish are famous for the use of the stick: it is generally a piece of oak, and the regular size is as big round as their wrist, and the exact length their arm.

Ros. How blest 'am I, supremely blest!
Since Belville all his soul exprest,
And fondly clasp'd me to his breast:
I now may reap—how chang'd the scene!

But ne'er can I forget the day,
When all to want and woe a prey,
Soft pity taught his soul to say,
"Unfeeling Rustic, let her glean!"

Rust.
Dor.
Will.
Phoe.

The hearts you glad your own display,
The heav'n's such goodness must repay;
And blest through many a summer's day,
Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene;
And O! when summer's joys are o'er,
And autumn yields its fruits no more,
New blessings be there yet in store,
For winter's sober hours to glean.

Cho. And O! when summer's joys are o'er, etc.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE,

Comic Opera, by Isaac Bickerstaff. Acted 1769, at Covent Garden. This performance, though compiled from Charles Johnson's *Village Opera*, Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing-Master*, Marivaux's *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, and other musical pieces, yet met with so much favour from the town, that it was acted the first season almost as many times as *The Beggar's Opera* had formerly been, and nearly with as much success. It certainly has the merit of being inoffensive in its tenderness, probable in its incidents, spirited in its action, agreeable for its ease and regularity, and natural in the delineation of character.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR W. MEADOWS.
YOUNG MEADOWS.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK.
HAWTHORN.

EUSTACE.
HODGE.

ROSETTA.
LUCINDA.

DEBORAH WOODCOCK.
MADGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden, with Statues, Fountains, and Flower-pots.*

*Several Arbours appear in the side Scenes;
ROSETTA and LUCINDA are discovered at work, seated upon two Garden-chairs.*

DUETT.

Ros. HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairly promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glowworm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy:

Luc. HOPE! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:

Both. Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

Luc. Heigho!—Rosetta!

Ros. VVell, child, what do you say?

Luc. 'Tis a sad thing to live in a village a hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a superannuated maiden aunt.—I am heartily sick of my situation.

Ros. And with reason—But 'tis in a great measure your own fault: here is this Mr. Eustace, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him: you know one another's minds, and yet you will not resolve to make yourself happy with him.

A I R.

Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid:
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover!
More firmness discover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope;
Resist and be free,
Run riot, like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.
Luc. And is this your advice?
Ros. Positively.

Luc. Here's my hand; positively I'll follow it—I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day; we will make use of the opportunity to settle all preliminaries—And then—But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Ros. Oh! madam, your servant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you—But you say you got acquainted with this spark, while you were with your mother during her last illness at Bath, so that your father has never seen him.

Luc. Never in his life, my dear; and, I am confident, he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connexion: my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises; but, besides that my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

Ros. Except being absurd; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in that—But, now we are on the subject, I desire to know what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this father of yours? He follows me about the house like a tame goat.

Luc. Nay, I'll assure you he hath been a wag in his time—you must have a care of yourself.

Ros. Wretched me! to fall into such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage—

You smile at that now; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me; but you must excuse my being a little over-delicate in this particular.

A I R.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway?

Luc. Well, but my dear, mad girl—

Ros. Lucinda, don't talk to me—Vvas your father to go to London; meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong-headed as himself; and, in a fit of absurd friendship, agree to marry you to that old fellow's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable—

Luc. Why I should think it a little hard, I confess—yet, when I see you in the character of a chambermaid—

Ros. Is is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed; and, I can tell you, I was reduced to the last extremity, when, in consequence of our old boarding-school friendship, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity; for we expected the parties the very next week.

Luc. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

Ros. More than so; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off; for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford: and, after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

Luc. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month you have been absent—

Ros. Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers, since I commenced Abigail¹⁾, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder in the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

Luc. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge?

Ros. No matter; I'll sit down in that arbour, and listen to the singing of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Luc. So it seems, indeed: sure, Rosetta, none of your admirers had power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Ros. In love! that's pleasant: who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

Luc. Why, let me see—VWhat do you think of Thomas, our gardener? There he is at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the servants say, he's always writing verses on you.

1) Servant-maid.

Ros. Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.
Luc. Indeed, Rosetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ros. Blush! I am sure I don't blush.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Pshaw! Lucinda, how can you be so ridiculous?

Luc. Well, don't be angry, and I have done—But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself? [Exeunt into an Arbour.]

Enter young MEADOWS.

Young M. Let me see—on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour past five in the morning, [Taking out a Pocket-book] I left my father's house unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's that fitted me, by way of a disguise; so says my pocket-book: and chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation to the worshipful justice Woodcock, to be the superintendent of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see, I chose to run any lengths, rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. [Puts up the Book, and takes up a Watering-pot] Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered as if I had changed my nature with my habit.—'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chambermaid: And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir William Meadows. But that's impossible.

A I R.

O! had I been by fate decreed

Some humble cottage swain;

In fair Rosetta's sight to feed

My sheep upon the plain;

What bliss had I been born to taste,

VVhich now I ne'er must know!

Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd

My fair one's lot so low?

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I pass'd by that arbour? VVas it not she sat reading there? the trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken—Here she comes.

[Retires. Rosetta comes down from the Arbour.]

Ros. Lucinda was certainly in the right of it; and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself—Marry, hang the fellow for not being a gentleman.

Young M. I am determined I won't speak to her. [Turning to a Rose-tree, and plucking the Flowers] Now or never is the time to conquer myself: besides, I have some reason to believe the girl has no aversion to me: and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen. [Hums a Tune] Pahaw! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

Ros. He takes no notice of me; but so much the better; I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talked of would be buying a ring, and being asked in church—Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

Young M. Hah, going without a word! a look!—I can't bear that—Mrs. Rosetta, I am

gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ros. Thank you, Mr. Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Young M. Will you accept of them for yourself, then? [*Catching hold of her*] What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Ros. Pray let go my hand.

Young M. Nay, prythee, why is this? you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ros. Well, but I must go, I will go; I desire, Mr. Thomas—

A I R.

Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly?
Cease, oh! cease to persevere;
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore;
Go, and never see me more. [*Exit.*]

Young M. This girl is a riddle—That she loves me I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it: and yet, when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and, if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant—I feel my passion for her grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her?—would I make a mistress of her if I could?—Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

A I R.

Still in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now, prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave,
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S House.*

Enter HAWTHORN, with a Fawlingpiece in his Hands, and a Net with Birds at his Girdle.

A I R.

There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night;
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be—
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.
House, here, house! what all gadding, all
abroad! house, I say, hilli-ho, ho!

Jus. W. [*Without*] Here's a noise, here's a racket! William, Robert, Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing!

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Oh, master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such madcap—Are you there?

Haw. Am I here? Yes: and, if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy, unwholesome, London fashion of lying abed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sunrise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up business.

Jus. W. Well but, master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for, I say, sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it.

Haw. What, when I maintain the contrary?—Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.

Jus. W. Well, well, you are a sportsman.

Haw. And so would you be too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman! why there is nothing like it: I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel, while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainment and pageantry in Christendom.

A I R.

Let gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run;
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

Enter HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worship call, sir?

Jus. W. Call, sir; where have you and the rest of these rascals been? but I suppose I need not ask—You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to-day; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice show they make yonder; they had got pipers, and fiddlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

Haw. Why, I like this now, this is as it should be.

Jus. W. No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards: but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorized already; for by an act passed Anno undecimo Caroli primi, which empowers a

justice of peace, who is lord of the manor—

Haw. Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you, this is a very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your market affords;—and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

Jus. W. I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity?—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

Haw. Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good humour, and competence, is my motto: and, if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

A I R.

The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king. [Exit]

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Hist, hist, Hodge!

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Luc. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been, ay, I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crossly in your born days.

Luc. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i'th' hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground; so I was fain to go to farmer Ploughshare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly; and, would you think it? after walking all that way—de'el from me, if the crossgrained toad did not deny me the favour.

Luc. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the King'shead in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame Quickset's blind mare.

Luc. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Luc. Pshaw! Why did not you say so at once?

Hodge. Ay, but I have had a main tire-some jaunt on't, for she is a sorry jade at best.

Luc. Well, well, did you see Mr. Eustace, and what did he say to you?—Come, quick—have you e'er a letter?

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na' lost it.

Luc. Lost it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience: adwawns, you are always in such a hurry [Rummaging his Pockets] I put it somewhere in this waiscoat pocket. Oh, here it is.

Luc. So! give it me.

[Reads the Letter to herself.]

Hodge. Lord a mercy! how my arm aches with beating that plaguy beast: I'll be hang'd if I won'na' rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Luc. Well, Hodge, you have done your business very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Luc. Yes—Mr. Eustace tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock—You know where he came before.

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Luc. Well, you must go there; and wait till he arrives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him, across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Luc. But take particular care that nobody sees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Luc. Nor for your life drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Luc. And, Hodge—

A I R.—HODGE.

Well, well, say no more;
Sure you told me before;
I see the full length of my tether;
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wise,
Will always suffice;
Addsniggers, go talk to your parrot;
I'm not such an elf,
Though I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot. [Exit]

Luc. How severe is my case! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry—But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title—vain imagination!

A I R.

Cupid, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those, who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur? foe to rest,
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.

SCENE III.—A Field with a Stile.

Enter HODGE, followed by MADGE.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for? Odds flesh, folk may well talk, to see you

dangling after me every where, like a tantony pig¹): find some other road, can't you; and don't keep wherretting me with your nonsense.

Madge. Nay, pray you, Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well; what sayn you?

Madge. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous? and is this the way you serve me after all; and won't you keep your word, Hodge?

Hodge. Why no I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Madge. Nay but surely, surely—Consider Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conscience! How am I obligated?

Madge. Because you are; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge; don't make me speak.

Madge. Yes do, speak your worst.

Hodge. Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the west, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

Madge. No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of farmer Ploughshare's—But I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman; and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for. She's fit for as much as you, mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge.

Enter young MEADOWS.

Oh! master Thomas, I have a word or two to say to you; pray did not you go down the village one day last week with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

Young M. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the hostler at the Greenman was saying, as how there was a passenger at their house as seed'd you go by, and said he know'd you; and ask a mort of questions—So I thought I'd tell you.

Young M. The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it.—Come hither, Hodge.

[*Exit with Hodge.*]

Madge. A nasty, ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have.—Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to none of them.

A I R.

How happy were my days, till now!

I ne'er did sorrow feel;

I rose with joy to milk my cow,

Or turn my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung,

Till he pretended love, and I

Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the silly, silly fool,

Who trusts what man may be;

I wish I was a maid again,

And in my own country.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Green, with the Prospect of a Village, and the Representation of a Statute or Fair.*

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, young MEADOWS, HODGE, and several country People.

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a coming.

Countrymen. His worship!

Jus. W. Fie, fie, what a crowd's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a Fellow*] Stand out of the way, sirrah.

Haw. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you list me? Serve the king, master? no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

Haw. Well said, Sturdy-boots.

Jus. W. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Haw. I would have them do so, I like they should.—Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estate had been so well peopled.—Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. D. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young hussies fleeing with the fellows.

Haw. There's a lass. [*Beckoning to a country Girl*]—Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here? [*Chucking her under the Chin*] Do you come to look for a service?

Country G. Yes, an't please you.

Haw. Well, and what place are you for?

Country G. All work, an't please you.

Jus. W. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. D. She looks like a brazen one—Go, hussy.

Haw. Here's another. [*Catching a Girl that goes by*] What health, what bloom!—This is nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be asham'd, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come: The gut-scrappers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance.

Why there's not the like of our statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to R.

Servant-man. Come, good people, make a ring; and stand out, fellow servants, as many of you as are willing, and able, to bear a bob¹). We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants' Medley.

MEDLEY and CHORUS.

Housem. I pray ye, gentles, list to me:

I'm young, and strong, and clean, you see:

I'll not turn tail to any she,

For work that's in the county.

Of all your house the charge I take,

I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;

And more can do than here I'll speak,

Depending on your bounty.

¹) St. Anthony's pig.

¹) To take a part in the song.

Footm. Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry:
And what though here I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave;
For I a handy lad am:
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant, madam.

Cookm. Who wants a good cook, my hand
they must cross;
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and
your sauce,
Compar'd to the beef of old England,
Compar'd to old English roast beef?

Cart. If you want a young man, with a
true honest heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a
cart,
Here's one for your purpose, come take me
and try;

You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I.
Ge ho, Dobbin, etc.

Chorus. My masters and mistresses, hither
repair;
What servants you want, you'll find in our fair;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations
there be;
And, as for the wages, we shan't disagree.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Parlour in JUSTICE WOOD-
COCK'S House.

Enter LUCINDA and EUSTACE.

Luc. Well, am I not a bold adventurer, to
bring you into my father's house at noon-day?
Though, to say the truth, we are safer here
than in the garden; for there is not a human
creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Eust. Then why not put our scheme into
execution this moment? I have a post-chaise
ready.

Luc. Fie: how can you talk so lightly? I
protest I am afraid to have any thing to do
with you; and my aunt Deborah says—

Eust. What! by all the rapture my heart
now feels—

Luc. Oh, to be sure, promise and vow; it
sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon
a fond female.

Eust. Well, I see you've a mind to divert
yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail
on you to be a little serious.

Luc. Seriously then, what would you desire
me to say? I have promised to run away with
you; which is as great a concession as any
reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

Eust. Yes; but, you dear provoking angel,
you have not told me when you will run away
with me.

Luc. Why that, I confess, requires some
consideration.

Eust. Yet remember, while you are deliber-
ating, the season, now so favourable to us,
may elapse, never to return.

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK and MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

Jus. W. Hoity-toity; who have we here?

Luc. My father, and my aunt!

Eust. The devil! What shall we do?

Luc. Take no notice of them, only observe
me.—[*Speaks aloud to Eustace*] Upon my
word, sir, I don't know what to say to it,
unless the justice was at home; he is just
stepp'd into the village with some company;
but, if you'll sit down a moment, I dare swear
he will return.—[*Pretends to see the Justice*]
—O! sir, here is my papa!

Jus. W. Here is your papa, hussy! Who's
this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah,
who are you, ye dog? and what's your busi-
ness here?

Eust. Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

Jus. W. Don't answer me, you rascal—I am
a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word
out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail, for
all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. D. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

Jus. W. And how do you know it's right?
How should you know any thing's right?—
Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

Mrs. D. Brother, this is the man I have been
telling you about so long.

Jus. W. What man, goody Wwiseacre?

Mrs. D. Why the man your daughter has
an intrigue with: but I hope you will not be-
lieve it now, though you see it with your own
eyes—Come, hussy, confess, and don't let your
father make a fool of himself any longer.

Luc. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman
is a music-master: he goes about the country,
teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been
recommended to instruct me; I could not turn
him out when he came to offer his service;
and did not know what answer to give him
till I saw my papa.

Jus. W. A music-master?

Eust. Yes, sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. D. It's a lie, young man; it's a lie.
Brother, he is no more a music-master, than
I am a music-master.

Jus. W. What then you know better than
the fellow himself, do you? and you will be
wiser than all the world?

Mrs. D. Brother, he does not look like a
music-master.

Jus. W. He does not look! ha! ha! ha!
Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what
does he look like, then? But I suppose you
mean he is not dressed like a music-master.
Why, you silly wretch, these whipper-snappers
set up for gentlemen now-a-days, and give
themselves as many airs as if they were people
of quality.—Hark you, friend, I suppose
you don't come within the vagrant act? You
have some settled habitation—Where do you
live?

Mrs. D. It's an easy matter for him to tell
you a wrong place.

Jus. W. Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

Mrs. D. I wish, brother, you would let me
examine him a little.

Jus. W. You shan't say a word to him, you
shan't say a word to him.

Mrs. D. She says he was recommended here,
brother; ask him by whom.

Jus. W. No, I won't now, because you
desire it.

Luc. If my papa did ask the question, aunt,
it would be very easily resolved.

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak, *Mrs. Nimble-chops*? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

Jus. W. Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. D. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay: but, remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair: for through your own obstinacy, you will have your daughter run away with, before your face.

Jus. W. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. D. That fellow will.

Jus. W. Go, go, you are a wicked, censorious woman.

Luc. Why sure, madam, you must think me very forward, indeed.

Jus. W. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember when she was a girl, her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron-string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. D. I was not.

Jus. W. You were.

Luc. Well, but why so violent?

A I R.

Believe me, dear aunt,
If you rave thus and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.

How happy the lass,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

[Exit Mrs. D.]

Jus. W. Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome, foolish creature, does she think I want to be directed by her?—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerable honest.

Eust. I hope, sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

Jus. W. No, no, I am not easily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes. I remember, when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's Coffee-house; Jack Pickle used to sing it for us, a droll fish! but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard of it often.

A I R.

When I followed a lass that was froward
and shy,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her
comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and held her fast:
When hugg'd and haul'd,
She squeal'd and squall'd;
But, though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it
again:

Then hoity-toity,
Whisking, frisking,

Green was her gown upon the grass;
Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

Eust. Very well, sir, upon my word.

Jus. W. No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once;—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and show him what you can do—I must go and give some orders; then hoity-toity, etc. [Exit.]

Luc. My sweet, pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; ha, ha, ha! was ever so whimsical an accident? Well, sir, what do you think of this?

Eust. Think of it! I am in amaze.

Luc. O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and, if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Eust. 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the house? we could expect nothing else: besides, since they did surprise us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

Luc. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you, do; he has taken it into his head I have no inclination for a husband; and let me tell you that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing, he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Eust. And pray what am I to do now?

Luc. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he hath invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Eust. Had not I better go to your father?

Luc. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Garden.

Enter ROSETTA, musing.

Ros. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head; and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him: well, but surely I am not in love: let me examine my heart a little: I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman? what was it to me?—Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day.—Oh! worse and worse!—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank.—And now let me only put the case, if he was not a servant, would I, or would I not, prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he was not a servant.—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied.

A I R.

How bless'd the maid, whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows;

Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose.
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From every object flows.

Enter Young MEADOWS.

Young M. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rosetta, to put my lilies and roses out of countenance; or, to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ros. Where could he get that now? he never read it in the Academy of Compliments.

Young M. Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer any thing better than that. In short, I love you; there is no more to be said: I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it; but, in spite of myself, I love you.

Ros. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and, in short, I don't like it.

Young M. Perhaps you don't like me?

Ros. Well, perhaps I don't.

Young M. Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

Ros. Confess! indeed I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose should I confess it?

Young M. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only, it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

Ros. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you would never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak! we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and if I was so silly, I say if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

Young M. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. Rosetta, to be sure: you are entirely in the right of it—I know very well you and I can never come together.

Ros. Well then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Young M. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more?

Ros. With all my heart.

Young M. Nor look at, nor if possible think of, one another?

Ros. I am very willing.

Young M. And as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice?

Ros. It is the best way.

Young M. Why, I believe it is—Well, Mrs. Rosetta—

D U E T T.

Ros. Be gone—I agree;
From this moment we're free;
Already, the matter I've sworn:

Young M. Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain—
A trial so hard to be borne.

Ros. When things are not fit,
We should calmly submit;
No cure in reluctance we find:
Young M. Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.

Ros. Well, now I think I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

Young M. Hold, Mrs. Rosetta, pray stay a moment—The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable: I find now the cause of her behaviour; she despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'sdeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

Ros. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him.

Young M. It shall be so: I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly—Mrs. Rosetta—[*Starting back*!—Plague on it, yonder's the justice come into the garden!

Ros. O Lord! he will walk round this way: pray go about your business; I would not for the world he should see us together.

Young M. The devil take him; he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour: I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ros. Some other time.

Young M. This evening, in the greenhouse, at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Ros. Meet you!

Young M. Ay; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

Ros. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Young M. You'll come then?

Ros. I don't know, perhaps I may.

Young M. Nay, but promise.

Ros. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but, I tell you, I will.

Young M. Enough—Yet, before I leave you, let me desire you to believe, I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

A I R.

Oh! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell;
Or form my faltering tongue to speak
That cruel word, farewell?
Farewell—but know, though thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay. [Exit.]

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Ros. What can this be that he wants to tell me? I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

Jus. W. Hem! hem! Rosetta!

Ros. So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, sir?

Jus. W. Ay, where are you running so fast?

Ros. I was only going into the house, sir.

Jus. W. Well, but come here; come here, I say. [*Looking about*] How do you do, Rosetta?

Ros. Thank you, sir, pretty well.

Jus. W. Why you look as fresh and bloomy to-day—Adad, you little slut, I believe you are painted.

Ros. O sir! you are pleased to compliment.

Jus. W. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ros. Lord, sir!

Jus. W. What brings you into this garden so often, Rosetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowlass, who spoils my trees by engraving true-lovers'-knots on them, with your horn- and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servants'-hall, with the smoke of a candle; and I suspect—

Ros. Not me, I hope, sir—No, sir, I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for I have heard say, men are false and fickle—

Jus. W. Ay, that's your flaunting, idle, young fellows; so they are: and they are so dam'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them; besides, all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again.

Ros. Why I own, sir, if ever I was to make a slip, it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy-five years of age.

Jus. W. No, child, that's out of reason; though I have known many a man turned of threescore with a hale constitution.

Ros. Then, sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good, strong, substantial, winter cough—and I should not like him the worse—if he had a small touch of the rheumatism.

Jus. W. Pho, pho, Rosetta, this is jesting.

Ros. No, sir; every body has a taste, and I have mine.

Jus. W. Well but, Rosetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ros. VVhat was it, sir?

Jus. W. Ah, you know, you know well enough, hussy.

Ros. Dear sir, consider what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And I have heard you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

Jus. W. I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy, young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man—

Ros. And a magistrate, sir?

Jus. W. Right; it's quite a different thing—VVell, shall we, Rosetta, shall we?

Ros. Really, sir, I don't know what to say to it.

A I R.

Young I am, and sore afraid:

Would you hurt a harmless maid?

Lead an innocent astray?

Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;

And, should you my faith deceive,

Ruin first, and then forsake,

Sure my tender heart would break.

Jus. W. VVhy, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ros. W'ont you, sir?

Jus. W. Not I.

Ros. But won't you indeed, sir?

Jus. W. VVhy I tell you I won't.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!

Jus. W. Hussy, hussy!

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, sir, your servant. [*Exit*]

Jus. W. VVhy, you impudent, audacious—

Enter HAWTHORN.

Haw. So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps!—Your servant, sir.

Jus. W. Ha! friend Hawthorn!

Haw. I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour: I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

Jus. W. Oh! the maid. Ay, she has been gathering a salad—But come hither, master Hawthorn, and I'll show you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

Haw. No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a salad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses; 'egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are ashamed of the business then, are you?

A I R.

Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;

What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?

The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—

Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

Jus. W. I profess, master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't understand a word of it.

Haw. No, may be not: well, sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that? it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

Jus. W. A letter, and to me? [*Taking the Letter*] Yes, it is to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent that I know of. VVhere are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them, master Hawthorn; but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand.

[*Reads*]

Sir,—I am ashamed of giving you this trouble; but I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener.—Tom is a little wild, but an honest lad, and no fool either, though I am his father that say it. Tom—oh, this is Thomas, our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Haw. VVell, well, sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

Jus. W. Stay, where is the place? Oh, here:—*I am come in quest of my runaway, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner: because, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not cure to intrude, without giving you notice.* Whoever this person is, he understands good manners. *I beg leave to wait on you, sir; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.*

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour?

Haw. Let me consider—Meadows—by dad, I believe it is sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire; and, now I remember, I heard some time ago that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen sir William, but we were once well acquainted: and, if you please, sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

Jus. W. Do so, master Hawthorn, do so—But what sort of a man is this sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man?

Haw. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjurer; but I suppose you ask that question because of this story about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

Jus. W. No doubt of it, master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some mynx, against his father's consent—Why, sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school, in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

Haw. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember when we were young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred; nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

A I R.

My Dolly was the fairest thing!
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
And if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type:
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

Jus. W. Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-eap.

Haw. Odds heart, neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we're hoarse again; and so there's an end on't. [Exit.

SCENE III.—JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S Hall.

Enter HODGE and MADGE.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Madge. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why then pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had

the manners to knock at the door first—What does the wench stand for?

Madge. I want to know if his worship's at home?

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Madge. Perhaps you will hear that—Lookye, Hodge, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't?

Madge. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will?

Madge. Yes, that's what I will, his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier.

Hodge. There's the door; take a friend's advice, and go about your business.

Madge. My business is with his worship; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, Madge, if you make any of your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you be gone?

Madge. I won't.

Hodge. Here, Towzer, [Whistling] whu, whu, whu.

A I R.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?

Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind what I say;

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,

So pack up your alls and be trudging away;

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot;

'Sblood, must I stand prating with you here all day?

I've got other matters to mind;

Mayhap you may think me an ass;

But to the contrary you'll find;

A fine piece of work by the mass!

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live, an admirer of mine, and, if I mistake not, a rival—I'll have some sport with them—how now, fellow servant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. Rosetta, only this young woman wants to speak with his worship—Madge, follow me.

Madge. No, Hodge, this is your fine madam; but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho' I mayn't go so gay; and now she's here, I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Madge. No, I'll speak if I die for it.

Ros. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why nothing, I tell you;—Madge—

Madge. Yes, but it is something; it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ros. Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to me?

Madge. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I had never a cross word from him till he kept you company; but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

Ros. Do you hear this, friend Hodge?

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she, I hope; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do; my mind runs upon nothing else; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to-night, before to-morrow.

Madge. You're a nasty monkey; you are parjur'd, you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her—I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Madge. Do; strike me;—you a man!

Ros. Hold, hold—we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off—Never exasperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns—Leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her! I'll kick her.

Ros. No, no, it will be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means—I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then—But may I depend upon you? when shall I speak to the parson?

Ros. We'll talk of that another time—Go.

Hodge. Madge, good bye. [Exit.

Ros. The brutality of this fellow shocks me!—Oh men, men—you are all alike—A bumkin here, bred at the barn door; had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious! show me the lord, squire, colonel, or captain of them all, can outdo him! [the place any longer.

Madge. I am ready to burst, I can't stay in

Ros. Hold, child, come hither.

Madge. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ros. Well, but I have something to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage. [vail'd upon me.

Madge. Ay, or he never should have pre-

Ros. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

Madge. Nan!

Ros. However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future; and, as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for I assure you I shall be no dangerous rival; so go your ways and be a good girl. [Exit.

Madge. Yes—I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him all to herself; well, let her, who cares? I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head, that, may be, will be more to my advantage.

A I R.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek;

But go up to town in the waggon next week;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And Register's office will get me a place:
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with
a friend:

Folks say in her silks she's now standing
an end!

Then why should not I the same maxim
pursue,

And better my fortune as other girls do?
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Chamber.

Enter ROSETTA and LUCINDA.

Ros. Ha! ha! ha! Oh admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary?

Luc. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw: and have been singing together the most hideous duets! Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King: heaven knows were Eustace could pick them up: but he has gone through half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy with him.

Ros. And have you resolved to take wing to-night?

Luc. This very night, my dear: my swain will go from hence this evening, but no further than the inn, where he has left his horses; and, at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ros. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

Luc. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ros. Never doubt it.

A I R.

In love should there meet a fond pair,

Untutor'd by fashion or art;

Whose wishes are warm and sincere,

Whose words are th' excess of the heart:

If ought of substantial delight,

On this side the stars can be found,

'Tis sure when that couple unite,

And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

Enter HAWTHORN.

Haw. Lucy, where are you?

Luc. Your pleasure, sir.

Ros. Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.

Haw. What my little water-wagtail!—The very couple I wish'd to meet: come hither both of you.

Ros. Now, sir, what would you say to both of us?

Haw. Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces? If not, go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young bachelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid—

Ros. Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance?

Haw. Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.
Luc. I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.
Ros. And so am I, sir.
Haw. Indeed!

T R I O.

Well come, let us hear what the swain must possess,
 Who may hope at your feet to implore with success?

Ros. He must be first of all
 Straight, comely, and tall:

Luc. Neither awkward,

Ros. Nor foolish,

Luc. Nor apish,

Ros. Nor mulish;

Luc. } Nor yet should his fortune be small.

Ros. } What think'st of a captain?

Luc. } All bluster and wounds!

Haw. } What think'st of a squire?

Ros. } To be left for his hounds.

Luc. { The youth that is form'd to my mind,
 Must be gentle, obliging, and kind;
 Of all things in nature love me;

Ros. { Have sense both to speak and to see—
 Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Haw. { 'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt;

Ros. { Observe it, ye fair, in the choice
 of a mate;

Luc. { Remember 'tis wedlock determines
 your fate.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in Justice Woodcock's House.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, followed by HAWTHORN.

Sir W. Well, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha! ha! ha! was ever the like heard of? that my boy, Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw; that she should scamper from her father, for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident; against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say? May I never do an ill turn, master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly—

Haw. Why, sir William, it is a romance, a novel, a pleasanter history by half than the loves of Dorastus and Faunja: we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth how a young squire became a serving-man of low degree; and it will be stuck up with Margaret's Ghost, and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir W. But what pleases me best of all, master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't: but when the little gipsy¹⁾ took me aside, and told me her name, and how

¹⁾ Little gipsy. Little rogue, little baggage, and a thousand other little, are merely terms of endearment.

matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly; till her young friend that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't:—Indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full grown greyhound.

Haw. Well, sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him. —He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

Sir W. With all my heart, master Hawthorn, with all my heart; do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn²⁾ but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well, and now has the world gone with you, master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last?

Haw. Why, pretty well, sir William, I have no reason to complain; every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets: but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

A I R.

The world is a well-furnish'd table,

Where guests are promiscuously set;

We all fare as well as we are able,

And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle,

Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;

But if I'm content with a little,

Enough is as good as a feast.

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes.—

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do: Cockshoves, how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this!—Her father, master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her—But tell me, bussy, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith, I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus, as a body may say.

Ros. Upon my honour, sir William, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me: I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connexion. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir W. Is not she a neat wench, master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn, but

²⁾ Sir William means, may I never do a good turn.

she is—But you little, plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Ros. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuously, sir: since your son and I have been fellow servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he has taken a liking to me; and I will own, with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receive his courtship.

Haw. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ros. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration; but I love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardener with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

Haw. Well but, sir, we lose time—is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

Ros. Pretty near it.

Haw. Oons then, what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along; and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir W. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

[*Exeunt Sir W. and Haw.*]

Enter Hodge.

Ros. Well—What's the business?

Hodge. Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon!

Ros. Why, Hodge, don't you know me?

Hodge. Mrs. Rosetta!

Ros. Ay.

Hodge. Know you! ecod, I don't know whether I do or not: never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: why, you ben't disen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you?

Ros. Have patience and you'll see:—but is there any thing amiss that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amiss! why there's ruination.

Ros. How?—where?

Hodge. Why, with miss Lucinda: her aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discourse.

Ros. You don't say so!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs. Deborah's voice, and run down again as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

Ros. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What, his worship! no no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Ros. Poor Lucinda! I wish I could go up to her; but I am so engaged with my own affairs—

Hodge. Mistress Rosetta!

Ros. Well.

Hodge. Odds hobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ros. Oh, stand off; you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why sa coy? there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

Ros. That's kind: ha, ha, ha—But what will

become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me, I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

A I R.

The traveller benighted,

And led through weary ways,

The lamp of day new lighted,

With joy the dawn surveys.

The rising prospects viewing,

Each look is forward cast;

He smiles, his course pursuing,

Nor thinks of what is past. [*Exit.*]

Hodge. Hist, stay! don't I hear a noise?

Luc. [*Without*] Well, but dear, dear aunt—

Mrs. D. [*Without*] You need not speak to me, for it does not signify.

Hodge. Adwawns, they are coming here! ecod, I'll get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—So, so.

Enter Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, driving in LUCINDA before her.

Mrs. D. Get along, get along: you are a scandal to the name of Woodcock: but I was resolved to find you out; for I have suspected you a great while, though your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

Luc. What shall I do?

Mrs. D. I was determined to discover what you and your pretended music-master were about, and lay in wait on purpose: I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him; for now I have him under lock and key; and please the fates, there he shall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Luc. You won't be so cruel, I am sure you won't: I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. D. Telling me the truth, quotha! did I not overhear your scheme of running away to-night, through the partition? did I not find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you, ready for going off? No, brazenface, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, though your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest—And you, Mr. Rascal, my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam!

Mrs. D. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems, the letter-carrier!

Hodge. VWho, me, madam!

Mrs. D. Yes, you, sirrah,

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavit¹⁾ before his worship—

Mrs. D. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue.

Luc. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuse myself; but we are all subject to frailties; con-

1) Affidavit.

sider that, and judge of me by yourself; you were once young and inexperienced as I am.

Mrs. D. This is mighty pretty, romantic stuff! but you learn it out of your play-books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts: before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers a complete set of chairs and a firescreen in tent-stitch; four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting; and the creed and the ten commandments in the hair of our family: it was fram'd and glaz'd, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor, dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete Housewife, or the great family receipt-book: whereas you are always at your studies! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Luc. Well pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. Eustace out, and I promise I never will proceed a step further in this business without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. D. Have I not told you already my resolution?—Where are my clogs and my bonnet? I'll go out to my brother in the fields; I'm a fool, you know, child; now let's see what the wits will think of themselves—Don't hold me—

Luc. I'm not going; I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

Hodge. Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be shot if I didn't—So here's a fine job—But what can they do to me?—They can't send me to gaol for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it; and how was I obligated to know my master did not allow of their meetings:—The worst they can do is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase—indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Rosetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London: so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

A I R.

A plague o'these wenchs, they make such a pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will;

They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry he's unkind in his carriage.

What tho' he speaks them ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on:

You cannot persuade 'em

Till promise you've made 'em;

And after they've got it,

They tell you—add rot it,

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:

Then to be sure, sir,

There is but one cure, sir,

And all their discourse is of marriage.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—A Greenhouse.

Enter Young MEADOWS.

Young M. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of clothes in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and feel so unwieldy. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come; [Looking at his Watch] perhaps she won't come.—Why, then I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise, and depart without any further ceremony.

A I R.

How much superior beauty awes,

The coldest bosoms find;

But with resistless force it draws,

To sense and sweetness join'd.

The casket, where, to outward show,

The workman's art is seen,

Is doubly valu'd, when we know

It holds a gem within.

Hark! she comes.

Enter SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS and HAWTHORN.

Young M. Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir W. Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I never do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, sirrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Young M. Forgive me, sir; I own I have been in a fault.

Sir W. In a fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn, Mr. Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in England! and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs, to be had at Meadows' nursery?

Haw. No, sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

Young M. I am so astonished to see you here, sir, that I don't know what to say: but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, sir, how did you find me out?

Sir W. No matter, Tom, no matter: it was partly by accident, as a body may say; but what does that signify?—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony: do you think you could digest a wife now?

Young M. Pray, sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought: I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

Sir W. Is not this mighty provoking, master Hawthorn? Why, sirrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you?

Young M. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but, at present, I am not disposed—

Haw. Nay but, young gentleman, fair and softly; you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir W. Respect, master Hawthorn! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him! there's once. Look you, Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Young M. Have you brought the lady here, sir? I am sorry for it.

Sir W. Why sorry? What, then, you won't marry her? We'll see that! Pray, master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in. Ay, sir, you may fret and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please; but, marry whip me, I'm resolved.

Enter ROSETTA.

Haw. Here is the lady, sir William.

Sir W. Come in, madam; but turn your face from him—he would not marry you because he had not seen you: but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate—Pray, sir, walk this way.

Young M. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but, since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir W. How, Tom, how?

Young M. I was determined, sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

Sir W. And pray, sir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

Young M. To a person, sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendation to her, but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir W. Not I, not in the least: go about your business.

Young M. Sir, I obey.

Haw. Now, madam; is the time.

[*Rosetta advances. Young Meadows turns round and sees her.*

AIR.—ROSETTA.

When we see a lover languish

And his truth and honour prove,

Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,

And repay him love for love.

Sir W. Well, Tom, will you go away from me now?

Haw. Perhaps, sir William, your son does not like the lady; and, if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Young M. You need not have taken this method, sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir W. Well but, Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

Young M. Your consent, sir?

Ros. Come, sir William, we have carried the jest far enough: I see your son is in a

kind of embarrassment, and I don't wonder at it; but this letter, which I received from him a few days before I left my father's house, will, I apprehend, expound the riddle. He cannot be surprised that I ran away from a gentleman who expressed so much dislike to me; and what has happened, since chance has brought us together, in masquerade, there is no occasion for me to inform him of.

Young M. What is all this? Pray don't make a jest of me!

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is not truth! this is my friend's daughter.

Young M. Sir!

Ros. Even so; 'tis very true, indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman, than I have a gentlewoman; but you see we are designed for one another, 'tis plain.

Young M. I know not, madam, what I either hear or see; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination; while, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

Sir W. Well then, Tom, come into the air a bit, and recover yourself.

Young M. Nay, dear sir, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

Sir W. Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain.

Young M. Then, sir, I am the happiest man in the world! I inquire no further; here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

DUETT.

Young M. All I wish in her obtaining,

Fortune can no more impart:

Ros. Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,
Speak the feelings of my heart.

Young M. Joy and pleasure never ceasing,

Ros. Love with length of years increasing,

Together. Thus my heart and hand surrender,

Here my faith and truth I plight;

Constant still, and kind and tender,

May our flames burn ever bright!

Haw. Give you joy, sir; and you, fair lady—And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

Young M. And may I believe this? Pr'ythee tell me, dear Rosetta!

Ros. Step into the house, and I'll tell you every thing; I must entreat the good offices of sir William and Mr. Hawthorn immediately; for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend, Lucinda.

Haw. Why, what's the matter?

Ros. I don't know; but I have reason to fear I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances: however I hope if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover—

Haw. The music-master! I thought so.

Sir W. What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am! for we'll make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it, take a trip to London, to show the brides some of the pleasures of the town. And, master Hawthorn, you shall be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

Haw. Thank you, sir William; I'll go in to the house with you, and to church to see

the young folks married; but as to London, I beg to be excused.

AIR.

If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber
unbroke,

Nor the pleasure the country enjoys.
Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
Where, gaping, the cocknies they fleece;
Glap me up with their monsters, cry, masters
walk in,

And show me for twopence a-piece.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S Hall.

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE, and HODGE.

Mrs. D. Why, brother, do you think I can't hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

Jus. W. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. D. I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence—Harkye, bussy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Luc. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll answer you.

Eust. Seriously, madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. D. What, then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor overhear your design of going off to-night, nor find the bundles packed up—

Eust. Ha, ha, ha.

Luc. Why, aunt, you rave.

Mrs. D. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. D. What, sirrah, would you brazen me too! Take that. [*Boxes him.*]

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself! you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

Jus. W. Why, sister, you are tipsy!

Mrs. D. I tipsy, brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little anniseed water, when I have got the colic.

Luc. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach-ach all day; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

Jus. W. Come, come, I see well enough how it is; this is a lie of her own invention, ty make herself appear wise: but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out?

Enter SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSETTA, and young MEADOWS.

Young M. Bless me, sir! look who is yonder.

Sir W. Cockbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there?

Eust. Plague on't, this rancounter is unlucky—Sir William, your servant.

Sir W. Your servant, again; and again,

heartily your servant; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

Jus. W. Pray, sir William, are you acquainted with this person?

Sir W. What, with Jack Eustace? why he's my kinsman: his mother and I were cousin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow; may I never do an ill turn, if I tell a word of a lie.

Jus. W. Well but, sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; this man is a music-master; a thrummer of wire, and a scraper of calgut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir W. What, Jack Eustace a music-master! no, no; I know him better.

Eust. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer;—What that gentleman tells you is very true, sir; I am no music-master, indeed.

Jus. W. You are not, you own it then?

Eust. Nay more, sir, I am, as this lady has represented me, [*Pointing to Mrs. Deborah*] your daughter's lover: whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who and what I am, I throw myself upon your generosity; from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspicious nature.

Mrs. D. Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken! Oh, I am ashamed of you; but you are a weak man, and it can't be help'd; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Luc. Dear papa, pardon me.

Sir W. Ay, do, sir, forgive her; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ros. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship.—Come, my dear sir, though you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault—You know what I mean.—Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections—What, not a word?

AIR.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;

Are then our vows so soon forgot?

Ah! now I see if I had tried you,

What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—Make them happy;

Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:

Come, be a dear, good natur'd pappy,

And I'll reward you with a kiss.

Mrs. D. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful that my brother does not hang you, for he could do it; he's a justice of peace;—turn out of the house, I say:—

Jus. W. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house?—be shall stay where he is.

Mrs. D. He shan't marry my niece.

Jus. W. Shan't he! but I'll show you the difference now; I say he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. D. And you will give him your estate too, will you?

Jus. W. Yes, I will.

Mrs. D. Why I'm sure he's a vagabond.

Jus. W. I like him the better; I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. D. Brother, brother!

Haw. Come, come, madam, all's very well; and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

Jus. W. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die, Sister Deborah, you're a fool.

Mrs. D. Ah brother, brother, you're a silly old man.

Haw. Adds me, sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose

to make up the company of your statute ball; yonder's music too, I see; shall we enjoy ourselves?

Enter Villagers, etc.

If so, give me your hand.

Jus. W. Why here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves. Heaven bless you both, children, I say—

FINALE.

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,

Welcome jollity and joy;

Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,

Mirth this happy night employ:

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh and sing some good old strain;

Drink a health to love and beauty—

May they long in triumph reign.

THE MAID OF THE MILL,

Com. Opera, by Isaac Bickerstaffe. Acted at Covent Garden 1765. This is taken from Richardson's novel of Pamela, and ran thirty-five nights. In the year 1789, Mr. O'Keefe added several airs to it, with which it was revived with applause. It has since been reduced to an afterpiece, and performed in that state at Covent Garden. It has been observed, that, "Like Pamela, this is one of those delusions which frequently destroy the proper subordination of society. The village beauty, whose simplicity and innocence are her native charms, smitten with the reveries of rank and splendour, becomes affected and retired, disdaining her situation and every one about her."—We do not believe, however, that many instances of this could be adduced.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD AIMWORTH.

SIR HARRY SYCAMORE.

MERVIN.

FAIRFIELD.

GILES.

RALPH.

LADY SYCAMORE.

THEODOSIA.

PATTY.

FANNY.

Gipsies, Millers, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect, with a Mill at Work. Several People employed about it; on one Side a House, PATTY reading in the Window; on the other a Barn, where FANNY sits mending a Net; GILES appears at a distance in the Mill; FAIRFIELD and RALPH taking Sacks from a Cart.*

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, free from strife,

O how blest the miller's life!

Cheerful working through the day,

Still he laughs and sings away.

Nought can vex him,

Nought perplex him,

While there's grist to make him gay.

DUETT.

Let the great enjoy the blessings

By indulgent fortune sent:

What can wealth, can grandeur offer,

More than plenty and content?

Fair. Well done, well done; 'tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folks sing at it. Stop the mill there; and dost hear, son Ralph, hoist yon sacks of flour upon this cart, lad, and drive it up to lord Aimworth's: coming from London last night with strange company, no doubt there are calls enough for it by this time.

Ralph. Ay, feyther, whether or not, there's

no doubt but you'll find enow for a body to do.

Fair. What dost mutter? Is't not a strange plague that thou canst never go about any thing with a good will; murrain take it, what's come o'er the boy? So then thou wilt not set a hand to what I have desired thee?

Ralph. Why don't you speak to suster Pat do do some thing then? I thought when she came home to us, after my old lady's death, she was to have been of some use in the house; but instead of that, she sits there all day, reading outlandish books, dressed like a fine madumasel; and the never a word you says to she.

Fair. Sirrah, don't speak so disrespectfully of thy sister; thou wilt never have the tithe of her deserts.

Ralph. Why, I'll read and write with her for what she dares; and as for playing on the hapsichols¹⁾, I thinks her rich godmother might have learn'd her something more proper, seeing she did not remember to leave her a legacy at last.

Fair. That's none of thy business, sirrah.

Ralph. A farmer's wife painting pictures, and playing on the hapsichols; why I'll be hang'd now, for all as old as she is, if she knows any more about milking a cow, than I do of sewing a petticoat.

Fair. Ralph, thou hast been drinking this morning.

¹⁾ Harpsichord.

Ralph. Well, if so be as I have, it's nothing out of your pocket, nor mines neither.

Fair. Who has been giving thee liquor, sirrah?

Ralph. Why it was wind¹⁾—a gentleman gave me.

Fair. A gentleman!

Ralph. Yes, a gentleman that's come piping hot from London: he is below at the Cat and Baggpipes; Icod he rides a choice bit of a nag. I dare to say she'd fetch as good as forty pound at ever a fair in all England.

Fair. A fig's end for what she'd fetch; mind thy business, or by the lord Harry—

Ralph. Why I won't do another hand's turn to-day now, so that's flat.

Fair. Thou wilt not—

Ralph. Why no I wont; so what argues your putting yourself in a passion, seyther? I've promised to go back to the gentleman; and I don't know but what he's a lord too; and mayhap he may do more for me than you thinks of.

Fair. Well, son Ralph, run thy gait; but remember I tell thee, thou wilt repent this untowardness.

Ralph. Why, how shall I repent it? Mayhap you'll turn me out of your service; a match; with all hearts—Icod I don't care three brass pins.

A I R.

If that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry; For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't: S'flesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are toiling, And drudging like horses from morning till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to show you,

First yonder's your shovel; your sacks too I throw you;

Henceforward take care of your matters who will:

They're welcome to slave for your wages who need'em;

Tol lol de rol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom, And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

[Exit.]

Fair. Dear heart, dear heart! I protest this ungracious boy puts me quite beside myself. Patty, my dear, come down into the yard a little, and keep me company—and you, thieves, vagabonds, gipsies, out here! 'tis you de-bauch my son.

[Drives off Gipsies.]

Enter PATTY from the House.

AIR. — PATTY.

In love to pique and languish,
Yet know your passion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
Yet fear to tell your pain:

What powers unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these;
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moments case?

1) The country way of pronouncing *wind*.

Fair. Well, Patty, master Goodman, my lord's steward has been with me just now, and I find we are like to have great doings; his lordship has brought down sir Harry Sycomore and his family, and there is more company expected in a few days.

Pat. I know sir Harry very well; he is by marriage a distant relation of my lord's.

Fair. Pray what sort of a young body is the daughter there? I think she used to be with you at the castle, three or four summers ago, when my young lord was out upon his travels.

Pat. Oh! very often; she was a great favourite of my lady's: pray, father, is she come down?

Fair. Why you know the report last night, about my lord's going to be married. By what I can learn she is; and there is likely to be a nearer relationship between the families, ere long. It seems his lordship was not over willing for the match, but the friends on both sides in London pressed it so hard: then there's a swinging fortune: master Goodman tells me, a matter of twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

Pat. If it was a million, father, it would not be more than my lord Aimworth deserves; I suppose the wedding will be celebrated here at the mansion-house.

Fair. So it is thought, as soon as things can be properly prepared—And now, Patty, if I could but see thee a little merry—Come, bless thee, pluck up thy spirits—To be sure thou hast sustained, in the death of thy lady, a heavy loss; she was a parent to thee; nay, and better, inasmuch as she took thee when thou wert but a babe, and gave thee an education which thy natural parents could not afford to do.

Pat. Ah! dear father, don't mention what perhaps has been my greatest misfortune.

Fair. Nay then, Patty, what's become of all thy sense that people talk so much about?—But I have something to say to thee which I would have thee consider seriously—I believe I need not tell thee, my child, that a young maiden, after she is marriageable, especially if she has any thing about her to draw people's notice, is liable to ill tongues, and a many cross accidents; so that the sooner she's out of harm's way the better. I say, then, a young woman's best safeguard is a good husband. Now there is our neighbour, farmer Giles; he is a sober, honest, industrious, young fellow, an done of the wealthiest in these parts; he is greatly taken with thee; and it is not the first time I have told thee I should be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Pat. And I have told you as often, father, I would submit myself entirely to your direction; whatever you think proper for me is so.

Fair. Why that's spoken like a dutiful, sensible girl; get thee in, then, and leave me to manage it—Perhaps our neighbour Giles is not a gentleman; but what are the greatest part of our country gentlemen good for?

Pat. Very true, father. [Exit into the Cottage.]

Enter GILES.

Giles. Well, master Fairfield, you and miss Pat have had a long discourse together; did you tell her that I was come down?

Fair. No, in truth, friend Giles; but I mentioned our affair at a distance; and I think there is no fear.

Giles. That's right—and when shall us—You do know I have told you my mind often and often.

Fair. Farmer, give us thy hand; nobody doubts thy good will to me and my girl; and you may take my word, I would rather give her to thee than another; for I am main certain thou wilt make her a good husband.

Giles. Thanks to your kind opinion, master Fairfield; if such be my hap, I hope there will be no cause of complaint.

Fair. And I promise thee my daughter will make thee a choice wife. But thou know'st, friend Giles, that I, and all belongs to me, have great obligations to lord Aimworth's family; Patty, in particular, would be one of the most ungrateful wretches this day breathing, if she was to do the smallest thing contrary to their consent and approbation.

Giles. Nay, nay, 'tis well enough known to all the country she was the old lady's darling.

Fair. Well, master Giles, I'll assure thee she is not one whit less obliged to my lord himself. When his mother was taken off so suddenly, and his affairs called him up to London, if Patty would have remained at the castle, she might have had the command of all; or if she would have gone any where else, he would have paid for her fixing, let the cost be what it would.

Giles. Why, for that matter, folks did not spare to say, that my lord had a sort of a sneaking-kindness for her himself: and I remember, at one time, it was rife all about the neighbourhood, that she was actually to be our lady.

Fair. Pho, pho! a pack of woman's tales.

Giles. Nay, to be sure they'll say any thing.

Fair. My lord's a man of a better way of thinking, friend Giles—but this is neither here nor there to our business—Have you been at the castle yet?

Giles. Who, I! bless your heart I did not hear a syllable of his lordship's being come down, till your lad told me.

Fair. No! why then go up to my lord, let him know you have a mind to make a match with my daughter, hear what he has to say to it, and afterwards we will try if we can't settle matters.

Giles. Go up to my lord? I could, if that be all, I'll do it with the biggest pleasure in life.—But where's miss Pat? Might not one ask her how she do?

Fair. Never spare it; she's within there.

Giles. I sees her—old rabbit it, this hatch is locked now—miss Pat—miss Patty—she makes believe not to hear me.

Fair. Well, well, never mind, thou'lt come and eat a morsel of dinner with us.

Giles. Nay, but just to have a bit of a joke with her at present—miss Pat, I say—won't you open the door?

A I R.

Hark! 'tis I, your own true lover;
After walking three long miles,
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on:

Ab, you little cunning vixen!

I can see your roguish smiles.

Addsids! my mind is so possess,

Till we're sped, I shan't have rest.

Only say the thing's a bargain,

Here an you like it,

Ready to strike it,

There's at once an end of arguing:

I'm her's, she's mine;

Thus we seal, and thus we sign. [Exit.

Re-enter PATTY from the Cottage.

Fair. Patty, child, why wouldst not thou open the door for our neighbour Giles?

Pat. Really, father, I did not know what was the matter.

Fair. Well, our neighbour Giles will be here another time; he'll be here again presently. He's gone up to the castle, Patty: thou know'st it would not be right for us to do any thing without giving his lordship intelligence, so I have sent the farmer to let him know that he is willing, and we are willing, and, with his lordship's approbation—

Pat. Oh, dear father—what are you going to say?

Fair. Nay, child, I would not have stirr'd a step for fifty pounds, without advertising his lordship beforehand.

Pat. But surely, surely, you have not done this rash, this precipitate thing?

Fair. How rash, how is it rash, Patty? I don't understand thee.

Pat. Oh, you have distress'd me beyond imagination—but why would you not give me notice, speak to me first?

Fair. Why han't I spoken to thee an hundred times? No, Patty, 'tis thou that wouldst distress me, and thou'lt break my heart.

Pat. Dear father!

Fair. All I desire is to see thee well settled; and now that I am likely to do so, thou art not contented. I am sure the farmer is as slightly a clever lad as any in the country; and is he not as good as we?

Pat. 'Tis very true, father, I am to blame; pray forgive me.

Fair. Forgive thee! Lord help thee, my child, I am not angry with thee; but quiet thyself, Patty, and thou'lt see all this will turn out for the best. [Exit.

Pat. What will become of me?—My lord will certainly imagine this is done with my consent—Well, is he not himself going to be married to a lady, suitable to him in rank, suitable to him in fortune, as this farmer is to me; and under what pretence can I refuse the husband my father has found for me? Shall I say that I have dared to raise my inclinations above my condition, and presumed to love where my duty taught me only gratitude and respect? Alas! who could live in the house with lord Aimworth, see him, converse with him, and not love him! I have this consolation, however, my folly is yet undiscover'd to any; else, how should I be ridiculed and despised! nay, would not my lord himself despise me, especially if he knew that I have more than once construed his natural affability and politeness into sentiments as unworthy of him, as mine are bold and extravagant. Unexampled vanity.

A I R.

Ah! why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery?
The griefs I languish'd under
In secret let me share;
But this new stroke of thunder
Is more than I can bear.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in LORD AIMWORTH'S House.

Enter SIR HARRY SYCAMORE and THEODOSIA.

Sir H. Well but, Theodosia, child, you are quite unreasonable.

Theo. Pardon me, papa, it is not I am unreasonable, but you; when I gave way to my inclinations for Mr. Mervin, he did not seem less agreeable to you and my mamma than he was acceptable to me. It is therefore you have been unreasonable, in first encouraging Mr. Mervin's addresses, and afterwards forbidding him your house; in order to bring me down here, to force me on a gentleman—

Sir H. Force you, Dossy¹), what do you mean? By the la, I would not force you on the ear of Muscovy.

Theo. And yet, papa, what else can I call it? for though lord Aimworth is extremely attentive and obliging, I assure you he is by no means one of the most ardent of lovers.

Sir H. Ardent, ah! there it is; you girls never think there is any love, without kissing and hugging; but you should consider, child, my lord Aimworth is a polite man, and has been abroad in France and Italy, where these things are not the fashion: I remember when I was on my travels, among the madames and signoras, we never saluted more than the tip of the ear.

Theo. Really, papa, you have a very strange opinion of my delicacy.

Sir H. Well come, my poor Dossy, I see you are chagrind, but you know it is not my fault; on the contrary, I assure you, I had always a great regard for young Mervin, and should have been very glad—

Theo. How then, papa, could you join in forcing me to write him that strange letter, never to see me more? or how indeed could I comply with your commands? what must he think of me?

Sir H. Ay, but hold, Dossy, your mamma convinced me that he was not so proper a son-in-law for us as lord Aimworth.

Theo. Convinced you! Ah, my dear papa, you were not convinced.

Sir H. What, don't I know when I am convinced?

Theo. Why no, papa; because your good nature and easiness of temper is such, that you pay more respect to the judgment of mamma, and less to your own, than you ought to do.

Sir H. Well, but Dossy, don't you see how your mamma loves me? If the tip of my little finger does but ache, she's like a bewitched woman; and if I was to die, I don't believe she would outlive the burying of me: nay, she has told me as much herself.

¹) Dossy is an abbreviation of Theodosia.

Theo. Her fondness indeed is very extraordinary.

Sir H. Besides, could you give up the prospect of being a countess, and mistress of this fine place?

Theo. Yes, truly, could I.

A I R.

With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes
are plac'd,

Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

Enter LADY SYCAMORE.

Lady S. Sir Harry, where are you?

Sir H. Here, my lamb.

Lady S. I am just come from looking over his lordship's family trinkets.—Well, miss Sycamore, you are a happy creature, to have diamonds, equipage, title, and all the blessings of life poured thus upon you at once.

Theo. Blessings, madam! Do you think then I am such a wretch as to place my felicity in the possession of any such trumpery?

Lady S. Upon my word, miss, you have a very disdainful manner of expressing yourself; I believe there are very few young women of fashion, who would think any sacrifice they could make too much for them.—Did you ever hear the like of her, sir Harry?

Sir H. Why, my dear, I have just been talking to her in the same strain, but whatever she has got in her head—

Lady S. Oh, it is Mr. Mervin, her gentleman of Bucklersbury.—Fie, miss, marry a cit! Were is your pride, your vanity; have you nothing of the person of distinction about you?

Sir H. Well but, my lady, you know I am a piece of a cit myself, as I may say, for my great-grandfather was a dry-salter.

Theo. And yet, madam, you condescended to marry my papa.

Lady S. Well, if I did, miss, I had but five thousand pounds to my portion, and sir Harry knows I was past eight-and-thirty before I would listen to him.

Sir H. Nay, Dossy, that's true, your mamma own'd eight-and-thirty before we were married: but by the la, my dear, you were a lovely angel; and by candle-light nobody would have taken you for above five-and-twenty.

Lady S. Sir Harry, you remember the last time I was at my lord duke's.

Sir H. Yes, my love, it was the very day your little bitch Minxey pupt.

Lady S. And pray what did the whole family say? my lord John, and my lord Thomas, and my lady duchess in particular? Cousin, says her grace to me—for she always called me cousin—

Theo. Well but, madam, to cut this matter short at once, my father has a great regard for Mr. Mervin, and would consent to our union with all his heart.

Lady S. Do you say so, sir Harry?

Sir H. Who I, love!

Lady S. Then all my care and prudence are come to nothing.

Sir H. Well, but stay, my lady—Dossy, you are always making mischief.

Theo. Ah! my dear sweet—

Lady S. Do, miss, that's right, coax—

Theo. No, madam, I am not capable of any such meanness.

Lady S. 'Tis very civil of you to contradict me however.

Sir H. Eh! what's that—hand's off, Dossy, don't come near me.

AIR.

Why how now, miss pert,

Do you think to divert

My anger by fawning and stroking?

Would you make me a fool,

Your plaything, your tool?

Was ever young minx so provoking?

Get out of my sight!

'Twould be serving you right,

To lay a sound dose of the lash on:

Contradict your mamma!

I've a mind by the la—

But I won't put myself in a passion.

[Exit Theo.]

Enter LORD AIMWORTH and GILES.

Lord A. Come, farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends.—*Sir Harry*, your servant.

Sir H. My lord, I kiss your lordship's hands—*I hope he did not overhear us squabbling.*

[Aside.]

Lord A. Well now, master Giles, what is it you have got to say to me? If I can do you any service, this company will give you leave to speak.

Giles. I thank your lordship; I has not got a great deal to say; I do come to your lordship about a little business, if you'll please to give me the hearing.

Lord A. Certainly, only let me know what it is.

Giles. Why, an please you, my lord, being left alone, as I may say, seyther dead, and all the business upon my own hands, I do think of settling and taking a wife, and am come to ax your honour's consent.

Lord A. My consent, farmer! if that be necessary, you have it with all my heart—I hope you have taken care to make a prudent choice.

Giles. Why I do hope so, my lord.

Lord A. Well, and who is the happy fair one? Does she live in my house?

Giles. No, my lord, she does not live in your house, but she's a parson of your acquaintance.

Lord A. Of my acquaintance!

Giles. No offence, I hope, your honour.

Lord A. None in the least: but how is she an acquaintance of mine?

Giles. Your lordship do know miller Fairfield?

Lord A. Well—

Giles. And Patty Fairfield, his daughter, my lord?

Lord A. Ay, is it her you think of marrying?

Giles. Why if so be as your lordship has no objection; to be sure we will do nothing without your consent and approbation.

Lord A. Upon my word, farmer, you have made an excellent choice—It is a god-daughter of my mother's, madam, who was bred up under her care, and I protest I do not know a more amiable young woman.—But are you sure, farmer, that Patty herself is inclinable to this match?

Giles. O yes, my lord, I am sartain of that.

Lord A. Perhaps then she desired you to come and ask my consent?

Giles. Why as far as this here, my lord; to be sure, the miller did not care to publish the bans, without making your lordship acquainted—But I hope your honour's not angry with I.

Lord A. Angry, farmer! why should you think so?—what interest have I in it to be angry?

Sir H. And so, honest farmer, you are going to be married to little Patty Fairfield? She's an old acquaintance of mine: how long have you and she been sweethearts?

Giles. Not a long while, an please your worship.

Sir H. Well, her father's a good warm fellow; I suppose you take care that she brings something to make the pot boil?

Lady S. What does that concern you, sir Harry? How often must I tell you of meddling in other people's affairs?

Sir H. My lord, a penny for your thoughts!

Lord A. I beg your pardon, sir Harry; upon my word, I did not think where I was.

Giles. Well then, your honour, I'll make bold to be taking my leave; I may say you gave consent for miss Patty and I to go on.

Lord A. Undoubtedly, farmer, if she approves of it: but are you not afraid that her education has rendered her a little unsuitable for a wife for you?

Lady S. Oh, my lord, if the girl's handy—

Sir H. Oh, ay—when a girl's handy—

Giles. Handy! Why, saving respect, there's nothing comes amiss to her; she's cute at every varsal kind of thing.

A I R.

Odd's my life, search England over,

An you match her in her station,

I'll be bound to fly the nation:

And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,

Still her pretty name repeating;

Here's the work 'tis always at,

Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,

What on yearth can sweeter be?

Then her little eyes so twinkle,

'Tis a feast to hear and see. [Exit.]

Sir H. By dad, this is a good, merry fellow; is not he, love? with his pitty patty—And so, my lord, you have given your consent that he shall marry your mother's old housekeeper. Ah, well, I can see—

1) A young lady being once melancholy and thoughtful in the presence of a gentleman for whom she had a sort of a *tendre*, which was returned on his part also, though neither party knew the sentiments of the other, was thus accosted by the gentleman; "A penny for your thoughts." (I will give you a penny for your thoughts.) "For the other odd (remaining) eleven pence you shall have thoughts and thinker," answered the lady; the gentleman produced a shilling, and the lady consented to marry him.—This is now often used, but not necessarily implying this meaning.

Lord A. Nobody doubts, sir Harry, that you are very clear-sighted.

Sir H. Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what; I was a young fellow once myself; and I should have been glad of a tenant to take a pretty girl off my hands now and then, as well as another.

Lord A. I protest, my dear friend, I don't understand you.

Lady S. Nor nobody else—Sir Harry, you are going at some beastliness now.

Sir H. Who I, my lady? Not I, as I hope to live and breathe; 'tis nothing to us you know, what my lord does before he's married: when I was a bachelor, I was a devil among the wenches myself; and yet I vow to George, my lord, since I knew my lady Sycamore, and we shall be man and wife eighteen years, if we live till next Candlemas-day, I never had to do—

Lady S. Sir Harry, come out of the room, I desire.

Sir H. Why, what's the matter, my lady, I did not say any harm?

Lady S. I see what you are driving at, you want to make me faint.

Sir H. I want to make you faint, my lady?

Lady S. Yes, you do—and if you don't come out this instant I shall fall down in the chamber—I beg, my lord, you won't speak to him. Will you come out, sir Harry?

Sir H. Nay but, my lady!

Lady S. No. I will have you out.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lady Sycamore.*]

Lord A. This worthy baronet and his lady are certainly a very whimsical couple; however, their daughter is perfectly amiable in every respect: and yet I am sorry I have brought her down here; for can I in honour marry her, while my affections are engaged to another? To what does the pride of condition and the censure of the world force me! Must I then renounce the only person that can make me happy; because, because what? because she's a miller's daughter? Vain pride and unjust censure! Has she not all the graces that education can give her sex, improved by a genius seldom found among the highest? Has she not modesty; sweetness of temper, and beauty of person, capable of adorning a rank the most exalted? But it is too late to think of these things now; my hand is promised, my honour engaged: and if it was not so, she has engaged herself; the farmer is a person to her mind, and I have authorized their union by my approbation.

A I R.

The madman thus, at times, we see,
With seeming reason blest;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And speak a mind at rest,
But short the calms of ease and sense,
And ah! uncertain too,
While that idea lives from whence
At first his frenzy grew. [Exit]

SCENE III.—A Village.

Enter RALPH, with MERVIN in a riding Dress, followed by FANNY.

Fan. Ah, pray, your honour, try if you

have not something to spare for poor Fanny the gipsy.

Ralph. I tell you, Fan, the gentleman has no change about him; why the plague will you be so troublesome?

Fan. Lord, what is it to you, if his honour has a mind to give me a trifle? Do pray, gentleman, put your hand in your pocket.

Mer. I am almost distracted! Ungrateful Theodosia, to change so suddenly, and write me such a letter! However, I am resolved to have my dismissal face to face; this letter may be forced from her by her mother who I know was never cordially my friend. I could not get a sight of her in London, but here they will be less on their guard; and see her I will, by one means or other,

Fan. Then your honour will not extend your charity?

A I R.

I am young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless;
In vain for help I call.
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.
[*Mervin gives her Money.*]

May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit, sir, all you merit, sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heaven your worship all happiness grant! [Exit]

Ralph. Now I'll go and take that money from her; and I have a good mind to lick her, so I have.

Mer. Pho, pr'ythee stay where you are.

Ralph. Nay, but I hate to see a toad so devilish greedy.

Mer. Well, come, she has not got a great deal, and I have thought how she may do me a favour in her turn.

Ralph. Ay, but you may put that out of your head, for I can tell you she won't.

Mer. How so?

Ralph. How so, why she's as cunning as the devil.

Mer. Oh, she is—I fancy I understand you. Well, in that case, friend Ralph—Your name's Ralph, I think?

Ralph. Yes, sir, at your service, for want of a better.

Mer. I say then, friend Ralph, in that case, we will remit the favour you think of, till the lady is in a more complying humour, and try if she cannot serve me at present in some other capacity—There are a good many gipsies hereabout, are there not?

Ralph. Softly—I have a whole gang of them here in our barn; I have kept them about the place these three months, and all on account of she.

Mer. Really.

Ralph. Yea,—but for your life don't say a word of it to any Christian—I am in love with her.

Mer. Indeed!

Ralph. Feyther is as mad with me about it as old Scratch; and I gets the plague and all of anger; but I don't mind that.

Mer. Well, friend Ralph, if you are in love, no doubt you have some influence over your mistress; don't you think you could prevail upon her, and her companions, to supply me with one of their habits, and let me go up with them to-day to my lord Aimworth's?

Ralph. Why, do you want to go a mumming? ¹⁾ We never do that here but in the Christmas holidays.

Mer. No matter; manage this for me, and manage it with secrecy, and I promise you shall not go unrewarded.

Ralph. Oh, as for that, sir, I don't look for any thing: I can easily get you a bundle of their rags; but I don't know whether you'll prevail on them to go up to my lord's, because they are afraid of a big dog that's in the yard; but I'll tell you what I can do; I can go up before you and have the dog fastened, for I know his kennel. *[Exit.]*

Mer. That will do very well—By means of this disguise I shall probably get a sight of her; and I leave the rest to love and fortune.

A I R.

Why quits the merchant, blest with ease,
The pleasures of his native seat,
To tempt the dangers of the seas,
And climes more perilous than these,
'Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat?
He knows the hardships, knows the pain,
The length of way, but thinks it small;
The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Mill.*

Enter PATTY, RALPH, GILES, and FANNY.

Giles. So his lordship was as willing as the flowers in May—and as I was coming along, who should I meet but your father—and he bid me run in all haste and tell you—for we were sure you would be deadly glad.

Pat. I know not what business you had to go to my lord's at all, father.

Giles. Nay, I only did as I was desired—Master Fairfield bid me tell you moreover, as how he would have you go up to my lord, out of hand, and thank him.

Ralph. So she ought; and take off those clothes, and put on what's more becoming her station: you know my father spoke to you of that this morning too.

Pat. Brother, I shall obey my father.

QUARTETTO.—*PATTY, GILES, RALPH, and FANNY.*

Pat. Lie still, my heart; oh! fatal stroke,
That kills at once my hopes and me.

Giles. Miss Pat!

Pat. What!

Giles. Nay, I only spoke.

Ralph. Take courage, mon, she does but joke.
Come, suster, somewhat kinder be.

¹⁾ The mummings are generally a number of young men who go about in the country towns, dressed up with fine gold and silver paper sewed to their cloaths, at Christmas time, to get something for repeating an old mystery in rhyme, something about St. George and the Dragon—I remember a couple of lines thus:

"I am the bold St. George, the knight,
Go forth with sword and shield to fight."

Fan. This is a thing the most oddest,
Some folks are so plaguily modest:

Ralph. Where we in the case,

Fan. To be in their place,
We'd carry it off with a different face.

Giles. Thus I take her by the lily hand,
So soft and white:

Ralph. Why now that's right;
And kiss her too, mon, never stand.

What words can explain

Pat. My pleasure—my pain?

Giles. It preases, it rises,

My heart it surprises,

I can't keep it down, though I'd never
so fain.

Fan. So here the play ends,
The lovers are friends.

Ralph. Hush.

Fan. Tush!

Giles. Nah!

Pat. Phaw!

All. What torments exceeding, what joys
are above,

The pains and the pleasures that wait
upon love. *[Excunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A marble Portico, ornamented with Statues, which opens from LORD AIMWORTH'S House; two Chairs near the Front.*

Enter LORD AIMWORTH, reading.

Lord A. In how contemptible a light would the situation I am now in show me to most of the fine men of the present age? In love with a country girl; rivalled by a poor fellow, one of my meanest tenants, and uneasy at it! If I had a mind to her, I know they would tell me I ought to have taken care to make myself easy long ago, when I had her in my power. But I have the testimony of my own heart in my favour; and I think, was it to do again, I should act as I have done. Let's see what we have here. Perhaps a book may compose my thoughts. *[Reads, and throws the Book away.]* It's to no purpose; I can't read, I can't think, I can't do any thing.

A I R.

Ah! how vainly mortals treasure
Hopes of happiness and pleasure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain!
By what standards false we measure;
Still pursuing
Ways to ruin,
Seeking bliss, and finding pain!

Enter PATTY.

Pat. Now comes the trial: no, my sentence is already pronounced, and I will meet my fate with prudence and resolution.

Lord A. Who's there?

Pat. My lord!

Lord A. Patty Fairfield!

Pat. I humbly beg pardon, my lord, for pressing so abruptly into your presence: but I was told I might walk this way; and I am come by my father's commands to thank your lordship for all your favours.

Lord A. Favours, Patty; what favours? I have done you none; but why this metamor-

phosis? I protest, if you had not spoke, I should not have known you; I never saw you wear such clothes as these in my mother's life-time.

Pat. No, my lord, it was her ladyship's pleasure I should wear better, and therefore I obeyed; but it is now my duty to dress in a manner more suitable to my station and future prospects in life.

Lord A. I am afraid, Patty, you are too humble—come sit down—nay, I will have it so. [*They sit*] What is it I have been told to-day, Patty? It seems you are going to be married.

Pat. Yes, my lord.

Lord A. Well, and don't you think you could have made a better choice than farmer Giles? I should imagine your person, your accomplishments, might have entitled you to look higher.

Pat. Your lordship is pleased to over-rate my little merit: the education I received in your family does not entitle me to forget my origin; and the farmer is my equal.

Lord A. In what respect? The degrees of rank and fortune, my dear Patty, are arbitrary distinctions, unworthy the regard of those who consider justly; the true standard of equality is seated in the mind: those who think nobly are noble.

Pat. The farmer, my lord, is a very honest man.

Lord A. So he may: I don't suppose he would break into a house, or commit a robbery on the highway: what do you tell me of his honesty for?

Pat. I did not mean to offend your lordship.

Lord A. Offend! I am not offended, Patty; not at all offended—But is there any great merit in a man's being honest?

Pat. I don't say there is, my lord.

Lord A. The farmer is an ill-bred, illiterate booby; and what happiness can you propose to yourself in such a society? Then, as to his person, I am sure—But perhaps, Patty, you like him; and if so, I am doing a wrong thing.

Pat. Upon my word, my lord—

Lord A. Nay, I see you do: he has had the good fortune to please you; and in that case you are certainly in the right to follow your inclinations. I must tell you one thing, Patty, however—I hope you won't think it unfriendly of me—but I am determined farmer Giles shall not stay a moment on my estate after next quarter-day.

Pat. I hope, my lord, he has not incurred your displeasure—

Lord A. That's of no signification.—Could I find as many good qualities in him as you do, perhaps—But 'tis enough, he's a fellow I don't like; and as you have a regard for him, I would have you advise him to provide himself.

Pat. My lord, I am very unfortunate.

Lord A. She loves him, 'tis plain. [*Aside*] Come, Patty, I would not willingly do any thing to make you uneasy.—Have you seen miss Sycamore yet?—I suppose you know she and I are going to be married?

Pat. So I hear, my lord.—Heaven make you both happy.

Lord A. Thank you, Patty; I hope we shall be happy.

Pat. Upon my knees, upon my knees I pray it; may every earthly bliss attend you! may your days prove an uninterrupted course of delightful tranquillity; and your mutual friendship, confidence, and love, end but with your lives

Lord A. Rise, Patty, rise; say no more—I suppose you'll wait upon miss Sycamore before you go away—at present I have a little business—As I said, Patty, don't afflict yourself: I have been somewhat hasty with regard to the farmer; but since I see how deeply you are interested in his affairs, I may possibly alter my designs with regard to him—You know—you know, Patty, your marriage with him is no concern of mine—I only speak—

A R R.

My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble:

Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear:
Enraptur'd I gaze; when I touch her I tremble,
And speak to and hear her with faltering
and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented!

My blood's in a ferment; it freezes, it burns!
This moment I wish, what the next is repented;
While love, rage, and jealousy rack me by
turns. [*Exit*]

Enter GILES.

Giles. Miss Pat—Odd rabbit it, I thought his honour was here; and I wish I may die if my heart did not jump into my mouth—Come, come down in all haste; there's such a rig below as you never knew in your born days. There's as good as forty of the tenants, men and maidens, have got upon the lawn before the castle, with pipers and garlands; just for all the world as tho' it was May-day; and the quality's looking at them out of the windows—'tis as true as any thing; on account of my lord's coming home with his new lady.

Pat. Well, and what then?

Giles. Why I was thinking, if so be as you would come down, as we might take a dance together: little Sall, farmer Harrow's daughter, of the green, would fain have had me for a partner; but I said as how I'd go for one I liked better, one that I'd make a partner-for life.

Pat. Did you say so?

Giles. Yes; and she was struck all of a heap—she had not a word to throw to a dog—for Sall and I kept company once for a little bit.

Pat. Farmer, I am going to say something to you, and I desire you will listen to it attentively. It seems you think of our being married together.

Giles. Think! why I think of nothing else; it's all over the place, mun, as how you are to be my spouse; and you would not believe what game folks make of me.

Pat. Shall I talk to you like a friend, farmer?—You and I were never designed for one another; and I am morally certain we should not be happy.

Giles. Oh! as for that matter, I never had no words with nobody.

Pat. Shall I speak plainer to you then—I don't like you.

Giles. No!

Pat. On the contrary, you are disagreeable to me.

Giles. Am I?

Pat. Yes, of all things: I deal with you sincerely.

Giles. Why, I thought, miss Pat, the affair between you and I was all fix'd and settled.

Pat. Well, let this undeceive you—Be assured we shall never be man and wife. No offer shall persuade, no command force me.—You know my mind, make your advantage of it. *[Exit.]*

Giles. Here's a turn! I don't know what to make of it: she's gone mad, that's for sartin; wit and learning have crack'd her brain. But hold, she says I baint to her mind—mayn't all this be the effect of modish coyness, to do like the gentlewomen, because she was bred among them? And I have heard say, they will be upon their vixen tricks till they go into the very church with a man.—There can no harm come of speaking with master Fairfield, however.—Odd rabbit it, how plaguy tart she was—I am half vex'd with myself now that I let her go off so.

A I R.

When a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let un do the best he can,
She's so shamefac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suits began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams t' coy and cold;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a diff'rent story quite,
And she quickly buckles too. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A View of LORD AIMWORTH'S House and Improvements; a Seat under a Tree, and part of the Gardenwall, with a Chinese Pavilion over it. Several country People appear dancing, others looking on; among whom are, MERVIN, disguised, RALPH, FANNY, and a Number of Gipsies.*

After the Dancers go off, THEODOSIA and PATTY enter through a Gate supposed to have a Connexion with the principal Building.

Theo. Well then, my dear Patty, you will run away from us: but why in such a hurry? I have a thousand things to say to you.

Pat. I shall do myself the honour to pay my duty to you some other time, madam; at present I really find myself a little indisposed.

Theo. Nay, I would by no means lay you under any restraint. But methinks the entertainment we have just been taking part of, should have put you into better spirits: I am not in an over merry mood myself, yet I could not look on the diversion of those honest folks, without feeling a certain gaieté de coeur.

Pat. Why, indeed, madam, it had one circumstance attending it, which is often wanting to more polite amusements; that of seeming to give undissembled satisfaction to those who were engaged in it.

Theo. Oh, infinite! infinite! To see the cheerful, healthy-looking creatures, toil with such a good will! To me there were more genuine charms in their awkward stumping and jumping about, their rude measures, and homespun finery, than in all the dress, splendour, and studied graces of a birth-night ball-room.

Pat. 'Tis a very uncommon declaration to be made by a fine lady, madam; but certainly, however the artful delicacies of high life may dazzle and surprise, nature has particular attractions, even in a cottage, her most unadorned state, which seldom fails to affect us, though we can scarce give a reason for it.

Theo. But you know, Patty, I was always a distracted admirer of the country; no damsel in romance was ever sonder of groves and purling streams: had I been born in the days of Arcadia, with my present propensity, instead of being a fine lady, as you call me, I should certainly have kept a flock of sheep.

Pat. Well, madam, you have the sages, poets, and philosophers of all ages, to countenance your way of thinking.

Theo. And you, my little, philosophical friend, don't you think me in the right too?

Pat. Yes indeed, madam, perfectly.

A I R.

Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the silvan scene:

Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene. *[Exit.]*

Enter MERVIN and FANNY.

Mer. Yonder she is seated; and, to my wish, most fortunately alone. Accost her as I desired.

Theo. Heigho!

Fan. Heaven bless you, my sweet lady—bless your honour's beautiful visage, and send you a good husband, and a great many of them.

Theo. A very comfortable wish, upon my word: who are you, child?

Fan. A poor gipsy, an please you, that goes about begging from charitable gentlemen and ladies—If you have e'er a coal or bit of whiting in your pocket, I'll write you the first letter of your sweetheart's name, how many husbands you will have, and how many children, my lady: or, if you'll let me look at your line of life, I'll tell you whether it will be long or short, happy or miserable.

Theo. Oh! as for that, I know it already—you cannot tell me any good fortune, and therefore I'll hear none. Go about your business.

Mer. Stay, madam, stay; *[Pretending to lift a Paper from the Ground]* you have dropp'd something—Fan, call the young gentlewoman back.

Fan. Lady, you have lost—

Theo. Pho, pho, I have lost nothing.

Mer. Yes, that paper, lady; you dropp'd it as you got up from the chair.—Fan, give it to her honour.

Theo. A letter with my address!

[Takes the Paper and reads.]

Dear Theodosia!—Though the sight of me was so disagreeable to you, that you charged me never to approach you more, I hope my hand-writing can have nothing to frighten or disgust you. I am not far off; and the person who delivers you this can give you intelligence.

Come hither, child: do you know any thing of the gentleman that wrote this?

Fan. My lady—

Theo. Make haste, run this moment, bring me to him, bring him to me; say I wait with impatience; tell him I will go, fly any where—

Mer. My life, my charmer!

Theo. Oh, heavens!—Mr. Mervin!

Enter SIR HARRY and LADY SYCAMORE.

Lady S. Sir Harry, don't walk so fast; we are not running for a wager.

Sir H. Hough, hough, hough.

Lady S. Hey-day, you have got a cough; I shall have you laid upon my hands presently.

Sir H. No, no, my lady, it's only the old affair.

Lady S. Come here, and let me tie this handkerchief about your neck; you have put yourself into a muckswat already. [*Ties a Handkerchief about his Neck*] Have you taken your Bardana this morning? I warrant you no now, though you have been complaining of twitches two or three times, and you know the gouty season is coming on. Why will you be so neglectful of your health, sir Harry? I protest I am forced to watch you like an infant. [*During this Speech, Mervin gives Theodosia a Letter.*]

Sir H. My lovely takes care of me, and I am obliged to her.

Lady S. Well, but you ought to mind me then, since you are satisfied I never speak but for your good.—I thought, miss Sycamore, you were to have followed your papa and me into the garden—How far did you go with that wench?

Theo. They are gipsies, madam, they say. Indeed I don't know what they are.

Lady S. I wish, miss, you would learn to give a rational answer.

Sir H. Eh! what's that? [gipsies! Have we gipsies here? Vagrants, that pretend to a knowledge of future events; diviners; fortune-tellers!]

Fan. Yes, your worship; we'll tell your fortune, or her ladyship's, for a crum of bread or a little broken victuals: what you throw to your dogs, an please you.

Sir H. Broken victuals, hussy! How do you think we should have broken victuals?—If we were at home, indeed, perhaps you might get some such thing from the cook: but here we are only on a visit to a friend's house, and have nothing to do with the kitchen at all.

Lady S. And do you think, sir Harry, it is necessary to give the creature an account?

Sir H. No, love, no; but what can you say to obstinate people?—Get you gone, bold face! I once knew a merchant's wife in the city, my lady, who had her fortune told by some of those gipsies. They said she should die at such a time; and I warrant, as sure as the day came, the poor gentlewoman actually died with the conceit.—Come, Dossy, your mamma

and I are going to take a walk—My lady, will you have hold of my arm?

Lady S. No, sir Harry, I choose to go by myself.

Mer. Now love assist me!—[*Turning to the Gipsies*] Follow, and take all your cues from me—Nay but, good lady and gentleman, you won't go without remembering the poor gipsies.

Sir H. Hey! here is all the gang after us.

Gip. Pray, your noble honour.

Lady S. Come back into the garden; we shall be covered with vermin.

Gip. Out of the bowels of your commiseration.

Lady S. They press upon us more and more: yet that girl has no mind to leave them: I shall swoon away.

Sir H. Don't be frighten'd, my lady; let me advance.

A I R.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do ye mean?

I'll maul you, rascallions,

Ye tatterdemallions—

If one of them comes within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,

'Tis past all endurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away.

They're liars and thieves;

And he that believes

Their foolish predictions,

Will find them but fictions,

A bubble that always deceives. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter FANNY and Gipsies.

Fan. Oh! mercy, dear—The gentleman is so bold, 'tis well if he does not bring us into trouble. Who knows but this may be a justice of peace?—And see, he's following them into the garden!

1 Gip. Well, 'tis all your seeking, Fan.

Fan. We shall have warrants to take us up, I'll be hang'd else. We had better run away; the servants will come out with sticks to lick ¹⁾ us.

Re-enter MERVIN, with Gipsies.

Mer. Cursed ill fortune—She's gone; and perhaps I shall not have another opportunity—And you, ye blundering blockhead, I won't give you a halfpenny—Why did not you clap to the garden door when I called to you, before the young lady got in? The key was on the outside, which would have given me some time for an explanation.

2 Gip. An please your honour, I was dubious ²⁾.

Mer. Dubus! plague choke ye—However, it is some satisfaction that I have been able to let her see me, and know where I am. [*Turning to the Gipsies*]—Go, get you gone, all of you, about your business.

[*Exeunt Gipsies.*]

Theo. [*Appears in the Pavilion*] Disappeared, fled!—Oh, how unlucky this is! Could he not have patience to wait a moment?

Mer. I know not what to resolve on.

Theo. Hem!

Mer. I'll go back to the garden-door.

Theo. Mr. Mervin!

Mer. What do I see?—'Tis she, 'tis she

¹⁾ To beat us.

²⁾ Dubious.

herself!—Oh, Theodosia!—Shall I climb the wall and come up to you?

Theo. No; speak softly: sir Harry and my lady sit below, at the end of the walk.—How much am I obliged to you for taking this trouble!

Mer. When their happiness is at stake, what is it men will not attempt?—Say but you love me then.

Theo. What proof would you have me give you?—I know but of one: if you please, I am willing to go off with you.

Mer. Are you?—Would to heaven I had brought a carriage!

Theo. How did you come?—Have you not horses?

Mer. No; there's another misfortune.—To avoid suspicion, there being but one little public-house in the village, I dispatched my servant with them about an hour ago, to wait for me at a town twelve miles distant, whither I pretended to go; but alighting a mile off, I equipp'd myself and came back as you see: neither can we, nearer than this town, get a post-chaise.

Theo. You say you have made a confidant of the miller's son:—return to your place of rendezvous.—My father has been asked this moment, by lord Aimworth, who is in the garden, to take a walk with him down to the mill: they will go before dinner; and it shall be hard if I cannot contrive to be one of the company.

Mer. And what then?

Theo. Why, in the mean time, you may devise some method to carry me from hence; and I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of communicating it to me.

Mer. Well, but dear Theodosia—

DUETT.—THEODOSIA and MERVIN.

Hist, hist! I hear my mother call—

Prythee be gone;

We'll meet anon;

Catch this and this—

Blow me a kiss,

In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

Farewell!—and yet a moment stay:

Something beside I had to say:

Vell, 'tis forgot;

No matter what—

Love grant us grace;

The mill's the place:

She calls again. I must away.

Fan. Please your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow travellers for their trouble: and they think I have gotten the money.

Mer. Oh, here; give them this—[*Gives her Money*] And for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me so cleverly through my business, that I must—

Fan. Oh, Lord!—your honour—[*Mervin kisses her*] Pray don't—kiss me again.

Mer. Again and again.—There's a thought come into my head.—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only, we may escape to-night.—This girl, for a little money, will provide us with necessaries. [*Aside.*]

Fan. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat: why would you

royster and tuzzle one so?—If Ralph was to see you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mer. Hang Ralph! Never mind him.—There's a guinea for thee.

Fan. VVhat, a golden guinea?—

Mer. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I desire thee, thou shalt have twenty.

Fan. Ay, but not all gold.

Mer. As good as that is.

Fan. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mer. You shall.

Fan. Precious heart! He's a sweet gentleman—Icod, I have a great mind—

Mer. VVhat art thou thinking about?

Fan. Thinking, your honour?—Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Indeed, so merry.

Fan. I don't know what I am thinking about, not I—Ha, ha, ha?—Twenty guineas!

Mer. I tell thee thou shalt have them.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mer. By heaven, I am serious.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha!—VVhy then I'll do whatever your honour pleases.

Mer. Stay here a little, to see that all keeps quiet: you'll find me presently at the mill, where we'll talk further.

A I R.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine,

I must, I will possess thee:

Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee!

To kiss and call thee mine!

Let me this only bliss enjoy;

That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy:

All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally;

Stand shilly-shally:

Let fortune smile or frown?

Love will attend us;

Love will befriend us;

And all our wishes crown.

[*Exit.*]

Enter RALPH.

Fan. VVhat a dear, kind soul he is!—Here comes Ralph—I can tell him, unless he makes me his lawful wife, as he has often said he would, the devil a word more shall he speak to me.

Ralph. So, Fan, where's the gentleman?

Fan. How should I know where he is? VVhat do you ask me for?

Ralph. There's no harm in putting a civil question, be there? VVhy you look as cross and ill-natured—

Fan. VVell, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have wherewithal for it.

Ralph. VVhy, has the gentleman offered any thing uncivil? Ecod, I'd try a bout¹⁾ as soon as look at him.

Fan. He offer!—no—he's a gentleman every inch of him: but you are sensible, Ralph, you have been promising me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other; and, when all comes to all, I don't see but you are like the rest of them.

Ralph. VVhy, what is it I have promised?

Fan. To marry me in the church, you have a hundred times.

Ralph. VVell, and mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fan. Patience me no patience; you may do it now, if you please.

¹⁾ I'll fight with him.

Ralph. Well, but suppose I don't please? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger endw from seyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I said, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fan. With all my heart then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourself.

Ralph. Ay, ay.

Fan. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ralph. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to that?

Fan. A menial feller¹⁾—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my shoes—seller.

Ralph. Nay but, Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head: odds flesh! I would fain know what fly bites all of a sudden now.

Fan. Marry come up, the best gentlemen's sons in the country have made me proffers! and if one is a miss, be a miss to a gentleman, I say, that will give one fine clothes, and take one to see the show, and put money in one's pocket.

Ralph. Wbu, wbu — [*Fanny hits him a Slap*] What's that for?

Fan. What do you whistle for then? Do you think I am a dog?

Ralph. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this switch in my hand here, as good a lacing²⁾—

Fan. Touch me, if you dare: touch me, and I'll swear my life against you.

Ralph. A murrain! with her damn'd little fist as hard as she could draw.

Fan. Well, it's good enough for you: I'm not necessitated to take up with the impudence of such a lowliv'd monkey as you are. — A gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good as this is.

Ralph. Belike from this Londoner, eh?

Fan. Yes, from him—so you may take your promise of marriage; I don't value it that—*[Spits]* and if you speak to me, I'll slap your chops again.

A I R.

Lord, sir, you seem mighty uneasy;

But I the refusal can bear:

I warrant I shall not run crazy,

Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken;

For, sir, for to let you to know,

I'm not such a maiden forsaken,

But I have two strings to my bow. *[Exit.]*

Ralph. Indeed! Now I'll be judg'd by any soul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here: a couple of base, deceitful—after all my love and kindness shown. Well, I'll be revenged; see an I ben't—Master Marvint, that's his name, an he do not sham it: he has come here and disguised unself; whereof 'tis contrary to law

1) Fellow.—The common people of England have an idea that this word means a thief, (the word *felon* being probably pronounced in the french manner, might have given rise to this idea) and consequently will have it qualified by some well-meaning adjective, when it is used to them, or else they always take it ill. We can say a good, young, fine, or handsome fellow, but we must be careful of saying the word fellow, alone.

2) Beating.

so to do: besides, I do partly know why he did it; and I'll fish out the whole conjuration, and go up to the castle and tell every syllable: a shan't carry a wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is, and twenty times to that again; and moreover than so, the first time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho't 'twas before my lord himself; and he may capias me for it afterwards an he wull.

A I R.

As they count me such a ninny,

So to let them rule the roast;

I'll bet any one a guinea,

They have scord'd without their host.

But if I don't show them, in lieu of it,

A trick that's fairly worth two of it,

Then let me pass for a fool and an ass.

To be sure yon sly cajoler

Thought the work as good as done,

When he found the little stroller

Was so easy to be won.

But if I don't show him, in lieu of it,

A trick that's fairly worth two of it,

Then let me pass for a fool or an ass. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Mill; two Chairs, with a Table and a Tankard of Beer.*

Enter FAIRFIELD and GILES.

Fair. In short, farmer, I don't know what to say to thee. I have spoken to her all I can; but I think children were born to pull the grey hairs of their parents to the grave with sorrow.

Giles. Nay, master Fairfield, don't take on about it: belike miss Pat has another love; and if so, in heaven's name be't: what's one man's meat, as the saying is, is another man's poison; tho' some might find me well enough to their fancy, set in case I don't suit her's, why there's no harm done.

Fair. Well but, neighbour, I have put that to her; and the story is, she has no inclination to marry any one; all she desires is, to stay at home and take care of me.

Giles. Master Fairfield—here's towards your good health.

Fair. Thank thee, friend Giles—and here's towards thine. — I promise thee, had things gone as we proposed, thou shouldst have had one half of what I was worth, to the uttermost farthing.

Giles. Why to be sure, master Fairfield, I am not the less obligated to your good will; but, as to that matter, had I married, it should not have been for the lucre of gain; but if I do like a girl, do you see, I do like her; ay, and I'll take her, saving respect, if she had not a second petticoat.

Fair. Well said—where love is, with a little industry, what have a young couple to be afraid of? And, by the lord Harry, for all that's past, I cannot help thinking we shall bring our matters to bear yet—young women, you know, friend Giles—

Giles. Why, that's what I have been thinking with myself, master Fairfield.

Fair. Come, then, mend thy draught—Deuce take me if I let it drop so—But, in any case, don't you go to make yourself uneasy.

Giles. Uneasy, master Fairfield; what good

would that do?—For sartin, seeing how things were, I should have been very glad had they gone accordingly: but if they change, 'tis no fault of mine, you know.

A I R.

Zooks! why should I sit down and grieve?

No case so hard, there mayn't be had
Some med'cine to relieve.

Here's what masters all disasters:

With a cup of nut-brown beer,
Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer:
If one pretty damsel fail me,
From another I may find
Return more kind;

What a murrain then should ail me!

All girls are not of a mind.

He's a child that whimpers for a toy;

So here's to thee, honest boy. [Exit.

Enter LORD AIMWORTH.

Fair. O the goodness, his lordship's honour—you are come into a litter'd place, my noble sir—the arm-chair—will it please your honour to repose you on this, till a better—

Lord A. Thank you, miller, there's no occasion for either.—I only want to speak a few words to you, and have company waiting for me without.

Fair. Without—wou'd their honours favour my poor hovel so far—

Lord A. No, miller, let them stay where they are.—I find you are about marrying your daughter—I know the great regard my mother had for her; and am satisfied that nothing but her sudden death could have prevented her leaving her a handsome provision.

Fair. Dear, my lord, your noble mother, you, and all your family, have heaped favours on favours on my poor child.

Lord A. Whatever has been done for her she has fully merited—

Fair. Why, to be sure, my lord, she is a very good girl.

Lord A. Poor old man—but those are tears of satisfaction.—Here, master Fairfield, to bring matters to a short conclusion, here is a bill of a thousand pounds.—Portion your daughter with what you think convenient of it.

Fair. A thousand pounds, my lord! Pray excuse me; excuse me, worthy sir; too much has been done already, and we have no pretensions—

Lord A. I insist upon your taking it.—Put it up, and say no more.

Fair. Well, my lord, if it must be so: but indeed, indeed—

Lord A. In this I only fulfil what I am satisfied would please my mother. As to myself, I shall take upon me all the expenses of Patty's wedding, and have already given orders about it.

Fair. Alas, sir, you are too good, too generous; but I fear we shall not be able to profit of your kind intentions, unless you will condescend to speak a little to Patty.

Lord A. How speak!

Fair. Why, my lord, I thought we had pretty well ordered all things concerning this marriage; but all on a sudden the girl has taken it into her head not to have the farmer,

and declares she will never marry at all.—But I know, my lord, she'll pay great respect to any thing you say; and if you'll but lay your commands on her to marry him, I'm sure she'll do it.

Lord A. VVho, I lay my commands on her?

Fair. Yes, pray, my lord, do; I'll send her in to you, and I humbly beg you will tell her, you insist upon the match going forward; tell her, you insist upon it, my lord, and speak a little angrily to her. [Exit.

Lord A. Master Fairfield! VVhat can be the meaning of this?—Refuse to marry the farmer! How, why?—My heart is thrown in an agitation; while every step I take serves but to lead me into new perplexities.

Enter PATTY.

I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our conversation this morning, to render your change of state as agreeable and happy as I could: but your father tells me you have fallen out with the farmer; has any thing happened since I saw you last to alter your good opinion of him?

Pat. No, my lord, I am in the same opinion with regard to the farmer now as I always was.

Lord A. I thought, Patty, you loved him; you told me—

Pat. My lord!

Lord A. VVell, no matter—It seems I have been mistaken in that particular—Possibly your affections are engaged elsewhere: let me but know the man that can make you happy, and I swear—

Pat. Indeed, my lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

Lord A. Perhaps, Patty, you love somebody so much beneath you, you are ashamed to own it; but your esteem confers a value where-soever it is placed: I was too harsh with you this morning: our inclinations are not in our own power; they master the wisest of us.

Pat. Pray, pray, my lord, talk not to me in this style: consider me as one destined by birth and fortune to the meanest condition and offices. Let me conquer a heart, where pride and vanity have usurped an improper rule; and learn to know myself.

Lord A. Or possibly, Patty, you love some one so much above you, you are afraid to own it—If so, be his rank what it will, he is to be envied: for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and sentiment, does honour to a monarch.—VWhat means that downcast look, those tears, those blushes? Dare you not confide in me?—Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would sympathize with you more sincerely than I?

Pat. VVhat shall I answer? [Aside]—No, my lord; you have ever treated me with a kindness, a generosity of which none but minds like yours are capable: you have been my instructor, my adviser, my protector: but, my lord, you have been too good: when our superiors forget the distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too: had you been less condescending, perhaps I had been happier.

Lord A. And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy; I, who would sacrifice my own felicity to secure yours?

Pat. I beg, my lord, you will suffer me to be gone: only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

Lord A. How unworthy?—You merit every thing; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love!—Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your modesty, your understanding, has made a conquest of my heart. But what a world do we live in! that while I own this, while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches.

Pat. Ah, sir, think better of the creature you have raised, than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? I am unfortunate, my lord, but not criminal.

Lord A. Patty, we are both unfortunate: for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself.

Pat. Then, my lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought; yet while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction, or capable of lightly turning my thoughts towards another.

Lord A. How cruel is my situation!—I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

Pat. My lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety it should be so: I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother, but I shall be able to do my duty, wherever I am called to it: this will be my first support; time and reflection will complete the work.

A I R.

Cease, oh, cease to overwhelm me
With excess of bounty rare;
What am I? What have I? tell me,
To deserve your meanest care?
'Gainst our fate in vain's resistance,
Let me then no grief disclose;
But, resign'd at humble distance,
Offer vows for your repose. [Exit.]

Enter SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA, and GILES.

Sir H. No justice of peace, no bailiffs, no head-borough!

Lord A. What's the matter, sir Harry?

Sir H. The matter, my lord—While I was examining the construction of the mill without, for I have some small notion of mechanics, miss Sycamore had like to have been run away with by a gipsy man.

Theo. Dear papa, how can you talk so? Did not I tell you it was at my own desire the poor fellow went to show me the canal?

Sir H. Hold your tongue, miss. I don't know any business you had to let him come near you at all: we have stayed so long too: your mamma gave us but half an hour, and she'll be frightened out of her wits—she'll think some accident has happened to me.

Lord A. I'll wait upon you when you please.

Sir H. O! but, my lord, here's a poor fellow; it seems his mistress has conceived some disgust against him; pray has her father spoke to you to interpose your authority in his behalf?

Giles. If his lordship's honour would be so kind, I would acknowledge the favour as far as in me lay.

Sir H. Let me speak—[Takes Lord Aimworth aside] a word or two, in your lordship's ear.

Theo. Well, I do like this gipsy scheme prodigiously, if we can but put it into execution as happily as we have contrived it.

Re-enter PATTY.

So, my dear Patty, you see I am come to return your visit very soon; but this is only a call en passant—will you be at home after dinner?

Pat. Certainly, madam, whenever you condescend to honour me so far: but it is what I cannot expect.

Theo. O fie, why not—

Giles. Your servant, miss Patty.

Pat. Farmer, your servant.

Sir H. Here, your goodman deliver, I have done your business; my lord has spoke, and your fortune's made: a thousand pounds at present, and better things to come; his lordship says he will be your friend.

Giles. I do hope, then, miss Pat will make all up.

Sir H. Miss Pat, make up; stand out of the way, I'll make it up.

QUINTETTO.—SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, LORD AIMWORTH, PATTY, GILES, and THEODOSIA.

Sir H. The quarrels of lovers, adds me! they're a jest;

Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither,

So now let us leave them together.

Lord A. Farewell, then!

Pat. For ever!

Giles. I vow and protest,

'Twas kind of his honour,
To gain thus upon her;
We're so much beholden it can't be exprest.

Theo. I feel something here,
'Twixt hoping and fear:
Haste, haste, friendly night,
To shelter our flight—

Lord A. } A thousand distractions are rend-
Pat. } ing my breast.

Pat. Oh mercy,

Giles. Oh dear!

Sir H. Why, miss, will you mind when you're spoke to, or not? Must I stand in waiting, While you're here a prating?

Lord A. } May ev'ry felicity fall to your lot!
Theo. }

Giles. She court'sies!—Look there,
What a shape, what an air!—
All. How happy! how wretched! how
tired am I!

Your lordship's obedient; your servant; good by. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Portico to LORD AIMWORTH'S House.

Enter LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, and LADY SYCAMORE.

Lady S. A wretch! a vile inconsiderate

wretch! coming of such a race as mine; and having an example like me before her!

Lord A. I beg, madam, you will not disquiet yourself: you are told here, that a gentleman lately arrived from London has been about the place to-day; that he has disguised himself like a gipsy, came hither, and had some conversation with your daughter; you are even told, that there is a design formed for their going off together; but possibly there may be some mistake in all this.

Sir H. Ay but, my lord, the lad tells us the gentleman's name: we have seen the gipsies; and we know she has had a hankering—

Lady S. Sir Harry, my dear, why will you put in your word, when you hear others speaking—I protest, my lord, I'm in such confusion, I know not what to say: I can hardly support myself.—

Lord A. This gentleman, it seems, is at a little inn at the bottom of the hill.

Sir H. I wish it was possible to have a file of musketeers, my lord; I could head them myself, being in the militia; and we would go and seize him directly.

Lord A. Softly, my dear sir; let us proceed with a little less violence in this matter, I beseech you. We should first see the young lady—Where is miss Sycamore, madam?

Lady S. Really, my lord, I don't know; I saw her go into the garden about a quarter of an hour ago, from our chamber window.

Sir H. Into the garden! perhaps she has got an inkling of our being informed of this affair, and is gone to throw herself into the pond. Despair, my lord, makes girls do terrible things. 'Twas but the Wednesday before we left London, that I saw, taken out of Rosamond's-pond, in St. James's Park, as likely a young woman as ever you would desire to set your eyes on, in a new callimancoe petticoat, and a pair of silver buckles in her shoes.

Lord A. I hope there is no danger of any such fatal accident happening at present; but will you oblige me, sir Harry?

Sir H. Surely, my lord—

Lord A. Will you commit the whole direction of this affair to my prudence?

Sir H. My dear, you hear what his lordship says.

Lady S. Indeed, my lord, I am so much ashamed, I don't know what to answer; the fault of my daughter—

Lord A. Don't mention it, madam; the fault has been mine, who have been innocently the occasion of a young lady's transgressing a point of duty and decorum, which otherwise she would never have violated. But if you, and sir Harry, will walk in and repose yourselves, I hope to settle every thing to the general satisfaction.

Lady S. Come in, sir Harry.

Lord A. I am sure, my good friend, had I known that I was doing a violence to miss Sycamore's inclinations, in the happiness I proposed to myself—

Sir H. My lord, 'tis all a case—My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a very sensible man—he was elected knight of the shire in five successive parliaments, and died high sheriff of his county—a man of fine parts, fine talents, and one of the most curious dock-

of horses in all England (but that he did only now and then for his amusement)—And he used to say, my lord, that the female sex were good for nothing but to bring forth children, and breed disturbances.

Lord A. The ladies were very little obliged to your ancestor, sir Harry: but for my part, I have a more favourable opinion—

Lady S. [Within] Sir Harry! Sir Harry!

Sir H. You are in the wrong, my lord: with submission, you are really in the wrong. [Exit.]

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Lord A. How now, master Fairfield, what brings you here?

Fair. I am come, my lord, to thank you for your bounty to me and my daughter this morning, and most humbly to entreat your lordship to receive it at our hands again.

Lord A. Ay—why, what's the matter?

Fair. I don't know, my lord: it seems your generosity to my poor girl has been noised about the neighbourhood; and some evil-minded people have put it into the young man's head that was to marry her, that you never would have made her a present so much above her deserts and expectations, if it had not been upon some naughty account: now, my lord, I am a poor man 'tis true, and a mean one; but I and my father, and my father's father, have lived tenants upon your lordship's estate, where we have always been known for honest men; and it shall never be said, that Fairfield, the miller, became rich in his old days, by the wages of his child's shame.

Lord A. What then, master Fairfield, do you believe—

Fair. No, my lord, no, heaven forbid: but when I consider the sum, it is too much for us; it is indeed, my lord, and enough to make bad folks talk: besides, my poor girl is greatly alter'd; she us'd to be the life of every place she came into; but since her being at home, I have seen nothing from her but sadness and watery eyes.

Lord A. The farmer then refuses to marry Patty, notwithstanding their late reconciliation?

Fair. Yes, my lord, he does indeed; and has made a wicked noise, and used us in a very base manner: I did not think farmer Giles would have been so ready to believe such a thing of us.

Lord A. Well, master Fairfield, I will not press on you a donation, the rejection of which does you so much credit; you may take my word, however, that your fears upon this occasion are entirely groundless: but this is not enough; as I have been the means of losing your daughter one husband, it is but just I should get her another; and, since the farmer is so scrupulous, there is a young man in the house here, whom I have some influence over, and I dare say he will be less squeamish.

Fair. To be sure, my lord, you have, in all honest ways, a right to dispose of me and mine as you think proper.

Lord A. Go then immediately, and bring Patty hither; I shall not be easy till I have given you entire satisfaction. But, stay and take a letter, which I am stepping into my study to write: I'll order a chaise to be got

ready, that you may go back and forward with greater expedition. [*Exit Fairfield.*]

A I R.

Let me fly—hence, tyrant fashion!
Teach to servile minds your law;
Curb in them each gen'rous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.
Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart;
While it beats, all fervent, glowing?
With my life I'll sooner part.

SCENE II.—*A Village.*

Enter RALPH, FANNY following.

Fan. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What do you want with me, eh?

Fan. Lord, I never knowed such a man as you are, since I com'd into the world; a body can't speak to you, but you falls straightways into a passion: I followed you up from the house, only you run so, there was no such a thing as overtaking you, and I have been waiting there at the back door ever so long.

Ralph. Well, and now you may go and wait at the fore door, if you like it: but I forewarn you and your gang not to keep lurking about our mill any longer; for if you do, I'll send the constable after you, and have you, every mother's skin, clapt into the county gaol: you are such a pack of thieves, one can't hang so much as a rag to dry for you: it was but the other day that a couple of them came into our kitchen to beg a handful of dirty flour, to make them cakes, and before the wench could turn about, they had whipped off three brass candlesticks and a pot-lid.

Fan. Well, sure it was not I.

Ralph. Then you know, that old rascal that you call father, the last time I catch'd him laying snares for the hares, I told him I'd inform the gamekeeper, and I'll expose all—

Fan. Ah, dear Ralph, don't be angry with me.

Ralph. Yes, I will be angry with you—what do you come nigh me for?—You shan't touch me—There's the skirt of my coat, and if you do but lay a finger on it, my lord's bailiff is here in the court, and I'll call him and give you to him.

Fan. If you'll forgive me, I'll go down on my knees.

Ralph. I tell you I won't—No, no, follow your gentleman; or go live upon your old fare, crows and polecats, and sheep that die of the rot; pick the dead fowl off the dung-hills, and quench your thirst at the next ditch, 'tis the fittest liquor to wash down such dainties—skulking about from barn to barn, and lying upon wet straw, on commons, and in green lanes—go and be whipt from parish to parish, as you used to be.

Fan. How can you talk so unkind?

Ralph. And see whether you will get what will keep you as I did, by telling of fortunes, and coming with pillows under your apron, among the young farmers wives, to make believe you are a breeding, with the Lord Almighty bless you, sweet mistress, you cannot tell how soon it may be your own case. You know I am acquainted with all your tricks—and how you turn up the whites of your eyes,

pretending you were struck blind by thunder and lightning.

Fan. Pray don't be angry, Ralph.

Ralph. Yes, but I will though: spread your cobwebs to catch flies; I am an old wasp, and don't value them a button.

A I R.

When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature;
Full of kindness and good nature,
Prove as kind again to she:
Happy mortal to possess her!
In your bosom warm and press her;
Morning, noon, and night caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's frow-ard,
Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the wit:
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit. [*Exit*]

Fan. I wish I had a draught of water. I don't know what's come over me; I have no more strength than a babe: a straw would sling me down.—He has a heart as hard as any parish officer; I don't doubt now but he would stand by and see me whipt himself; and we shall all be whipt, and all through my means—The devil run away with the gentleman, and his twenty guineas too, for leading me astray: if I had known Ralph would have taken it so, I would have hanged myself before I would have said a word—but I thought he had no more gall than a pigeon.

A I R.

O! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack,
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue through spite—
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SCENE III.—*A Room in FAIRFIELD'S House.*

Enter GILES, followed by PATTY and THEODOSIA.

Giles. Why, what the plague's the matter with you? What do you scold at me for? I am sure I did not say an uncivil word as I do know of: I'll be judged by the young lady if I did.

Pat. 'Tis very well, farmer; all I desire is, that you will leave the house: you see my father is not at home at present; when he is, if you have any thing to say, you know where to come.

Giles. Enough said; I don't want to stay in the house, not I; and I don't much care if I had never come into it.

Theo. For shame, farmer! Down on your knees, and beg miss Fairfield's pardon for the outrage you have been guilty of.

Giles. Beg pardon, miss, for what?—Icod,

that's well enough; why I am my own master, ben't I?—If I have no mind to marry, there's no harm in that, I hope: 'tis only changing hands.—This morning she would not have me, and now I won't have she.

Pat. Have you!—Heavens and earth! I would prefer a state of beggary a thousand times beyond any thing I could enjoy with you: and be assured, if ever I was seemingly consenting to such a sacrifice, nothing should have compelled me to it but the cruelty of my situation.

Giles. O, as for that I believes you; but you see the gudgeon would not bite, as I told you a bit ago, you know: we farmers never love to reap what we don't sow.

Pat. You brutish fellow, how dare you talk—

Giles. So, now she's in her tantrums agin, and all for no manner of yearthly thing.

Pat. But be assured my lord will punish you severely for daring to make free with his name.

Giles. Who made free with it? Did I ever mention my lord? 'Tis a cursed lie.

Theo. Bless me, farmer!

Giles. Why it is, miss—and I'll make her prove her words—Then what does she mean by being punished? I am not afraid of nobody, nor beholding to nobody, that I know of; while I pays my rent, my money, I believe, is as good as another's:¹⁾ 'egad, if it goes there, I think there be those deserve to be punished more than I.

Pat. Was there ever so unfortunate a creature, pursued as I am by distresses and vexations?

Theo. My dear Patty—See, farmer, you have thrown her into tears.

Giles. Why then let her cry.

Theo. Pray be comforted.

AIR.—PATTY.

Oh leave me, in pity! The falsehood I scorn;
For slander the bosom untainted defies:

But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
Though offer'd by wretches we've sense to

despise. [*Exit Theodosia.*]
Of woman defenceless how cruel the fate!

Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
Ill nature and envy lurk always in wait,

And innocence falls to their fury a prey.
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter THEODOSIA, with MERVIN.

Theo. You are a pretty gentleman, are not you? to suffer a lady to be at a rendezvous before you?

Mer. Difficulties, my dear, and dangers—None of the company had two suits of apparel; so I was obliged to purchase a rag of one, and a tatter from another, at the expense of ten times the sum they would fetch at the paper-mill.

Theo. Well, where are they?

Mer. Here, in this bundle—and though I say it, a very decent habiliment, if you have art enough to stick the parts together: I've been watching till the coast was clear to bring them to you.

Theo. Let me see—I'll slip into this closet

and equip myself—All here is in such confusion, there will no notice be taken.

Mer. Do so; I'll take care nobody shall interrupt you in the progress of your metamorphosis [*She goes in*—and if you are not tedious, we may walk off without being seen by any one.

Theo. [*Within*] Ha, ha, ha!—What a course of atoms are here! though, as I live, they are a great deal better than I expected.

Mer. Well, pray make haste; and don't imagine yourself at your toilette now, where mode prescribes two hours for what reason would scarce allow three minutes.

Theo. Have patience; the outward garment is on already; and I'll assure you a very good stuff, only a little the worse for the mending.

Mer. Imagine it embroidery, and consider it is your wedding-suit.—Come, how far have you got?

Theo. Stay; you don't consider there's some contrivance necessary.—Here goes the apron, flounced and furbelow'd with a witness—Alas! alas! it has no strings! what shall I do? Come, no matter; a couple of pins will serve—And now the cap—oh, mercy! here's a hole in the crown of it large enough to thrust my head through.

Mer. That you'll hide with your straw hat; or if you should not—What, not ready yet?

Theo. One minute more—Yes, now the work's accomplish'd.

[*She comes out of the Closet disguised.*]

Re-enter GILES, with FAIRFIELD.

Mer. Plague, here's somebody coming.

[*Retires with Theodosia.*]

Fair. As to the past, farmer, 'tis past; I bear no malice for any thing thou hast said.

Giles. Why, master Fairfield, you do know I had a great regard for miss Patty; but when I came to consider all in all, I finds as how it is not advisable to change my condition yet awhile.

Fair. Friend Giles, thou art in the right; marriage is a serious point, and can't be considered too warily.—Ha, who have we here?—Shall I never keep my house clear of these vermin?—Look to the goods there, and give me a horsewhip—by the lord Harry, I'll make an example—Come here, lady Lightfingers, let me see what thou hast stolen.

Mer. Hold, miller, hold!

Fair. O gracious goodness! sure I know this face—miss—young madam Sycamore—Mercy heart, here's a disguise!

Theo. Discover'd!

Mer. Miller, let me speak to you.

Theo. What ill fortune is this!

Giles. Ill fortune—miss! I think there be nothing but crosses and misfortunes of one kind or other.

Fair. Money to me, sir! not for the world; you want no friends but what you have already—Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, see how luckily I came in; I believe you are the gentleman to whom I am charged to give this, on the part of my lord Aimworth—Bless you, dear sir, go up to his honour with my young lady—there is a chaise waiting at the door to carry you—I and my daughter will take another way.
[*Exit.*]

¹⁾ Symptoms of English liberty.

Mer. Pr'ythee read this letter, and tell me what you think of it.

Theo. Heavens, 'tis a letter from lord Aimworth! We are betrayed.

Mer. By what means I know not.

Theo. I am so frightened and flurried, that I have scarce strength enough to read it. [*Reads.*]

Sir.—*It is with the greatest concern I find that I have been unhappily the occasion of giving some uneasiness to you and miss Sycamore: be assur'd, had I been apprised of your prior pretensions, and the young lady's disposition in your favour, I should have been the last person to interrupt your felicity. I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to come up to my house, where I have already so far settled matters, as to be able to assure you, that every thing will go entirely to your satisfaction.*

Mer. Well, what do you think of it?—Shall we go to the castle?

Theo. By all means: and in this very trim; to show what we are capable of doing, if my father and mother had not come to reason.

[*Exeunt Mervin and Theodosia.*]

Giles. So, there goes a couple! Icod, I believe old Nick has got among the people in these parts. This is as queer a thing as ever I heard of.—Master Fairfield and miss Patty, it seems, are gone to the castle too; where, by what I larns from Ralph in the mill, my lord has promised to get her a husband among the servants. Now set in case the wind sets in that corner, I have been thinking with myself who the plague it can be: there are no unmarried men in the family, that I do know of, excepting little Bob, the postillion, and master Jonathan, the bulter, and he's a matter of sixty or seventy years old. I'll be shot if it beant little Bob.—Icod, I'll take the way to the castle as well as the rest; for I'd fain see how the nail do drive. It is well I had wit enough to discern things, and a friend to advise with, or else she would have fallen to my lot.—But I have got a surfeit of going a courting; and burn me if I won't live a bachelor; for when all comes to all, I see nothing but ill blood and quarrels among folk that are maari'd.

AIR.

Then hey for a frolicsome life!

I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;

Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,

And never think more of a wife.

Plague on it, men are but asses,

To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buck'd;

'Twould have provid'd a fine affair:

Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold;

And boys, pointing, cry'd—Look there!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A grand Apartment in LORD AIMWORTH'S House, opening to a View of the Garden.*

Enter LORD AIMWORTH, FAIRFIELD, PATTY, and RALPH.

Lord A. Thus, master Fairfield, I hope I have fully satisfied you with regard to the falsity of the imputation thrown upon your daughter and me—

Fair. My lord, I am very well content; pray do not give yourself the trouble of saying any more.

Ralph. No, my lord, you need not say any more.

Fair. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

Lord A. I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

Pat. I am sorry, my lord, you have been troubled about it.

Fair. Well, come, children, we will not take up his honour's time any longer; let us be going towards home—Heaven prosper your lordship; the prayers of me and my family shall always attend you.

Lord A. Miller, come back—Patty, stay—

Fair. Has your lordship any thing further to command us?

Lord A. Why yes, master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you.—In short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that, since I had been the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

Fair. Your honour is to do as you please.

Lord A. What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my choosing?

Pat. My lord, I have no determination; you are the best judge how I ought to act; whatever you command, I shall obey.

Lord A. Then, Patty, there is but one person I can offer you—and I wish, for your sake, he was more deserving.—Take me—

Pat. Sir!

Lord A. From this moment our interests are one, as our hearts; and no earthly power shall ever divide us.

Fair. O the gracious! Patty—my lord—Did I hear right?—You, sir, you marry a child of mine!

Lord A. Yes, my honest old man, in me you behold the husband designed for your daughter; and I am happy, that by standing in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I shall be able to set her merit in a light where its lustre will be rendered conspicuous.

Fair. But good, noble sir, pray consider, don't go to put upon¹⁾ a silly old man: my daughter is unworthy—Patty, child, why don't you speak?

Pat. What can I say, father? what answer to such unlook'd-for, such unmerited, such unbounded generosity?

Ralph. Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

[*Ralph is checked by Fairfield, and they go up the Stage.*]

Pat. Yes, sir, as my father says, consider—your noble friends, your relations—it must not, cannot be—

Lord A. It must and shall—Friends! relations! from henceforth I have none, that will not acknowledge you; and I am sure, when they become acquainted with your perfections, they will rather admire the justice of my choice, than wonder at its singularity.

DUETT.—LORD AIMWORTH and PATTY.

Lord A. My life, my joy, my blessing,

1) To take advantage, to deceive.

In thee each grace possessing
All must my choice approve.

Pat. To you my all is owing;
O! take a heart o'erflowing
With gratitude and love.

Lord A. Thus infolding,
Thus beholding,

Both. One to my soul so dear;
Can there be pleasure greater?
Can there be bliss completer?
'Tis too much to bear.

Enter SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA, and MERVIN.

Sir H. Well, we have followed your lordship's counsel, and made the best of a bad market—So, my lord, please to know our son-in-law that is to be.

Lord A. You do me a great deal of honour—I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart.—And now, sir Harry, give me leave to introduce to you a new relation of mine—This, sir, is shortly to be my wife.

Sir H. My lord!

Lady S. Your lordship's wife!

Lord A. Yes, madam.

Lady S. And why so, my lord?

Lord A. Why, faith, ma'am, because I can't live happy without her—And I think she has too many amiable, too many estimable qualities to meet with a worse fate.

Sir H. Well, but you are a peer of the realm; you will have all the fleerers—

Lord A. I know very well the ridicule that may be thrown on a lord's marrying a miller's daughter; and I own with blushes it has for some time had too great weight with me: but we should marry to please ourselves, not other people; and, on mature consideration, I can see no reproach justly merited by raising a deserving woman to a station she is capable of adorning, let her birth be what it will.

Sir H. Why 'tis very true, my lord. I once knew a gentleman that married his cook-maid: he was a relation of my own—You remember fat Margery, my lady. She was a very good sort of woman, indeed she was, and made the best suet dumplings I ever tasted.

Lady S. Will you never learn, sir Harry, to guard your expressions?—Well, but give me leave, my lord, to say a word to you.—There are other ill consequences attending such an alliance.

Lord A. One of them I suppose is, that I, a peer, should be obliged to call this good old miller father-in-law. But where's the shame in that? He is as good as any lord in being a man; and if we dare suppose a lord that is not an honest man, he is, in my opinion, the more respectable character. Come, master Fairfield, give me your hand; from henceforth you have done with working: we will pull down your mill, and build you a house in the place of it; and the money I intended for the portion of your daughter, shall now be laid out in purchasing a commission for your son.

Ralph. What, my lord, will you make me a captain?

Lord A. Ay, a colonel, if you deserve it.

Ralph. Then I'll keep Fan.

Enter GILES.

Giles. Ods bobs, where am I running—I beg pardon for my audacity.

Ralph. Hip, farmer; come back, mon, come back—Sure my lord's going to marry sister himself, seyther's to have a fine house, and I'm to be a captain.

Lord A. Ho, master Giles, pray walk in; here is a lady who, I dare say, will be glad to see you, and give orders that you shall always be made welcome.

Ralph. Yes, farmer, you'll always be welcome in the kitchen.

Lord A. What, have you nothing to say to your old acquaintance—Come, pray let the farmer salute you—Nay, a kiss—I insist upon it.

Sir H. Ha, ha, ha—hem!

Lady S. Sir Harry, I am ready to sink at the monstrousness of your behaviour.

Lord A. Fie, master Giles, don't look so sheepish; you and I were rivals, but not less friends at present. You have acted in this affair like an honest Englishman, we scorned even the shadow of dishonour, and thou shalt sit rent-free for a twelvemonth.

Sir H. Come, shan't we all salute—With your leave, my lord, I'll—

Lady S. Sir Harry!

FINALE.

Lord A. Yield who will to forms a martyr,
While unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions' blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter;
Women grac'd in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.
Theo. Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,
What new joys within me rise;
While mamma, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannise.

So long storms and tempests raging,
When the blustering fury dies,
Ah, how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies!
Sir H. Dad, but this is wondrous pretty,
Singing each a roundelay;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Though I scarce know what to say.

There's a daughter brisk and witty;
Here's a wife can wisely sway:
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity,
Not to let them have their way.

Pat. My example is a rare one;
But the cause may be divin'd:
Women want not merit—dare one
Hope discerning men to find.
O! may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind,
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid, and as kind.

Ralph. Captain Ralph my lord will dub me,
Soon I'll mount a huge cockade;
Mounseer shall powder, queue, and
club me,

'Gad, I'll be a roaring blade,
If Fan shall offer once to snub me,
When in scarlet all array'd;
Or my feather dare to drub me,
Frown your worst—but who's afraid?

Giles. Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,

And expos'd for folks to see't,
Tis as tho' a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.
But my wrongs go unresented,

Since the fates have thought them meet;
This good company contented,
All my wishes are complete.

[*Exeunt*]

GEORGE COLMAN JUNIOR

Is the son of the author of *The Clandestine Marriage*. With the precise time of his birth we are unacquainted; but we suppose it to have been about the year 1767. He received his early education at Mr. Fountain's academy in Marybone, at that time in high estimation. He was next sent to Westminster School, and afterwards entered at Christchurch College, Oxford; but, for what reason we know not, he finished his education at King's College, Old Aberdeen; whence he returned to London, and was entered of the Temple; with the design, it is said, to qualify him for the bar. But if so, he early in life resigned Coke and Littleton in favour of the Muses. The consciousness of literary talents, and an easy access to the public through the medium of his father's theatre, naturally directed his attention to the drama; and his parent seemed to foster his genius; as he, in the prologue to the first play of his son's, announced him as "a chip of the old block." When his father was seized with that malady which rendered him incapable of superintending the theatre, Mr. Colman evinced a most commendable filial affection, by the great attention that he paid to him and to the interests of his theatre. On the death of his father, His Majesty was pleased to transfer the patent to him; and he has discharged the duties of manager with zeal and alacrity towards the public, and liberality towards authors and actors. In private life Mr. Colman is social, convivial, and intelligent; and in the playful contentions of wit and humour, and particularly that agreeable coruscation called repartee, he may perhaps be equalled, but, we think, has rarely been excelled. In his heroic pieces, we observe a poetical vigour, a firm of language, and a cast of sentiment, that forcibly remind us of the very best of our ancient dramatic writers. In the spring of the year 1797, Mr. Colman published *My Nightgown and Slippers*, a thin quarto, consisting of some amusing poetical trifles. In prologue and epilogue, we cannot better compare Mr. Colman with any one than with the late Mr. Garrick. His compositions in this way are very abundant, and excellent in their kind.

INKLE AND YARICO,

Opera by George Colman jun. 1787. The great success of this Opera in every theatre in the Kingdom, since its first representation at the Haymarket, is justified by its real merit. The dialogue is not a collection of trite common places, to connect the music; but is replete with taste, judgment, and manly feeling; the allusions to slavery (now so nobly abolished) correspond with every British, every liberal, mind. The mal-a-propos offer of Inkle to sell his Yarico to Sir Christopher, is an admirable incident; and indeed all the characters are as forcibly drawn, that the most trifling part is effective. — The pathetic story of Inkle and Yarico first attracted sympathy, from the narrative of Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*: to that affecting story, Mr. Colman was indebted only for the cold, calculating Inkle; and the gentle, affectionate Yarico; — the rest of the characters and the development of the whole are offspring of his abundant invention.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

INKLE.	CAMPLEY.	TRUDGE.	YARICO.	WOWSKI.
SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY.	MEDIUM.	MATE.	NARCISSA.	PATTY.

SCENE.—*First, on the Main of America: afterwards, in Barbadoes.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An American forest.*

Med. [*Without*] HILL! ho! ho!

Trudge. [*Without*] Hip! hollo! ho!—Hip!

Enter MEDIUM and TRUDGE.

Med. Pshaw! it's only wasting time and breath. Bawling won't persuade him to budge a bit faster. Things are all altered now; and, whatever weight it may have in some places, bawling, it seems, don't go for argument, here. Plague on't! we are now in the wilds of America.

Trudge. Hip, hillio—ho—hi!

Med. Hold your tongue, you blockhead, or—

Trudge. Lord! sir, if my master makes no more haste, we shall all be put to sword by the knives of the natives. I'm told they take off heads like hats, and hang 'em on pegs in their parlours. Mercy on us! my head aches with the very thoughts of it. Holo! Mr. Inkle! master; holo!

Med. Head aches! sounds, so does mine with your confounded bawling. It's enough

to bring all the natives about us; and we shall be stripped and plundered in a minute.

Trudge. Aye; stripping is the first thing that would happen to us; for they seem to be woefully off for a wardrobe. I myself saw three, at a distance, with less clothes than I have when I get out of bed: all dancing about in black buff; just like Adam in mourning.

Med. This is to have to do with a schemer! a fellow who risks his life, for a chance of advancing his interest.—Always advantage in view! trying, here, to make discoveries that may promote his profit in England. Another Botany Bay scheme, mayhap. Nothing else could induce him to quit our foraging party, from the ship; when he knows every inhabitant here is not only as black as a pepper-corn, but as hot into the bargain—and I, like a fool, to follow him! and then to let him loiter behind. Why, nephew! why, Inkle!

[*Calling.*]

Trudge. Why, Inkle—Well! only to see the difference of men! he'd have thought it very hard, now, if I had let him call so often after me. Ah! I wish he was calling after

me now, in the old jog-trot way, again. VVhat a fool was I, to leave London for foreign parts!—That ever I should leave Threadneedle-street, to thread an American forest, where a man's as soon lost as a needle in a bottle of hay!

Med. Patience, Trudge! patience! If we once recover the ship—

Trudge. Lord, sir, I shall never recover what I have lost in coming abroad. VVhen my master and I were in London, I had such a mortal snug birth of it! why, I was factotum.

Med. Factotum to a young merchant is no such sinecure, neither.

Trudge. But then the honour of it. Think of that, sir; to be clerk as well as own man. Only consider. You find very few city clerks made out of a man¹⁾, now-a-days. To be king of the counting-house, as well as lord of the bed-chamber. Ah! if I had him but now in the little dressing room behind the office; tying his hair, with a bit of red tape, as usual.

Med. Yes, or writing an invoice with lamp-black, and shining his shoes with an ink-bottle, as usual, you blundering blockhead!

Trudge. Oh! if I was but brushing the accounts, or casting up the coats! mercy on us! what's that?

Med. That! what?

Trudge. Did'n't you hear a noise?

Med. Y—es—but—hush! Oh, heavens be praised! here he is at last.

Enter INKLE.

Now, nephew?

Inkle. So, Mr. Medium.

Med. Zounds, one would think, by your confounded composure, that you were walking in St. James's Park, instead of an American Forest; and that all the beasts were nothing but good company. The hollow trees, here, centry boxes, and the lions in 'em soldiers; the jackalls, courtiers; the crocodiles, fine women; and the baboons, beans. VVhat the plague made you loiter so long?

Inkle. Reflection.

Med. So I should think; reflection generally comes lagging behind. VVhat, scheming, I suppose; never quiet. At it again, eh: what a happy trader is your father, to have so prudent a son for a partner! why, you are the carefulest Co. in the whole city. Never losing sight of the main chance; and that's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us, here, on the main of America.

Inkle. Right, Mr. Medium. Arithmetic, I own, has been the means of our parting at present.

Trudge. Ha! a sum in division, I reckon.

[Aside.]

Med. And pray, if I may be so bold, what mighty scheme has just tempted you to employ your head, when you ought to make use of your heels?

Inkle. My heels! here's pretty doctrine! do you think I travel merely for motion? a fine

¹⁾ Double entendre. The second meaning, generally given by the actor with an arch look at the upper-boxes, the place of resort of the London clerks at the Theatre, is, that there are very few clerks really men now-a-days, they being rather dandylah and effeminate in their dress.

expensive plan for a trades, truly. VVhat, would you have a man of business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and every where, then return home, and have nothing to tell, but that he has been here and there and every where? 'sdeath, sir, would you have me travel like a lord? Travelling, uncle, was always intended for improvement; and improvement is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain. VVhich, in the travelling translation of a trader, means, that you should gain every advantage of improving your profit. I have been comparing the land, here, with that of our own country.

Med. And you find it like a good deal of the land of our own country—cursedly encumbered with black legs¹⁾, I take it.

Inkle. And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre.

Med. You were?

Inkle. Yes; I was proceeding algebraically upon the subject.

Med. Indeed!

Inkle. And just about extracting the square root.

Med. Hum!

Inkle. I was thinking too, if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the VVest Indian markets.

Med. Now let me ask you a question, or two, young cannibal catcher, if you please.

Inkle. Well.

Med. Aren't we bound for Barbadoes; partly to trade, but chiefly to carry home the daughter of the governor, Sir Christopher Curry, who has till now been under your father's care, in Threadneedle-street, for polite English education?

Inkle. Granted.

Med. And isn't it determined, between the old folks, that you are to marry Narcissa as soon as we get there?

Inkle. A fixed thing.

Med. Then what the devil do you do here, hunting old hairy negroes, when you ought to be ogling a fine girl in the ship? Algebra, too! you'll have other things to think of when you are married, I promise you. A plodding fellow's head, in the hands of a young wife, like a boy's slate after school, soon gets all its arithmetic wiped off: and then it appears in its true simple state; dark, empty, and bound in wood, Master Inkle.

Inkle. Not in a match of this kind. VVhy, it's a table of interest from beginning to end, old Medium.

Med. VVell, well, this is no time to talk. VVho knows but, instead of sailing to a wedding, we may get cut up, here, for a wedding dinner: tossed up for a dingy duke perhaps, or stewed down for a black baronet, or eat raw by an inky commoner?

Inkle. VVhy, sure, you aren't afraid?

Med. VVho, I afraid! ha! ha! no, not I! what the deuce should I be afraid of? thank heaven, I have a clear conscience, and need not be afraid of any thing. A scoundrel might not be quite so easy on such an occasion; but it's the part of an honest man not to behave like a scoundrel: I never behaved like a

¹⁾ Black legs, (slang) for Gamsters; and the blacks, or negroes, have, of course, black legs.

scoundrel—for which reason I am an honest man, you know. But come—I hate to boast of my good qualities.

Inkle. Slow and sure, my good, virtuous, Mr. Medium! our companions can be but half a mile before us: and, if we do but double their steps, we shall overtake 'em at one mile's end, by all the powers of arithmetic.

Med. Oh, curse your arithmetic! how are we to find our way?

Inkle. That, uncle, must be left to the doctrine of chances. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest. A ship at anchor in the bay, at a small distance.*

Enter SAILORS and MATE, as returning from foraging.

Mate. Come, come, bear a hand¹⁾, my lads. Tho' the bay is just under our bowsprits, it will take a damned deal of tripping to come at it—there's hardly any steering clear of the rocks here. But do we muster all hands? all right, think ye?

1st Sail. All to a man—besides yourself, and a monkey—the three land lubbers²⁾, that edged away in the morning, goes for nothing, you know—they're all dead may-hap, by this.

Mate. Dead! you be—why, they're friends of the captain; and, if not brought safe aboard to-night, you may all chance to have a salt eel for your supper—that's all.—Moreover, the young plodding spark, he with the grave, foul-weather face, there, is to man the tight little frigate, Miss Narcissa, what d'ye call her, that is bound with us for Barbadoes. Rot 'em for not keeping under way, I say! but come, let's see if a song will bring 'em to. Let's have a full chorus to the good merchant ship, the Achilles, that's wrote by our Captain.

The Achilles, though christen'd, good ship,
'tis surmis'd,

From that old man of war, great Achilles, so
priz'd,

Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd?
Ti tol lol, etc.

Poets sung that Achilles—if, now, they've an
itch

To sing this, future ages may know which is
which;

And that one rode in Greece—and the other
in pitch.

What tho' but a merchant ship—sure our
supplies:

Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,
And how blank they all look, when they can't
get a prize!

What are all their fine names? when no
rhino's behind,

The Intrepid, and Lion, look sheepish, you'll
find;

Whilst, alas! the poor Aeolus can't raise the
wind!

Then the Thunderer's dumb; out of tune the
Orpheus;

The Ceres has nothing at all to produce;

1) Make haste.

2) The elegant denomination given by sailors to persons not belonging to the sea, to show their superlative contempt for every thing on dry land.

And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a
goose.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't
maul,

Nor are paid, like fine king-ships, to fight at
a call,

Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting
at all.

1st Sail. Avast! look a-head there. Here they come, chased by a fleet of black devils.

Midsh. And the devil a fire have I to give 'em. We han't a grain of powder left. What must we do, lad?

2nd Sail. Do? sheer off, to be sure.

All. Come, bear a hand, Master Marlin-spike!

Midsh. [Reluctantly] Well, if I must, I must [Going to the other side and halloing to Inkle, etc.] Yoho, lubbers! crowd all the sail you can, d'ye mind me! [Exit.]

Enter MEDIUM, running, as pursued by the Blacks.

Med. Nephew! Trudge! run—scamper! scour—fly! zounds, what harm did I ever do, to be hunted to death by a pack of blood-hounds? why, nephew! Oh, confound your long sums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself; and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money. [Runs off.]

Enter INKLE and TRUDGE, hastily.

Trudge. Oh! that ever I was born, to leave pen, ink, and powder, for this!

Inkle. Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

Trudge. I'll run and see, sir, directly.

Inkle. Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us; we shall scarce be able to recover our party. Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover our ship with safety.

Trudge. [Going behind] Oh! Threadneedle-street, Thread!—

Inkle. Peace.

Trudge. [Hiding] needle-street.

[They hide behind trees. Natives cross.]

After a long pause, Inkle looks from the trees.

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir. [In a whisper.]

Inkle. Are they all gone by?

Trudge. Won't you look and see?

Inkle. [Looking round] So, all's safe at last. [Coming forward] Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on, like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find, in future, the best resource in a hot pursuit.

Trudge. Oh, charming! It's a retreat for a king¹⁾, sir. Mr. Medium, however, has not got up in it; your uncle, sir, has run on like a booby; and has got up with our party by this time, I take it; who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, sir?

Inkle. Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

Trudge. Then pray, sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for, the sooner the better.

Inkle. Then look out, d'ye hear, and tell me if you discover any danger.

Trudge. Y—ye—s—yes; but—[Trembling.]

1) Charles sd. hid himself in a tree.

Inkle. Well, is the coast clear?

Trudge. Eh! Oh lord!—Clear? [*Rubbing his eyes*] Oh dear! oh dear! the coast will soon be clear enough now, I promise you—The ship is under sail, sir!

Inkle. Confusion! my property carried off in the vessel.

Trudge. All, all, sir, except me.

Inkle. They may report me dead, perhaps; and dispose of my property at the next island.

[*Vessel under sail.*]

Trudge. Ah! there they go. [*A gun fired*] That will be the last report! we shall ever hear from 'em, I'm afraid.—That's as much as to say, good by to ye. And here we are left—two fine, full-grown babes in the wood!

Inkle. What an ill-timed accident! just too, when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoes, would so much advance my interests. Something must be hit upon, and speedily; but what resource?

[*Thinking.*]

Trudge. The old one—a tree, sir—'tis all we have for it now. What would I give, now, to be perched upon a high stool, with our brows desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach—scribbling away an old parchment!—But all my red ink will be spilt by an old black pin of a negro.

A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head, Had I known but on which side to butter my bread.

Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die! I've sail'd, like a booby; come here in a squall, Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!

But the only sign here, is of nothing to eat. Heigho! that I—for hunger should die! My mutton's all lost; I'm a poor starving elf; And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!

Oh! what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull; And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!

But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,

For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!

I can't save my bacon, not I!

Trudge. Hum! I was thinking—I was thinking, sir—if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets!

Inkle. Scoundrel! is this a time to jest?

Trudge. No, faith, sir! hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate: you are able to extract the square root, sir; and that's the very best provision you can find here to live upon. But I! [*Noise at a distance*] Mercy on us! here they come again.

Inkle. Confusion! deserted on one side, and pressed on the other, which way shall I turn?—

1) Report of a gun; and report, an account of any thing that has happened.

This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter, cost what it will.

Trudge. Oh Lord! no, don't, don't—We shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

Inkle. This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it: lead the way, Trudge.

Trudge. What! go in before your honour! I know my place better, I assure you—I might walk into more mouths than one, perhaps.

[*Aside.*]

Inkle. Coward! then follow me. [*Noise again.*]

Trudge. I must, sir; I must! Ah Trudge, Trudge! what a damned hole are you getting into!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A cave, decorated with skins of wild beasts, feathers, etc. a rude kind of curtain, as door to an inner part.*

Enter INKLE and TRUDGE, from mouth of the cavern.

Trudge. Why, sir! you must be mad to go any farther.

Inkle. So far, at least, we have proceeded with safety. Hal no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England.—We have little to fear here, I hope: this cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

Trudge. Very likely, sir; but, for a pleasing face, it has the cursedst ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, sir, make off as fast as you can. If we once get clear of the natives' houses, we have little to fear from the lions and leopards; for, by the appearance of their parlours, they seem to have killed all the wild beasts in the country. Now pray, do, my good master, take my advice, and run away.

Inkle. Rascal! Talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

Trudge. That's just what I expect for coming in.—All that enter here appear to have had their skin stript over their ears; and ours will be kept for curiosities.—We shall stand here, stuffed, for a couple of white wonders.

Inkle. This curtain seems to lead to another apartment: I'll draw it.

Trudge. No, no, no, don't; don't. We may be called to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain lecture, perhaps, sir.

Inkle. Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

Trudge. Oh! what will become of us! some grim seven-foot fellow ready to scalp us.

Inkle. By heaven! a woman!

[*Yarico and Wowski, discovered asleep.*]

Trudge. A woman! [*Aside—loud*] But let him come on; I'm ready—dam'me, I don't fear facing the devil himself—Faith, it is a woman—fast asleep, too.

Inkle. And beautiful as an angel!

Trudge. And, egad! there seems to be a nice, little, plump, bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather darker sort.

Inkle. Hush! keep back—she wakes.

[*Yarico comes forward—Inkle and Trudge retire to the opposite sides of the scene.*]

Yarico. When the chace of day is done,
And the shaggy lion's skin,
Which, for us, our warriors win,

Decks our cells, at set of sun;
Worn with toil, with sleep oppress,
I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then, once more, I see our train,
With all our chace renew'd again:
Once more, 'tis day,
Once more, our prey
Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams
in vain.

Again, in sullen haste, he flies,
Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars—and, in my slumbers,
dies.

Inkle. Our language!

Trudge. Zounds, she has thrown me into
a cold sweat.

Yarico. Hark! I heard a noise! Wowski,
awake! whence can it proceed?

[*She wakes Wowski, and they both come
forward — Yarico towards Inkle;
Wowski towards Trudge.*]

Yar. Ah! what form is this?—are you a man?

Inkle. True flesh and blood, my charming
heathen, I promise you.

Yar. What harmony in his voice! what a
shape! How fair his skin too!— [*Gazing.*]

Trudge. This must be a lady of quality, by
her staring.

Yar. Say, stranger, whence come you?

Inkle. From a far distant island; driven on
this coast by distress, and deserted by my
companions.

Yar. And do you know the danger that
surrounds you here? our woods are filled
with beasts of prey—my countrymen, too—
(yet, I think they couldn't find the heart)—
might kill you.—It would be a pity if you
fell in their way—I think I should weep if
you came to any harm.

Trudge. O ho! it's time, I see, to begin
making interest with the chambermaid.

[*Takes Wowski apart.*]

Inkle. How wild and beautiful! sure, there's
magic in her shape, and she has rivetted me
to the place. But where shall I look for sa-
fety? let me fly, and avoid my death.

Yar. Oh! no—But—[*as if puzzled*] well
then, die stranger, but, don't depart.—But I
will try to preserve you; and if you are kill-
ed, Yarico must die too! Yet, 'tis I alone can
save you: your death is certain without my
assistance; and indeed, indeed, you shall not
want it.

Inkle. My kind Yarico! what means, then,
must be used for my safety?

Yar. My cave must conceal you: none enter
it, since my father was slain in battle. I will
bring you food, by day, then lead you to our
unfrequented groves, by moonlight, to listen
to the nightingale. If you should sleep, I'll
watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

Inkle. Generous maid! then, to you I will
owe my life; and whilst it lasts, nothing shall
part us.

Yar. And shan't it, shan't it indeed?

Inkle. No, my Yarico! for, when an op-
portunity offers to return to my country, you
shall be my companion.

Yar. What! cross the seas!

Inkle. Yes. Help me to discover a vessel,
and you shall enjoy wonders. You shall be

decked in silks, my brave maid, and have a
house drawn with horses to carry you.

Yar. Nay, do not laugh at me—but is it so?

Inkle. It is, indeed!

Yar. Oh, wonder! I wish my countrywo-
men could see me—But won't your warriors
kill us?

Inkle. No, our only danger, on land, is here.

Yar. Then let us retire further into the
cave. Come—your safety is in my keeping.

Inkle. I follow you—Yet, can you run some
risque in following me?

D U E T T.

Inkle. O say, simple maid, have you form'd
any notion

Of all the rude dangers in crossing
the ocean?

When winds whistle shrilly, ah!
won't they remind you,

To sigh, with regret, for the grot
left behind you?

Yar. Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the
world over,

Nor think of my grot, when I look
at my lover!

The winds which blow round us,
your arms for my pillow,

Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're
rock'd by each billow.

Both. O say then, my true love, we never
will sunder,

Nor shrink from the tempest, nor
dread the big thunder:

While constant, we'll laugh at all
changes of weather,

And journey, all over the world,
both together.

Trudge. Why, you speak English as well
as I, my little Wowski.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Iss! and you learnt it from a strange
man, that tumbled from a big boat, many
moons ago, you say!

Wows. Iss—teach me—teach good many.

Trudge. Then, what the devil made 'em so
surpris'd at seeing us! was he like me? [*Wows.
shakes her head*] Not so smart a body, may-
hap. Was his face, now, round, and comely,
and—eh! [*Stroking his chin*] Was it like
mine?

Wows. Like dead leaf—brown and shrivel.

Trudge. Oh, oh, an old shipwrecked sailor,
I warrant. With white and grey hair, eh,
my pretty beauty spot?

Wows. Iss; all white. When night come,
he put it in pocket.

Trudge. Oh! wore a wig. But the old boy
taught you something more than English, I
believe.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. The devil he did! What was it?

Wows. Teach me put dry grass, red hot,
in hollow white stick.

Trudge. Aye, what was that for?

Wows. Put in my mouth—go puff, puff.

Trudge. Zounds! did he teach you to smoke?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. And what became of him at last?

What did your countrymen do for the poor
fellow?

Wows. Eat him one day.—Our chief kill him.

Trudge. Mercy on us! what damned stomachs, to swallow a tough old tar! though, for the matter of that, there's many of our captains would eat all they kill, I believe! Ah, poor Trudge! your killing comes next.

[Anxiously.]
Wows. No, no—not you—no—
[Running to him.]

Trudge. No? why what shall I do, if I get in their paws?

Wows. I fight for you!

Trudge. Will you? ecod she's a brave, good-natured, wench! she'll be worth a hundred of your English wives—Whenever they fight on their husband's account, it's with him instead of for him, I fancy. But how the plague am I to live here?

Wows. I feed you—bring you kid.

White man, never go away—

Tell me why need you?

Stay, with your Wowski, stay:

Wowski will feed you.

Cold moons are now coming in:

Ah don't go grieve me!

I'll wrap you in leopard's skin:

White man, don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,

Sun makes warm weather,

I'll catch you a cockatoo,

Dress you in feather.

When cold comes, or when 'tis hot

Ah don't go grieve me!

Poor Wowski will be forget—

White man, don't leave me!

Trudge. Zounds! leopard's skin for winter wear, and feathers for a summer's suit! Ha, ha! I shall look like a walking hammer-cloth, at Christmas, and an upright shuttlecock, in the dog-days. And for all this, if my master and I find our way to England, you shall be part of our travelling equipage; and, when I get there, I'll give you a couple of snug rooms, on a first floor, and visit you every evening as soon as I come from the counting house. Do you like it?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Damme, what a flashy fellow I shall seem in the city! I'll get her a white boy¹⁾ to bring up the tea-kettle. Then I'll teach you to write and dress hair.

Wows. You great man in your country?

Trudge. Oh yes, a very great man. I'm head clerk of the counting-house, and first valet-de-chambre of the dressing-room. I pounce parchments, powder hair, black shoes, ink paper, shave beards, and mend pens. But, hold; I had forgot one material point—you arn't married, I hope?

Wows. No: you be my chum-chum!

Trudge. So I will. It's best, however, to be sure of her being single; for Indian husbands are not quite so complaisant as English ones, and the vulgar dogs might thing of looking

1) In the time when people easily made great fortunes, in a short time, in the Indies, it was customary for these persons to bring over with them a black boy to wait at table, and act as lady's footman, (probably from the idea that they would make better servants, as not having the same ideas of liberty as an English servant) so that Trudge's idea of having a white boy for black Wowski makes a laughable contrast, not only of the lady with that of the boy; but also the custom that was, with that he pretended to introduce.

a little after their spouses. Well, as my master seems king of this palace, und has taken his Indian queen already, I'll e'en be usher of the black rod here. But you have had a lover or two in your time; eh, Wowski?

Wows. Oh iss—great many—I tell you.

D U E T.

Wows. Wampum, Swampum, Yanko, Lanko, Nanko, Pownatowski,
Black men—plenty—twenty—fight for me.

White man, woo you true?

Trudge. Who?

Wows. You.

Trudge. Yes, pretty little Wowski!

Wows. Then, I leave all and follow thee.

Trudge. Oh then turn about, my little tawny tight one!

Don't you like me?

Wows. Iss, you're like the snow!

If you slight one.—

Trudge. Never, not for any white one:

You are beautiful as any sloe.

Wows. Wars, jars, scars, can't expose ye, In our groat—

Trudge. So snug and cosey!

Wows. Flowers neatly

Pick'd shall sweetly

Make your bed.

Trudge. Coying, toying,

With a rosy posey,

When I'm dosey,

Bear-skin night-caps, too, shall warm my head.

Both. Bear-skin night-caps, etc. etc.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Quay at Barbadoes.

Enter several PLANTERS.

1st Plant. I saw her this morning, gentlemen, you may depend on't. My telescope never fails me. I pop'd upon her as I was taking a peep from my balcony. A brave tight ship, I tell you, bearing down directly for Barbadoes here.

2d Plant. Ods my life! rare news! We have not had a vessel arrive in our harbour these six weeks.

3d Plant. And the last brought only madam Narcissa, our Governor's daughter, from England; with a parcel of lazy, idle, white folks about her. Such cargoes will never do for our trade, neighbour.

4th Plant. No, no: we want slaves. A terrible dearth of 'em in Barbadoes, lately! but your dingy passengers for my money. Give me a vessel like a collier, where all the lading tumbles out as black as my hat. But are you sure, now, you aren't mistaken?

[To 1st Planter.]

1st Plant. Mistaken! 'sbud, do you doubt my glass? I can discover a gull by it six leagues off: I could see every thing as plain as if I was on board.

2d Plant. Indeed! and what were her colours?

1st Plant. Um! why English—or Dutch—or French—I don't exactly remember.

3d Plant. What were the sailors aboard?

1st Plant. Eh! why they were English too—or Dutch—or French—I can't perfectly recollect.

4th Plant. Your glass, neighbour, is a little like a glass to much: it makes you forget every thing you ought to remember.

[*Cry without, A sail, a sail.*]

1st Plant. Egad, but I'm right tho'. Now, gentlemen!

All. Aye, aye; the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt, hastily.*]

Enter NARCISSA and PATTY.

Nar. Freshly now the breeze is blowing;
As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves, incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides:
So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast;
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Patty. Well, ma'am, as I was saying—

Nar. Well, say no more of what you were saying—Sure, Patty, you forget where you are: a little caution will be necessary now, I think.

Patty. Lord, madam, how is it possible to help talking? We are in Barbadoes, here, to be sure—but then, ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

Nar. Nay, it's the same thing with you in-doors.

[*for a gown.*]

Patty. I never blab, ma'am, never, as I hope
Nar. And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe. The unlocking my chest, locks up all your faculties. An old silk gown makes you turn your back on all my secrets; a large bonnet blinds your eyes; and a fashionable high handkerchief covers your ears, and stops your mouth at once, Patty.

Patty. Dear ma'am, how can you think a body so mercenary! am I always teasing you about gowns and gew-gaws, and fal-lals and finery? Or do you take me for a conjuror, that nothing will come out of my mouth but ribbons? I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the butler, who is very inquisitive; and, between ourselves, is the ugliest old quiz I ever saw in my life.

Nar. Well, well, I have seen him; pitted with the small-pox, and a red face.

Patty. Right, ma'am. It's for all the world like his master's cellar, full of holes and liquor. But, when he asks me what you and I think of the matter, why I look wise, and cry, like other wise people who have nothing to say—All's for the best.

Nar. And, thus, you lead him to imagine I am but little inclined to the match.

Patty. Lord, ma'am, how could that be? Why, I never said a word about Captain Campley.

Nar. Hush! hush, for heaven's sake.

Patty. Ay! there it is now.—There, ma'am, I'm as mute as a mackerel!—That name strikes me dumb in a moment. I don't know how it is, but Captain Campley some how or other has the knack of stopping my mouth oftener than any body else, ma'am.

Nar. His name again!—Consider.—Never mention it; I desire you.

Patty. Not I, ma'am, not I. But, if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it wasn't owing to Mr. Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand, when we were seasick. Ah, ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr. Inkle; no, no! Captain Cam—

Nar. There is no end to this! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

Patty. Never fear me, ma'am. But if somebody I know is not acquainted with the governor, there's such a thing as dancing at balls, and squeezing hands when you lead up, and squeezing them again when you cast down, and walking on the quay in a morning. Oh, I won't utter a syllable. [*Archly*] But remember, I'm as close as a patch-box. Mum's the word, ma'am, I promise you.

This maxim let ev'ry one hear,

Proclaim'd from the north to the south;

Whatever comes in at your ear,

Should never run out at your mouth.

We servants, like servants of state,

Should listen to all, and be dumb;

Let others harangue and debate,

We look wise—shake our heads,—and are mum.

The judge in dull dignity drest,

In silence hears barristers preach;

And then, to prove silence is best,

He'll get up, and give them a speech.

By saying but little, the maid

Will keep her swain under her thumb;

And the lover that's true to his trade,

Is certain to kiss, and cry mum. [*Exit.*]

Nar. How awkward is my present situation! promised to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest—pressed too by another, who has already, I fear, too much interest in my heart—what can I do? What plan can I follow?

Enter CAMPLEY.

Camp. Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me, under the best banners in the world. General Hymen for my money! little Cupid's his drummer: he has been beating a round rub-a-dub on our hearts, and we have only to obey the word of command, fall into the ranks of matrimony, and march through life together.

Nar. Then consider our situation.

Camp. That has been duly considered. In short, the case stands exactly thus—your intended spouse is all for money: I am all for love: he is a rich rogue: I am rather a poor honest fellow. He would pocket your fortune; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

Nar. Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant Captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much obliged to you.

Camp. Aye, there's the devil of it! Sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character—knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him, neither; not known to

him, even by sight; being here only as a private gentleman on a visit to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduced to the Governor as other officers of the place: but then the report of his hospitality—his odd, blunt, whimsical, friendship—his whole behaviour—

Nar. All stare you in the face, eh, Campley?

Camp. They do, till they put me out of countenance: but then again, when I stare you in the face, I can't think I have any reason to be ashamed of my proceedings—I stick here, between my love and my principle, like a song between a toast and a sentiment.

Nar. And, if your love and your principle were put in the scales, you doubt which would weigh most?

Camp. Oh, no! I should act like a rogue, and let principle kick the beam: for love, Narcissa, is as heavy as lead, and, like a bullet from a pistol, could never go through the heart, if it wanted weight.

Nar. Or rather like the pistol itself, that often goes off without any harm done. Your fire must end in smoke, I believe.

Camp. Never, whilst—

Nar. Nay, a truce to protestations at present. What signifies talking to me, when you have such opposition from others? Why hover about the city, instead of boldly attacking the guard? Wheel about, captain! face the enemy! march! charge! rout 'em—Drive 'em before you, and then—

Camp. And then—

Nar. Lud have mercy on the poor city!
Mars would oft, his conquest over,
To the Cyprian goddess yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, could brave the field.
Mars would oft, etc.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the God would strive to prove,
He, who fac'd an adverse party,
Fittest was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
Hear the God of war declare,
Cowards never can pass muster;
Courage only wins the fair.

Enter PATTY, hastily.

Patty. Oh lud, ma'am, I'm frightened out of my wits! sure as I'm alive, ma'am, Mr. Inkle is not dead; I saw his man, ma'am, just now, coming ashore in a boat with other passengers, from the vessel that's come to the island. *[Exit.]*

Nar. *[To Camp.]* Look'ye, Mr. Campley, something has happened which makes me waive ceremonies.—If you mean to apply to my father, remember that delays are dangerous.

Camp. Indeed!

Nar. I mayn't be always in the same mind, you know. *[Smiling.]*

Camp. Nay, then—Gad, I'm almost afraid too—but living in this state of doubt is torment. I'll e'en put a good face on the matter; cock my hat; make my bow; and try to reason the Governor into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair lady.

Why should I vain fears discover,
Prove a dying, sighing swain?

Why turn shilly-shally lover,
Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
Boldly ask, and she will grant;
How should we obtain a favour,
But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
Nearly then the battle's won;
Parents think 'tis vain denying,
When half the work is fairly done.

[Exeunt.]

Enter TRUDGE and Wowski, as from the ship; with a dirty RUNNER from one of the inns.

Run. This way, sir; if you will let me recommend—

Trudge. Come along, Wows! Take care of your furs, and your feathers, my girl.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. That's right.—Somebody might steal 'em perhaps.

Wows. Steal!—What that?

Trudge. Oh, lord! see what one loses by not being born in a Christian country.

Run. If you would, sir, but mention to your master, the house that belongs to my master; the best accommodations on the quay.—

Trudge. What's your sign, my lad?

Run. The Crown, sir—Here it is.

Trudge. Well, get us a room for half an hour, and we'll come: and hark'ee! let it be light and airy, d'ye hear? My master has been used to your open apartments lately.

Run. Depend on it.—Much obliged to you, sir. *[Exit.]*

Wows. Who be that fine man? He great prince?

Trudge. A prince—Ha! ha!—No, not quite a prince—but he belongs to the crown. But how do you like this, Wows? Isn't it fine?

Wows. Wonder!

Trudge. Fine men, eh!

Wows. Iss! all white; like you.

Trudge. Yes, all the fine men are like me: as different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

Wows. And fine lady—Face like snow.

Trudge. What! the fine ladies' complexions? Oh, yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissolves 'em! Then their dress, too.

Wows. Your countrymen dress so?

Trudge. Better, better, a great deal. Why, a young flashy Englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women? All here—and there; *[Pointing before and behind]* they have it all from us in England.—And then the fine things they carry on their heads, Wowski.

Wows. Iss. One lady carry good fish—so fine, she call every body to look at her.

Trudge. Pshaw! an old woman hawling flounders. But the fine girls we meet, here, on the quay—so round, and so plump!

Wows. You not love me now.

Trudge. Not love you! Zounds, have not I given you proofs?

Wows. Iss. Great many: but now you get here, you forget poor Wowski!

Trudge. Not I: I'll stick to you like wax.

Wows. Ah, I fear! What make you love me now?

Trudge. Gratitude, to be sure.

Wows. What that?

Trudge. Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all.—Lord, lord, what a fine advantage Christian learning is! Hark'ee, *Wows*!

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Now we've accomplished our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Let's see now—What are you to do, when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others—of my acquaintance?

Wows. Make believe sit down; then get up.

Trudge. Let me see you do it. [*She makes a low curtsy*] Very well! And how are you to recommend yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

Wows. Grin—shew my teeth.

Trudge. Right! they'll think you lived with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to—what would you do?

Wows. Look blind—not see him. [*do*]

Trudge. Why would you do that?

Wows. 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress.

Trudge. That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive, for such cursed cruel behaviour.—Lord! how some of your flashy banker's clerks have cut me in Threadneedle-street.—But come, though we have got among fine folks, here, in an English settlement, I won't be ashamed of my old acquaintance: yet, for my own part, I should not be sorry, now, to see my old friend with a new face.—Odshobs! I see Mr. Inkle—Go in, *Wows*;—call for what you like best.

Wows. Then, I call for you—ah! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon—

Remember when we walk'd alone,

And heard, so gruff, the lion growl;

And when the moon so bright it shone,

We saw the wolf look up and howl;

I led you well, safe to our cell,

While, tremblingly

You said to me,

—And kiss'd so sweet—dear *Wowski* tell,

How could I live without ye?

But now you come across the sea,

And tell me here no monsters roar;

You'll walk alone and leave poor me,

When wolves to fright you howl no more.

But ah! think well on our old cell,

Where, tremblingly,

You kiss'd poor me—

Perhaps, you'll say—dear *Wowski* tell,

How can I live without ye?

[*Exit.*]

Trudge. Eh! oh! my master's talking to somebody on the quay. Who have we here!

• Enter first PLANTER.

Plant. Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market?

Trudge. Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

Plant. I mean, is she for our sale of slaves? Our Black Fair?

Trudge. A black fair! ha, ha, ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

Plant. She's your slave, I take it?

Trudge. Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

Plant. Aye, aye, natural enough at sea.—But at how much do you value her?

Trudge. Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

Plant. Pshaw! you mean to sell her?

Trudge. [*Staring*] Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell *Wows*!—my poor, dear, dinky wife!

Plant. Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship.—Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us: but no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price.—Your wife, indeed! Why she's no Christian?

Trudge. No; but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by, Master Black-market: and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion—I wouldn't be articted clerk to such a fellow for the world.

Plant. Hey-dey! The booby's in love with her! Why, sure, friend, you would not live here with a black?

Trudge. Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laughed out of my honesty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own. [*xion*—

Plant. Why, I tell you, her very complexion—

Trudge. Rot her complexion.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Fair-trader; if your head and heart were to change places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

Plant. Pshaw! The fellow's a fool—a rude rascal—he ought to be sent back to the savages, again. He's not fit to live among us Christians.. [*Exit.*]

Trudge. Oh, here he is at last.

Enter INKLE, and a second PLANTER.

Inkle. Nay, sir, I understand your customs well: your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

2 Plant. And, as you seem to understand business, I need not tell you that despatch is the soul of it. Her name you say is—

Inkle. Yarico: but urge this no more, I beg you. I must not listen to it: for to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands, that here, though here it may seem strange—I should avow my love for her.

Plant. Lord help you, for a merchant!—It's the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love; except, indeed, the love of trade, and the love of the Sweet Molly, my ship.

Inkle. Then, sir, you cannot feel my situation.

Plant. Oh yes, I can! We have a hundred such cases just after a voyage; but they never last long on land. It's amazing how constant a young man is in a ship! But, in two words, will you dispose of her, or no?

Inkle. In two words then, meet me here at noon, and we'll speak further on this subject; and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people. Deserted,—defenceless,—cut off from my companions,—my life at stake—to this young creature I owe my preservation;—she found me, like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches; which, as it drooped, she moistened with her tears.

Plant. Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

Inkle. Your patience.—And yet your interruption goes to my present feelings; for on our sail to this your island—the thoughts of time mispent—doubt—fears—for call it what you will—have much perplex'd me; and as your spires arose, reflections still rose with them; for here, sir, lie my interests, great connections, and other weighty matters—which now I need not mention—

Plant. But which her presence here will mar.

Inkle. Even so—And yet the gratitude I owe her!

Plant. Pshaw! So because she preserved your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon.

Inkle. Why in that light indeed—This never struck me yet, I'll think on't.

Plant. Aye, aye, do so—Why what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her, here, with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, Christian country?

Inkle. Well, sir, at noon—

Plant. I'll meet you—but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands—you must indeed.—I shall have her a bargain, I see that—your servant!—Zounds, how late it is—but never be put out of your way for a woman—I must run—my wife will play the devil with me for keeping breakfast.

[*Exit.*

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir!

Inkle. Have you provided a proper apartment?

Trudge. Yes, sir, at the Crown here; a neat, spruce room, they tell me. You have not seen such a convenient lodging this good while, I believe.

Inkle. Are there no better inns in the town?

Trudge. Um—Why there's the Lion, I hear, and the Bear, and the Boar—but we saw them at the door of all our late lodgings, and found but bad accommodations within, sir.

Inkle. Well, run to the end of the quay, and conduct Yarico hither. The road is straight before you: you can't miss it.

Trudge. Very well, sir. What a fine thing it is to turn one's back on a master, without running into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's nose on a message here, and be sure it won't be bit off by the way, [*Exit.*

Inkle. Let me reflect a little. Part with her—Justified!—Pshaw, my interest, honour, engagements to Narcissa, all demand it. My father's precepts, too—I can remember, when I was a boy, what pains he took to mould me!—Schooled me from morn to night—and

still the burthen of his song was—prudence! Prudence, Thomas, and you'll rise.—Early he taught me numbers; which he said, and he said rightly, would give me a quick view of loss and profit; and banish from my mind those idle impulses of passion, which mark young thoughtless spendthrifts. His maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew—they grew; till I was reckoned, among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours called me the prudent Mr. Thomas. And shall I now, at once, kick down the character which I have raised so warily?—Part with her—The thought once struck me in our cabin, as she lay sleeping by me; but, in her slumbers, she past her arm around me, murmured a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

Enter YARICO and TRUDGE.

Yar. My love!

Trudge. I have been showing her all the wigs and hales of goods we met on the quay, sir.

Yar. Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

Trudge. And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn, here. [*Exit.*

Yar. My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you. I wish you had staid with me—You would have seen such sights!

Inkle. Those sights are grown familiar to me, Yarico.

Yar. And yet I wish they were not.—You might partake my pleasures—but now again, methinks, I will not wish so—for, with too much gazing, you might neglect poor Yarico.

Inkle. Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

Yar. I'm sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I'd tell you tales about our poor old grot—Bid you remember our palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!

The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,

Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing,
'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill.

Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
—Fear, to an Indian maid a stranger—
The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,

All warn'd me of my lover's danger.

For him did cares my bosom fill;

Ah! think on this, and love me still.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY'S.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER and MEDIUM.

Sir C. I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong. Plague on your doubts! Inkle shall have my Narcissa. Poor fellow! I dare say he's finely chagrined at this temporary parting—Eat up with the blue devils, I warrant.

Med. Eat up by the black devils, I warrant; for I left him in hellish hungry company.

Sir C. Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't—besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I

must and will have it so, I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They shall meet, I'm positive.

Med. Shall they? Then they must meet where the marriage was made; for, hang me, if I think it will ever happen below.

Sir C. Ha!—and if that is the case—hang me, if I think you'll ever be at the celebration of it.

Med. Yet, let me tell you, Sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unsullied as a sheet of white paper.

Sir C. Well said, old fool's-cap! and it's as mere a blank as a sheet of white paper. You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenced to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows—Very worthy, because you are no rogue; tender hearted, because you never go to fires and executions; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

Med. And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself. Yet, since you force me to speak my positive qualities—but, no matter,—you remember me in London: didn't I, as member of the Humane Society, bring a man out of the New River, who, it was afterwards found, had done me an injury?

Sir C. And, dam'me, if I would not kick any man into the New River that had done me an injury. There's the difference of our honesty. Oons! if you want to be an honest fellow, act from the impulse of nature. Why, you have no more gall than a pigeon.

Med. Ha! You're always so hasty; among the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant.

Sir C. So much the better.—Foibles, quotha? foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue. You have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

Med. And, what's more, I don't want 'em, sir Christopher, I thank you.

Sir C. Very true; for the devil a gem have you to set off with 'em.

Med. Well, well; I never mention errors; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality.—It don't become me to say you are hot.

Sir C. 'Sblood! but it does become you: it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. An English vessel, sir, just arrived in the harbour.

Sir C. A vessel! Od's my life!—Now for the news—If it is but as I hope—Any dispatches?

Serv. This letter, sir, brought by a sailor from the quay. *[Exit.]*

Med. Well, read, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. *[Opening the Letter]* Huzza! here it is. He's safe—safe and sound at Barbadoes. *[Reading]* Sir, My master, Mr. Inkle, is just arrived in your harbour. Here, read, read! old Medium—

Med. *[Reading]* Um—Your harbour—we were taken up by an English vessel on the 14th ult. He only waits till I have puffed his hair, to pay his respects to you, and

Miss Narcissa.—In the mean time, he has ordered me to brush up this letter for your honour, from your humble servant, to command, *TIMOTHY TRUDGE.*

Sir C. Hey day! here's a stiel! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round. But no matter; mine turns round, too. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly, they shall be married, slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen; from the hammock to the bridal bed—Ha! old boy!

Med. Well, well; don't flurry yourself—you're so hot!

Sir C. Hot! blood, arn't I in the West Indies? Arn't I Governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore.—She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. His hair puffed! He ought to have been puffing, here, out of breath, by this time.

Med. Very true; but Venus's husband is always supposed to be lame, you know, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him.

[Hurrying him off.]

Med. Well, well; I will, I will. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. In the mean time, I'll get ready Narcissa, and all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it.—Poor fellow! after all his rambles, and tumblers, and jumbles, and fits of despair—I shall be rejoiced to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high.—But, zounds! he's so tardy!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A strange gentleman, sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

Sir C. From the quay? Od's my life!—Tis he—'Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. *[Exit Servant]* The rogue is expeditious after all—I'm so happy.

Enter CAMPLEY.

My dear fellow! *[Embracing him]* I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome; welcome here, with all my soul!

Camp. This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes.—Unknown to you—

Sir C. Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me!—But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arrived.

Camp. You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

Sir C. Every tittle.

Camp. And, can you, sir, pardon what is past?

Sir C. Pooh! how could you help it?

Camp. Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—

Sir C. Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that.—Your's must have been a damned situation, to say the truth.

Camp. Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have been almost inclined to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past

state of my mind—the black prospect before me.—

Sir C. Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

Camp. The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

Sir C. That I am convinced of—but I knew you would come the first opportunity.

Camp. Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself.

[*Bowing.*]

Sir C. Yes—a devilish way asunder.

Camp. Granted, sir: which has distressed me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

Sir C. It was a toss up¹⁾.

Camp. The old gentleman seems devilish kind.—Now to soften him. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

Sir C. Who? I! 'sblood! no, never in my life.

Camp. I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Upon my soul, sir, I am very much obliged to you. [*Bowing.*]

Camp. As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

Sir C. Pooh! prythee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

Camp. Indeed!—If, with your leave, I may still venture to mention Miss Narcissa—

Sir C. An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's; your's before to-morrow morning.

Camp. Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

Sir C. Sounds! you ought to be out of your senses: but dispatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

Enter NARCISSA and PATTY.

Here, girl: here's your swain. [*To Narcissa.*]

Camp. I just parted with my Narcissa, on the quay.

Sir C. Did you! Ah, sly dog—had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman.—But here—Take him, and make much of him—and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tack'd together directly. What say you, girl?

Camp. Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness?

Nar. I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure, sir.

Sir C. Od! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly; drive down to the quay; trundle old Spintext into church; and hey for matrimony!

Camp. With all my heart, sir Christopher; the sooner the better.

SIR CHRISTOPHER, CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, PATTY.

Sir Chr. Your Colinettes, and Arriettes,

¹⁾ A chance.—The custom is for one person to top a piece of money into the air, and the other to say what side he thinks will be uppermost when it is fallen on the ground; and if he guesses right, he has gained; thus it entirely depends on chance, although the London boys think, in their teasing (*gaffing*) with the pye-men, that a particular twist of the hand gives a particular sort of luck.

Your Damons of the grove,
Who like Fallals, and Pastorals
Waste years in love!
But modern folks know better jokes,
And, courting once begun,
To church they hop at once—and
pop—

Egad, all's done!

All. In life we prance a country dance,
Where every couple stands;
Their partners set—a while curvet—
But soon join hands.

Nar. When at our feet, so trim and neat,
The powder'd lover sues,
He vows he dies, the lady sighs,
But can't refuse.
Ah! how can she unmov'd e're see
Her swain his death incur?
If once the Squire is seen expire,
He lives with her.

All. In life, etc. etc.

Patty. When John and Bet are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck;
He steals a buss, without more fuss,
The bargain's struck.
Whilst things below are going so,
Is Betty pray to blame?
Who knows up stairs, her mistress fares
Just, just the same.

All. In life we prance, etc. etc.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Quay.*

Enter PATTY.

Patty. Mercy on us! what a walk I have had of it! Well, matters go on swimmingly at the governor's—The old gentleman has order'd the carriage, and the young couple will be whisk'd, here, to church, in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young sobersides, young Inkle, from appearing, to interrupt the ceremony.—Ha! here's the Crown, where I hear he is hous'd. So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story, in the true stile of a chambermaid. [*Goes into the House.* *Patty, within.*] I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up. [*Trudge, within.*] But it does signify, and you can't come up.

Re-enter PATTY, with TRUDGE.

Patty. You had better say at once, I shan't.

Trudge. Well then, you shan't.

Patty. Savage! Pretty behaviour you have pick'd up among the Hottypots! Your London civility, like London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr. Trudge; and the politeness you have studied so long in Thread-needle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

Trudge. No such thing; I practis'd my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

Patty. Don't tell me! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting.

Trudge. Gad, you're right; I am a little

out here, to be sure. [*Kisses her*] Well, how do you do?

Patty. Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

Trudge. Oh! very well—I'll take it again.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]
Patty. Be quiet: I want to see Mr. Inkle; I have a message to him from Miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him, now, I believe.

Trudge. May be not. He's a little busy at present.

Patty. Busy—ha! Plodding! What he's at his multiplication again?

Trudge. Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

Patty. Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself—Tell him, we shan't be ready to receive him, at the governor's, till to-morrow, d'ye hear?

Trudge. No?

Patty. No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of the arrival.

Trudge. Oh! let me alone to give the servants notice—rat-tat-tat—It's all the notice we had in Threadneedle-street of the arrival of a visitor!).

Patty. Threadneedle-street! Threadneedle nonsense! I'd have you to know we do every thing here with an air. Matters have taken another turn—Stile! Stile, sir, is required here, I promise you.

Trudge. Turn—Stile!?) And pray what stile will serve your turn now, Madam Patty?

Patty. A due dignity and decorum, to be sure. Sir Christopher intends Mr. Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form, (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honour of his governorship: why the whole island will ring of it.

Trudge. The devil it will!

Patty. Yes; they've talk'd of nothing but my mistress's beauty and fortune for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

Trudge. O, my poor master!

Patty. Then a public breakfast; then a procession; then, if nothing happens to prevent it, he'll get into church and be married in a crack.

Trudge. Then he'll get into a damp'd scrape, in a crack. Ah! poor madam Yarico! My poor pilgarlic of a master, what will become of him!

[*Half aside.*]

Patty. Why, what's the matter with the booby?

Trudge. Nothing, nothing—he'll be hang'd for poli-bigamy.

Patty. Polly who?

Trudge. It must out—Patty!

1) The clerks in London with their small, long, black port-folio under their arm, come to the door with a double rap, presenting their bill, saying, "Bill for payment," if the party who is to pay the bill is not present, or perhaps unprepared, the clerk is desired to "leave a direction," (the address of the bearer of the bill) and the bill must be taken up (paid) before 5 o'clock. If the party is present; the question is "how much?" a check is given and the clerk retires; but so singularly laconic are they, that seldom one word more escapes them.

2) Tarsatile is the name of an alley in Holborn.—This is a miserable pun.

Patty. Well?

Trudge. Can you keep a secret?

Patty. Try me!

Trudge. Then [*Whispering*] my master keeps a girl.

Patty. Oh monstrows! another woman?

Trudge. As sure as one and one makes two.

Patty. [*Aside*] Rare news for my mistress!—Why I can hardly believe it; the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr. Inkle, do such a thing!

Trudge. Pooh! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

Patty. Well; I should sooner suspect you.

Trudge. Me? Oh Lord! he! he!—Do you think any smart, tight, little, black-eyed wench, would be struck with my figure? [*Conceitedly.*]

Patty. Pshaw! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happen'd?

Trudge. You shall hear: when the ship left us ashore, my master turn'd as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

Patty. True!

Trudge. However, I bid him cheer up; told him, to stick to my elbow: took the lead, and began our march.

Patty. Well?

Trudge. We hadn't gone far, when a damn'd one-eyed black boar, that grinn'd like a devil, came down the hill in a jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

Patty. Mercy on us!

Trudge. But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I us'd to cut the quilts with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen—The boar bled like a pig.

Patty. Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller you are!

Trudge. Yes; I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

Patty. Well, well; but the lady.

Trudge. The lady? Oh, true. By and by we came to a cave—a large hollow room, under-ground, like a warehouse in the Adelphi—Well; there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in; there's no accounting for fear, you know. At last, in we went to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a furrier's shop, and there was a fine lady, snoring on a bow and arrows.

Patty. What, all alone?

Trudge. Eh!—No—no—Hum—She had a young lion by way of a lap-dog.

Patty. Gemini; what did you do?

Trudge. Gave her a jog, and she open'd her eyes—she struck my master immediately.

Patty. Mercy on us! with what?

Trudge. With her beauty, you ninny, to be sure: and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witness'd the contract—I gave her away—The crows croak'd amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

Patty. And this is she he has brought to

Trudge. The same. [*Barbadoes?*]

Patty. Well; and tell me, Trudge;—she's pretty, you say—Is she fair or brown? or—

Trudge. Um! she's a good comely copper.

Patty. How! a tawney?

Trudge. Yes, quite dark; but very elegant; like a Wedgwood tea-pot.

Patty. Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

Trudge. Why, there's no great harm in't, I hope?

Patty. Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

Trudge. Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, madam Patty, that blackamoor ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few, whose complexions never rub off! S'hud, if they did, Wvows and I shou'd have changed faces by this time—But mum; not a word for your life.

Patty. Not I! except to the Governor and family. [*Aside*] But I must run—and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains.

Trudge. Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of Wvows, that's flat. Master, to be sure, while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read, with his pencil and pocket-book. What then? Wvows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first to be sure.—Ha! ha!—She's so used to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel, Christian way, for the soul of me; when she has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it; but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine, flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

A Clerk I was in London gay.

Jemmy linkum feedle,

And went in boots to see the play,

Merry fiddlem tweedle.

I march'd the lobby, twir'd my stick,

Diddle, daddle, deedle;

The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick."

Oh, jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America I sail,

Yankee doodle deedle;

The sailor boys cry'd, "smoke his tail!"

Jemmy linkum feedle.

On English belles I turu'd my back,

Diddle daddle deedle;

And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,

O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip

Wwheedle, wheedle, wheedle,

May boast their pouting under-lip,

Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

My Wvows wou'd beat a hundred such,

Diddle, daddle, deedle,

Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,

O, pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes;

Jemmy linkum feedle;

A feather fine shall grace her nose:

Wwaving siddle feedle.

With jealousy I ne'er shall burst;

Wwho'd steal my bone of bone-a?

A white Othello, I can trust

A dingy Desdemona.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Crown.

Enter INKLE.

Inkle. I know not what to think—I have

given her distant hints of parting; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without regarding me. Poor Yarico! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity disarms me: I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe; which, to the ruffian, that would murder it, stretching its little, naked, helpless arms, pleads, speechless, its own cause. And yet Narcissa's family—

Enter TRUDGE.

Trudge. There he is, like a beau bespeaking a coat—doubting which colour to chuse—sir—

Inkle. What now?

Trudge. Nothing unexpected, sir:—I hope you won't be angry.

Inkle. Angry!

Trudge. I'm sorry for it: but I am come to give you joy, sir!

Inkle. Joy!—of what?

Trudge. A wife, sir; a white one.—I know it will vex you, but Miss Narcissa means to make you happy, to-morrow morning.

Inkle. To-morrow!

Trudge. Yes, sir; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities, lately, after I have dressed your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

Inkle. Whence comes your intelligence, sir?

Trudge. Patty told me all that has passed in the Governor's family, on the quay, sir. Wvomen, you know, can never keep a secret. You'll be introduced in form, with the whole island to witness it.

Inkle. So public too?—Unlucky!

Trudge. There will be nothing but rejoicings, in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! Married people like it, they say.

Inkle. Strange! That I should be so blind to my interest, as to be the only person this distresses!

Trudge. They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

Inkle. Confusion! How can I, in honour, retract?

Trudge. And the bride's merits—

Inkle. True!—A fund of merits!—I would not—but from necessity—a case so nice as this—I would not wish to retract.

Trudge. Then they call her so handsome.

Inkle. Very true! so handsome! the whole world would laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

Trudge. And then they say so much of her fortune.

Inkle. O death! it would be madness to retract. Surely, my faculties have slept, and this long parting, from my Narcissa, has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately.

[*Going.*]

Trudge. Stay, stay, sir; I am desired to tell you, the Governor won't open his gates to us till to-morrow morning, and is now making preparations to receive you at breakfast, with all the honours of matrimony.

Inkle. Well, be it so; it will give me

time, at all events, to put my affairs in train.

Trudge. Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor madam Yarico—

Inkle. Damnation! Scoundrel, how dare you offer your advice?—I dread to think of her!

Trudge. I've done, sir, I've done—But I know I should blubber over VVows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

Inkle. Insolence! begone, sir!

Trudge. Lord, sir, I only—

Inkle. Get down stairs, sir, directly.

Trudge. [Going out] Ah! you may well put your hand to your head; and a bad head it must be, to forget that Madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it. [Exit.]

Inkle. 'Sdeath, what am I about? How have I slumbered?—Is it I?—I—who, in London, laughed at the youngers of the town—and when I saw their chariots, with some fine, tempting girl, perked in the corner, come shopping to the city, would cry—Ah!—there sits ruin—there flies the Greenhorn's money! then wondered with myself how men could trifle time on women; or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests with me to turn romantic puppy, and give up all for love.—Give up!—Oh, monstrous folly!—thirty thousand pounds!

Trudge. [Peeping in at the door]

Trudge. May I come in, sir?

Inkle. VVhat does the booby want?

Trudge. Sir, your uncle wants to see you.

Inkle. Mr. Medium! show him up directly.

He must not know of this. To-morrow!—I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it to her by degrees: she'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly delivered.

Enter MEDIUM.

Med. Ah, here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart!

Inkle. I am glad to meet you here, uncle!

Med. That you are, that you are, I'm sure. Lord! lord! when we parted last, how I wished we were in a room together, if it was but the black hole! I have not been able to sleep o'nights, for thinking of you. I've laid awake, and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in the lion's mouth, for a night-cap; and I've never seen a bear brought over, to dance about the street, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly,

Inkle. I am very much obliged to you.

Med. Ay, ay, I am happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. But you have a fine prospect before you now, young man. I am come to take you with me to Sir Christopher, who is impatient to see you.

Inkle. To-morrow, I hear, he expects me.

Med. To-morrow! directly—this—moment—in half a second.—I left him standing on tip-toe, as he calls it, to embrace you; and he's standing on tip-toe now in the great parlour, and there he'll stand till you come to him.

Inkle. Is he so hasty?

Med. Hasty! he's all pepper—and wonders you are not with him, before it's possible to get at him. Hasty indeed! VVhy, he vows you shall have his daughter this very night.

Inkle. VVhat a situation!

Med. VVhy, it's hardly fair just after a voyage. But come, bustle, bustle, he'll think you neglect him. He's rare and touchy, I can tell you; and if he once takes it in his head that you show the least slight to his daughter, it would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

Inkle. Confusion! if he should hear of Yarico!

Med. But at present you are all and all with him; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks: you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

Inkle. This cursed connexion!

Med. It is not for me, though, to tell you how to play your cards; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood.

Inkle. Fool! fool! fool!

Med. VVhy, what the devil is the matter with you?

Inkle. It must be done effectually, or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it.

Med. Ah! now he's got to his damned square root again, I suppose, and old Nick would not move him—why, nephew!

Inkle. The planter that I spoke with cannot be arrived—but time is precious—the first I meet—common prudence now demands it I'm fixed; I'll part with her.

Med. Damn me, but he's mad! the woods have turned the poor boy's brains: he's scalped, and gone crazy! hobo! Inkle! nephew! gad, I'll spoil your arithmetic; I warrant me.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Quay.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY.

Sir Chr. Ods my life! I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left them safe in church in the middle of the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me; but I capered about so much for joy, that old Spintex advised me to go and cool my heels on the quay. till it was all over. Od, I'm so happy; and they shall see, now, what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

Enter INKLE.

Inkle. Now for dispatch! hark'ee, old gentleman!

[To the Governor.]

Sir Chr. VVell, young gentleman?

Inkle. If I mistake not, I know your business here.

Sir Chr. 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, by this time.

Inkle. Then to the point—I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

Sir Chr. Very likely; it's a common case now a days, with many a man.

Inkle. If you could satisfy me you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for I can tell you she's of no common stamp—perhaps we might agree.

Sir Chr. Oao! a slave! faith now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick lipped, fat nosed, squabby, dumpling dowdies. I don't much care if—

Inkle. And for her treatment—

Sir Chr. Look ye, young man; I love to be plain: I shall treat her a good deal better than you would, I fancy; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

Inkle. Fair words, old gentleman; an Englishman won't put up an affront.

Sir Chr. An Englishman! more shame for you! men, who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

Inkle. Let me assure you, sir, 'tis not my occupation; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

Sir Chr. Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the castle—

Inkle. The castle!

Sir Chr. Aye, sir, the castle; the Governor's castle; known all over Barbadoes.

Inkle. 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment: his steward, perhaps, and sent after me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis I'll win this fellow to my interest. *[To him]* One word more, sir: my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the castle, if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night—

Sir Chr. The devil you do!

Inkle. Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

Sir Chr. No! why not?

Inkle. Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

Sir Chr. So! here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll sound this fellow.

[Aside] I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him.

Inkle. Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that here-after—besides, you, doubtless, know his character?

Sir Chr. Oh, as well as my own. But let's understand one another. You must trust me, now you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

Inkle. I am—I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see, as well as I.—A very touchy, testy, hot, old fellow.

Sir Chr. Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! sounds! I can hardly contain my passion!—but I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this—*[To him]* Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable ex-

planation—let's proceed to business—bring me the woman.

Inkle. No; there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her—You conceive me?

Sir Chr. Sounds! what an unfeeling rascal!—the poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No, no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you only; I see her now, or I declare off.

Inkle. Well then, you must be satisfied: yonder's my servant—ba—a thought has struck me. Come here, sir.

Enter TRUDGE.

I'll write my purpose, and send it her by him. It is lucky that I taught her to decypher characters: my labour now is paid. *[Takes out his pocket-book and writes]*—This is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters. *[To himself]*—Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you.

Trudge. I shall, sir.

[Going.]

Inkle. Stay; come back. This soft fool, if uninstructed, may add to her distress: his drivelling sympathy may feed her grief, instead of soothing it. When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course, done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson?

Trudge. Pa—part with ma—dam Ya-ric-o!

Inkle. Why does the blockhead stammer! I have my reasons. No muttering—and let me tell you, sir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twould be the better: she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

Trudge. I'm sorry for it, sir: I have lived with you a long while; I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ultimo, due for dressing your hair and scribbling your parchments: but, take my scribbling, take my frizzing, take my wages; and I and VVows will take ourselves off together. She saved my life, and rot me if any thing but death shall part us.

Inkle. Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

Trudge. I'm gone, sir. Lord! lord! I never carried a letter with such ill will in all my born days.

[Exit.]

Sir Chr. Well—shall I see the girl?

Inkle. She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot: when she is yours, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the castle. If Sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish concealed.

Sir Chr. Depend upon me—Sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

Inkle. Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded: I'll recommend you, particularly, to his good graces.

Sir Chr. Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces, as it is: I don't know any body he has a greater respect for.

Re-enter TRUDGE.

Inkle. Now, sir, have you performed your message?

Trudge. Yes: I gave her the letter,
Inkle. And where is Yarico? Did she say she'd come? Didn't you do as you were ordered? Didn't you speak to her?

Trudge. I couldnt, sir, I couldnt: I intended to say what you bid me—but I felt such a pain in my throat, I couldn't speak a word, for the soul of me; so, sir, I fell a crying.

Inkle. Blockhead!

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow, what said the wench?

Trudge. Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh, here she comes. I'll go and find VVows: if I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company. *[Exit.]*

Sir Chr. Ods my life, as comely a wench as ever I saw.

Enter YARICO, who looks for some time in INKLE'S face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.

Inkle. In tears! nay, Yarico! why this?

Yar. Oh do not—do not leave me!

Inkle. VVhy, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing: I can do nothing from myself, you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person, who will protect you.

Yar. Ah! why not you protect me?

Inkle. I have no means—how can I?

Yar. Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, filled with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave, where many a day I sat beside you, and blessed the chance that brought you to it—that I might save your life.

Sir Chr. His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

Yar. Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares shall vex us then—VVe'll let the day glide by in idleness; and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun beam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily, I warrant—In the fresh, early morning, you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then, at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace—Oh! we shall be so happy!

Inkle. Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. VVe were not born to live in woods and caves—to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts.—VVe Christians, girl, hunt money; a thing unknown to you.—But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing; and of course happiness. You are the bar to my attaining this;

therefore 'tis necessary for my good—and which I think you value—

Yar. You know I do; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you,

Inkle. But we must part: if you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

Yar. I gave up, all for you—my friends—my country: all that was dear to me: and still grown dearer since you sheltered there.—All, all was left for you—and were it now to do again—again I'd cross the seas; and follow you, all the world over.

Inkle. VVe idle time; sir, she is your's. See you obey this gentleman; 'twill be the better for you. *[Going.]*

Yar. O, barbarous! *[Holding him]* Do not, do not abandon me!

Inkle. No more.

Yar. Stay but a little: I shan't live long to be a burden to you: your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little—or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good; stay but to witness 'em.—I soon shall sink with grief; tarry till then; and hear me bless your name when I am dying; and beg you, now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

Inkle. I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope, will take good care of her. *[Going.]*

Sir Chr. Care of her!—that I will—I'll cherish her like my own daughter; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

Inkle. Ha! 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you!—

Sir Chr. 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face?

Inkle. Sir, you shall feel—

Sir Chr. Feel!—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, sordid, wretch! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of such barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation; but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam'me if I would not turn him to sea, with a peck loaf, in a cockle shell.—Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you. *[Taking Yarico by the Hand.]*

Inkle. Insolence! The governor shall hear of this insult,

Sir Chr. The governor! liar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the governor disowns you—the governor disclaims you—the governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the governor to tell you so. Here stands old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

Inkle. Sir Christopher!—Lost and undone!

Med. *[Without]* Holo! Young Multiplication! Zounds! I have been peeping in every cranny of the house, VVhy, young Rule of Three! *[Enters from the Inn]* Oh, here you are at last—Ah, Sir Christopher! What are you there! too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that will make you easy, I fancy. *[Tapping Inkle on the Shoulder.]*

Sir Chr. How came you to know him?

Med. Ha! ha! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here, without finding out each other.

Sir Chr. No, no; I have found him out with a vengeance.

Med. Not you. Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew, that is; your son in law, that is to be. It's Inkle!

Sir Chr. It's a lie: and you're a purblind old booby—and this dear boy is a damned scoundrel.

Med. Hey-dey, what's the meaning of this? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

Sir Chr. But here comes the dear boy—the true boy—the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

Enter CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, and PATTY.

Med. Campley!

Sir Chr. Who? Campley;—it's no such thing.

Camp. That's my name, indeed, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. The devil it is! And how came you, sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle? A name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

Camp. I never did, sir.—Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily encreased: and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess, the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceived.

Sir Chr. And did you, Narcissa, join in—

Nar. How could I, my dear sir, disobey you?

Patty. Lord, your honour, what young lady could refuse a captain?

Camp. I am a soldier, sir Christopher. Love and War is the soldier's motto; though my income is trifling to your intended son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! but you must though. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together.—Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one, in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection, or humanity.

Inkle. Confusion!

Nar. I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest; which, I own, would have rendered compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

Patty. Yes, sir, I told my mistress he had brought over a botty-pot gentlewoman.

Sir Chr. Yes, but he would have left her for you; [*To Narcissa*] and you for his interest; and told you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl, to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

Nar. Haw!

Enter TRUDGE and WOWSKI.

Trudge. Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor mistress: throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

Wows. No, no;—she not go; you not leave poor Wowski.

[*Throwing her arms about Yarico.*]

Sir Chr. Poor girl! a companion, I take it! *Trudge.* A thing of my own, sir. I couldn't help following my master's example in the woods—Like master, like man, sir.

Sir Chr. But you would not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, would you?

Trudge. Hang me, like a dog, if I would, sir.

Sir Chr. So say I, to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man. But, old Medium, what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

Med. I never speak ill of my friends, sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. Pshaw!

Inkle. Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct—

Sir Chr. Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once—it's the only hope left of obtaining mercy.

Inkle. Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow; and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

Inkle. Even so my father tutored me: from infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will—Interest was the grand prop round which he twined my pliant green affections: taught me in child-hood to repeat old sayings—all tending to his own fixed principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisped, was charity begins at home.

Sir Chr. I shall never like a proverb again, as long as I live.

Inkle. As I grew up, he'd prove—and by example—were I in want, I might even starve; for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then should I care for the world! men now lived for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what would you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly into my father's face, and spurn his counsels?

Sir Chr. Say! why, that you were a damned honest, undutiful fellow. O curse such principles! principles, which destroy all confidence between man and man—Principles, which none but a rogue could instil, and none but a rogue could imbibe.—Principles—

Inkle. VVhich I renounce.

Sir Chr. Eh!

Inkle. Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steeled my breast—but still 'tis vulnerable—this trial was too much—Nature; against habit combating within me, has penetrated to my heart; a heart, I own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility: but now it bleeds—and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh, let me clasp her to it, while 'tis glowing, and mingle tears of love and penitence.

[*Embracing her.*]

Trudge. [*Capering about*] Wvows, give me a kiss! [*Wowski goes to Trudge.*]

Yar. And shall we—shall we be happy?

Inkle. Aye; ever, ever, Yarico.

Yar. I knew we should—and yet I feared—but shall I still watch over you? Oh! love, you surely gave your Yarico such pain, only to make her feel this happiness the greater.

Wvows. [*Going to Yarico*] Oh Wowski so happy!—and yet I think I not glad neither.

Trudge. Eh, Wvows! How!—why not?

Wvows. 'Cause I can't help cry.—

Sir Chr. Then, if that's the case—curse me, if I think I'm very glad either. Vvhat the plague's the matter with my eyes?—Young man, your hand—I am now proud and happy to shake it.

Med. Well, sir Christopher, what do you say to my hopeful nephew now?

Sir Chr. Say! why, confound the fellow, I say, that it is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it.—As for you, my good fellow, [*to Trudge*] I must, with your master's permission, employ you myself.

Trudge. O rare!—Bless your honour!—Wvows! you'll be lady, you jade, to a governor's factotum.

Wvows. Iss.—I lady Jactotum.

Sir Chr. And now, my young folks, we'll drive home, and celebrate the wedding. Od's my life! I long to be staking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall dance ten times the lighter, for reforming an Inkle, while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of a Yarico.

FINALE.

Campley. Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring:
Love scrapes the fiddle string,
And Venus plays the lute;

Hymen gay, foats away,
Happy at our wedding-day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in,
To tabor, life, and flute.

Chorus. Come then, etc.

Narcissa. Since thus each anxious care
Is vanish'd into empty air,

Ah! how can I forbear

To join the jocund dance?

To and fro, couples go,

On the light fantastic toe,

While with glee, merrily,

The rosy hours advance.

Yarico.

When first the swelling sea

Hither bore my love and me,

What then my fate would be,

Little did I think—

Doom'd to know care and woe,

Happy still is Yarico;

Since her love will constant prove

And nobly scorn to shrink.

Wowski.

Whilst all around rejoice,

Pipe and tabor raise the voice,

It can't be Wowski's choice,

Whilst Trudge's, to be dumb.

No, no, day blithe and gay,

Shall like massy, missy play,

Dance and sing, hey ding, ding,

Strike fiddle and beat drum.

Trudge.

'Sbobs! now I'm fix'd for love,
My fortune's fair, though black's

my wife,

Who fears domestic strife—

Who cares now a sou's!

Merry cheer my dingy dear

Shall find with her Factotum here;

Night and day, I'll frisk and play

About the house with Wvows.

Inkle.

Love's convert here behold.

Banish'd now my thirst of gold.

Bless'd in these arms to fold

My gentle Yarico.

Hence all care, all doubt, and fear,

Love and joy each want shall cheer,

Happy night, pure delight,

Shall make our bosoms glow.

Patty.

Let Patty say a word—

A chambermaid may sure be heard—

Sure men are grown absurd,

Thus taking black for white;

To hug and kiss a dingy miss,

Will hardly suit an age like this,

Unless, here, some friends appear,

Who like this wedding night.

JOHN GAY.

THIS gentleman, descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was born at Exeter, and received his education at the free-school of Barnstaple, in that county, under the care of Mr. William Rayner. He was bred a mercer in the Strand; but having a small fortune independent of business, and considering the attendance on a shop as a degradation of those talents which he found himself possessed of, he quitted that occupation, and applied himself to other views, and to the indulgence of his inclination for the Muses. Mr. Gay was born in the year 1688. In 1715 we find him secretary, or rather domestic steward, to the Duchess of Monmouth; in which station he continued till the beginning of the year 1716, at which time he accompanied the Earl of Clarendon to Hanover, whither that nobleman was dispatched by Queen Anne. In the latter end of the same year, in consequence of the Queen's death, he returned to England, where he lived in the highest estimation and intimacy of friendship with many persons of the first distinction both in rank and abilities. He was even particularly taken notice of by Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, to whom he had the honour of reading in manuscript his tragedy of *The Captives*; and in 1716 dedicated his *Fables*, by permission, to the Duke of Cumberland. From this countenance shown to him, and numberless promises made him of preferment, it was reasonable to suppose, that he would have been genteelly provided for in some office suitable to his inclination and abilities. Instead of which, in 1717, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to one of the youngest princesses; an office which, as he looked on it as rather an indignity to a man whose talents might have been so much better employed, he thought proper to refuse; and some pretty warm remonstrances were made on the occasion by his sincere friends and jealous patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, which terminated in those two noble personages withdrawing from court in disgust. Mr. Gay's dependence on the promises of the great, and the disappointments he met with, he has figuratively described in his fable of *The Hare with many Friends*. However.

the very extraordinary success he met with from public encouragement made an ample amends, both with respect to satisfaction and emolument, for those private disappointments: for, in the season of 1757—58, appeared his *Beggar's Opera*, the success of which was not only unprecedented, but almost incredible. It had an uninterrupted run in London of sixty-three nights in the first season, and was renewed in the ensuing one with equal approbation. It spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty; made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, in which last place it was acted for twenty-four successive nights, and last of all it was performed at Minorca. Nor was the fame of it confined to the reading and representation alone, for the card-table and the drawing-room shared with the theatre and the closet in this respect; the ladies carried about the favourite songs of it engraven on their fan-mounts, and screens and other pieces of furniture were decorated with the same. Miss Fenton, who acted Polly, though till then perfectly obscure, became all at once the idol of the town; her pictures were engraven, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made of even her very sayings and jests; nay, she herself was received to a station, in consequence of which she, before her death, attained the highest rank a female subject can acquire, being married to the Duke of Bolton. In short, the satire of this piece was so striking, so apparent, and so perfectly adapted to the taste of all degrees of people, that it even for that season overthrew the Italian opera, that Dagon of the nobility and gentry, which had so long seduced them to idolatry, and which Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, and many other writers, by the force of reason and reflection had in vain endeavoured to drive from the throne of public taste. Yet the Herculean exploit did this little piece at once bring to its completion, and for some time recalled the devotion of the town from an adoration of mere sound and show, to the admiration of, and relish for, true satire and sound understanding. The profits of this piece were so very great, both to the author and Mr. Rich the manager, that it gave rise to a quibble, which became frequent in the mouths of many, viz. *That it had made Rich gay, and Gay rich*; and we have heard it asserted, that the author's own advantages from it were not less than two thousand pounds. In consequence of this success, Mr. Gay was induced to write a second part to it, which he entitled *Polly*. But, owing to the disgust subsisting between him and the court, together with the misrepresentations made of him, as having been the author of some dissipated libels and seditious pamphlets, a charge which, however, he warmly disavows in his preface to this opera, a prohibition of it was sent from the Lord Chamberlain, at the very time when every thing was in readiness for the rehearsal of it. This disappointment, however, was far from being a loss to the author; for, as it was afterwards confessed, even by his very best friends, to be in every respect infinitely inferior to the first part, it is more than probable, that it might have failed of that great success in the representation which Mr. Gay might promise himself from it; whereas the profits arising from the publication of it afterwards in quarto, in consequence of a very large subscription, which this appearance of persecution, added to the author's great personal interest procured for him, were at least adequate to what could have accrued to him from a moderate run, had it been represented. He afterwards wrote *The Wife of Bath*, which was the last dramatic piece by him that made his appearance during his life; his opera of *Achilles*, the comedy of the *Distrest Wife*, and his farce of *The Rehearsal at Gougham*, being brought on the stage or published after his death. Besides these, Mr. Gay wrote many very valuable pieces in verse; among which his *Trivia*; or, *The Art of walking in the Streets of London*; though one of his first poetical attempts, is far from being the least considerable; but, as among his dramatic works, his *Beggar's Opera* did at first, and perhaps ever will, stand as an unrivalled masterpiece, so, among his poetical works, his *Fables* hold the same rank of estimation: the latter having been almost as universally read as the former was represented, and both equally admired. It would therefore be superfluous here to add any thing further to these self-reared monuments of his fame as a poet. As a man, he appears to have been morally amiable. His disposition was sweet and affable, his temper generous, and his conversation agreeable and entertaining. He had indeed one foible, too frequently incident to men of great literary abilities, and which subjected him at times to inconveniences, which otherwise he needed not to have experienced, viz. an excess of indolence, which prevented him from exerting the full force of his talents. He was, however, not inattentive to the means of procuring an independence, in which he would probably have succeeded, had not his spirits been kept down by disappointments. He had, however, saved several thousand pounds at the time of his death, which happened at the house of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry in Burlington Gardens, in December 1759. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, and a monument erected to his memory, at the expense of his afore mentioned noble benefactors, with an inscription expressive of their regards and his own deserts, and an epitaph in verse by Mr. Pope; but, as both of them are still in existence, and free of access to every one, it would be impertinent to repeat either of them in this place.

BEGGAR'S OPERA,

By John Gay. Acted at Lincoln's Inn fields. The great success of this piece has rendered its merits sufficiently known. It was written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, was first offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury Lane, and by them rejected. Of the origin and progress of this new species of composition, Mr. Spencer has given a relation in the words of Pope: "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to *The Beggar's Opera*. He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed it to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly. We were all at the first night of it, in very great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged, by overhearing the Duke of Argyll, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do; it must do; I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that Duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack, as any one living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause." Many persons, however, have decried this piece; written, and even preached in the pulpit, against it, from mistaking the design of it; which was, not to recommend the characters of highwaymen, pickpockets, and strumpets, as examples to be followed, but to show that the principles and behaviour of many persons in what is called high life were no better than those of highwaymen, thieves, sharpers, and strumpets. Nor can these characters be seductive to persons in low life, when they see that they must all expect to be hanged. 'Tis what we must all come to, says one of them; and it is a kind of miracle, if they continue six months in their evil courses. This fellow, says Peachum, if he were to live these six months, would never come to the gallows with any grace. The women of the town are far from being made desirable objects; since they are all shown to be pickpockets and shoplifters, as well as ladies of pleasure; and so treacherous, that even those who seem fondest of Macheath, at the very time they are caressing him, are beckoning behind his back to the thief-taker and constables to lay hold of him. Sir Robert Walpole was frequently the subject of Mr. Gay's satire. The minister however, was not deterred from attending the performance of the poet's *Beggar's Opera*. Being in the stage boxes at its first representation, a most universal encore attended the following air of Lockit, and all eyes were directed on the minister at the instant of its being repeated:

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be:

If you mention vice or bribe
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, *That was level'd at me!*

Sir Robert, observing the pointed manner in which the audience applied the last line to him, parried the thrust by enjoining it with his single voice; and thus not only blunted the poetical shaft, but gained a general huzzas from the audience.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.
PEACHUM.
LOCKIT.
MAT-O-THE-MINT.
BEN BUDGE.
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK.

JEMMY TWITCHER.
WAT DREARY.
NIMMING NED.
HARRY PADDINGTON.
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT.
DRAWER.

FILCH.
MRS. PEACHUM.
POLLY.
LUCY.
MRS. COAXER.
DOLLY TRULL.

MRS. VIXEN.
BETTY DOXY.
JENNY DIVER.
MRS. SLAMMEKIN
SUKEY TAWDRY.
MOLLY BRAZEN.

DIANA TRAPES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PEACHUM'S House.

PEACHUM sitting at a Table, with a large Book of Accounts before him.

AIR.—PEACHUM.

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother:
Whore and rogue, they call husband and wife:
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment; so is mine. Like me too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for them; for 'tis but fitting, that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll has sent word, her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him, the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death, without reprieve. I may venture to book him; [*Writes*] for Tom Gagg, forty pounds¹. Let Betty Sly know, that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods to our lock this year, than any five of the gang; and, in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off²), she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business, than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons³) are more be-

¹) Blood money, as it is called, or the sum paid to any one for the conviction of a person who has committed a robbery. Peachum's character has, unfortunately, but too many traits of what is done every day in London.

²) Marries her.

³) The bodies of those hanged for murder, are given over to the surgeons for dissection.

holden to women, than all the professions besides.

AIR.—FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;
For, suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be feed'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy, one way or another.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainly gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another, without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be a messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*]

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me, for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [*Reading*] Crook-finger'd Jack—a year and a half in the service—let me see, how much the stock owes to his industry;—One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half-a-dozen of shirts, three tie-perriwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road.—Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will—an irregular dog; who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods⁴); I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer, upon his good behaviour.—Harry Paddington—a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit.—Slippery Sam—he goes off the next sessions; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment.—Mat-o-the-Mint—listed not above a month ago; a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder⁵).—Tom Tipple—a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand⁶) a cart⁷) is absolutely necessary

¹) Sells his stolen goods to other people.

²) Get hanged for murdering some person.

³) The highway-robbers putting a pistol at your breast and desiring you to stand, come upon you so suddenly

for him.—*Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty*—

Enter MRS. PEACHUM.

Mrs. P. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him.—You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine—'twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever!

Mrs. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome, who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR.—MRS. PEACHUM.

If any wench Venus' girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous snugly.
Beneath the left ear, so fit for a cord,
A rope so charming a zone is,
The youth in the cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? so, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was captain Macheath here, this morning, for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure, there is not a finer gentleman upon the road¹⁾ than the captain; if he comes from Bagshot, at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening, with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

Peach. The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Morybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. P. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the captain hath not more discretion.

that is very difficult to obey their summons; and ladies, as well as the weaker part of the male sex, are much more inclined to *fall*, especially when they order you to give your "money" or your "life."

4) Formerly, those cast for death, were conveyed in a cart, all through the streets of London, from Newgate prison to Tyburn; where they were hanged; but now they are "launched into eternity" before the debtors' door, Newgate.

1) A Highway-man

What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague doth the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man,

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their mistresses, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself?—Poor girl, I'm in the utmost concern about her!

AIR.—MRS. PEACHUM.

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame;
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
She's what I dare not name.

Peach. Lookye, wife, a handsome wench, in our way of business, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood, to grant every liberty but one. My daughter to me should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. P. Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the poor girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the captain liberties, in the view of interest.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR.—MRS. PEACHUM.

A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinsic in't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is tried and imprest in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;
Now here, now there, is bought or is sold,
And is current in every house.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. P. Come hither, Filch.—I am as fond of this child, as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand

at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch. I plied at the opera, madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't—These seven handkerchiefs, madam.

Mrs. P. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. P. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner!

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Plague take the tailors, for making the fobs so deep and narrow!—it stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that, every now and then, since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. P. You should go to Hockley-in-the-hole¹⁾, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour; these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar:—Do you know of any thing that hath passed between captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you, or to miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. P. But when the honour of our family is concerned.

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with miss Polly, if ever she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying any body.

Mrs. P. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself, and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.—POLLY.

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
• Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
• And gaudy butterflies frolic around:

1) A famous place for thieves and beggars.

But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, in a very great Passion.

AIR.

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns,
and hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and
she will have men beside;
And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all
tempting, fine, and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings
herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged it would not have vexed me; for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice!—The wench is married, husband.

Peach. Married! the captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money: to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together if ever we had been married, baggage!

Mrs. P. I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming and drinking? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

Mrs. P. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut.

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[Pinches her.

• *Polly.* Oh!

Mrs. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to

[Screaming.

them; they break through them all; they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR.—POLLY.

Can love be controll'd by advice?

Will cupid our mothers obey?

Though my heart were as frozen as ice,

At his flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me, so sweetly he press'd,

'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,

So I thought if both safest and best

To marry for fear you should chide.

Mrs. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion), coolly and deliberately, for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. P. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh! [*Faints.*]

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! 'How the poor woman takes it to heart! [*Polly goes out, and returns with it*] Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is in this way. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. P. The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

A I R.

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd:

By keeping men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teased me,

And he so pleased me,

What I did you must have done.

Mrs. P. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut.

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear!

Mrs. P. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is her time to make her fortune: after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. P. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. P. A mighty likely speech in troth for a wench who is just married!

AIR.—POLLY.

I like a ship in storms was toss'd,

Yet afraid to put into land,

For seized in the port the vessel's lost

Whose treasure is contraband,

The waves are laid,

My duty's paid;

O joy beyond expression!

Thus safe ashore

I ask no more;

My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with them, Polly; but come again as soon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle, to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know Beetle-browed Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly*] Dear wife, be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. P. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and buddled up a frailty of that sort, 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fullers'-earth for reputations; there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. P. I am very sensible, husband, that captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves¹⁾ more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. P. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

1) Steals.

Polly. But I love him, sir: how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention, of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fie, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. P. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.—POLLY.

Oh ponder well! he not severe;
So save a wretched wife:
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him. Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. P. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why! wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex!

Polly. But hear me, mother—if you ever loved—

Mrs. P. Those cursed play books she reads have been her ruin! One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. P. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [*Polly listens*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we must comply with

the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*]

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed!—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

* Enter MACHEATH.

DUETT.

Mac. Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

Mac. O pretty, pretty Poll!
Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever,
my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were false in love.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

My heart was so free,
It roved like the bee,
Till Polly my passion required;
I sipt each flower,
I changed ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille.—But to tear me from thee is impossible;

DUETT.

Mac. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.
Polly. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was closed,

1. The Gallows.

I could mock the sntry toil

When on my charmer's breast reposed.

Mac. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Every night would kiss and play,

Mac. If with me you'd fondly stray,

Polly. Over the hills, and far away.

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must!—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee; they are preparing evidence against thee; thy life depends upon a moment!

AIR.—POLLY.

O, what a pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O, what a pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss, and then!—one kiss!—Be gone!—Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged.

Polly. Oh, how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but, when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

DUETT.

Mac. The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Tavern near Newgate.

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, VVAT DEARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIM-MING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O-THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy, and Tobacco.

Ben. But pry'thee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident¹⁾, this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow as he was, I could not save him from these stealing rascals, the surgeons; and now,

poor man, he is among the otamies²⁾, at Surgeons'-hall.

Ben. So, it seems, his time was come.

Jemmy. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive bath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own, by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

Jack. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

Vvat. Sound men and true!

Robin. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Mat. Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world; for every man has a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jemmy. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all! Fill the glasses!

AIR.—MAT.

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,

And fires us,

With courage, love, and joy.

Women and wine should life employ;

Is there aught else on earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Enter MACHREATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met; my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you!

Mat. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening, upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but—

Mat. But what, sir?

Mac. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I

¹⁾ Only hanged.

²⁾ Anatomies, skeletons.

value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction; for, the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

Mat. He is, to us, of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the Table.]

AIR AND CHORUS.—MAT-O'THE-MINT AND GANG.

Let us take the road;

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball! I hold!

Let the chemists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

[The Gang, ranged in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off, singing the first Part in Chorus.]

Mac. What a fool is, a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex; and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane¹⁾ would be uninhabited.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;

Press her,

Caress her,

With blisses,

Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women—there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time—Drawer!

1) A famous place for ladies of very free virtue.

Enter DRAWER.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Drawer. I expect him back every minute: but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-hole for three of the ladies; for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them, somewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come, I will show them up. Coming, coming. *[Exit]*

Enter MRS. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, MRS. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, MRS. SLAMMEKIN, SUKEY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome! you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut! are you as amorous as ever, hussy? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else.—Ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours! I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy: do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wholesome beer; for, in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters.—What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart: ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite!—Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress.—But see! here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying.—Molly Braun! *[She kisses him]* That's well done! I love a free-hearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.

AIR AND CHORUS.—MACHEATH AND LADIES.

Youth's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flower despised in decay.

Chorus. Youth's the season, etc.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Ours is not to-morrow;

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. Let us drink, etc.

Mac. Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here, drawer, bring us more wine. If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters but when I have the cholic.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies!

why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers¹⁾.

Mrs. C. We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking.—If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver.

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.—But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

Jenny. A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his Pistol; Sukey Tawdry takes up the other.*]

Sukey. This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. How fond could I be of you! but, before company, 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Vvanton, bussies!

Jenny. I must, and will, have a kiss, to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about the Neck, and make Signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.*]

Peach. I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

Mac. Vvas this well done, Jenny!—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women.—But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies; and, if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure:

Let me go where I will,

In all kinds of ill,

I shall find no such furies as these are.

[*Exit Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables.*]

Mrs. F. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry, for betraying the captain, as we were all assisting we ought all to share alike.

Jenny. As far as bowl of punch, or a

treat, I believe, Mrs. Sukey will join me—as for any thing else, ladies, you cannot, in conscience, expect it.

Mrs. S. Dear madam!

[*Offering the Pass to Mrs. Vixen.*]

Mrs. V. I wouldn't for the world.

Mrs. S. Nay—thus I must stay all night.

Mrs. V. Since you command me—

Mrs. S. [*After having given way to Mrs. Vixen, pushes her from the Door*] Let your betters go before you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Newgate.

Enter LOCKIT, Turnkeys, MACHEATH, and Constables.

Lockit. Noble captain, you are welcome! you have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, sir; garnish¹⁾, captain, garnish.—Hand me down those fetters there.

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. VWith your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lockit. Look ye, captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. VWhen a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down, I say. VVe have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you, sir. [*Gives Money*] The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman²⁾.

Lockit. Those, I see, will fit the captain better.—Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them, sir—Never was better work—How genteelly they are made!—They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir—I now leave you to your private meditations. [*Exeunt Lockit, Turnkeys, and Constables.*]

AIR.—MACHEATH.

Man may escape from rope and gun,

Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill;

VWho takes a woman must be undone,

That basilisk is sure to kill.

The fly, that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,

So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,

He, that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long till I am hanged) be confident to hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father; and, to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promised the wench marriage.—VWhat signifies a promise to a woman? does not man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for follow—

1) Money.

2) In a suit of black, with black silk stockings, and white cravat.—It is astonishing the vanity displayed on this occasion, when they spend to the very last farthing, that they may die genteelly.

1) This is called shop-lifting, where a woman goes to a mercer's, or other shop, under pretence of buying something; and they generally take with them double the quantity they have paid for; but they come under so many different shapes, and are so extremely clever at their business, that it is almost impossible to detect them.

ing their own inclinations. — But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her — 'would I were deaf!

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You base man, you! — how can you look me in the face, after what hath past between us? — Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet — to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR.—LUCY.

Thus, when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon.

Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

Mac. Have you no tenderness, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form, and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. — Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour is word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

Mac. The very first opportunity, my dear (but have patience), you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of miss Polly Peachum? — I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly.

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

Mac. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! those violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction — if you think there is any in marriage. — What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to miss Polly?

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

A I R.

The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, sonder grown,
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But, alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties,
they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father — Perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word — for I long to be made an honest woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PEACHUM, and LOCKIT with an Account-book.

Lockit. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands your last year's account?

Lockit. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arre ar of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

Lockit. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lockit. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries — That was level'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lockit. Mr. Peachum — this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end — if once we act dishonourably.

Lockit. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lockit. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood — and this usage — sir — is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information money for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lockit. Is this language to me, sirrah—who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah!

[Collaring each other.]

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for riding the world of an arrant rascal.

Lockit. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lockit. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lockit. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand; suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimm'd¹) two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [Exit.]

* Enter Lucy.

Lockit. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lockit. You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lockit. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion now—a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.—LUCY.

Is then his fate decreed, sir,

Such a man can I think of quitting?

When first we met, so moves me yet,

O see how my heart is splitting!

Lockit. Look ye, Lucy, there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

You'll think, ere many days ensue,

This sentence not severe;

I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,

But with him hang your care.

'Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband; that, child, is your duty—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him. [Exit.]

1) Slang, for stole.

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon he first opportunity, quiet my scruples.—Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing.—Money, well-timed, and properly applied, will do any thing.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

If you at an office expect your due,
And wouldn't have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,

To do what his duty directed:

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has that palpable failing;
The perquisite softens her into consent,
That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for his neck?—Oh let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look!—Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition!

Mac. I must disown her. [Aside] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou, then, married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. If woman's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

Polly. Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

How happy could I be with either,
Were I other dear charmer away!

But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say;
But toll de roll, etc.

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife—at least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh villain! villain! thou hast deceived me!—I could even inform against thee with pleasure.—Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

DUET.—POLLY AND LUCY.

Polly. I'm bubbled.

Lucy. I'm bubbled.

Polly. Oh, how

I'm troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled and bit!

Polly. My distresses
are doubled.

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers, with pleasure could fasten the noose.

Polly. I'm bubbled, etc.

Mac. I pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself; besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR.—POLLY.

Cease your funning,

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trepan;

All these sallies

Are but malice,

To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain,

By their flitting,

Women oft have envy shown;

Pleased to ruin

Others' wooing,

Never happy in their own!

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband, while his wife is present.

Mac. But, seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Luc. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey, to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the

least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR.

Lucy. Why, how now, madam Flirt?

If you thus must chatter,

And are for flinging dirt,

Let's try who best can spatter,

Madam Flirt!

Polly. Why, how now, saucy jade?

Sure, the wench is tipsey!

How can you see me made [To him.

The scoff of such a gipsy?

Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy!—Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak—I have more to say to him.—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure, all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another, by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my prisoner, now, hussy.

AIR.—POLLY.

No pow'r on earth can e'er divide

The knot that sacred love hath tied;

When parents draw against our mind,

The true love's knot they faster bind.

Oh, ob, ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, etc.

[Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her
[Exeunt Peachum and Polly.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled!

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee!

Luc. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Luc. Oh, Macheath; I could never live to see that day!

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee.—If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room.—If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; then, my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and, though you love me not

be grateful. But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR.—LUCY.

I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side;
Whom bounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the weary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—NEWGATE.

LOCKIT, LUCY.

Lockit. To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape?

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum, and his daughter Polly, and, to be sure, they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lockit. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers!

Lucy. Well then, if I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burned!

Lockit. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, sir—I do wish I may be burned, I do; and what can I say more to convince you?

Lockit. Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lockit. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard: for a girl, in the bar of an alehouse, is always besieged.

Lucy. If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession; for, to be sure, he hath been a most barbarous villain to me!

Lockit. And so you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing, and I could ask no other bribe. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced, that Polly Peachum is actually his wife—Did I let him escape, fool that I was! to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lockit. So I am to be ruined because, forsooth, you must be in love!—A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet!—I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it—Ungrateful Macbeath!

AIR.—LUCY.

My love is all madness and folly;

Alone I lie,

Toss, tumble, and cry,

What a happy creature is Polly!

Was e'er such a wretch as I?

With rage I redden like scarlet,

That my dear inconstant varlet,

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

This, this my resentment alarms.

Lockit. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, mistress Puss!—Out of my sight, wanton strumpet!—Yon shall fast, and mortify yourself into reason, with, now and then, a little handsome discipline, to bring you to your senses.—Go!—[*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum, then, intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him!—The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. Lucy!

Enter LUCY.

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters, in the next room, with Black Moll.

Lockit. Bid him come to me. [*Exit.*]

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved,—like a shotten herring.—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

Lockit. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret—so that Macbeath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*]

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distresses.

AIR.—LUCY.

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,

Now high, now low, with each billow borne,

With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratsbane ready—But say I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear madam! your servant.—I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR.—LUCY.

When a wife's in the pout
(As she's, sometimes, no doubt),
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grant her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is
a dram.

—I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes—and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, miss Polly—in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache.—I hope, madam, you will excuse me?

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking.—You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer.—I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly.—I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful—but really, madam, the captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again.—Ah Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well.—So that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond. Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.—LUCY.

Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
VVine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. *[Exit.]*

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too, when I know

she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief—By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Re-enter LUCY, with strong Waters.

Lucy. Come, miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, miss Polly, you are as squamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company.

Polly. What do I see? Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost! *[Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.]*

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, and PEACHUM.

Lockit. Set your heart at rest, captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, hussies!—This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee, but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. VVill not my dear husband look upon his Polly? VVhy hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

DUET.—POLLY AND LUCY.

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes!

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.

Lucy. O shun me not, but hear me!

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting.

Polly. Mine, too, breaks.

Lucy. Must I—

Polly. Must I be slighted?

Mac. VVhat would you have me say, ladies? You see the affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling of this point, captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two ladies.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

VVhich way shall I turn me? how can I decide?

VVives, the day of your death, are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,

But two at a time, there's no mortal can bear.
This way and that way, and which way I will,
VVhat would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Polly. But, if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father, sure, will be more compassionate!—Dear, dear sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.—POLLY.

VVhen my hero in court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's tears,
For ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor, he holds up his hand,
Distress'd on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death at land
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.

And alas, poor Polly!

Alack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in love,

Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another.—There's comfort for you, you slut!

Lockit. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR. — MACHEATH.

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged; (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd, for death is a debt—
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell, my love—dear charmers,
adieu!

Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,
For this way, at once, I please all my wives.
Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, Macheath, etc.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Prison.

Dance of Prisoners in Fetters.

SCENE III.—The condemned Hold.

MACHEATH in a melancholy Posture.

MEDLEY.

Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*]

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince
or whine. [*Rises.*]

But now again, my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine.

[*Drinks.*]

But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking;
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking?

[*Drinks.*]

If thus a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.

[*Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.*]

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can
stand the test,

And my comrades shall see that I die as brave
as the best. [*Drinks.*]

But can I leave my pretty hussies
Without one tear, or tender sigh?
Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die?

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company

Upon Tyburn tree.
But gold from law can take out the sting;
And if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together.

Enter BEN BUDGE and MAT-O-THE-MINT.

Mac. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprised me—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for, in all probability, you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are all heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune; but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels—their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'Tis my last request—Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do it.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Miss Polly and miss Lucy entreat a word with you. [*Exit,*]

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu!

[*Exeunt Ben Budge and Mat-o-the-Mint.*]

Enter LUCY and POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end.

TRIO.—LUCY, POLLY, MACHEATH.

Lucy. 'Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. And I would so too!

Lucy. To be hang'd with you.

Polly. My dear, with you.

Mac. Oh, leave me to thought! I fear, I doubt!

I tremble—I droop!—See, my courage is out!

[*Turns up the empty Pot.*]

Polly. No token of love?

Mac. See, my courage is out!

[*Turns up the empty Bottle.*]

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. Adieu!

Lucy. Farewell!

Mac. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Four women more, captain, with a child a-piece.

Mac. Tell the sheriff's officers I am ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mob. [*Within*] A reprieve! a reprieve!

Re-enter MACHEATH, POLLY, LUCY, etc.

Mac. So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last—Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy

now—Let us give this day to mirth; and, ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and for this time, I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we are really married.

FINALE.

Thus, I stand like a Turk, and his doxies
around,
From all sides, their glances his passion
confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy
burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by
turns:

Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his
desires,
Though willing to all, but with one he
retires:
Then think of this maxim, and put off all
sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-
morrow.

CHORUS.

Then think of this maxim, and cast away
sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-
morrow.

THE DUENNA,

COM. Opera by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Acted at Covent Garden, 1775. This piece (the plot of which seems borrowed from *Il Filosofo di Campagna*, from Moliere's *Sicilien*, and from *The Wonder* of Mrs. Centlivre) was received with applause by crowded audiences through a run of sixty-five nights, during the first season of its appearance. In the following year, it was repeated at least thirty times, and still continues a favourite with the public. It exhibits so happy a mixture of true humour and musical excellence, that it deservedly stands second on the list of its kindred performances. The *Beggar's Opera* perhaps will always remain the first, says the *Biographia Dramatica*; but Lord Byron maintains that Sheridan wrote the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best Opera (*Duenna*), the best farce (*Critic*), and the best speech (the famous Begum speech) in the English language; and calls the *Beggar's Opera*, a mere St. Giles's production.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON FERDINAND,
ISAAC MENDOZA.
DON JEROME.

DON ANTONIO,
FATHER PAUL.
LOPEZ.

DON CARLOS.
FRANCIS.
LAY BROTHER.

DONNA LOUISA.
DONNA CLARA.
THE DUENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter LOPEZ, with a dark lantern.

Lop. PAST three o'clock! so! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest—not that I am an enemy to love; but my love, and my master's, differ strangely—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her—This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor; hence my partiality to a feather-bed and a bottle. What a pity now, that I have not further time for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess [*Music without*] hey! sure, I heard music! So, so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: so! we shall have the old gentleman up presently—lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. [*Exit.*]

Enter ANTONIO, with MASKS and Music.

SONG. — ANTONIO.

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain?
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,

That, though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus, may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.
1 Mask. Antonio, your mistress will never
wake, while you sing so dolefully: love, like
a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.
Ant. I do not wish to disturb her rest.
1 Mask. The reason is, because you know
she does not regard you enough to appear,
if you awakened her.
Ant. Nay, then, I'll convince you, [*Sings.*]
The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

LOUISA—*replies from a Window.*

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight;
'Tis Phoebus sure, that woos, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME—*from a Window.*

What vagabonds are these, I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

TRIO. — LOUISA, ANTONIO, JEROME

Louisa. Nay, prythee, father, why so rough?
Ant. An humble lover I.
Jerome. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear

To such deceitful stuff?
Quick, from the window, fly!
Louisa. Adieu, Antonio!

Ant. Must you go?

Louisa. We soon, perhaps, may meet again;

Ant. For though hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.

Jerome. Reach me the blunderbuss.

Ant. et L. The god of love, who knows our pain,

Jerome. Hence, or these slugs are through your brain.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ.

Lopez. Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep, once in a week or so—

Ferd. Peace, fool, don't mention sleep to me.

Lopez. No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

Ferd. Peace, booby, I say!—Oh Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

Lopez. And of mine too.

Ferd. 'Sdeath! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this—now to stand on punctilios—love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lopez. Nor I either.

Ferd. Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

Lopez. Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them.

Ferd. Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lopez. I could name one.

Ferd. Yes; the tame fool, who submits to her caprice.

Lopez. I thought he couldn't miss it.

Ferd. Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? ay, a wildness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'Sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

Lopez. Oh, those damned smiles have undone all!

AIR. — FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm;
But when enraged I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty.
And sees—while Reason's blind.

Lopez. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Ferd. Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

Lopez. Ah, those cursed smiles! [*Exit.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ferd. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chanting before our door—was my father waked?

Ant. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Ferd. I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural stepmother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune: made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

Ant. Happy Ferdinand!

Ferd. 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion—I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

Ant. Ay, ay, this was at first?

Ferd. No such thing; she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

Ant. Well, but at last?—

Ferd. At last! why, I was forced to leave the house, as I came in.

Ant. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Ferd. Nothing, as I hope to be saved—I believe, I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Ant. Was that all? well, I think, I never heard of such assurance!

Ferd. Zounds! I tell you, I behaved with the utmost respect.

Ant. O Lord! I don't mean you, but in her—but, hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Ferd. Yes; the maid, who saw me out, took it from the door.

Ant. Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Ferd. Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps—I am in a humour to suspect every body—you loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Ant. Yes, I loved her, till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

A I R.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Ferd. As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

Ant. And yet, now, you would carry off Clara?

Ferd. Ay, that's a different case—we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives, as we do to others'—But, to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

Ant. Well, and am not I so unfortunately circumstanced? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Ferd. I must go home.

Ant. Well, adieu!

Ferd. But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR. — ANTONIO.

Friendship is the bond of reason;
But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven dissolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.
The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view;
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.
Then if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer—
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her? [Exit.

Ferd. There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject that is very alarming—Sdeath! if Clara should love him after all!

SONG.

Though cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!
When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore:
Those smiles let another but share;
And I wonder I prized them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the false she seems, still the fonder I grow! [Exit.

SCENE III. — A Room in DON JEROME'S House.

Enter LOUISA and DUENNA.

Louisa. But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duenna. It tell you again, I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial—Every thing is prepared in your room, and for the rest, we must trust to fortune.

Louisa. My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to—

Duenna. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Gusman,—'I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza; if she hesitates, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her, till she returns to her duty'—These were his words.

Louisa. And on his known obstinate ad-

herence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan for my escape—But have you secured my maid in our interest?

Duenna. She is a party in the whole; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

Louisa. That I do with all my soul; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy, most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

A I R.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor—
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own
I loved him for himself alone.
But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what his bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own
I loved him for himself alone.

Duenna. I hear Don Jerome coming—Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that is to be the ground of my dismission—I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered. [Exit.

Enter DON JEROME and FERDINAND.

Jerome. What, I suppose, you have been serenading too! Eh, disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villanous catgut, and lascivious piping! Out on't! you set your sister, here, a vile example; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations—these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing; as, they say, Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears; however, there's an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Louisa. Never, while I have life.

Ferd. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jerome. Sir, you are very kind, to favour me with your sentiments—and pray, what is your objection to him?

Ferd. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Jerome. No such thing, boy; he has forsown his country.

Louisa. He is a Jew.

Jerome. Another mistake: he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Ferd. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Louisa. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jerome. Any thing more?

Ferd. But the most remarkable part of his character is, his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Louisa. Though at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Ferd. True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jerome. Any thing more?

Louisa. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jerome. But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers should never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered, and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

Louisa. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jerome. I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Louisa. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jerome. Do you value your father's peace?

Louisa. So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jerome. Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty—no reply—this and your chamber shall be your apartments: I never will stir out, without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but through my library—we'll try who can be most obstinate—out of my sight—there remain till you know your duty. *[Pushes her out.]*

Ferd. Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Jerome. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation—I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Ferd. There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

Jerome. Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship—but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Ferd. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

Jerome. Then pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Ferd. I have done, sir—I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at our age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jerome. Why, I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy—I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were—we never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed—if we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel; and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same—I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room—so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d'ye hear? *[Exit.]*

Ferd. I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for—however, Louisa has firm-

ness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection.—In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake. *[Noise.]* Sob! what bustle is here! between my father and the Duenna too—I'll e'en get out of the way. *[Exit.]*

Enter DON JEROME with a Letter, pulling in the DUENNA.

Jerome. I'm astonish'd! I'm thunderstruck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you, that I placed here as a scare-crow?

Duenna. What?

Jerome. A scare-crow—to prove a decoy-duck—what have you to say for yourself?

Duenna. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them.—I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jerome. The tender passions! yea, they would become those impenetrable features!—why, thou deceitful hag! I plac'd thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty—I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry aloof to the sons of gallantry—steel traps and spring guns¹ seemed writ in every wrinkle of it—but you shall quit my house this instant—the tender passions, indeed! go, thou wanton sybil, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duenna. You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are—yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things, I presume?

Jerome. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfered, heh?

Duenna. Sir, I must take leave of my mistress; she has valuables of mine: besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jerome. Your veil forsooth! what, do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! sob! you quit the house within these five minutes In—in—quick. *[Exit Duenna]* Here was a precious plot of mischief! these are the comforts daughters bring us!

A I R.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,

No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife!

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

1) "Steel-traps and spring-guns," is generally written on the doors of gardens near London, in order to deter thieves from entering the garden and stealing the fruit;—these things have done a great deal of harm, and taken away the life of many an innocent person, accidentally walking in the garden.

Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
When scarce in their teens, they have wit to
perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've
brought her;
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling,
Flouting and pouting,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

*Enter LOUISA, dressed as the DUENNA, with
Cardinal and Veil, seeming to cry.*

Jerome. This way, mistress, this way—
what, I warrant, a tender parting; sob! tears
of turpentine down those deal cheeks—Ay,
you may well hide your head—yes, whine till
your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word
of excuse—so you are right to be dumb, this
way, this way. *[Exit.*

Enter DUENNA.

Duenna. So speed you well, sagacious Don
Jerome! Oh, rare effects of passion and ob-
stinacy—now shall I try whether I can't play
the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I
succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of
my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The court before DON JEROME'S
House.*

Enter DON JEROME and LOUISA.

Jerome. Come, mistress, there is your way
—The world lies before you, so troop, thou
antiquated Eve, thou original sin—hold, yon-
der is some fellow skulking; perhaps it is
Antonio—go to him, d'y'e hear, and tell him
to make you amends, and as he has got you
turned away, tell him I say it is but just he
should take you himself; go. *[Exit Louisa]*
Soh! I am rid of her, thank Heaven! and now
I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine
my daughter with better security. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.*

Enter CLARA and her MAID.

Maid. But where, madam, is it you intend
to go?

Clara. Any where to avoid the selfish vio-
lence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's
insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have pro-
fited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our
escape, I think we had best find him, if it
were only to thank him.

Clara. No—he has offended me exceedingly.
[Retire.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. So I have succeeded in being turn-
ed out of doors—but how shall I find Anto-
nio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of
being discovered; I would send to my friend
Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would
condemn me.

Maid. Then suppose, ma'am, you were to
try if your friend Donna Louisa would not
receive you.

Clara. No, her notions of filial duty are so
severe, she would certainly betray me.

Louisa. Clara is of a cold temper, and
would think this step of mine highly forward.

Clara. Louisa's respect for her father is so
great, she would not credit the unkindness of
mine.

[Louisa turns, and sees Clara and Maid.

Louisa. Ha! who are those? sure one is
Clara—if it be, I'll trust her.—*Clara. [Advances.*

Clara. Louisa! and in masquerade too!

Louisa. You will be more surprised when
I tell you, that I have run away from my
father.

Clara. Surprised indeed! and I should cer-
tainly chide you must horribly, only that I
have just run away from mine.

Louisa. My dear Clara! *[Embrace.*

Clara. Dear sister truant! and whither are
you going?

Louisa. To find the man I love, to be sure
—And, I presume, you would have no aver-
sion to meet my brother?

Clara. Indeed I should—he has behaved so
ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive
him.

A I R.

When sable night, each drooping plant re-
storing,

Wvept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wwakes its beauty with a tear;

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did
borrow

One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast;
He vow'd he came to save me
From those who would enslave me!

Then kneeling,

Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore;
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then,
And he had press'd again,
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant
him more.

Louisa. Well, for all this, I would have
sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would
not yet a while have him know of my flight.
And where do you hope to find protection?

Clara. The Lady Abbess of the convent of
St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of
mine—I shall be secure with her, and you
had best go thither with me.

Louisa. No; I am determined to find An-
tonio first; and, as I live, here comes the
very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Clara. Who is he? he's a strange figure!

Louisa. Yes; that sweet creature is the
man whom my father has fixed on for my
husband.

Clara. And will you speak to him? are
you mad?

Louisa. He is the fittest man in the world
for my purpose—for, though I was to have
married him to-morrow, he is the only man
in Seville, who, I am sure, never saw me in
his life.

Clara. And how do you know him?

Louisa. He arrived but yesterday, and he was shown to me from the window, as he visited my father.

Clara. Well, I'll begone.

Louisa. Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has struck me—will you give me leave to borrow your name, as I see occasion?

Clara. It will but disgrace you—but use it as you please—I dare not stay—[*Going*—but, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him, that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the convent of St. Catherine, on the left-hand side of the piazza, which leads to the church of St. Anthony.

Louisa. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt Clara and Maid*] So! my swain, yonder, has done admiring himself, and draws nearer. [*Retires.*

Enter ISAAC and CARLOS; ISAAC with a Pocket Glass.

Isaac. [*Looking in the Glass*] I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Carlos. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isaac. Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and, I am sure, a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard. [*Sees Louisa*] See now!—I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Louisa. Signior, are you disposed to oblige a lady, who greatly wants your assistance?

[*Unveils.*

Isaac. Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl! she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos—first, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Louisa. So! it's well I am provided. [*Aside*] My name, sir, is Donna Clara d'Almanza.

Isaac. What!—Don Gusman's daughter? I faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Louisa. But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

Isaac. So! a passion for me! poor girl! Why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get any thing by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Louisa. Why so, signior?

Isaac. Because I am positively engaged to another—*an't* I, Carlos?

Louisa. Nay, but hear me.

Isaac. No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and, for any thing else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility—so, truly, you had best go home again.

Louisa. Odious wretch! [*Aside*] But, good signior, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac. How! what! it is not with me, then, that you are in love?

Louisa. No, indeed, it is not.

Isaac. Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Louisa. Is this your gallantry?

Isaac. Yet hold—Antonio d'Ercilla, did you say? egad, I may make something of this—Antonio d'Ercilla?

Louisa. Yes; and, if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac. By St. Iago and I will too—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa—now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

Carlos. Yes, very good—very good—

Isaac. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself a while to my friend's direction?

Louisa. May I rely on you, good signior?

Carlos. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

A I R.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.
But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet.
And brothers in the young.

Isaac. I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos; I must haste to Don Jerome.—Perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am. She is divinely handsome—*isn't* she?

Louisa. You must excuse me in not joining with you.

Isaac. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Louisa. Her father is uncommonly partial to her; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac. Carlos, this is all envy—you pretty girls never speak well of one another—bark ye, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant! Oh, 'twas the luckiest thought!—Donna Clara, your very obedient—Carlos, to your post.

D U E T.

Isaac. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?

Louisa. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
But think what I suffer the while!
Alone, and away from the man whom I love
In strangers I'm forced to confide.

Isaac. Dear lady, my friend you may trust.
and he'll prove
Your servant, protector, and guide.

A I R.—CARLOS.

Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?

Let me serve thee—then reject me.

TRIO.

Louisa. Never may'st thou happy be,
If in aught thou'rt false to me.

Isaac. Never may he happy be,
If in aught he's false to thee.

Carlos. Never may I happy be,
If in aught I'm false to thee.

Louisa. Never may'st thou, etc.

Isaac. Never may he, etc.

Carlos. Never may I, etc.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library in DON JEROME's House.*

Enter DON JEROME and ISAAC.

Jerome. Ha! ha! ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip? Ha! ha! ha! poor Don Gusman!

Isaac. Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means you see I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, hey?

Jerome. Excellent! excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him by all means, ha! ha! ha! poor Don Gusman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jerome. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with—why don't my girl play me such a trick—let her cunning overreach my caution, I say—hey, little Isaac!

Isaac. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of mee—No, no, egad, little Solomon (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

Jerome. Ay, but such a driveller as Don Gusman.

Isaac. And such a dupe as Antonio.

Jerome. True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons; but come, 'tis time you should see my daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isaac. Sir, you'll introduce—

Jerome. No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac. Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty—now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

S Q N G.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast.

But health and good humour to make her his toast;

If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that,

Whatever her complexion—I vow I don't care;
If brown it is lasting—more pleasing if fair;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.
Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,

And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;

For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.
'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are ganteeler than black;

A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Jerome. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isaac. Oh, Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

Jerome. Ay, but her beauty will affect you—she is, though I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy—there you will see features with an eye like mine—yes 'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness, that shows her to be my own.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

Isaac. Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Jerome. Remarkably pleasing—but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginian nightingale—but come, come; her maid shall conduct you to her antichamber.

Isaac. Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jerome. Ay! woo her briskly—win her, and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isaac. But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here—If he comes, will you send him to me?

Jerome. I will—Lauretta, come—she'll show you to the room—what! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—LOUISA's Dressing-Room.

Enter MAID and ISAAC.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently. [*Goes to the Door.*]

Isaac. When she's at leisure—don't hurry her. [*Exit Maid.*] I wish I had ever practised a love scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I couldn't be more afraid, if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA, dressed as LOUISA.

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duenna. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. So! the ice is broke, and a pretty

civil beginning too. Hem! madam—miss—I'm all attention.

Duenna. Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isaac. Egad, this isn't so disdainful neither—I believe I may venture to look—no—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

Duenna. You seem thoughtful, sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

Isaac. So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

Duenna. Come, sir, here's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—that a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so. [*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*]

Duenna. You seem surprised at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it.—Zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother! [*Aside.*]

Duenna. But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Her father! Yes, 'tis she then—Lord, lord; how blind some parents are!

Duenna. Signior Isaac.

Isaac. Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not her person.

Duenna. Signior, won't you sit? [*She sits.*]

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam—she has the devil's own dimples to be sure! [*Aside.*]

Duenna. I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability—I own, signior, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teased by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but then, sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

Isaac. Ay, and so you were to me, upon my soul, madam.

Duenna. But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac. That was just my case too, madam: I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

Duenna. Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little, black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

Isaac. Egad, I wish she had answer'd her picture as well.

Duenna. But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

Duenna. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman!

Isaac. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duenna. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits!

Isaac. O, dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness. [*Kisses her.*] Why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't! [*Aside.*]

Duenna. O, sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you should get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss an hedgehog.

Isaac. Yes, ma'am, the razor wouldn't be amiss—for either of us. [*Aside.*] Could you favour me with a song?

Duenna. Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem! [*Begins to sing.*]

Isaac. Very like a Virginia nightingale!—ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress—

Duenna. Oh, not in the least distressed;—now, sir,

S O N G.

When a tender maid

Is first essay'd

By some admiring swain,

How her blushes rise

If she meet his eyes,

While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!

Touch her lips—and she swoons out-right!

While a pit-a-pat, etc.

Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear

Fewer signs of fear;

The youth she boldly views;

If her hand he grasp,

Or her bosom clasp,

No mantling blush ensues!

Then to church well pleased the lovers move,

While her smiles her contentment prove;

And a pit-a-pat, etc.

Her heart avows her love.

Isaac. Charming, ma'am! enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me; a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble!

Duenna. How! is there, then, another so dear to you?

Isaac. O, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duenna. Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true, indeed, ma'am; but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me, for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duenna. Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my father's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duenna. When my father, in his passion, swore he would never see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand; nothing shall make me break that oath; but, if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duenna. Nay, sir, if you hesitate—

Isaac. I faith, no bad whim this—if I take

her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too—Oh, cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone—Egad, I'll take her in the mind.

Duenna. Well, sir, what's your determination?

Isaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

Duenna. Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac. No, to be sure, that would spoil all: but, trust me, when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duenna. Well, I leave the management of it all to you; I perceive plainly, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac. Egad, you're right, madam—you're right, i'faith.

Enter MAID.

Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signior Isaac.

Isaac. A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend—let him come in. [*Exit Maid*] He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

Enter CARLOS.

So, coz.

Carlos. I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings—but can nowhere find Antonio.

Isaac. Well, I will search him out myself.—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Carlos. Where is your mistress?

Isaac. There, you booby, there she stands.

Carlos. Why she's damned ugly!

Isaac. Hush! [*Stops his mouth.*]

Duenna. What is your friend saying, signior?

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, ha is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before; eh, Carlos?

Carlos. Ay, such as I never saw before, indeed!

Duenna. You are a very obliging gentleman—well, Signior Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties—adieu, idol of my soul!—yet once more permit me—

Duenna. Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

Isaac. Your slave eternally—Come, Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

Carlos. I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

S O N G.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature,
Oh, how happy are such lovers,

When kindred beauties each discovers!

Fo surely she

Was made for thee,

And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty—

The boys with all their father's sense,

The girls with all their mother's beauty!

Oh, how happy to inherit

At once such graces and such spirit!

Thus while you live

May fortune give

Each blessing equal to your merit!

[*Exeunt Isaac, Carlos, Duenna.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

JEROME and FERDINAND discovered.

Jerome. Object to Antonio? I have said it: his poverty, can you acquit him of that?

Ferd. Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

Jerome. Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Ferd. Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jerome. But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

Ferd. Sir, he inherited but little; and that, his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jerome. Pshaw! you talk like a blockhead! nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat.

Ferd. This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader than a Spaniard.

Jerome. Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England, they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pedigree in any thing but a horse—Oh, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

Ferd. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

Jerome. How now?

[*Ferdinand walks aside.*]

Enter ISAAC.

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

Isaac. Oh, yes; I have softened her.

Jerome. What, does she come to?

Isaac. Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jerome. And the dear little angel was civil, hey?

Isaac. Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

Jerome. I'm transported to hear it—well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

Isaac. I was astonished, indeed! pray, how old is miss?

Jerome. How old? let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Jerome. Ay, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom!

Jerome. Do you think so? but I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Jerome. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too. [Aside.]

Jerome. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly I should have guessed them to have been so—If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse. [Aside.]

Jerome. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

Isaac. Ay, 'faith, and her grandfather's chin to a hair. [Aside.]

Jerome. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome—and hark ye, friend Isaac, she is none of your 'made-up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. 'Faith, so they should—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jerome. Why, zounds, Master Isaac! you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think you daughter handsome?

Jerome. By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jerome. By St. Iago, you must be blind.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Jerome. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father sees!—As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this: as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear, 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw! for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of an harpsichord. Then, as to her singing, and heavenly voice—by this hand, she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds, for all the world, like a child's trumpet.

Jerome. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say!

Ferd. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Jerome. Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

Ferd. He must be either blind or insolent.

Isaac. So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far!

Ferd. Sure, sir, there must be some mistake; it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

Jerome. 'Sdeath! you are as great a fool as he! what mistake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and hav'n't I the key in my own pocket? and didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? and yet you talk of a mistake: no, the Portuguese meant to in-

sult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

Isaac. I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome.

D U E T.

Isaac. Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend;

My mistress I love, and I value my friend;
To win her and wed her is still my request,
For better, for worse—and I swear I don't jest.

Jerome. Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high!

Isaac. Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high!

Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

Jerome. You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

Isaac. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking, and be serious.

Jerome. How?

Isaac. Ha; ha! ha! I'll be hanged if you hav'n't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Jerome. You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac. O mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it would make you.

Jerome. Was that all, 'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag, ha! ha! ha! By St. Iago! you made me very angry though—well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jerome. Give me your hand, you little jocosé rogue—Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Ferd. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel, but I find the Jew is too cunning.

Jerome. Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled—order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health—poor Louisa! ugly, hey! Ha! ha! ha! 'Twas a very good joke, indeed!

Isaac. And a very true one, for all that.

Jerome. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Ferd. Sir, I will drink success to my friend, with all my heart.

Jerome. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

T R I O.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a copest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar:

So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

A bumper, etc.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—ISAAC'S Lodgings.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am! I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's choice is gone to

bring me the man of my own—but how di-
spiriting is this interval of expectation!

SONG.

What hard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure it was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
What hard, etc.

Enter CARLOS.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Carlos. I could not meet with him, lady;
but I doubt not my friend Isaac will be here
with him presently.

Louisa. Oh, shame! you have used no di-
ligence—I this your courtesy to a lady, who
has trusted herself to your protection?

Carlos. Indeed, madam, I have not been
remiss.

Louisa. Well, well; but if either of you
had known how each moment of delay weighs
upon the heart of her who loves, and waits
the object of her love, oh, ye would not then
have trifled thus!

Carlos. Alas, I know it well!

Louisa. Were you ever in love then?

Carlos. I was, lady; but while I have life,
will never be again.

Louisa. Was your mistress so cruel?

Carlos. If she had always been so, I should
have been happier.

SONG.

O had my love ne'er smiled on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish;
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd;
And then with cold and fix'd disdain
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it;
Not worse his fate, his woe, to find
The wreck must sink ere near it!

Louisa. As I live, here is your friend com-
ing with Antonio—I'll retire for a moment to
surprise him. [Exit.]

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO.

Ant. Indeed, my good friend, you must be
mistaken. Clara D'Almanza in love with me,
and employ you to bring me to meet her!
It is impossible!

Isaac. That you shall see in an instant—
Carlos, where is the lady? [Carlos points
to the Door] In the next room, is she?

Ant. Nay, if that lady is really here, she
certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear
friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Pshaw! I tell you 'tis no such thing
you are the man she wants, and nobody

but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take
a pretty girl that's dying for you!

Ant. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? but
take my word for it, Antonio, you have no
chance there—so you may as well secure the
good that offers itself to you.

Ant. And could you reconcile it to your
conscience, to supplant your friend?

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to
do with gallantry, than it has with politics—
why, you are no honest fellow, if love can't
make a rogue of you—so come, do go in,
and speak to her at last.

Ant. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac. [Opens the Door] There—there she
is—yonder by the window—get in, do—
[Pushes him in, and half shuts the Door]

—now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I
warrant—stay, I'll peep how they go on—
egad, he looks confoundedly posed—now she's
coaxing him—see, Carlos, he begins to come
to—ay, ay, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Carlos. Look—now they are both laughing!

Isaac. Ay, so they are—yes, yes, they are
laughing at that dear friend he talked of—ay,
poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Carlos. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isaac. Yes, yes, 'faith, they're agreed—he's
caught, he's entangled—my dear Carlos, we
have brought it about. Oh, this little cunning
head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel.

Carlos. I hear somebody inquiring for you
—I'll see who it is. [Exit Carlos.]

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA.

Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has
so entirely convinced me of the certainty of
your success at Don Jerome's, that I now
resign my pretensions there.

Isaac. You never did a wiser thing, be-
lieve me—and as for deceiving your friend,
that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in
love, isn't it, ma'am?

Louisa. Certainly, sir; and I am particu-
larly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac. O lud! yes, ma'am—let any one
outwit me, that can, I say—but here, let me
join your hands—there, you lucky rogue! I
wish you happily married, from the bottom
of my soul!

Louisa. And I am sure if you wish it, no
one else should prevent it.

Isaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no
more; so let us be friends, will you?

Ant. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac. It is not every man, let me tell you,
that would have taken such pains, or been so
generous to a rival.

Ant. No, 'faith; I don't believe there's ano-
ther beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac. Well, but you resign all pretensions
to the other lady?

Ant. That I do, most sincerely.

Isaac. I doubt you have a little hankering
there still.

Ant. None in the last, upon my soul.

Isaac. I mean after her fortune.

Ant. No, believe me—You are heartily
welcome to every thing she has.

Isaac. Well, 'faith, you have the best of
the bargain, as to beauty, twenty to one—

now I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Louisa. Indeed!

Isaac. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Louisa. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

Isaac. O no, no! there lies the jest—Don't you see that, by this step, I overreach him? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her, ha! ha! ha! I'm a cunning dog, an't I? A sly little, villain. eh?

Ant. Ha! ha! ha! you are indeed!

Isaac. Roguish, you'll say, but keen, eh?—devilish keen?

Ant. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Isaac. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out! hey?

Louisa. Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha! ha! ha!

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Here are the dancers' come to practise the fandango, you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

Isaac. O, I shan't want them; but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money—will you excuse me?

Louisa. Willingly.

Isaac. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any service. Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness.—Oh, the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him!—This was a master-piece!

Louisa. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the convent of St. Catharine?

Ant. Why, Louisa—should you go there?

Louisa. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me; I shall write from thence to my father; perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Ant. I have no hope from him—O Louisa! in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Louisa. Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Ant. I shall obey.

Louisa. Come, friend—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Ant. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Carlos. You shall not find me unfaithful.

T R I O.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;

As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,

He hallows every heart he once has sway'd;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter JEROME and SERVANT.

Jerome. Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza, what! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband, as it were—it is impossible!

Serv. Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden, while you was abroad—The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since.

[*Exit.*]

Jerome. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! 'sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it, I can't comprehend!

Enter SECOND SERVANT with a Letter.

Serv. Here is a letter, sir, from Signior Isaac.

[*Exit.*]

Jerome. So, so, this will explain—ay, Isaac Mendoza—let me see—

[*Reads.*]

"Dearest Sir,

"You must, doubtless, be much surprised at my flight with your daughter"—Yes, 'faith, and well I may—"I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview"—The devil you had!—"But she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim"—So, so!—"We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one, who will then be

"Your son-in-law,

"ISAAC MENDOZA."

A whim, hey? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning, she would die sooner than have him, and before evening, she runs away with him!—Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portuguese, sure, will never deny to fulfil the rest of the article.

Enter Servant, with another Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa.

[*Exit.*]

Jerome. How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write; well, let's see what she says—

[*Reads.*]

"My dearest Father,

"How shall I entreat your pardon for he rash step I have taken—how confess the motive?"—Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive?—one would think they weren't together when they wrote—"If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness"—So, so, here the whole matter comes out; her resentment for Antonio's ill usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is all plain enough—well—"I am not married yet, though with a man, I am convinced, adores me"—Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her—"But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your

*consent, you will make completely happy,
"Your ever affectionate daughter."*

LOUISA."

My consent? to be sure she shall have it!—
egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should—Oh, there's nothing like obstinacy—Lewis!

Enter Servant.

Let the man, who brought the last letter, wait; and get me a pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest—holloa! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter Servants.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night—serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Serv. Yes, sir.

[Exeunt.]

Jerome. And order all my doors to be thrown open—admit all guests, with masks or without masks—I'faith, we'll have a night of it—And I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

S O N G.

Oh, the days when I was young,
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite;
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night!
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask;
But still honest truth I found
At the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire;
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ.

Ferd. What, could you gather no tidings of her? nor guess where she was gone? O Clara! Clara!

Lopez. In truth, sir, I could not.—That she was run away from her father, was in every body's mouth,—and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her was also a very common report—where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon them to say.

Ferd. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lopez. So I said to myself, sir—'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville—Then some said, she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Ferd. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lopez. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Ferd. Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again, till you bring me news of her.
[Exit Lopez.] Oh, how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition!

Enter ISAAC.

Isaac. So, I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases!

Ferd. What? what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. Oh, Ferdinand! my brother-in-law, that shall be, who thought of meeting you!

Ferd. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear.—This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Ferd. How?

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville was the cause.

Ferd. Oh, Heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. Oh, yes, she confessed at once—but then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Ferd. Dear creature! no more I did indeed! Oh, I am the happiest fellow!—*[Aside.]* Well, Isaac!

Isaac. Why, then she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Ferd. Good Heavens, how lucky!—Well, come along; let's lose no time. *[Pulling him.]*

Isaac. Looks! where are we to go?

Ferd. Why, did any thing more pass?

Isaac. Any thing more! yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches; and complied with her desires.

Ferd. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she? why, don't I tell you, I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

Ferd. 'Sdeath, you trifle with me!—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! O lud, no!—How the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted: and with Antonio I left her.

Ferd. Hell and madness! *[Aside.]* What, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isaac. Ay, ay, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first—He talked a good deal about honour, and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord, we soon overruled that.

Ferd. You did?

Isaac. Oh, yes, presently—Such deceit, says he—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love—But then, my friend, says he—Pshaw! damn your friend, says I.—So, poor wretch, he has no chance—no, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Ferd. I must go, or I shall betray myself.

Isaac. But stay, Ferdinand, you ha'n't heard the best of the joke.

Ferd. Curse on your joke!

Isaac. Good lack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Ferd. Be rack'd! tortured! damn'd—

Isaac. Why, sure you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you? I'faith, as sure as can be, he is—This is a better joke than 't'other, ha! ha! ha!

Ferd. What, do you laugh? you vile, mischievous varlet! [*Collars him*] But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out.

[*Throws him from him.*]

Isaac. O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferd. But, hark ye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or, by my soul—

[*Draws.*]

Isaac. For Heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage—I'll recollect as well as I can.

Ferd. Be quick then!

Isaac. I will, I will—but people's memories differ—some have a treacherous memory—now mine is a cowardly memory—it takes to its heels, at sight of a drawn sword, it does, i'faith; and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Ferd. Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac. No, no, I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law—but that ill-looking thing there—

Ferd. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I will; I'll tell you all, upon my soul—but why need you listen sword in hand?

Ferd. Why, there. [*Puts up*] Now.

Isaac. Why then, I believe they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the convent of St. Catharine.

Ferd. St. Catharine!

Isaac. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Ferd. Is this the truth?

Isaac. It is indeed—and all I know, as I hope for life.

Ferd. Well, coward, take your life—'Tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

Isaac. Ay, ay, kill him—cut his throat, and welcome.

Ferd. But, for Clara—infamy on her! she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law. I'faith, I would not be angry about her—she is not worth it, indeed.

Ferd. 'Tis false! she is worth the enmity of princes.

Isaac. True, true, so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Ferd. 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me?

Isaac. Oh, dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon, I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul.

Ferd. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further; nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isaac. I'faith, then my insignificance is the best friend I have.—I'm going, dear Ferdinand—What a curst hot-headed bully it is!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

Enter LOUISA and CLARA.

Louisa. And you really wish my brother may not find you out?

Clara. Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise?

Louisa. Why, perhaps, because the dress

becomes you; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Clara. If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night—

Louisa. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

Clara. Well, you may think me cruel—but I swear, if he were here this instant, I believe I should forgive him.

SONG.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies!
One day apart, 'tis ended;
Behold him, and it dies.

Last night, your roving brother,
Eurag'd I bade depart;
And sure his rude presumption
Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injured pride
I fear my eyes would pardon
Before my tongue could chide.

Louisa. I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Clara. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

Louisa. Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade; but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Clara. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned—I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him! [*Exit.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

Louisa. None—The messenger is not returned from my father.

Ant. Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Louisa. I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial: I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio; but there is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it—If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

SONG—ANTONIO.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown),
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips, that spoke so kind,
And by that hand, I've press'd to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
By Heav'n's, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontrol'd, in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

Enter MAM, with a Letter.

Louisa. My father's answer, I suppose.

Ant. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured, that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Louisa. Let us see, however—*[Reads]* "*Dearest daughter, make your lover happy; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home and sup with your affectionate father.*"

Ant. You jest, Louisa!

Louisa. *[Gives him the Letter]* Read—read.

Ant. 'Tis so, by Heavens!—sure there must be some mistake; but that's none of our business—Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Louisa. Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Ant. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word—I'll fly to procure one.

Louisa. Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Ant. Come then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend; you have already been diverted by the manners of a nun; let us see whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Louisa. I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure, nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it—Ha! what do I see! Ferdinand, as I live! how could he gain admission—by potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did—How eager and disturbed he seems—he shall not know me as yet. *[Lets down her veil.]*

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. *[Going.]*

Clara. *[Stops him]* Pray, signior, what is your business here?

Ferd. No matter—no matter—Oh, they stop—*[Looks out]* Yes, that is the perfidious Clara indeed!

Clara. So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so moved. *[Aside.]*

Ferd. Her disguise can't conceal her—No, no, I know her too well.

Clara. Wonderful discernment! but, signior—

Ferd. Be quiet, good nun; don't tease me—By Heavens, she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! O woman! woman!

Clara. But signior, who is it you want?

Ferd. Not you, not you, so prythee don't tease me. Yet pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Clara. Clara d'Almanza, signior, is not yet out of the garden.

Ferd. Ay, ay, I knew I was right—And pray is not that gentleman, now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Clara. It is indeed, signior.

Ferd. So, so; now but one question more—can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Clara. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Ferd. Very well—enough—now if I don't mar their wedding! *[Exit.]*

Clara. *[Unveils]* I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind—Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surprise when undeceived? When he's through the porch, I'll follow him; and perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

S O N G.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs!
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well!
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love! *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—A Court before the Priory.

Enter ISAAC, crossing the Stage.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. What, my friend Isaac!

Isaac. What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Ant. Have you?—I wish you joy with all my soul.

Isaac. Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Ant. So, then we are both on the same errand; I am come to look for Father Paul.

Isaac. Ha! I am glad on't—but, faith, he must tack me first; my love is waiting.

Ant. So is mine.—I left her in the porch.

Isaac. Ay, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Ant. And so am I too.

Isaac. Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together—or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along—but you're obliged to me for all this.

Ant. Yes, yes.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Priory.—FRIARS at the Table, drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our table,

His beams are rosy wine;

We, planets, that are not able

Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!

You'll soon grow bright

With borrow'd light,

And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Francis. Have we drank the abess of St. Ursuline?

Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last.

Francis. Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

Paul. With all my heart. *[Drinks]* Pray, brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Aug. Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats, to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he? let them be paid to our wine merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Any thing more?

Aug. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his money better—Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead.—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was—See who's there.

[*A knocking, Francis goes to the door, and opens it.*]

Enter PORTER.

Porter. Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Francis. Brother Paul!

[*Paul comes from behind a curtain, with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.*]

Paul. Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Porter. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No, they were not—were they, Brother Francis?

Francis. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go—no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites: ye eat and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Porter. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs! and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order—out on't!—If you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth; and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring? [*Drinks*] Put this away, [*Gives a glass*] and show me where I'm wanted. [*Porter draws the glass.—Paul, going, turns*] So, you would have drank it, if there had been any left. Ah, glutton! glutton!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO.

Isaac. A plaguy while coming, this same Father Paul—He's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

Ant. No, here he comes.

Enter PAUL.

Good Father Paul, I crave your blessing.

Isaac. Yes, good Father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it, pray?

Isaac. To marry us, good Father Paul; and in truth thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul. In short, I may be called so: for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac. No, no, thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas! my appearance is deceitful.—

Bloated I am, indeed! for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swoln me like a bladder.

Ant. But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, father; rosy, if I faith.

Paul. Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac. Good man!

Paul. And I have laboured too, but to what purpose? they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac. I flocks, father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag.

Ant. But, to the purpose, father—will you officiate for us?

Paul. To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe: and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Ant. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it. Isaac, hav'n't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

Isaac. Yes, yes; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame! you make me angry: you forget who I am, and when importunate people have forced their trash—ay, into this pocket, here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs. [*They put money into his pockets*] Fie, now how you distress me! I would return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Ant. Now then, come with us.

Isaac. Ay, now give us your title to joy and rapture.

Paul. Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Ant. No bad caution to my friend Isaac.

[*Aside*] Well, well, father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac. Ay, and so will I. [*They are going.*]

Enter LOUISA, running.

Louisa. O, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

Isaac. Who? Don Ferdinand! he's not inquiring for me, I hope.

Ant. Fear not, my love; I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac. Egad, you won't—Antonio, take my advice, and run away: this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog! and has the cursedest long sword!—and, upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Ant. Never fear, never fear.

Isaac. Well, you may stay if you will; but I'll get some one to marry me; for, by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels. [*Runs out.*]

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. So, sir, I have met with you at last.

Ant. Well, sir.

Ferd. Base, treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you're injured?

Ant. Ferdinand, you are too warm: 'tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope—I scorn deceit, as much as you—By Heaven I knew

not she had left her father's, till I saw her.

Ferd. What a mean excuse! You have wronged your friend, then, for one, whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me; but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dared to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have a spirit to avow it.

Louisa. Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude, to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Ferd. No, meddling priest, the hand he seeks is mine.

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further. Lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand?

[*To Louisa, who shakes her head.*]

Ferd. Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity, be't your punishment to remember I have not reproached you.

Enter CLARA.

Clara. What mockery is this?

Ferd. Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

[*Going, Clara holds one Arm, and Louisa the other.*]

D U E T.

Louisa. Turn thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage.

Clara. I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.

Louisa. Couldst thou not discover
One so dear to thee?

Clara. Canst thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me? [*Both uncoil.*]

Ferd. How's this! my sister! Clara too—I'm confounded.

Louisa. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Louisa. And ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, not to know your own sister?

Clara. To drive away your own mistress—

Louisa. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Clara. Ay, and will you ever be jealous again?

Ferd. Never—never—you, sister, I know will forgive me—but how, Clara, shall I presume—

Clara. No, no, just now you told me not to tease you—"Who do you want, good signior?" "Not you, not you." Oh, you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Ferd. By all—

Clara. There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well. [*Gives her Hand.*]

Louisa. But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

Ferd. Antonio, I am ashamed to think—

Ant. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented—but come—let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oh! does Hymen smile to hear

Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere,
Never slow to give reward:
For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Grand Saloon.*

Enter DON JEROME, Servants, and LOPEZ.

Jerome. Be sure now let every thing be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces—but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper. So, Lopez, where's your master? sha'n't we have him at supper?

Lopez. Indeed, I believe not, sir—he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frightened me from him.

Jerome. Ay, ay, he's after some wench, I suppose? a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Signior Isaac.

Enter ISAAC.

Jerome. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness.—But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isaac. She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jerome. Oh, fly and bring her in. [*Exit Isaac*] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac. [*Without*] Come, my charmer! my trembling angel!

Enter ISAAC and DUENNA; DON JEROME runs to meet them; she kneels.

Jerome. Come to my arms, my— [*Starts back*] Why, who the dévil have we here?

Isaac. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops!

Jerome. Droops indeed! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret—but where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isaac. Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

Jerome. Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna!

Duenna. [*Kneeling*] O, dear papa! you'll not disown me, sure!

Jerome. Papa! papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness!

Isaac. Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are—

Duenna. Oh, sir, forgive me!

[*Embraces him.*]

Jerome. Help! murder!

Servants. What's the matter, sir?

Jerome. Why, here, this damned Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isaac. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA; they kneel.

Jerome. Zounds and fury! what's here now? who sent for you, sir, and who the dévil are you?

Ant. This lady's husband, sir.

Isaac. Ay, that he is, if he sworn; for I left them with the priest, and was to have given her away.

Jerome. You were?

Isaac. Ay; that's my honest friend, Antonio; and that's the little girl, I told you I had hampered him with.

Jerome. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here's your daughter.

Jerome. Hark ye, old iniquity, will you explain all this, or not?

Duenna. Come then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter, there, and on me.

Isaac. What's this I hear?

Duenna. The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isaac. O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna.

Jerome. And, O lud! here's a pretty fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter—but how came the rest about?

Duenna. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Ant. Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking?—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to overreach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jerome. Overreach me!

Louisa. 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jerome. Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife, with all my soul.

Louisa. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot.

Ant. A cunning dog, ar'n't you? A sly little villain, heh?

Louisa. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen.

Jerome. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isaac. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Ant. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are; for, believe me, you will find, that, in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac. I don't care—I'll not endure this. Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil.

Duenna. Why, you little insignificant reptile!

Jerome. That's right—attack him, Margaret.

Duenna. Dare such a thing as you pretend

to talk of beauty?—A walking rouseau!—a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy!—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough!—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!

Jerome. Vwell done, Margaret!

Duenna. But you shall know that I have a brother, who wears a sword—and if you don't do me justice—

Isaac. Fire seize your brother, and you too! I'll fly to Jerusalem, to avoid you!

Duenna. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jerome. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret. [*Exeunt Isaac and Duenna*]—But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Louisa. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jerome. My commands!

Ant. Yes, sir; here is your consent, under your own hand.

Jerome. How! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means? Why, 'shife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac!

Ant. No, Don Jerome; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir. [*Gives a Letter*] Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jerome. Why, gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow! But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it.—There, bless you both: I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter FERDINAND and CLARA.

Another wonder still! why, sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you?

Ferd. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara D'Almanza, Don Gusman's daughter; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jerome. Gadsbud, and a great fortune.—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you: and, ifecks, you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clara. There, old gentleman; and now mind you behave well to us.

Jerome. Ifecks, those lips ha'n't been chilled by kissing beads—Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humoured fellow in Spain—Lewis! Sancho! Carlos! d'ye hear? are all my doors thrown open? Our children's weddings are the only holidays our age can boast; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. [*Music within*] But see, here come our friends and neighbours!

Enter MASQUERADERS.

And, 'faith, we'll make a night on't, with wine,
and dance, and catches—then old and young
shall join us.

FINALE.

Jerome. Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Louisa. Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Ferd. Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,

Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Ant. Then healths to every friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Clara. Nor, while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us;
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jerome. For generous guests like these
Accept the wish to please;
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away. [Exeunt.]

F A R C E S.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

MAYOR OF GARRAT.
APPRENTICE.
WHO'S THE DUPE.

LYING VALET.
FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

This after-piece was, for a long period, attributed to Mr. Garrick, but it is now known to have been the production of the Rev. James Townley, the master of Merchant Tailors' School.—The main idea of it appears to have been suggested by the Spectator, No. 88, in which it is observed, "Falling-in the other day at a victualling-house near the house of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at the window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The ale-house was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the Marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an Earl, three quarts to my new Lord for waiting his title, and so forth." A most important reform was effected, by this well-timed exposure, in the manners and habits of both servants and masters; the wastefulness and infidelity of the former were never more conspicuous than about 1759, when this piece was first acted. Amidst all the fluctuations of dramatic taste, it has for more than half a century received constant applause, and is on the stock-list of all the theatres in the kingdom.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LOVEL, *a Gentleman of fortune.*
FREEMAN, *his friend.*

PHILIP,
TOM,
COACHMAN,
KINGSTON, *a Black,*
KITTY,
COOK,
CLOE, *a Black,*

Servants to Lovel.

DUKE'S *Servant,*
SIR HARRY'S *Servant,*
LADY BAE'S *Maid,*
LADY CHARLOTTE'S *Maid,*
ROBERT, *Servant to Freeman.*
A. FIDDLPR.

Visitors.

SCENE.—*London.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in FREEMAN'S House.*

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! ha, ha, ha. How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time—I am now convinced of what you have so often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr.

Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare.—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks;—if there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Phil-

lip is an hypocritical rascal: Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him: and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Loc. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house—however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Loc. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Send Robert to me—*[Exit Servant]* And what was it determined you, upon this project at last?

Loc. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity.—Read it.

[Gives the Letter.]

Free. I should know something of this hand—

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

Please your honour,—I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour will find it as I say.—I am not willing to be known, whereof if I am, it may bring one into trouble.—So no more, from your honour's servant to command.

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take?

[Returns the Letter.]

Loc. I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise—under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eyewitness of my servants' behaviour.—You must assist me, Mr. Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr. Lovel?

Loc. My plan is this—I gave out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.—

Free. Well?—

Loc. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town: Ecce signum! *[Points to his Boots.]*

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Loc. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Loc. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Loc. Never fear, I'll be so countryfied that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them.—

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?
Loc. Never fear me.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Your honour ordered me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert—Robert.

Rob. Sir—

Free. Come here—you know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.—

Rob. I have always endeavoured that your honour should.

Free. Pray have not you some acquaintance among Mr. Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—we have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Loc. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Loc. Oh, but we do insist—if you know any thing.—

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother servant.

Free. Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good sir.—Consider, sir, a servant's bread depends upon his character.

Loc. But if a servant uses me ill—

Rob. Alas, sir, what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approved in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

Loc. Robert, I like your heartiness, as well as your caution; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, sir, is not to be spoken at all times, it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. *[Musing.]* Whereof if—Pray, Mr. Lovel, let me see that letter again *[Lovel gives the Letter]*—Ay—it must be so—Robert.

Rob. Sir.

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. I ask you if you were concerned in writing this letter.—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray, your honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it? answer me—

Rob. I cannot deny it. *[Bowling.]*

Loc. What induced you to it.

Rob. I will tell the truth!—I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Loc. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour; but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants; especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Loc. Philip? an ungrateful dog! Well!

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour, and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Loc. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.

—Here—

[Offers Money.]

Rob. On any other account than this I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty, but now I beg to be excused—

[*Refuses the Money.*]

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders—

Rob. I will, your honour.

[*Exit.*]

Free. Well, sir, are you convinced now?

Lov. Convinced? yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduc'd to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My name shall be Jemmy.—And I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

[*Mimicking.*]

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—Jemmy—Bravo, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The PARK.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants that go on in the same vulgar track ev'ry day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our Masters.—Ha!—my dear sir Harry!—

Enter SIR HARRY.

—How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My lord duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord—we have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance I hear.—Pox take it, I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I pick'd up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir H. The viscount's people have been d—ly taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match, for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't.—Taste this snuff, sir Harry.

[*Offers his Box.*]

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee,

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Ay?

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw lady Bab this morning, but, 'fore 'gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lo-

vel's people—[*Reads*] *Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and to eat a bit of supper.*

Duke. I have the same invitation—their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord?—Philip's a blood—

Duke. A buck of the first head, I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is, and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you.—Have you any thing for us?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry—I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho!—I am quite out of spirits—I had a damn'd debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy apiece—ha! there are two fine girls coming, faith—lady Bab—ay, and lady Charlotte.—[*Takes out his Glass.*]

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes—Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner—Your English women are damn'd negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte?

Duke. Ay, the world says, you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she is a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling—indeed I am sure of a place in the excise—lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. Alamode, ha?—here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire.

[*They retire.*]

Enter LADY BAB and LADY CHARLOTTE.

Lady B. Oh! fie! lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I'm sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love Vaux Hall.

Lady B. O my stars! why there is no body there but filthy citizens.

Lady B. Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel? I hate the fellow.—He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that—soldiers, you know, have their mistresses every where.

Lady B. I despise him—How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The duke might show his judgment much better. [*Holding up her Head.*]

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too—Take no notice of them—we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! let us set up a loud laugh and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay; let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

DUKE and SIR HARRY come forward.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I must follow—

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must—I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so.—Sir Harry, you'll excuse me—Adieu, I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye, there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a perriwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. O tempora! O mores!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee what are we to do at Lovel's, when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—
[*Makes a Motion, as if with the Dice-box.*]

Sir H. Fie, my lord duke.

Duke. Look ye, baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil, of any fashion, can possibly spend an evening without it?—But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.—

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol!

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*]

Sir H. [*Solus*] He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into con-

sent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

—Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, sir Harry; I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company—My master is gone into Devonshire—we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, sir Harry?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke is a fool.

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you: sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch—I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. 'Egad the cellar shall bleed: I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor.—My master would have given his ears for some of it to'other day, to treat my lord. What d'ye call him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha? charity begins at home, ha?—Odsso, here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he is a dry one. Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away.—Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right—long corks! ha, Phil? [*Mimes the drawing of a Cork*].—Yours. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office—a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip—How do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time—Sir, your servant. [*Going.*]

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir: Sir, your servant. [*Going.*]

Free. Oh! Mr. Philip—pray stay—you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir. [*Bows.*]

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest [*Phil bows*] rascals in the world. [*Aside.*]

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man—poor fellow, he as a great number of children, and has sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlick'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir.—Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir: in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it.

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James'; and for a table or a side-board, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea—I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. [*Aside*] Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly.

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now directly—call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I'll be with you in a minute—I will but step into the market, to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages—humh!

Free. How bappy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas.—Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Servants'-hall in LOVEL'S House.*

KINGSTON and Coachman, drunk and sleepy.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

King. Somebody knocks—coachy, go—go to the door, coachy.—

Coachm. I'll not go—do you go—you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go.

Coachm. Why then let them stay—I'll not go—damme—ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in [*Knocking.*]

King. Ay, ay, knock again—knock again—

Coachm. Master is gone into Devonshire—So he can't be there—so I'll go to sleep—

King. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coachm. You lie, devil—you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep—I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are as sulky as hell. — Here is cooky coming—she is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Somebody has knock'd at the door twenty times, and nobody hears—why, coachman—Kingston—ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door.

Coachm. You go, cook; you go—

Cook. Hang me if I go—

King. Yes, yes, cooky go; Molly Pollsy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad—it is none of my business, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*]

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL disguised.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I

had not had the key of the door in my pocket—what is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, hab! my lads, what finished already? these are the very best of servants—poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't.

Phil. Yo ho, get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by—They are as fast as a church—Jemmy.

Lov. Anon!

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes—I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgumdy? what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these worthy gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them if I might—beh—

Phil. Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip—Mr. Coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the Face.*]

Coachm. Oh! oh! sounds! oh!—damn you.

Lov. What blackey, blackey.

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*]

King. Oh! oh!—what now! curse you! Oh!—Cot tam you.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha—well done, Jemmy.—

Cook. See these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry, come up, I say so too; not I indeed—

Coachm. She sha'n't see us to bed—we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt, reeling.*]

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live—

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure: who else? ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough; I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humh.

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh!

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm squire Freeman's boy—beh—

Cook. Freeman is a stingy bound; and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, that is good—Freeman shall have it.

Cook. I must step to my tallow-chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.—

Phil. Well said, cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe, where are you, Cloe?—

[*Calls.*]

Enter CLOE

Cloe. Yes, mistress.—

Cook. Take that box, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Yes, mistress; [*Takes the Box*] who

is this? [*Seeing Lovel*] hee, hee, hee! this is pretty boy—hee, hee, hee—Oh—this is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee—You shall be in love with me by-and-by.—Hee, hee.

[*Exit, chuckling Lovel under the Chin.*]

Lov. A very pretty amour. [*Aside*] Oh la! what a fine room is this?—Is this the dining-room, pray sir?

Phil. No, our drinking room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is.—This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kitty. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here! [*Lovel bows.*]

Phil. A boy of Freeman's, a poor silly fool.

Lov. Thank you.—

Phil. I intend the entertainment of this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg that I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. [*Fawningly.*]

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family.—

Lov. A dog! [*Aside*]—O la, la, what, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead—

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear.—

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded— [*Aside.*]

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one—I was half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native—Comment vous portez vous, monsieur. [*Awkwardly.*]

Phil. Psha! psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine at the bar.—Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anon—

Kit. Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new mould you a little—you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

[*She ties and powders his Hair.*]

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! this is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—it is so coarse and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. *Kit.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*]

Kit. There, now you are something like—come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servants' Guide.

Phil. Come, sir, first, hold up your head—very well—turn out your toes, sir—very well—now call coach—

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir, coach, coach, coach. [*Loud.*]

Lov. Coach, coach, coach. [*Imitating.*]

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear—Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. Oh la, I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; what's a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him. [*Takes out a Book*] This is The Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shouldernot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs. Necessary for all servants.

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the books contains, and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin—

Kit. [*Reads*] Advice to the footman:

Let it for ever be your plan

To be the master, not the man,

And do—as little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he!—Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. To the groom:

Never allow your master able

To judge of matters in the stable.

If he should roughly speak his mind,

Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,

Lame the best horse, or break his wind.

Lov. Oddities! that's good—he, he, he!

Kit. To the coachman:

If your good master on you doats,

Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;

But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,

And let the horses eat the manger.

Lov. Eat the manger! he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time—Here boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!—very good—But now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get out one of the damask tablecloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

Phil. That it shall—come, Jemmy— [*Exit.*]

Lov. Soh!—Soh!—It works well. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants'-hall, with the Supper and Side-board set out.*

Enter PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? don't we look very smart?—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know—He's a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking halfbred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil.—Here he is.

Enter TOM.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?—here's cook and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honest, than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkye, you Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy—

Loe. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*

Tom. VVhat, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully? afraid, sirrah, afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*

Phil. Ay, sir; afraid of what?

[*Goes up the other Side.*

Loe. Ay, sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. VVhat do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Loe. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house.—And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hang'd. [*Strikes Lovel.*

Phil. VVhat do you strike the boy for?

Loe. It is an honest blow. [*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again.—'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. 'Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old-clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. VVell, sir, and did you never—ha!

Tom. No, never: I have liv'd with his honour four years, and never took the value of that [*Snapping his Fingers*].—His honour is a prince; gives noble wages, and keeps noble company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!

Loe. The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house. [*Aside.*

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouth'd cur!

Phil. VVell, go tell his honour, do—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—damn an informer! but yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other—That's all. [*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Loe. You lie, you scoundrel, you will not. [*Aside*].—O la, here is a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Ah! ma chere mademseille! comment vous portez vous? [*Salute.*

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, mounseieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But my dear Kitty— [*Talk apart.*

Phil. Jemmy.

Loe. Anón?

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Loe. Yes—I will—But won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by.—Come along.

Loe. Yes. [*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.*

Kit. Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damn'd vile collection of pictures I observe, above stairs, Kitty—Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste? that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection.—VVhere could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez-moi votre eau de luce.—My head aches confoundedly. [*She gives a Smelling-bottle*] Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez-moi, for that.—

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith.

Kit. How you rattle, duke!—I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you last.

Duke. At the play, mademseille.—

Kit. Your grace loves a play?

Duke. No.—It is a dull, old fashioned entertainment—I hate it.—

Kit. VVell, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then.—You are devilish handsome, Kate—kiss me.—

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter SIR HARRY.

Sir H. Oh ho, are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by—however you'll never find me behind hand.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility.—An fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. VVell said, sir Harry, that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the buzzs of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—Now, sir Harry.—

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold, I shall have some fine, old, noble blood spilt here.—Ha! done, sir Harry—

Sir H. Not I.—VVhy he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. VVe have dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? [*Quick.*

Kit. Peace, peace—here's lady Bab.

Enter LADY BAB, in a Chair.

Dear lady Bab—

Lady B. Mrs. Kitty, your servant.—I was afraid of taking cold, and ordered the chair down stairs. VVell, and how do you do?—My lord duke, your servant—and sir Harry too—yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted—

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in

point of time—[*Looks on her Watch*] But I got into my fav'rite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning.—Some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur? Shikspur?—Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.—Here's lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE, in a Chair.

—Dear lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house.—Such a fit of the cholick seized me—Oh, lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones.—My lord duke, the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. Oh, ma'am—[*Bowing.*]

Lady C. And, sir Harry—your servant, sir Harry.

Sir H. Madam, your servant—[*Formally.*] I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir.—Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park? I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations.

[*Scornfully.*]

Sir H. Dear lady Charlotte!—

Lady C. No, sir; I have observ'd your coolness of late, and despise you—a trumpety baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—that sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir—the marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I, I, madam?—I scorn such a thing.—I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—'egad I am confounded.—My lord duke, what shall I say to her.—Pray help me out.—

Duke. Ask her to show her legs—ba, ba, ha! [*Aside.*]

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, loaded with Bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood.—Both your ladyship's most humble servant.

Lov. [*Affecting to be drunk*] Both your ladyship's most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial Tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam.—I will certainly

wait on their lordships and their ladyships too.

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? have you had your tea?

All. A dance, a dance—No tea, no tea.

Phil. Come here—where are all our people?

Enter Coachman, Cook, KINGSTON, and CLOE.

I'll couple you,—My lord duke will take Kitty,—lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; sir Harry lady Charlotte, coachman and cook, and the two devils will dance together, ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after.—I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us.

[*Sir Harry bows.*]

All. Minuet, sir Harry. Minuet, sir Harry.

Duke. What minuet would you please to have?

Kit. What minuet?—Let me see—play marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

[*A Minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited. They sit down.*]

Phil. We will set the wine on the table—here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a bottle of Tokay for the ladies—there are tickets on every bottle—if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port?—Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as take care of themselves.

[*A pause.*]

Duke. Lady Charlotte, hob or nob!

Lady C. Done, my lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company.

[*They drink. A pause.*]

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you—Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Loud laugh. A pause.*]

Phil. My lord duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty—

Phil. Oh no.

All. A song, a song, ay, ay, sir Harry's song—sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure,—but first,—prelude—[*Kisses Kitty*] Pray gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kissing round; Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*]

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes—hem—this is sir Harry's song; being a new song, entitled and called—The Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.

SONG.—KITTY.

Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me, I'll show you how those of superior degree. Are only dependants, no better than we

Chorus. Both high and low in this do agree,

'Tis here fellow servant,
And there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile,
is blest;

What is he? i'faith, but a servant at best.

Chorus. Both high, etc.
The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,

And the culpated beau is a slave to himself.

Chorus. Both high, etc.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a damn'd vile composition—

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low! very low indeed.

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! you are a rascal—I'll pull you by the nose— [All rise.]

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies—

If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! what you will—pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague-house—

Sir H. Done—with seconds—

Duke. Done.—

Phil. Oh shame, gentlemen—My lord duke! Sir Harry, the ladies! fie!

[*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing.*

A violent Knocking.

Phil. What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep.
[*Exit Kingston*] It sounds like my master's rap—Pray heaven it is not he!—

Re-enter KINGSTON.

Well Kingston, what is it?

King. It is my master and Mr. Freeman—I peep'd through the keyhole, and saw them by the lamp light.

Loov. [Without] Philip—where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My lord duke, get into the pantry—away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—up the chimney if you will.

Phil. There—in with you.

[*They all go into the Pantry.*

Loov. [Without] Philip—Philip—

Phil. Coming, sir,—[Aloud]—Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yet; here is one.

Phil. Egad, this is black Monday with us—sit down—seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a piper— [They sit down.]

Enter LOVEL with Pistols, affecting to be drunk, FREEMAN following.

Loov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons?—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—[*Aside*]—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare—say, ha, ha, ha!

Loov. Come, sit down, Freeman,—lie you there. [*Lays his Pistols down*] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip—

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Loov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir! to-night?

Loov. Yes; to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Loov. No, I'll settle 'em all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Loov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Loov. What a cursed lie that is! [*Aside.*

Duke. Philip.—Philip.—Philip.

[*Peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!—hold your tongue.— [*Aside.*

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very minute. [*Aside to Loov.*

Loov. I find I have—mum—[*Aside to Freeman*]

Get some wine, Philip—[*Exit Phil.*]

—Though I must eat something before I drink

—Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lord, your honour!

We are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Loov. You shall have it—Here. [*Rises*] Open the pantry door—I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry. [*Opposing him.*

Sir H. [*Peeping*] Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty—

Kit. Peace, on your life. [*Aside.*

Loov. Kitty, what voice is that?

[*Sir Harry sneezes.*

PHILIP brings Wine.

Phil. Oh! that is the duke's damn'd rappee. [*Aside.*

Loov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

Loov. Damn it! there are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em— [*Takes a Pistol.*

Kit. Lack-a-day, sir, it was only the cat—they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—here Jack, Jack—he has got a cold, sir—puss—puss.

Loov. A cold? then I'll cure him—here Jack, Jack—puss, puss—

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash—pray, your honour, don't— [*Opposing.*

Loov. Stand off—here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well prim'd as you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the keyhole of that pantry door.

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible.—

Loov. I am a damn'd good marksman. [*Cocks the Pistol, and points it at the Pantry-door*]—Now for it! [*A violent shriek,*

and all is discovered]—VWho the devil are all these? One—two—three—four.

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, sir. Servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Loc. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Loc. Take up that bottle—[*Philip takes up a Bottle with a Ticket to it, and is going off*—bring it back—Do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, monsieur?

Phil. I, sir, treat with wine!

Loc. O yes, "from humble port to imperial Tokay," too.

[*Mimicking himself.*]

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phil. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Loc. [*Changing his Countenance, and turning his Wig*] We'll set all to rights now.—There, I am sober, at your service—what have you to say, Philip? [*Philip starts*] You may well start—Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace the duke of—

Loc. And the impudent familiarity to assume his title—your grace will give me leave to tell you, "that is the door"—and if ever you enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin—be gone—I beg their ladyships' pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs—Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Harry steals off.*]

Duke. Low bred fellows! [*Exit.*]

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. They are downright Hottenpots. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Loc. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house—you'll shine in the bar, madam"—I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil. Kit. Oh, sir—good sir!

Loc. You, madam, may stay here till tomorrow morning—and there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning, before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruin'd and undone.

[*Exit.*]

Loc. But you, sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out—Your keys, sir. [*Philip gives the Keys.*]

Enter Tom.

—Tom, I respect and value you—you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement—be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house [*Points to Philip*]

—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow servant.

Loc. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.—

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been?

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Loc. Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic—it has been a wholesome one to me—have I done right?

Free. Entirely—no judge could have determined better—as you punished the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.

Loc. A faithful servant is a worthy character.

Free. And can never receive too much encouragement.

Loc. Right.

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Loc. And I intend to make your Robert so too—every honest servant should be made happy.

Free. But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their master's manners.

Loc. What manners must those be which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Loc. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them—but when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

BON TON: OR, HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

THIS agreeable after-piece, which abounds with pleasantry and possesses an excellent moral, is an additional proof of Mr. Garrick's useful talents, and always commands a well-deserved applause.—This is a well-timed satirical piece, in which the profligate fashions of the age, imported from France and Italy, and greedily swallowed by the high-born fools of London, are well contrasted with the plain downright manners of an honest country gentleman, who, by an accidental visit to the metropolis, discovers a most shocking metamorphosis in the morals of both sexes, and more especially exemplified among his own relations.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD MINIKIN.
SIR J. TROTLEY.

JESSAMY.
COLONEL TIVY.

DAVY.
LADY MINIKIN.

MISS TITTUP.
GYMP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter LADY MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP.

Lady M. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and, you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss T. Ha, ha, ha! how can you be so hypocritical, Lady Minikin, as to pretend to uneasiness at such trifles! but pray have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

Lady M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn yours, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

Miss T. Sure she does not suspect me! [*Aside*] And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady M. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his vis-a-vis.

Miss T. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the vis-a-vis?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover! [*Takes her by the Hand*] O fie, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh, love and friendship are very fine names to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintance; we know their names indeed, talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors, but we never let 'em in, you know. [*Looking roguishly at her.*]

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if, after I was married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Periwinkle, and Baron Titmouse—ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband, should create such indifference; for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments?

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned; if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure includes all the cardinal virtues—poor girl! go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great way.

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hanged—and so, exit my Lord Minikin—and now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin, Sir John Trotley, baronet, enter: where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets, and newspapers, against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite, but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous ideas of things;—isn't it pleasant to bear him abuse every body, and every thing, and yet always finishing with a—you'll excuse me, cousin? ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? one of the knots of his tye hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold-button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar—"Niece Tittup," cries he, drawing himself up, "I protest against this manner of conducting yourself, both at home and abroad." What are your objections, Sir John? answered I, a little pertly. "Various and manifold," replied he; "I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophesy, if you keep whirling round in the vortex of Pantheons, Operas, Festinos, Coteries, Masquerades, and all the Devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after—you'll excuse me, cousin!"—and so he left me.

Lady M. O, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt! if she can be but seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of plebeians.

[*Reads the card.*]
"Mrs. Pewitt's respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filligree's ball this evening. Lady Daisy sees masks." We'll certainly attend her—Gymp, put some message cards upon my toilet, I'll send an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Pettitoes, and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ankle.

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ankle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it, and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day; do, send your colonel to play at chess with me,—since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like every thing that loves my Titty. [*Kisses her.*]

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady.

[*Kisses her.*]

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her: [*Aside.*] Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken: my lord shall know every tittle that has passed: what a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine spirited gallant soldier my colonel is! my Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; and my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect. She must be very silly indeed, who can't flutter about the flame, without burning her wings—what a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months!—we went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family? but half a year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY.

Col. T. May I hope, Madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections!

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. O fie, colonel!

[*Courtesies and blushes.*]

Col. T. By my honour, Madam, I mean what I say.

Miss T. By your honour, colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table; and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. T. How can you, Miss, treat me so cruelly? have I not absolutely forsworn dice, mistress, every thing, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, colonel, and when I dare to receive you, you may return to every thing again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, Madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. O, there are several ways; I am very good natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military?—how shall I?—I'll tell you how;—when you have a subtle, treacherous, polite enemy to deal with, never stand shilly shally, and lose your time in treaties and parleys, but cock your bat, draw your sword;—march, beat drum—dub, dub, a dub—present, fire, puff—'tis done! they fly, they yield—victoria! victoria! [*Running off.*]

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel!

[*Bringing her back.*]

Miss T. No, no, no, I have no time to be killed now; besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, Miss?

Miss T. Will I?—no, I never do as I am bid? but you ought—so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but Miss—

Miss T. Nay, but colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you shall be broke, and then my maid won't accept of you; so march, colonel! lookye, Sir, I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. What a mad devil it is!—now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be damnably vexed at this!—but she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can.—Tol, lol, lol, etc. [*Exit singing.*]

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir J. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I could live here for ever!

Sir J. More shame for you!—live here for ever!—what, among thieves and pickpockets!—what a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again, nor the people; all the signs that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down;—not a bob or tye-wig to be seen! all the degrees, from the parade in St. James' Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—the mason laying bricks, the baker with his basket, the post-boy crying newspapers, and the doctors prescribing physic, have all their hair tied up; and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow;—Mr. Whisp will do it for me—your honour and I look like Philistines among 'em.

Sir J. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovation;—all confusion and no distinction!—the streets now are as smooth as a turnpike road! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep; and they have strings

in their hands, that the coachman must pull to waken 'em, when they are to be set down—what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour? 'feckins, I liked it hugely.

Sir J. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir J. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing; such a power of fine sights, fine shops full of fine things, and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless—they talk of country girls, these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir J. Sirrah, they are prostitutes, and are civil to delude and destroy you: they are painted Jezabels, and they who hearken to 'em, like Jezabel of old, will go to the dogs! If you dare to look at 'em, you will be tainted, and if you speak to 'em you are undone.

Davy. Bless us, bless us!—how does your honour know all this?—were they as bad in your time?

Sir J. Not by half, Davy—in my time, there was a sort of decency in the worst of women;—but the harlots now watch like tigers for their prey; and drag you to their dens of infamy—see, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth.

[Shows his neckcloth.]

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you.

Sir J. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope, for I have not had half my bellyful yet.

Sir J. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you shan't go out again to-night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then won't keep your word with me?

[Sulkily.]

Sir T. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixteen 'oth of one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir J. Well, well, so I did: is it a moral piece, Davy?

Davy. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called the Rival Canaanities, or the Tragedy of Braggadocia.

Sir J. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you—[Gives him some] but come strait home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it.

[Aside, and exit.]

Sir J. This fellow would turn rake and macaroni if he was to stay here a week longer—bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step! O, that I were once settled safe again at Trotley-place!—nothing but to save my country should bring me back again: my niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-devilled, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young

women of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals!—they lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming; and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattlesnake tippets—*O tempora, O mores!*

SCENE II.—*LORD MINIKIN discovered in his powdering gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.*

Lord M. Pr'ythee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers? give me my clothes.

Mig. Ven you loss your monee, my lor, you no goot humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [Exit.]

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal, but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Our beef and pudding enrich their blood so much, that the slaves in a month forget their misery and soup-maigre—O, my head!—a chair, Jessamy!—I must absolutely change my wine-merchant: I can't taste his champagne, without disordering myself for a week!—heigho.

[Sighs.]

Enter Miss TITUP.

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you—by your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Titup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine, to be sure; but pray keep your simile for the next time;—and harkye—a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr. Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse.

[Half aside.]

Jes. O, pray don't mind me, Madam.

Lord M. Gadso, Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jes. I shall, my lord;—Miss thinks that every body is blind in the house but herself.

[Aside, and exit.]

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear; and therefore to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door.

[Locks it.]

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence. I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord; I can't stay two minutes; I only came to tell you, that lady Minikin saw us yesterday in the hackney-coach; she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me?

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarmed, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride then has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinced that we have a tendre for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laughed at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too—for though I love her ladyship sincerely: I cannot say, but I love a little mischief as sincerely: but then if my uncle, Trotley, should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out of the way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again—he has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him: I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, has given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

SIR JOHN TROTLEY, knocking at the door.

Sir J. My lord, my lord, are you busy?

[*Lord M. goes to the door, softly.*]

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my uncle!

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord?

[*Softly.*]

Sir J. [*At the door.*] Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you.

Lord M. Ho, Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers, and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord, I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman; put me up the chimney; any where.

[*Alarmed.*]

Lord M. I'm coming, Sir John! here, here, get behind my great chair; he sha'n't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him.

[*Puts her behind the chair, and opens the door.*]

Enter SIR JOHN.

During this scene LORD M. turns the chair, as SIR JOHN moves, to conceal TITTUP.

Sir J. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you; I heard you talking pretty loud; what, have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin?

[*Looking about.*]

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John; I

always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak 'em aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir J. Ay, ay, 'tis the best way; I am sorry I disturbed you;—you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir J. May be so, and I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse you, Sir John, I love your frankness; but why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir J. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way; and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, every thing and every body are in masquerade: your men and manners too are as much frittered and frieased, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord.

Miss T. I wish I was out of the room, or he at the bottom of the Thames. [*Peeping.*]

Sir J. But to the point;—I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Miss T. Now for it!

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can show her.

[*Lord Minikin and Tittup make signs at each other.*]

Sir J. She must deserve it though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Miss T. O, frightful! [*Aside.*]

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir J. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal 'em: when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands; and the taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John; ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat and jack-boots to please you—ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. You may sneer, my lord, but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen 'em too, and wish from my heart that she is not much the worse for her journey—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John?

[*Lord Minikin nods and laughs at Miss Tittup, who peeps from behind.*]

Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir J. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself; this comes of your travelling; all the town know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me!—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button hole, but I don't choose to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir J. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him.

Lord M. Prythee, baronet, don't be so horribly out of the way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality: we got rid of our *mauvaise honte*, at the time that we imported our neighbour's rouge, and their morals.

Sir J. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surprised, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband; your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is very much at your service.

Sir J. Profligate! What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience—Marriage is not now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir J. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trolley, baronet. [*Whistles and walks about.*]

Miss T. I am frightened out of my wits!

[*Lord Minikin sings and sits down.*]

Sir J. Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have provided for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir J. May be so, and yet make a damned husband for all that. You'll excuse me!—What estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir J. Here's morals! a happy man, when his brother has broke his neck!—a happy man—mercy on me!

Lord M. Why, he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir J. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I sha'n't binder her; I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for 'em, not I; I can't live among you, nor eat with you, nor game with you: I hate cards and dice; I will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broke his neck—you'll excuse me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me; not a foot shall I have of Trolley Manor, that's positive! but no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll even make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him for the future, as if he was a poor relation.

Lord M. [*Kneeling, snatching her Hand, and kissing it*] I must kneel and adore

you for your spirit, my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter SIR JOHN.

Sir J. One thing I had forgot. [*Starts.*]

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir J. Why, what the devil!—heigho, my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord studying speeches for the good of the nation. Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!

Lord M. [*Smiling, and mocking him*] You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir J. O yes, my lord, but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time—Miss Lucretia, how do you child? You are to be married soon—I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy,—in his foolish manner.

[*Hesitating.*]

Sir J. Is that all!—but how came you here, child? did you fly down the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John? You really confound me with your suspicions; and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I sha'n't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run—You'll excuse me, uncle! [*Exit, running.*]

Sir J. A fine, hopeful, young lady that, my lord?

Lord M. She's well bred, and has wit.

Sir J. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord—you'll excuse me—that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her,—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world, and I never contend with ignorance and passion; live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the mean time, command my house; I must away immediately to Lady Filligree's—and I am sorry you won't make one with us—here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle want for any thing; you'll excuse me, Sir John; tol, lol, de rol, etc.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Sir J. The world's at an end!—here's fine work! here are precious doings! this lord is a pillar of the state too: no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters;—heigh ho!—and then my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blessed with!—let me consider!—should I tell the good woman of these pranks? I may only make more mischief, and may hap go near to kill

her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous; poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits, and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune, with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—LADY MINIKIN'S Apartment.

LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY discovered.

Lady M. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among my servants; and perhaps from the mistake break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, Madam!—therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me; you must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and perhaps never will; however, colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think. Keep your eyes upon me at the ball, I think I may expect that, and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing; I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can; my lord and Tittup will be otherwise employed. Gyp will let us in the back way. No, no, my heart misgives me.

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit; meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet.

[Throws down her glove.]

Col. T. [Seizing it] Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and, if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward.

[Kneels and kisses her Hand.]

Enter SIR JOHN, opening the door.

Sir J. May I presume, cousin—

Lady M. Ha!

[Squalls.]

Sir J. Mercy upon us, what are we at now?

[Looks astonished.]

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? you have frightened me out of my wits.

Sir J. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine!

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death!

Sir J. Death indeed! for I never shall recover myself again. All pigs of the same stye! all studying for the good of the nation!

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him.

[Half aside to the Col.]

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me.

[Aside to Lady Minikin.]

Sir J. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me too.

[Going.]

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir J. No mistake, my lady, I am thoroughly convinced—mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident; you must know, that the moment you was at the door—I had promised the colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup,—this threw him into such a rupture,—that upon my promising my interest with you—and wishing him joy—he fell upon his knees, and—and—

[Laughing] ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir J. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! a very good joke, faith; and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy; and I wish him joy, and you, with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. [Exit, crying.]

Col. T. I reverence you, Sir, as a relation to that lady, but as her slanderer I detest you: her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied; you know what I mean; take your choice;—time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please. I am a soldier, Sir John.

[Exit.]

Sir J. Very fine, truly! and so, between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut; they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance!—the ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords. That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR JOHN and JESSAMY.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land are we in! upon my word, Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the house, there are certainly rogues about it; for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a Touch of the Times, and they have taken my hanger from my side; ay, and hat a pluck at my watch too; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarmed, Sir John; 'tis a very common thing, and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds; ha, ha!

Sir J. Not be alarmed when I am robbed!—why, they might have cut my throat with my own hanger! I sha'n't sleep a wink all night; so pray lend me some weapon of defence, for I am sure, if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my own sword, Sir John; be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir J. Well, well, be that as it will. I must be upon my guard. What a dreadful place is this! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob;—no wonder that murder ensues; sad, sad, sad!—well, let me but get over to-night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow—how long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, Sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company and the nature of the entertainment; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir J. Why, what the devil do you make one of these masqueradings?

Jes. I seldom miss, Sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do; I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir J. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure.

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drunk a little too freely of the Champagne, I believe.

Sir J. You'll be hanged, I believe. *[Aside.]*

Jes. Wit flew about—in short, I was in spirits—at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? he, he! pray guess, Sir John!

Sir J. Danced a minuet with! *[Half aside.]*

Jes. My own lady, that's all; the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well; and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the dance, I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir J. With your lady? Chaos is come again.

Jes. With my lady—but upon my turning my hand thus *[Conceitedly]*—egad, she caught me; whispered me who I was; I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do;—no, no, Jessamy, says she, I am not to be deceived: pray wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go bare-faced, as show that hand and diamond ring.

Sir J. What a sink of iniquity!—Prostitution on all sides! from the lord to the pick-pocket. *[Aside.]* Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh, Mr. Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so; but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir J. I wish you was tied up somewhere else. *[Aside.]* I sweat from top to toe! Pray, lend me your sword, Mr. Jessamy; I shall go to my room; and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup, know, that I beg they will excuse ceremonies; that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and—that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands—what poor, ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are! *[Aside, and exit.]*

Sir J. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever!—Oh!—I wish it was morning! this comes of visiting my relations!

Enter DAVY, drunk.

So, you wicked wretch you—where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour.—London for ever!

Sir J. Did I not order you to come directly from the play, and not be idling and raking about?

Davy. Servants don't do what they are bid, in London.

Sir J. And did I not order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself, and tie your hair up like a monkey?

Davy. And therefore I did it—no pleasing the ladies without this—my lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir J. Here's an imp of the devil! he is undone, and will poison the whole country—sirrah, get every thing ready, I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, Sir?—I want to go to bed myself, Sir.

Sir J. Why, how now—you are drunk too, sirrah.

Davy. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir J. That is not all—but you have been in bad company, sirrah?

Davy. Indeed your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir J. The fellow does not understand me—where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking, to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body—it makes one so good natured.

Sir J. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship.

Sir J. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better—give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant; if not, provide yourself with another. *[Struts.]*

Sir J. Here's a reprobate!—this is the completion of my misery! but harkye, villain,—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal you. *[Exit.]*

Davy. That for you, old codger. *[Snaps his fingers.]* I know the law better than to be frightened with moonshine: I wish that I was to live here all my days,—this is the life indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy—they are as happy as their master, they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life!

[Exit, reeling.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in LORD MINIKIN'S House.*

Enter LORD MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP in Masquerade Dresses, lighted by JESSAMY.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and should your lady come home, let me know—be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have lived too long with your lordship to need the caution—who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. *[Exit.]*

Miss T. [Pulling off her mask] Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed—I am most inconceivably frightened, I can assure you—my uncle Trolley has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch—pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country—I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climes—*[Lord M. takes her by the Hand]* If you will not desist, my lord—we are separated forever—the sight of the precipice turns my head; I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can—pray be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation—let the weak, bashful, coyish whiner be intimidated with these faint alarms, but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and like the eagle in the midst of storms thus pounce upon his prey. *[Takes hold of her.]*

Miss T. Dear Mr. Eagle, be merciful; pray let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do, my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee. *[Offers to kiss her.]*

Jes. [Without, knocking at the door] My lord, my lord!—

Miss T. Ha! *[Screams.]*

Lord M. VVho's there?

Jes. [Peeping] 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord M. Damn the fellow! VVhat's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much, my lord—only my lady's come home.

Miss T. Then I'm undone—what shall I do? I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you—

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord—Miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For Heaven's sake, put me into it, and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord.—VVhat an escape have I had!

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out—*[Puts her into the closet]*—lock the door on the inside—come softly to my room, Jessamy.

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never give me a laced waistcoat again.

[Exeunt on tiptoes.]

Enter GYMP, lighting in LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY, in Masquerade Dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the colonel, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I'm sure there will be blood-

shed, for my lord is certainly in the house—I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade—I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employed, to think of home—but don't tremble so, Gymp. There is no harm, I assure you—the colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, Madam, to be sure it is proper that you talk together—I know you mean nothing but innocence—but indeed there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that—I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this—Can't you ask Whip, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lord, my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself! hark!—Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs—now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way then. *[Going.]*

Gymp. O dear, my lady, there is somebody coming up them too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col. T. [Runs to the closet] There's no retreat—the door is locked!

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, Gymp.

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner, *[Gets behind the board]* you'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me—do you, Gymp, go down the back stairs, and leave me to face my lord, I think I can match him at hypocrisy.

[Sits down.]

Enter LORD MINIKIN.

Lord M. VVhat, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Filligree's?

Lady M. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a tête-à-tête with a lady in crimson—such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. You find at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. *[Pretends to weep.]*

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better

retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to our servants—Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the colonel—a masquerade to young folks, upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. [*Takes hold of her Hand.*]

Lady M. False man! I had as lieve a toad touched me. [*Aside.*]

Lord M. She gives me the *frisson*—I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her [*Aside*—I am aguish to-night,—he—he—do my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family *tête-à-tête*, by way of novelty. [*Rings a bell.*]

Enter JESSAMY.

Let 'em take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do?— [*Aside and greatly alarmed*—Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion—I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. [*Exit Jessamy.*]

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duet—to—A good escape, faith! [*Aside.*]

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin to agree to any thing that would afford him so little pleasure—I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure— [*Bows*] I wish your ladyship a good night— [*He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other*] May I presume— [*Salutes her.*]

Lady M. Your lordship is too obliging—nasty man! [*Aside.*]

Lord M. Disagreeable woman; [*Aside.*]
[*Wipe their lips and exeunt different ways.*]

Miss T. [*Peeping out of the closet*] All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here I cannot guess—I long to be relieved; I wish my lord was come—but I hear a noise! [*She shuts the door.*]

Col. T. [*Peeping over the chimney-board*] I wonder my lady does not come—I would not have Miss Tittup know of this—'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I cannot afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss T. [*Comes forward*] What would my Colonel say, to find his bride, that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter LORD MINIKIN at one door, in the dark.

Lord M. Now to release my prisoner.

[*Comes forward.*]

Enter LADY MINIKIN, at the other door.

Lady M. My poor colonel will be as miserable, as if we were besieged in garrison; I must release him.

Lord M. Hist! hist!

[*Going towards the chimney.*]

Miss T. *Lord M.* and *Col. T.* Here! here!

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly. [*They all grope, till Lord Minikin has got Lady Minikin, and the Colonel Miss Tittup.*]

Sir J. [*Speaks without*] Lights this way, I say; I am sure there are thieves; get a blunderbuss.

Jes. Indeed you dream it, there is nobody but the family. [*All stand and stare.*]

Enter SIR JOHN in his night-cap, his hanger drawn, with Jessamy.

Sir J. Give me the candle, I'll ferret 'em out, I warrant; bring a blunderbuss, I say: they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half hour; there must be mischief—I have watched them into this room—ho, ho, are you there?—If you stir, you are dead men— [*They retire*—and [*Seeing the ladies*] women too!—egad—ha! what's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town—you'll excuse me, cousins! [*They all look confounded.*]

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about.

Sir J. Well, but harkye, my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners?—here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mighty glad that I have brought you a candle to set all to rights again—you'll excuse me, gentlemen and ladies!

Enter GYMP, with a candle.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir J. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? may not Lady Minikin and I, and the colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir J. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded, I'll settle this matter in a moment—as for you, colonel—though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious—you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me—'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel; and to show you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence; and I am, ladies your most obedient, humble servant—I shall see you, my lord, at the club to-morrow! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. Sans doute, mon cher Colonel—I'll meet you there, without fail.

Sir J. My lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?
Sir J. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told what you have always turned a deaf ear to—that the dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance—as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumkin is no fool, and is damned satirical. [*Aside.*]

Sir J. This kind of quarantine for pestilential minds will bring you to your senses, and make you renounce foreign vices and follies, and return with joy to your country and property again—read that, my lord, and know your fate.

[*Gives a paper.*]

Lord M. What an abomination is this! that a man of fashion, and a nobleman, shall be obliged to submit to the laws of his country.

Sir J. Thank Heaven, my lord, we are in that country!—You are silent, ladies—if repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes, of you—a little country air might perhaps do well—as you are distressed, I am at your service—what say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate—your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir J. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time?

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a murmur.

Sir J. Well, Miss, and what say you?

Miss T. Guilty, uncle. [*Courtesying.*]

Sir J. Guilty! the devil you are? of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart does not approve; and coquetting with another, which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and every thing, but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir J. Thus then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a knight-errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices, and *Bon Ton*, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking—*You'll excuse me, Sirs!*

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT,

Farce by Samuel Foote. Like most of Mr. Foote's farces, it is built on personal imitation, yet retains so much of original character, that the parts of the *Major* and *Jerry Sneak* will ever be of value to actors of talent.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MAJOR STURGEON.
SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

JERRY-SNEAK.
BRUIN.

ROGER.
MOB.

SNUFFLE.
CRISPIN HEELTAP.

MRS. BRUIN.
MRS. SNEAK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SIR JACOB JOLLUP'S *House at*
GARRATT.

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

Sir J. ROGER!

Enter ROGER.

Roger. Anan, sir!

Sir J. Sir, sirrah! and why not sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob?

Sir J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand

yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, sir Jacob.

[*Exit.*]

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure.—But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—[*A Knocking at the Gate*] Who is that, Roger?

Roger. [*Without*] Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir J. Gad's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, major Sturgeon.

Maj. S. Why, what has been the matter, sir Jacob?

Sir J. There has, major, been here an impudent pillmonger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. S. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir J. No, no, he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Maj. S. True, sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

Sir J. But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Maj. S. A little awkward in the beginning, sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir J. No!

Maj. S. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good indeed I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—and yet we have had some desperate duty, sir Jacob.

Sir J. No doubt.

Maj. S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating!—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried of major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the

Sir J. How came that about? [service.

Maj. S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir J. Spirit—zeal for the service.

Maj. S. Doubtless. But to proceed: in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir J. Terrible!

Maj. S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir J. Dreadful!

Maj. S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major mov'd off in a month. Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir J. As how?

Maj. S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Pattypan, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a single footpad.

Sir J. An unfortunate day indeed!

Maj. S. But, in some measure to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

Sir J. You did?

Maj. S. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir J. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. S. As lamba, sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between captain Sheers and the colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. S. He was; for the colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since. [Molossas?

Sir J. But you soon supplied the loss of

Maj. S. In part only: no, sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth; at sixteen, he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to sir Jeffrey Grub, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

Sir J. A rapid rise!

Maj. S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Your progress was great.

Maj. S. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir J. A perfect Hannibal!

Maj. S. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats. [cape.

Sir J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous es-

Maj. S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting pro arvis and focus.

Sir J. Pray now, major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Maj. S. Why, sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but, lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their

Sir J. Indeed! [lives.

Maj. S. No! soldiers for sunshine, cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the jenny sequoi that—Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spon-toon in the house?

Sir J. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Maj. S. No matter. Well, sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir J. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Maj. S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir J. True, true, major.

Maj. S. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir J. Under the shade of your laurels.

Maj. S. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; cedunt arma togæ.

Mob. [Without] Huzza!

Re-enter ROGER.

Sir J. What's the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobbler, being returning officer?

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob. Make way there; stand further off from the gate: here is madam Sneak in a chair along with her husband.

Maj. S. 'Gadso, you will permit me to convey her in. [Exit.]

Sir J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON, leading in MRS. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Dear major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry Sneak!—Your blessing, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. S. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, with a Band-box and a Hoop-petticoat under his Arm, and Cardinal, etc.

Sneak. Here lovy.

Mrs. S. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the Sneak. Yes, chuck. [chaise?

Mrs. S. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the Things in searching his Pocket for the Fan.

Mrs. S. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy. Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir J. Very well, son Sneak. [Exit Sneak.

Mrs. S. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contain'd you. Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

Sir J. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster. [Exit Sir Jacob.

Mrs. S. Monster! Why, major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beeseemingly manner.

Maj. S. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. S. Nor would the major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Maj. S. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

Maj. S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Maj. S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. S. I know it, good sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Maj. S. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [Aside.

Mrs. S. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Maj. S. Melancholy!

Mrs. S. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be chok'd with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterers'-hall.

Maj. S. Intolerable!

Mrs. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Maj. S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. S. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. S. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. S. Intrepid major!

Maj. S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. S. Obliging commander!

Maj. S. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. S. Sir!

Maj. S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

Mrs. S. You have a right to all we can grant.

Maj. S. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. S. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Maj. S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door.

Mrs. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Maj. S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.
Mrs. S. Ladyship! he is the very Broglie and Belleisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the major alone? Is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. S. Mark that: I am sorry, sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. S. Madam—

Mrs. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Maj. S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Maj. S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. S. Courteous commander!

Maj. S. Parragon of women!

Mrs. S. Adieu!

Maj. S. Adieu! [Exit Mrs. Sneak.]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Maj. S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's-head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith; there's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest master Muzzle, the midwife—

Maj. S. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in grey;" but I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worse than the broomman.

Maj. S. And you must not think of disoblighing your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Maj. S. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Maj. S. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Venus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Maj. S. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Maj. S. I did, master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a virgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then indeed we han't been married a year.

Maj. S. The mere honeymoon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. [Without] Come along, Jane; why you are as pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter BRAIN and MRS. BRAIN; BRAIN with a Cotton Cap on; his Wife with his Wig, great Coat, and Fishing-rod.

Come, Jane, give me my wig: you slut, how

you have tousled the curls! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your bumble servant unknown.

Re-enter ROGER.

Roger. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the major.

Maj. S. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [Exit Major] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. B. Good lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie abed—

Mrs. B. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money.

Mrs. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? VWho told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sneak. Odds me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. VVhy, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. VVhy, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and Prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not. And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of the turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. S. [Without] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. 'Gad! my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: lookye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. S. [Without] Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. S. [Without] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can. Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [Exit.]

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

Re-enter SIR JACOB.

Sir J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have—but just time for a snack; the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir J. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry! Jerry!—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP, MAJOR STURGEON, BRUIN, MRS. BRUIN, JERRY SNEAK, and MRS. SNEAK, discovered on SIR JACOB'S Garden Wall. Enter Mob, with HEELTAP at their Head; some crying a Goose, others a Mug, others a Primer.

Heel. Silence, there; silence!

1 Mob. Hear neighbour Heeltap,

2 Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1 Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without

All. No, no, no. [that.]

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3 Mob. Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord, sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. [Reads] *To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being—*

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1 Mob. No goose! no goose!

2 Mob. A goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. [Reads] *Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.*

1 Mob. A mug! a mug!

Heel. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1 Mob. A mug! a mug!

2 Mob. Hear him; hear master Heeltap.

1 Mob. A mug! a mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3 Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3 Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3 Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah: an't it a groat?

3 Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No mug! no mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffe. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law: why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. 'Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4 Mob. A primmer!

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the mis-carriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 Mob. Indeed!

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1 Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers'-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden. I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. *[Exit.*

Mob. *[Without]* Huzza!

Heel. Gad-so! the candidates are coming.

[Exeunt Mob, etc.]

Re-enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP, BRUIN, and MRS. BRUIN, through the Garden Gate.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. B. No?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your Maygames: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. B. Well now, I protest I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see.

Sir J. Fie, Mr. Bruin, how can you be

such a bear? Is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law, Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, in a violent Hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikins; but the deuce a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was lock'd; and then I look'd through the key-hole: and there, Lord ha' mercy upon us! *[Whispers]* as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not. What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant the major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. *[Mob huzzas.]*

Sir J. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Re-enter CRISPIN HEELTAP, etc.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good Lord, who would have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Fleam had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. 'Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Mrs. S. *[Without]* Jerry! Jerry!

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Re-enter MRS. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is aking for me.

Mrs. S. So, sot, what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a woman.—Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch. *[Apart.]*

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. S. Hey-day! I am amaz'd; VVhy, what is the meaning of this? *[Apart.]*

Sneak. The meaning is plain; that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. S. VVhy, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again. *[Apart.]*

Sneak. Yes, and you shan't think to hector and domineer ever me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother Sneak, the day's your own. *[Apart.]*

Sneak. An't it? VVhy, I did not think it was in me. Shall I tell her all I know? *[Apart.]*

Bruin. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb. *[Apart.]*

Sneak. As an oyster. *[Apart.]* Besides, madam, I have something furdur to tell you: 'ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home: brother Bruin. *[Apart.]*

Mrs. S. VVhy, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? why, my vife, and I am your master.

Mrs. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. *[Apart.]*

Mrs. S. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance? Don't the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. S. VVas there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! VVhy, all the country knows I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would. Did not I refuse squire Ap-Griffith from VVales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? Did not Mr. VVort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain. *[Apart.]*

Mrs. S. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast. *[Apart.]*

Mrs. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. S. VVhat, and are you to teach him, I warrant.—But here comes the major.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON.

Oh, major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them:—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves? *[Apart.]*

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Maj. S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. VVhat then?

Maj. S. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Maj. S. VVhat! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Maj. S. Now, sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason. I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father sir Jacob, he is as vicious as an old ram.

Maj. S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—but for you—

[To Bruin.]

Bruin. VVell.

Maj. S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. VVhy, lookye, major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—

Maj. S. Box! box!—Blades! bullets! bagshot!

Mrs. S. Not for the world, my dear major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousing, his sweatings, his swimings, must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Maj. S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasces we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant. *[To Bruin.]*

Mrs. S. Major! sir Jacob! what, are you all leagu'd against his dear?—A man! yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping. My life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep?

Mrs. S. Last legs, you lubberly—

[Strikes him.]

Sir J. Oh, fie, Molly!

Mrs. S. What, are you leagu'd against me, sir Jacob?

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. S. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! 'ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfardment?

Mrs. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father sir Jacob?

Sir J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done; so we will get our honest friend, Heeltap, to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heeltap!

Heel. What, do you mean as master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir J. Ay, ay, his locum tenens.

Sneak. Do, Crispin, do be my locum tenens.

Heel. Give me your hand, master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the locum tenens.

Sir J. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach; come, major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Maj. S. Your son-in-law, sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir J. That's right. As a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Maj. S. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What, are all the women engaged? why then my locum tenens and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, major.

Maj. S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield.

Sir J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE APPRENTICE,

Fares by Arthur Murphy. This is an ingenious satire on a pernicious folly prevalent among many young people, who, without the requisite talent, lose their time and reputation in attempts on the works of authors, who would be unable, in such hands, to recognize their own offspring.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

WINGATE.
DICK.

GARGLE.
SIMON.

SCOTCHMAN.
IRISHMAN.

CATCHPOLE.
CHARLOTTE.

Spouting Club.
Watchmen, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter WINGATE and SIMON.

Win. NAY, nay, but I tell you I am convinced—I know it is so; and so, friend, don't you think to trifle with me; I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel; and if you don't discover all, I'll—

Simon. Dear heart, sir, you won't give a body time.

Win. Zookers! a whole month missing, and no account of him far or near!—Sirrah, I say he could not be 'prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him, without knowing his haunts and all his ways—and then, varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

Simon. My master Gargle and I, sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town since morning to inquire for un; and so in my way I thought I might as well call here.

Win. A villain, to give his father all this trouble. And so you have not heard anything of him, friend?

Simon. Not a word, sir, as I hope for mercy; though, as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, master, the gipsies have gotten hold on un; and we shall have un come home as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but crusts and water for six-and-twenty days.

Win. The gipsies have got hold of him, ye blockhead! Get out of the room.—Here you, Simon!

Simon. Sir.

Win. Where are you going in such a hurry? Let me see; what must be done? A ridiculous numskull, with his damned Cassanders and Cloppatras, and trumpery; with his romances, and his *Odyssey* Popes, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat! Zookers! I'll not put myself in a passion. Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gar-

gle, and tell him I want to speak with him—though I don't know what I should send for him for—a sly, slow, hesitating blockhead! he'll only plague me with his physical cant and his nonsense.—Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

Simon. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

Win. This fellow will be the death of me at last! I have been turmoiling for him all the days of my life, and now the scoundrel's run away. Suppose I advertise the dog?—Ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead, why then he tricks me out of six shillings—my money's slung into the fire.—Zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion; let him follow his nose—'tis nothing at all to me—what care I?

Re-enter SIMON.

What do you come back for, friend?

Simon. As I was going out, sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

Win. Let me see it. The gipsies have got hold of him, ha, ha! What a pretty fellow you are! ha, ha!—Why don't you step where I bid you, sirrah?

Simon. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

Win. Well, well, I'm resolved, and it shall be so—I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven; and when the blockhead comes, I may do as I please, ha, ha! I may do as I please. Let me see—he had on—slidikins, what signifies what he had on? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him.—Hey! what a plague have we here? [*Mutters to himself*] *Bristol*—a—what's all this? [*Reads.*

Esteemed friend,—Last was twentieth ultimo, since none of thine, which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present, is to inform thee that thy son came to our place with a company of strollers, who were taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail.—Zookers! I'm glad of it—a villain of a fellow! Let him lie there—I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is consigned to thy address, being the needful from thy friend and servant,

EBENEZER BROADBRIE.

Wounds! what did he take the fellow out for? A scoundrel, rascal! turn'd stage-player—I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there?

Re-enter SIMON.

Simon. I met my master over the way, sir. Our cares are over. Here is Mr. Gargle, sir.

Win. Let him come in—and do you go down stairs, you blockhead. [*Exit Simon.*

Enter GARGLE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work—Dick's turn'd vagabond!

Gar. He must be put under a proper regimen directly, sir.—He arrived at my house within these ten minutes, but in such a trim.

He's now below stairs; I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.

Win. Death and fire! what could put it into the villain's head to turn buffoon?

Gar. Nothing so easily accounted for: why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading 'over plays, and farces, and Shakspeare.

Win. Ay, that damned Shakspeare! I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in Warwickshire. I never read Shakspeare. Wounds! I caught the rascal myself reading that nonsensical play of Hamlet, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds. A fine example, Mr. Gargle.

Gar. His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bless my heart!—she was as innocent as water-gruel, till he spoiled her. I found her the other night in the very fact.

Win. Zookers! you don't say so? caught her in the fact?

Gar. Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

Win. Oh, is that the fact you mean? Is that all? though that's bad enough.

Gar. But I have done for my young madam; I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

Win. Look ye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face. Let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.

Gar. Sir, I have found out that he went three times a week to a spouting club.

Win. A spouting club, friend Gargle! What's a spouting club?

Gar. A meeting of 'prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

Win. You don't say so! a spouting club! Wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gar. Ay, mad indeed, sir: madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner; the spirits flowing in particular channels—

Win. 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as any of them.

Gar. And continuing to run in the same ducts—

Win. Ducks! damn your ducks! Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

Gar. Dear sir, be a little cool—Inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do pray, sir, moderate your passions.

Win. Pr'ythee be quiet, man; I'll try what I can do. Here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Now, my good father, what's the matter?

Win. So, friend, you have been upon your travels, have you? You have had your frolic? Lookye, young man, I'll not put myself in a passion. But, death and fire, you scoundrel, what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I am your father?

Dick. A little more than kin, and less than

[*Aside*

Win. Ha, ha! what a pretty figure you cut now! Ha, ha! why don't you speak, you blockhead? Have you nothing to say for yourself?

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself. What an old prig it is.

Win. Mind me, friend, I have found you out; I see you'll never come to good. Turn stage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month, ha, ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples—remember I tell you so.

Dick. A critic too! [*Whistles*] Well done, old Squaretoes.

Win. Lookye, young man, take notice of what I say: I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane, with a brush and black-ball, I'd make my own fortune again. You read Shakspeare! Get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a shilling on any stall—best book that ever was wrote.

Dick. Pretty well, that; ingenious, faith! 'Egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters.

Win. Can you tell how much is five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound? Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound. Ay, ay, I see you're a blockhead. Lookye, young man, if you have a mind to thrive in this world, study figures, and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.

Dick. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!

Win. Mind the scoundrel now.

Gar. Do, Mr. W'ingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently.—Come, comé, young man, lay aside this sulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

Dick. O Jephthā, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Win. What does the fellow say?

Gar. He relents, sir. Come, come, young man, he'll forgive.

Dick. They fool me to the top of my bent. 'Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em—a truant disposition, good my lord, No, no, stay, that's not right—I have a better speech. [*Aside*] It is as you say—when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies, we are ashamed and sorry: and yet, the very next minute, we rush again into the very same absurdities.

Win. Well said, lad, well said—Mind me, friend; commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth.—Death and fire!—but I won't put myself in a passion. 'Tis my regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

Dick. Without doubt, sir.

Win. If you want any thing you shall be provided. Have you any money in your pocket? Ha, ha! what a ridiculous numskull you are now! ha, ha! Come, here's some money for you. [*Pulls out his Money and looks at it*] I'll give it to you another time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.

Dick. Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian land.

Win. Zookers! you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business, than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and be tumbling upon carpets.

Dick. I shall in all my best obey you, daddy.

Win. Very well, friend—very well said—you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go home to your business—and mind me, young man, let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a laced waistcoat—you scoundrel, what right have you to wear a laced waistcoat?—I never wore a laced waistcoat!—never wore one till I was forty.—But I'll not put myself in a passion—go and change your dress, friend.

Dick. I shall sir—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.
Cocker's Arithmetic, sir?

Win. Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic—study figures, and they'll carry you through the world.

Dick. Yes, sir. [*Stifling a Laugh*] Cocker's Arithmetic!

Win. Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

Gar. Ay, sir, you know the world.—The young man will do very well—I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter.

Win. Yes, but I'll touch the cash—he shan't finger it during my life.—I must keep a tight hand over him—[*Goes to the Door*]—Do ye hear, friend?—Mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately.—Friend Gargle I'll make a man of him.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa require me here?

Win. What's the matter now?—Barossa!—Wounds!—What's Barossa?—Does the fellow call me names?—What makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

Dick. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!

Win. The fellow's stark staring mad—get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

[*Dick stands in a sullen Mood.*]

Gar. Come, come, young man, every thing is easy; don't spoil all again—go and change your dress, and come home to your business. Nay, nay, be ruled by me. [*Thrusts him off.*]

Win. I'm very peremptory, friend Gargle; if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him. Well, but now I think of it I have Cocker's Arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house—I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him.—Friend Gargle, your servant.

Gar. Mr. W'ingate, a good evening to you. You'll send him home to his business?

Win. He shall follow you home directly. Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound!—multiply the numerator by the denominator! five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and—a—carry one. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter DICK and SIMON.

Simon. Lord love ye, master—I'm so glad

you're come back—come, we had as good e'en gang home to my master Gargle's.

Dick. No, no, Simon, stay a moment—this is but a scurvy coat I have on—and I know my father has always some jemmy thing lock'd up in his closet—I know his ways—He takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

Simon. Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

Dick. [*Goes to the Door, and listens*] No, no—no—he's going down, growling and grumbling—ay, say ye so?—"Scoundrel, rascal—let him bite the bridle.—Six times twelve is seventy-two."—All's safe, man; never fear him. Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this business in a crack.

Simon. Blessings on him! what is he about now?—Why the door is locked, master.

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the lock—you shall see me do it as well as any sir John Brute of 'em all—this right leg—

Simon. Lord love you, master, that's not your right leg.

Dick. Pho! you fool, don't you know I'm drunk!—this right leg here is the best locksmith in England—so, so.

[*Forces the Door and goes in.*]

Simon. He's at his plays again—Odds my heart, he's a rare hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any concern—I must be main cautious—Lord bless his heart, he's to teach me to act Scrub.—He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the jesuit before a went out of town:—Scrub—Coming, sir—Lord, ma'am, I've a whole packet full of news—some say one thing, and some say another; but, for my part, ma'am—I believe he's a jesuit—that's main pleasant—I believe he's a jesuit.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Simon. No, master; we're all snug.

Dick. This coat will do charmingly.—I have bilked the old fellow nicely.—In a dark corner of his eabinet, I found this paper; what it is the light will show.—[*Reads*] *I promise to pay—Ha!—I promise to pay to Mr. Moneytrap, or order, on demand—*'Tis his hand—a note of his—yet more—*The sum of seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and seven-pence, value received, by me—London, this 15th June, 1755.*—'Tis wanting what should follow—his name should follow—but 'tis torn off—because the note is paid.

Simon. O lud! dear sir, you'll spoil all. I wish we were well out of the house.—Our best way, master, is to make off directly.

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this coat.—Simon, you shall be my dresser—you'll be fine and happy behind the scenes.

Simon. O lud! it will be main pleasant—I have been behind the screens in the country.

Dick. Have you, where?

Simon. Why, when I liv'd with the man that show'd wild beastices.

Dick. Harkye, Simon—when I am playing some deep tragedy, and cleave the general ear

with horrid speech, you must take out your white pocket handkerchief and cry bitterly.

[*Teaches him.*]

Simon. But I haven't got a white pocket handkerchief.

Dick. Then I'll lend you mine.

[*Pulls out a ragged one.*]

Simon. Thank ye, sir.

Dick. And when I am playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out, [*Teaches him*] for I shall be very pleasant—*Tolde-roll.* [*Dances.*]

Simon. Never doubt me, sir.

Dick. Very well; now run down and open the street door; I'll follow you in a crack.

Simon. I'm gone to serve you, master.

Dick. To serve thyself—for, lookye, Simon, when I am manager, claim thou of me the care o'the wardrobe, with all those moveables, whereof the propertyman now stands possess'd.

Simon. O lud! this is charming—hush! I am gone. [*Going.*]

Dick. Well, but harkye, Simon, come hither—what money have you about you, master Matthew?

Simon. But a tester, sir.

Dick. A tester!—that's something of the least, master Matthew—let's see it.

Simon. You have had fifteen sixpences now.

Dick. Never mind that—I'll pay you all at my benefit.

Simon. I don't doubt that, master—but mum. [*Exit.*]

Dick. Thus far we run before the wind.—An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!

—what, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar, or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuft, and a beggary account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No, no! it will be much better to be pated up in capitals—The part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared on any stage before!

—My ambition fires at the thought.—But hold—mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt—hissed—pelted—laughed at—not admitted into the Green-room.—That will never do—Down, husy devil, down, down.—Try it again.—Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes.—"Dear colonel, is not he a charming creature?"—"My lord, don't you like him of all things?"—"Makes love like an angel!"—"Vvhat an eye he has!"—"Fine legs!"—"I'll certainly go to his benefit."—Celestial sounds!—And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every printshop—in the character of Macbeth! 'Tis a sorry sight. [*Stands in an Attitude*] In the character of Richard—Give me another horse; bind up my wounds.—This will do rarely.—And then I have a chance of getting well married—O glorious thought!—By heaven I will enjoy it, though but in fancy.—But what's o'clock?—It must be almost nine. I'll away at once: this is club-night.—Egad, I'll go to them for awhile.—The spouters are all met—little they think I'm in town—they'll be surprised to see me.—Off I go, and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter—Poor Charlotte!—she's locked up, but I shall find means to settle mat-

ters for her escape—She's a pretty theatrical genius.—If she flies to my arms like a hawk to its perch, it will be so rare an adventure, and so dramatic an incident—

Limbs do your office, and support me well; Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Discovers the Spouting Club.*

The President and Members seated.

Pres. Come, we'll fill a measure the table round. Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both. Come, give us a speech.

Scotch. Come now, I'll gee you a touch of Mocbeeth.

1 Mem. That will be rare. Come, let's have it.

Scotch. What dost lier at, mon?—I have had muckle applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Reegiceede—and now I intend to do Mocbeeth—I seed the degger yesterneet, and I thought I should ha' killed every one that came in my way.

Irish. Stand out of the way, lads, and you'll see me give a touch of Othollo, my dear. [*Takes the Cork, burns it, and blacks his Face*] The devil burn the cork—it would not do it fast enough.

1 Mem. Here, here, I'll lend you a helping hand. [*Blacks him. Knocking at the Door.*

Pres. Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter DICK.

Dick. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight bags?—What is't ye do?—How fare the honest partners of my heart?—What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?—Arrah, my dear cousin Mackshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?

Irish. Ow! but is it mocking you are? Look ye, my dear, if you'd be taking me off—don't you call it taking off?—by my shoul, I'd be making you take yourself off. What, if you're for being obstroporous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea.

Dick. Nay, pr'ythee, no offence—I hope we shall be brother-players.

Irish. Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Irish. Othollo, my dear; let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em; though by my shoul, myself does not know but I'll be frightened when every thing is in a hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over."—"Over with him."—"Off, off, off the stage."—"Music." Ow! but may be the dear cratur in the boxes will be lucking at my legs, ow! to be sure—the devil burn the luck they'll give 'em,

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face.

Scotch. Stay till you hear me give a specimen of elocution.

Dick. What, with that impediment, sir?

Scotch. Impediment! what impediment? I do not leesp—do I? I do not squeent; I am well leem'd, am I not?

Irish. By my shoul, if you go to that, I am

as well timber'd myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy.

Scotch. I'll give you a specimen of Mockbeeth.

Irish. Make haste then, and I'll begin Othollo.

Scotch. Is this a dagger that I see before me, etc.

Irish. [*Collaring him*] Villain, be sure you prove my love a whore, etc.

[*Another Member comes forward with his Face powdered, and a Pipe in his Hand.*

Mem. I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—

Irish. You my father's spirit? My mother was a better man than ever you was.

Dick. Pho! pr'ythee! you are not fat enough for a ghost.

Mem. I intend to make my first appearance in it for all that; only I'm puzzled about one thing, I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience?

Watch. [*Behind the Scenes*] Past five o'clock, cloudy morning.

Dick. Hey! past five o'clock—'sdeath, I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte; I have staid too long, and shall lose my proselyte. Come, let us adjourn. We'll scower the watch—confusion to morality—I wish the constable were married.—Huzza! huzza!

All. Huzza, huzza! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter DICK, with a Lantern and Ladder.

Dick. All's quiet here; the coast's clear—now for my adventure with Charlotte; this ladder will do rarely for the business, though it would be better if it were a ladder of ropes—but hold; have I not seen something like this on the stage? yes I have, in some of the entertainments. Ay, I remember an apothecary, and here-about he dwells—this is my master Gargle's; being dark, the beggar's shop is shut; what, ho! apothecary! but soft—what light breaks through yonder window? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun; arise, fair sun, etc.

CHARLOTTE appears at a Window.

Char. VVho's there? My Romeo?

Dick. The same, my love, if it not thee displease.

Char. Hush! not so loud; you'll waken my father.

Dick. Alas! there is more peril in thine eye—

Char. Nay, but pr'ythee now; I tell you you'll spoil all. What made you stay so long?

Dick. Chide not, my fair; but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart.

Char. As I am a living soul, you'll ruin every thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you.

[*Going.*

Dick. No, no, not so fast; Charlotte, let us act the garden scene first—

Char. A fiddlestick for the garden scene.

Dick. Nay, then I'll act Ranger—up I go, neck or nothing.

Char. Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits. Don't come up—I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder. I have settled every thing with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give

a farthing for it without the ladder, and so up I go; if it was as high as the garret, up I go.

Enter SIMON, at the Door.

Simon. Sir, sir; madam, madam—

Dick. Pr'ythee be quiet, Simon, I am ascending the high-top-gallant of my joy.

Simon. An't please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop; I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow.

Char. That will do purely; and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me. *[Exit from above.]*

Simon. Master, leave that there, to save me from being respected.

Dick. With all my heart, Simon.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O lud! I'm frightened out of my wits—feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats.

Dick. 'Tis an alarm to love—quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, etc.

Watch. *[Behind the Scenes]* Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Dick. Is that the raven's voice I hear?

Simon. No master, it's the watchman's.

Char. Dear heart, don't let us stand fooling here—as I live and breathe we shall both be taken—do, for heaven's sake, let us make our escape.

Dick. Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together,

Together to the theatre we'll go,
There to their ravish'd eyes our skill we'll show,

And point new beauties—to the pit below. *[Exit with Charlotte.]*

Simon. And I to sweep my master's shop will go.

[Exit into the House, and shuts the Door.]

Enter a Watchman.

Watch. Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning—Hey-day! what's here? A ladder at master Gargle's window!—I must alarm the family—Ho! master Gargle!

[Knocks at the Door.]

Gar. *[Above]* What's the matter?—How comes this window to be open?—Ha! a ladder!—VWho's below there?

Watch. I hope you an't robbed, master Gargle?—As I was going my rounds, I found your window open.

Gar. I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks—Take away the ladder; I must inquire into all this. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIMON, like Scrub.

Simon. Thieves! murder! thieves! popery!—

Watch. What's the matter with the fellow?

Simon. Spare all I have, and take my life!

Watch. Any mischief in the house?

Simon. They broke in with fire and sword—they'll be here this minute.

Watch. What, are there thieves in the house?

Simon. VWith sword and pistol, sir—

Watch. How many are there of them?

Simon. Five-and-forty.

Watch. Nay, then 'tis time for me to go. *[Exit.]*

Enter GARGLE.

Gar. Dear heart! dear heart! she's gone, she's gone!—my daughter! my daughter!—VWhat's the fellow in such a fright for?

Simon. Down on your knees—down on your marrow-bones—down on your marrow-bones.

Gar. Get up, you fool, get up.—Dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation.

Enter WINGATE.

Win. So, friend Gargle, you're up early, I see—nothing like rising early—nothing to be got by lying in bed, like a lubberly fellow—VWhat's the matter with you? ha, ha! you look frightened.

Gar. O, no wonder—my daughter, my daughter!

Win. Your daughter! VWhat signifies a foolish girl?

Gar. Oh, dear heart! dear heart!—out of the window—

Win. Fallen out of the window? VWell, she was a woman, and 'tis no matter—if she's dead, she's provided for. Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night—here it is, friend Gargle; take it, and give it that scoundrel of a fellow.

Gar. Lord, sir, he's returned to his tricks.

Win. Returned to his tricks?—VWhat, broke loose again?

Gar. Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

Win. Carried off your daughter? How did the rascal contrive that?

Gar. Oh, dear sir, the watch alarmed us awhile ago, and I found a ladder at the window; so I suppose my young madam made her escape that way.

Win. I'll never see the fellow's face.

Simon. Secrets! secrets!

Win. VWhat, are you in the secret, friend?

Simon. To be sure, there be secrets in all families; but for my part, I'll not speak a word, pro or con, till there's a peace.

Win. You won't speak, sirrah? I'll make you speak. Do you know nothing of this numskull?

Simon. VWho I, sir?—He came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.

Win. You saw him then?

Simon. Yes, sir—saw him, to be sure, sir—he made me open the shop-door for him—he stopp'd on the threshold and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an ouzel?

Win. Like an ouzel!—VWounds! what's an ouzel?

Gar. And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter.

Enter a Porter.

Win. VWho are you, pray? VWhat do you want?

Por. Is one Mr. Gargle here?

Gar. Yes. VWho wants him?

Por. Here's a letter for you.

Gar. Let me see it. O, dear heart! *[Reads]*

To Mr. Gargle, at the Pestle and Mortar.—
Slidkins, 'tis this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.

Win. Let me see it, Gargle. [Reads.]

To Mr. Gargle, etc.

Most potent, grave, and reverend doctor, my very noble and approv'd good master—That I have ta'en away your daughter, it is most true; true I will marry her—'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.—What in the name of common sense is all this?—I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that; yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing—What can the fellow mean?—For time may have yet one fated hour to come, which wing'd with liberty, may overtake occasion past.—Overtake occasion past!—no, no, time and tide waits for no man.—I expect redress from thy noble sorrows. Thine and my poor country's ever, R. WINGATE. Mad as a March hare! I have done with him; let him stay till the shoe pinches, a crack-brained numskull!

Por. An't please ye, sir, I fancies the gentleman is a little beside himself; he took hold un me here by the collar, and called me villain, and bid me prove his wife a whore. Lord help him, I never see'd the gentleman's spouse in my born days before.

Gar. Is she with him now?

Por. I believe so; there's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

Gar. My daughter, to be sure?

Por. I fancy, master, the gentleman's under troubles. I brought it from a spunging-house.

Win. From a spunging-house?

Por. Yes, sir, in Gray's-inn-lane.

Win. Let him lie there, let him lie there! I am glad of it.

Gar. Do, my dear sir, let us step to him.

Win. No, not I; let him stay there. This it is to have a genius, ha, ha!—a genius, ha, ha!—a genius is a fine thing indeed, ha, ha!

[Exit.]

Gar. Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spirits. Do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate boy.

Por. Yes, sir; 'tis in Gray's-inn-lane.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Spunging-house.

DICK and BAILIFF discovered at a Table, and CHARLOTTE sitting in a disconsolate Manner by him.

Bail. Here's my service to you, young gentleman.—Don't be uneasy; the debt is not much. Why do you look so sad?

Dick. Because captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear diversion.

Bail. Never look sulky at me; I never use any body ill. Come, it has been many a good man's lot—here's my service to you—but we've no liquor—come, we'll have t'other bowl.

Dick. I've now not fifty ducats in the world, yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.

Bail. What do you say? You've fifty shillings, I hope?

Dick. Now, thank heaven, I'm not worth a groat.

Bail. Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that; you must get bail, or go to Newgate. Who do you think is to pay house-rent for you? Such povertystruck devils as you shan't stay in my house. You shall go to quod, I can tell you that. [A Knocking at the Door] Coming, coming, I am coming. I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night. Not worth a groat! You're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house. You shall go to quod. [Exit.]

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte, never mind this.—Come now, let us act the prison scene in the Mourning Bride.

Char. How can you think of acting speeches when we're in such distress?

Dick. Nay but, my dear angel—

Enter WINGATE and GARGLE.

Come, now we'll practice an attitude. How many of 'em have you?

Char. Let me see: one—two—three—and then in the fourth act, and then—O gemini, I have ten at least.

Dick. That will do swimmingly. I've a round dozen myself. Come, now begin; you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you. Now mind. [They stand in Attitudes.]

Win. Only mind the villain.

[Apart to Gargle.]

Dick. O thou soft fleeting form of Lindamira!

Char. Illusive shade of my beloved lord!

Dick. She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy.

Win. You lie, you villain, you shan't be happy. [Knocks him down.]

Dick. [On the Ground] Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine!

Gar. So, my young madam, I have found you again.

Dick. Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold. She is my wife; our hearts are twin'd together.

Win. Sirrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body. [Strikes him.]

Dick. Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move 'em: children must be wretched.

Win. Get off the ground, you villain, get off the ground.

Dick. 'Tis a pity there are no scene-drawers to lift me.

Win. 'Tis mighty well, young man. Zookers, I made my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat Hospital, and give him all I have. Lookye here, friend Gargle, you know I'm not a hard-hearted man. The scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him; I'll only transport the fellow: and so, Mr. Catchpole, you may take him to Newgate.

Gar. Well but, dear sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and if you let the young man be ruined, my money must all go into another channel.

Win. How's that? Into another channel? Must not lose the handling of his money.

[Aside] Why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man. If the blockhead would but get as many crabbed, physical

words from Hypocrites and Allen, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery, ha, ha! I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.

Dick. And must I leave thee, Juliet?

Char. Nay, but prythee now have done with your speeches. You see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up.

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I don't care if I do. [*Apart*] Sir, you shall find, for

the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.

Win. Very well, that's right.

Dick. And since we don't go on the stage, 'tis some comfort that the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts, And most assume what's foreign to their hearts;

Thus life is but a tragic-comic jest, And all is farce and mummery at best.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE LYING VALET,

FARCE by David Garrick. One of the earlier productions of this excellent writer, but abounding with spirit, incident and variety. The language is well adapted to the characters, and the piece has ever met with considerable success on the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SHARP.

JUSTICE GUTTLE.

DICK.

KITTY PRY.

MRS. TRIPPET.

BEAU TRIPPET.

MELISSA.

MRS. GADABOUT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—GAYLESS's Lodgings.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Sharp. How, sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us, in our present condition: all your money spent, your moveables sold, your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer. But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o'my conscience, I'll turn friend to the sex, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, sir.

Gay. What, because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, sir, or abandon me: so pray discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well that that honour of yours will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat: do gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Prythee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. Why you must

certainly be a very great philosopher, sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

[*sirrah!*]

Guy. Don't be witty, and give your advice, *Sharp.* Do you be wise, and take it, sir. But to be serious; you certainly have spent your fortune, and out-lived your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify: your father has disowned you; all your friends forsok you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squandered away, make a good husband, and turn economist, you still may be happy, may still be sir William's heir, and the lady too no loser by the bargain.—There's reason and argument, sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her.

Sharp. Pray then make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undressed me from top to toe, she must begin with you; and then we shall be forced to keep house, and die by inches. Look you, sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me: so, sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd friend and servant. [*Going.*]

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me?

Sharp. I must eat, sir; by my honour and appetite, I must!

Gay. Well then, I am resolved to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least, of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present. [*A Knocking without.*]

Gay. Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favoured you with money at fifty per cent, and helped you to spend it; and are now become daily mementos to you of the folly of trusting rogues, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence!—to the door!—If they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fixed, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer.—And do you hear, Sharp, if it should be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home, lest the bad appearance, we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, sir; but I'm afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. [*Exit.*]

Gay. These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and professed the greatest friendship.

Sharp. [*Without.*] Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty. [*Without.*] Lookye, Sharp, I must and will see him.

Gay. Ha, what do I hear? Melissa's maid!—She's coming up stairs. What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SHARP, with KITTY.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr. Impertinence!

Sharp. Not of me you won't. [*Aside.*] He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty. I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress, Melissa: you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl!

Kitty. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*] But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kitty. Why, I have no opinion of it at all, and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it too: for instance now, your master will get a fortune, that's what I'm afraid he wants; my mistress will get a husband, that's what she has wanted for some time; you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant! But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the match; for, was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kitty. You'd marry, if you could, and mend it; ha, ha, ha!—Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Sharp. Lie, lie! why, it lies—Faith, I can't

name any particular place, it lies in so many: his effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kitty. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But barkye, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fixed, my master ordered me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kitty. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil 'it is!

Kitty. She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty. No more: and she ordered me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear.

Kitty. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*]

Kitty. And what do you think I have done of my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kitty. I have invited all my lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: won't your master be surprised?

Sharp. Much so, indeed!

Kitty. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations: you have no time to lose.—Prythee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh, my unfortunate face! [*Aside.*] I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I am as full of vigour, hussy!

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kitty. What, with that face?—Well, by, by. [*Going.*] Oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are those, were standing about your door when I came in? They want your master too, I suppose?

Sharp. Hum! Yes, they are waiting for him. They are some of his tenants out of the country, that want to pay him some money.

Kitty. Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They choose it; as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do: they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kitty. Well, I must run home—farewell!—But do you hear? Get something substantial for us in the kitchen: a ham, a turkey, or what you will. We'll be very merry. And be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French dances—tal, lal, lal. [*Dances.*] Well, adieu! Without any compliment, I shall die, if I don't see you soon. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. And, without any compliment, I pray heaven you may!

Re-enter GAYLESS. They look for some time sorrowful at each other.

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. VVe are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me.

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers—ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—my lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates an appetite: and I am sure, of late, I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Cursed misfortune! what can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy; except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper, without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me, and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No! why did her maid then make so strict an inquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons; the first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Pr'ythee be more serious: is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, sir; and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, sir, I'll convince you, in half an hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances.—And I'll tell you what too, sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, sir! warm, warm; and delays will cool it; therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

VVould you succeed, a faithful friend depute, VVhose head can plan, and front can execute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MELISSA'S Lodgings.

Enter MELISSA and KITTY.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! the master not at home, the man in confusion, no furniture in the house, and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'Tis all a riddle.

Kitty. But very easy to be explained.

Mel. Pr'ythee explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Kitty. The affair is this, madam: Mr. Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kitty. But I know they are all base.—You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have more experience: you never was in love before; I have been

in love with an hundred, and tried 'em all; and know 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr. Gayless—

Kitty. Is a man, madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kitty. With all my heart.—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh, madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension; ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kitty. Of his poverty you may have a hundred; I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the shoe pinches. [*Aside.*]

Kitty. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect, when a man is deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another. [*A Knocking.*]

Mel. See who's at the door. [*Exit Kitty*] I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: her bad opinion of Mr. Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.

Re-enter KITTY, with SHARP.

So, Sharp, have you found your master? VVill things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, madam. I have just now bespoke the music and supper, and wait now for your ladyship's further commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea, and play at cards, before we dance.

Kitty. So shall I and my company, Mr. Sharp.

Sharp. Mighty well, madam!

Mel. Pr'ythee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kitty. Mr. Sharp, madam, is of a very hot constitution; ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. [*Sighs.*]

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, madam; I beseech you don't: let us change the subject.

Kitty. Insist upon knowing it, madam.—My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst.

Mel. I do insist upon knowing; on pain of my displeasure, tell me!

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

Kitty. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. VVhy then, is short, madam—I can—

[*not tell you.*]

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, madam, I lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation?

Sharp. I will assure you, madam, I've suffered very much in defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Pr'ythee explain.

Sharp. In short, madam, you was seen, about a month ago, to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my property; and I was brought in 'guilty, as well as you and my master.

Kitty. What, your property, jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, madam, as I came out but now to make preparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs. Pryabout, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me: "Harkye, fellow!" says she, "do you and your modest master know that my husband shall indict your house, at the next parish meeting, for a nuisance?"

Mel. A nuisance!

Sharp. I said so—"A nuisance! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master;" as is really the case.—"Decency and regularity!" cries she, with a sneer—"why, sirrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? And did not he bring in a certain lady, such a day?" describing you, madam.—"And did not I see—"

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her I was sure she lied: "for, zounds!" said I, for I could not help swearing, "I am so well convinced of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtains."

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her error and impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names: upon which, out bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, that, being half-delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my master loved fornication; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was a bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kitty. A bawd! a bawd! Do I look like a bawd, madam?

Sharp. And so, madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces, as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you joined to make me in-

Sharp. For heaven's sake, madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, [*Shows his Head, plastered*] that I would have given up all the reputations in the kingdom, rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. Very well!—But I'll be revenged. And did not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No, madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attorneys in town by this time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens, and my impudence, be praised!

Kitty. Why not, madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh, the devil! ruined again! [*Aside*] To be sure, face 'em by all means, madam: they can but be abusive, and break the windows a little. Besides, madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you: I have a fine blunderbuss, charged with half a hundred slugs, and my master has a delicate, large, Swiss broad-sword; and between us, madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kitty. Don't fear, madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concerned.

Sharp. Murder, madam! 'Tis self-defence: besides, in these sort of skirmishes, there are never more than two or three killed: for, supposing they bring the whole body of militia upon us, down but with a brace of them, and away fly the rest of the covey.

Mel. Persuade me ever so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kitty. Why then, I'll tell you what, madam; since you are resolved not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was to come to you: 'tis great pity such great preparations as Mr. Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs. Kitty; but I can immediately run back and unbespeak what I have ordered; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to your master? he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh, terribly so!—But I have it: I'll tell him that you were suddenly taken with the vapours, or qualms, or what you please, madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help your invention.

Sharp. Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, out-lie her chambermaid, and yet be paid for thy honesty!—But my joy will discover me. [*Aside*] Madam, you have eternally fixed Timothy Sharp your most obedient, humble servant.—Oh, the delights of impudence and a good understanding!

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a lying varlet! with his slugs and his broad-swords, his attorneys and broken heads, and nonsense!—Vvell, madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do; but I find you are resolved to give me none.

Kitty. Madam!

Mel. I see through your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayless

in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kitty. Pay me, madam! I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when, I believe, 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! He's a gentleman, and a man of honour, and you are—

Kitty. Not in love, I thank heaven!

[*Courtesies.*]

Mel. You are a fool.

Kitty. I have been in love, but I'm much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kitty. That's the severest thing she has said yet.

Mel. Leave me.

Kitty. Oh, this love, this love is the devil!

[*Exit.*]

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put 'em upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers. Sharp's behaviour, though I seemed to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions: and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

Re-enter KITTY.

Kitty. May I speak, madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool. What do you want?

Kitty. There is a servant, just come out of the country, says he belongs to sir William Gayless, and has got a letter for you from his master, upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless! What can this mean? Where is the man?

Kitty. In the little parlour, madam.

Mel. I'll go to him.—My heart flutters strangely.

[*Exit.*]

Kitty. O woman, woman, foolish woman! She'll certainly have this Gayless: nay, were she as well convinced of his poverty as I am, she'd have him. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds—upon what? He's a man, and that's all; and, heaven knows, mere man is but small consolation now-a-days!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Gay. Pr'ythee be serious, Sharp: hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, sir. But in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, sir, at that instant a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom made a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion! have you betrayed me, villain? Did you not tell me, this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well!—And was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you, but you wou't hear reason. My melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes, and desires never to see your face again; and, as a further consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea.

[*Shows the Money.*]

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, sir, and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world? Well, well, then to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes.

[*Puts up the Money.*]

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal?

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laughed at? ha, ha, ha!—Never for the future, sir, dispute the success of my negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known, in an hour's time, whether you was a fish or a man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A downright lie from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, sir; but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately—the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you—and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern that her indisposition has debarred you the pleasure of her company here to-night. You need know no more—away!

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is! I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure while she lives I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Your door was open, so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly—

Kitty. Vapours, vapours only, sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all: but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure

of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know 'tis put off.

Kitty. Not for the world, sir: my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her, and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, though she can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment.—She's very good-natured.

Sharp. I had better run and let 'em know 'tis deferred. *[Going.]*

Kitty. *[Stops him]* I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming; and they have all promised to be here: so pray don't be under any apprehensions that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kitty. Oh, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs. Gadabout, and the rest of the company, will be here in a few minutes: there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruined, in spite of my parts. *[Aside.]*

Gay. 'Tis all over, Sharp. *[Apart.]*

Sharp. I know it, sir. *[Apart.]*

Gay. I shall go distracted! What shall I do? *[Apart.]*

Sharp. Why, sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's, that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards: if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him. *[Apart.]*

Kitty. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find. I'll have some sport with them. *[Aside.]* Pray, Mr. Gayless, don't order too many things: they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, sir, let me entreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose. While Mr. Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within. If you'll lend me the keys of your side-board, I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage. *[To Sharp.]*

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is disposed of already. *[A Knocking.]*

Kitty. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door and conduct them into your presence. *[Exit.]*

Sharp. If you'd conduct them into a horse-pond, and wait of them there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this!

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Re-enter KITTY, with MRS. GADABOUT, her Daughter, and Niece; JUSTICE GUTTLE, TRIPPET, and MRS. TRIPPET.

Mrs G. Ah, my dear Mr. Gayless!

[Kisses him.]

Gay. My dear widow!

[Kisses her.]

Mrs. G. We are come to give you joy, Mr. Gayless; and here's Mr. Guttle come to give you joy.—Mr. Gayless, justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh, destruction! one of the quorum. *[Aside.]*

Just G. Hem! Though I had not the honour of any personal knowledge of you, yet at the instigation of Mrs. Gadabout, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, thrown aside all ceremony, to let you know that I joy to bear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, though I cannot answer you with the same elocution, however, sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

Mrs G. Mr. and Mrs. Trippet, sir; the properest lady in the world for your purpose, for she'll dance for four-and-twenty hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith: so near marriage, and not let me know, 'twas barbarous. You thought, I suppose, I should rally you upon it; but dear Mrs. Trippet here has long ago eradicated all my anti-matrimonial principles.

Kitty. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr. Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Mrs. G. One thing I had quite forgot: Mr. Gayless, my nephew, who you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so I left word to send him here immediately, to make one.

Gay. You do me honour, madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies choose cards on the supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the fellow mean? *[Aside.]*

Just G. Oh, the supper, by all means; for I have eat nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since last Monday was a fortnight. *[Aside.]*

Gay. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room.—Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music.

Sharp. Well said, master.

Mrs. G. Without ceremony, ladies.

[Exeunt Gayless, Trippet, and Ladies.]

Kitty. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Just G. Pray Mr.—what's your name, don't be long with supper:—but harkye, what can I do in the mean time? Suppose you get me a pipe and some good wine; I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, sir, you was to take a nap till then; there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Just G. The best thing in the world! I'll take your advice; but be sure to wake me when supper is ready. *[Exit.]*

Sharp. Pray heaven you may not wake till then!—What a fine situation my master is in at present! I have promised him my assistance; but his affairs are in so desperate a way, that I am afraid 'tis out of my skill to recover them. Well, "Fools have fortune," says an old proverb, and a very true one it is; for my master and I are two of the most unfortunate mortals in the creation.

Re-enter GAYLESS.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set them down to cards; and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for yours. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a super with the booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the villany of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable.

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion: a very common death among the justices.

Gay. Pr'ythee be serious; we have no time to lose. Can you invent nothing to drive them out of the house?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gadabout say her nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company. If I don't send them out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience. Away to your company, sir. [*Exit Gayless*] Now, dear madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you. Now is your time to convince your foes you are not that blind, whimsical whore they take you for; but let them see, by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes entitled to your favour and protection.—So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lie. [*Goes aside, and cries out*] Help, help, master! help, gentlemen, ladies! Murder, fire, brimstone! help, help, help!

Re-enter GAYLESS, TRIPPET, and the Ladies, with Cards in their Hands, and SHARP enters, running, and meets them.

Gay. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, sir! If you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murdered. I am sure 'twas he; he was set upon at the corner of the street by four; he has killed two; and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Mrs. G. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance.—How I tremble for Melissa! this frolic of her's may be fatal. [*Aside.*

Gay. Draw, sir, and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Sharp.*]

Re-enter JUSTICE GUTTLE, disordered, as from Sleep.

Just. G. What noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murdered in the street.

Just. G. Is that all? Zounds! I was afraid you had thrown the supper down. A plague of your noise! I shan't recover my stomach this half hour.

Re-enter GAYLESS, TRIPPET, and Mrs. GADABOUT, with MELISSA, in Boys' Clothes, dressed in the French manner.

Mrs. G. Well but, my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little with riding post only.

Mrs. G. Mr. Sharp alarmed us all with an account of your being set upon by four men; that you had killed two, and was attacking the other when he came away; and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small rencounter with half a dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their heels. I believe I scratched some of them.

[*Lays her Hand to her Sword.*]

Sharp. His vanity has saved my credit. I have a thought come into my head may prove to our advantage, provided monsieur's ignorance bears any proportion to his impudence.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. G. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr. Gayless.—Sir, this is my nephew.

Gay. Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

[*Salutes her.*]

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Just. G. Pray, sir, what news in France?

Mel. Faith, sir, very little that I know of in the political way; I had no time to spend among the politicians. I was—

Gay. Among the ladies, I suppose?

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy enough to resist their solicitations. You take me?

[*Apart to Gayless.*]

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop.

[*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! this puppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery. [*Apart to Sharp.*]

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what shifts is he reduced! I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition; I shall discover myself.

[*Apart to Mrs. Gadabout.*]

Mrs. G. Not before the end of the play; besides, the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it. [*Apart.*]

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have a sans prendre here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my heart.

Mel. Allons donc.

[*As the Company go out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the Sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray did you find a bank-note in your way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover, do you mean?

Sharp. No, sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, sir: a little while ago my master sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of "Damme, sir!" and clashing of swords, and "Rascal!" and "Murder!" I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one; and having heard you was a

mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note, to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost: and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character.

Mel. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside*] Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, sir! you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured man.

Sharp. I have heard so too, but I have felt it otherwise: he has so much good nature, that if I could compound for one broken head a day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Lookye, sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you.—See here, sir, these are the effects of my master's good nature.

[*Shows his Head.*]

Mel. Matchless impudence! [*Aside*] Why do you live with him then after such usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money, and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a day, he's very free, and will give me anything; but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, sir; but mum.—You must know this entertainment was designed for madam to-night; but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed violently, here, here, sir.

[*Points to his Head.*]

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. [*Aside*] Melissa! I have heard of her: they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, and please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex.—But to return, sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprised, you, who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds, to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it—

[*A Knocking.*]

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security.

[*A Knocking.*]

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr.—

Sharp. Ten pounds will do. [*A Knocking.*]

Mel. Allez vous en.

Sharp. Five, sir.

[*A Knocking.*]

Mel. Je ne puis pas.

Sharp. Je ne puis pas.—I find we shan't

understand one another; I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement.

[*Exit.*]

Mel. Ha, ha, ha! What lies does this fellow invent, and what rogueries does he commit, for his master's service! There never sure was a more faithful servant to his master, or a greater rogue to the rest of mankind.—But here he comes again. The plot thickens. I'll in and observe Gayless.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter SHARP, before several Persons with Dishes in their Hands, and a Cook, drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! [*Aside*] This way, gentlemen, this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr. Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same. What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you?—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes; upon my honour, Mr. Cook: the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it.

I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's.

[*Aside, and exit; but returns immediately, drawing in a Table.*]

Come, come, my boys, be quick. The company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Licksplit here would not fail us.

Cook. Licksplit! I am no friend of yours, so I desire less familiarity—Licksplit too!

Re-enter GAYLESS.

Gay. What is all this? [*Apart to Sharp.*]

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed.

[*Apart.*]

Gay. Pr'ythee explain thyself, Sharp.

[*Apart.*]

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house,

and brought it here: however, sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

[*Apart.*]

Gay. Hold, hold, necessity obliges me against my inclination to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expense.

[*Apart.*]

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

[*To Sharp.*]

Sharp. Ay, and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him then.—Sir, I have, according to your commands, dressed as gentle a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

[*To Gayless.*]

Sharp. Good again, sir! 'tis paid for.

[*Apart to Gayless.*]

Gay. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr. Cook; and I am obliged to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman; and if you would but look over the bill, and approve it, you will over and above return the obligation.

[*Pulls out a Bill.*]

Sharp. Oh, the devil!

[*Aside.*]

Gay. [Looks on the Bill] Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him that trouble, and take it with me, sir. I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Ha!

Sharp. Then you won't have our custom.

[*Aside.*] My master is busy now, friend. Do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. I will be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow, so, d'ye hear—

Re-enter MELISSA.

Gay. Pr'ythee be advised.—'Sdeath, I shall be discovered! [*Takes the Cook aside.*]

Mel. What's the matter? [*To Sharp.*]

Sharp. The cook has not quite answered my master's expectations about the supper, sir, and he's a little angry at him; that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy; a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity: we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken soul say?

Cook. That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow, and—and—

Sharp. Hold, hold! what are you doing? Are you mad? [*Runs and stops his Mouth.*]

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names.—Don't be abusive, cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you. Pray be pacified. You are in liquor.

Cook. I will have my—

Sharp. [*Still holding.*] Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman; he is a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.—Pray, good sir, go into the next room. The fellow's drunk, and takes you for another. [*To Melissa.*] You'll repent this when you are sober, friend.—Pray, sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gay. Pray, sir, walk in. He's below your anger.

[*To Melissa.*]

Mel. Damn the rascal! what does he mean by affronting me?—Let the scoundrel go; I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best reformer of manners in the universe. [*Draws his Sword.*] Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so, you have done finely now.—Get away as fast as you can. He's the most courageous, metisome man in all England. Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you.—Make your escape, you fool!

Cook. I won't—Eat me! He'll find me damn'd hard of digestion though.

Sharp. Pr'ythee come here; let me speak with you.

[*Takes Cook aside.*]

Re-enter KITTY.

Kitty. Gad's me! is supper on the table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she indeed? Bless me, I did not expect—but however—Sharp!

Kitty. What success, madam?

[*Apart to Melissa.*]

Mel. As we could wish, girl; but he is in

such pain and perplexity I can't hold it out much longer.

Kitty. Ay, that holding out is the ruin of half our sex.

Sharp. I have pacified the cook; and if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet. You may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you.—About it straight, sir.

[*Apart to Gayless.*]

Gay. Sir, sir, I beg to speak a word with you. [*To Melissa.*] My servant, sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive; and the bankers' shops being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh, sir, with all my heart; [*Takes out her Purse.*] and as I have a small favour to beg of you, sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, sir?

Mel. You are to be married, I hear, to Melissa?

Gay. To-morrow, sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small favour, sir?

Mel. A mere trifle, sir. Breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckoned trifles now-a-days; and smart young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of fashion.

Gay. But pray, sir, how are you concerned in this affair?

Mel. Oh, sir, you must know I have a very great regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me; and, by the by, I have a most despicable opinion of you; for, entre nous, I take you, Charles, to be a very great scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, sir, and give yourself airs—damme, sir, I shall be through your body else in the snapping of a finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws, and makes at Melissa.*]

Kitty. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah! her mistress! [*Drops his Sword.*]

Sharp. How! Melissa! Nay, then drive away, cart; all's over now.

Enter all the Company, laughing.

Mrs. G. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kitty. Your bumble servant, good Mr. Politician. [*To Sharp.*] This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, schemer-general and redoubted squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer, Charles Gayless, knight of the woful countenance—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, that dismal face, and more dismal head of yours!

[*Strikes Sharp upon the Head.*]

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. Gayless!—What, not a word? You are sensible I can be no stranger to your misfortunes, and I might reasonably expect an excuse for your ill-treatment of me.

Gay. No, madam, silence is my only re-

fuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my crimes, would show a greater want of virtue than even the commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that loved you too.

Gay. Oh, most unpardonable; but my necessities—

Sharp. And mine, madam, were not to be matched, I'm sure, o'this side starving.

Mel. His tears have softened me at once.

[*Aside*] Your necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real contrition, are too powerful motives not to affect the breast already prejudiced in your favour.—You have suffered too much already for your extravagance; and as I take part in your sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: know, therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it, sure! I am lost in wonder!

Mel. Prepare yourself for more wonder. You have another friend in masquerade here. Mr. Cook, pray throw aside your drunkenness, and make your sober appearance.—Don't you know that face, sir?

Cook. Ay, master, what have you forgot your friend Dick, as you used to call me?

Gay. More wonder indeed! Don't you live with my father?

Mel. Just after your hopeful servant there had left me, comes this man from sir William, with a letter to me; upon which (being by that wholly convinced of your necessitous condition) I invented, by the help of Kitty and Mrs. Gadabout, this little plot, in which your friend Dick there has acted miracles, resolving to tease you a little, that you might have a greater relish for a happy turn in your affairs. Now, sir, read that letter, and complete your joy.

Gay. [*Reads*] *Madam, I am father to the unfortunate young man, who, I hear by a friend of mine (that by my desire has been a continual spy upon him) is making his addresses to you. If he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to you, whose character I am charmed with, I shall own him with joy for my son, and forget his former follies.—I am, madam, your most humble servant, WILLIAM GAYLESS.*

P. S. *I will be soon in town myself to congratulate his reformation and marriage.*

Oh, Melissa, this is too much! Thus let me show my thanks and gratitude; for here 'tis only due. [*Kneels; she raises him.*]

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kitty. I have been, sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. Pry, I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people,

Sharp. Well then, madam, since my master has vouchsafed pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, madam; and, among the rest, insinuating that your ladyship would—

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was designed for the service of your master; and if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune, as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with its inconveniences. What say you, Kitty?

Kitty. Do you hear, Sharp; before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

[*Aside.*]
Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild, impetuous sallies of my youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

Thus Aetna's flames the verdant earth consume,

But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom;

So virtuous love affords us springing joy,
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.

[*Exeunt.*]

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

Farce by John Till Allingham. This excellent little piece was first produced at Covent Garden in 1799, and has since been acted at all the theatres with the greatest applause. The English theatre recently opened at Paris, commenced its representations with it to the greatest satisfaction of the audience.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD.
SNACKS.MR. FRANK.
RATTLE.CLOWN.
SERVANT.VILLAGER.
MISS NANCY.DOLLY
MARGERY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

Enter SNACKS, speaking.

Snacks. A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Something of great consequence from my lord, I suppose.—*Frank* here! What the devil does he want?—Come a begging though, I dare say.

Frank. Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.*Snacks.* Good morning. [*Coldly.*]*Frank.* I'm come, sir, to—I say, sir, I'm come to—*Snacks.* Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

Frank. The termination of the lawsuit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to my entire inability to prosecute it any further, has thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount without your kind assistance.

Snacks. Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarrelling with me, and now you want me to help you.

Frank. The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Snacks. You wish to rent it? do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

Frank. I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

Snacks. But I have a great doubt about it.—No, no, sir; do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it.—Good day, friend; good day. [*Showing him the Door.*]

Frank. My necessities, sir—

Snacks. I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business—Good day—There's the door.

Frank. Unfeeling wretch!*Snacks.* VVhat!

Frank. But what could I expect? Think not, thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—My wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stoop'd so low: my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possess'd your wealth, and load it with the crimes entail'd upon it. [*Exit.*]

Snacks. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine, blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a jail, and bring down your spirit a little. But, come, let me see what my letter says. VVhat a deal

of time I've lost with that beggar! [*Reads.*]

Sir,—This is to inform you that my lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughthead—Robin is the legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command, KIT CODICIL, Atty at Law.

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughthead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once; it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great reason to like me; I never gave him any thing but bad words.—[*Rattle sings without.*] Confound it! here's that fellow Rattle couing.

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ah, my old daddy! how are you?—VVhat! have you got the mumps—can't you speak?

Snacks. I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. VVhat do you old daddy me for?

Rat. VVhy, father-in-law! curse me but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day; VVhat's the matter with you? why, you are as melancholy as a lame duck.

Snacks. The matter is—that I am sick.*Rat.* VVhat's your disorder?*Snacks.* A surfeit: I've had too much of you.

Rat. Oh! you'll soon get the better of that; for when I've married your daughter, curse me if I shall trouble you much with my company!

Snacks. But you hav'n't married her yet.

Rat. Oh, but I shall soon; I have got your promise, you know.

Snacks. Can't remember any such thing.*Rat.* No! Your memory's very short then.

Snacks. A short memory's very convenient sometimes.

Rat. And so is a short stick; and I've a great mind to try the utility of it now. I tell you what, Snacks—I always thought you was a damn'd old rascal, but now I'm sure of it: it's no matter, though: I'll marry your daughter notwithstanding.

Snacks. You will—will you?

Rat. Yes, snacks, I will; for I love her. I wonder how the devil such a pretty girl ever came to have such a queer, little, shrivelled, old mopstick as you for a father. Snacks, your wife most certainly made a cuckold of you; it could not be else.

Snacks. Impudent rascal!*Rat.* But it signifies not who her father is;

miss Nancy is lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see—five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have been a steward a long time; that sum must be a mere fleabite to you.

Snacks. I rather think I shall never give her a farthing, if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

Rat. Why lookye; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will put me out: where others sink I rise: and this opposition of yours will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

Snacks. No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I shan't waste any more time with you: go, and take in the flats in Lombard-street; it won't do here.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. Oh! what he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you, some how or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

Enter Miss NANCY.

Ah, my sweet, little, rural angel! How fares it with you? You smile like a May morning.

Nan. The pleasure of seeing you always makes me—

Rat. Indeed! give me a kiss then. I love you well enough to marry you without a farthing; but I think I may as well have the five thousand pounds, if it's only to tease old Longpurse.

Nan. Oh, you know you have his promise for that.

Rat. Yes, but he says he has forgot all about that, though it was no longer ago than yesterday; and he says I shan't have you.

Nan. Does he indeed?

Rat. Yes; but never mind that.

Nan. I thought you said you loved me?

Rat. And so I do, better than all the gold in Lombard-street.

Nan. Then why are you not sorry that my father won't give his consent?

Rat. His consent! I have got yours and my own, and I'll soon manage him. Don't you remember how I frighten'd him one night, when I came to visit you by stealth, drest like a ghost, which he thinks haunts the castle. Oh! I'll turn that to account. I know he's very superstitious, and easily frightened into any thing. Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Corn-field.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD discovered binding up a Sheaf.

Rob. Ah! work, work, work all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks the steward, always upon the look-out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump. [*Comes forward*] I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing

as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship hat not seen it these twelve years—Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

Enter SNACKS, bowing very obsequiously; ROBIN takes his Hat off, and stands staring at him.

Rob. I be main tir'd, master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it.—I wonder what the chickens he's grinning at.

[*Aside.*]

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Ecod! I never knew as I had a bump before. Why, master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

Snacks. I say I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Did—dig—VWhat! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is: you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before.—How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at;—Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship—VWill your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—[*Aside*] I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes.

Snacks. Why then, master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter.

[*Reads.*]

Sir,—This is to inform you, that my lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife: she has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead: now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command, KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*

Rob. VVhat!—VVhat all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks and the hens, and the cows and the bulls, and the pigs and the—VVhat! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate!—Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me it is so—Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huza! huza! [*Catches off Snacks' Hat and Wig*] Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; make every body drunk—if there's a sober man to be found any where to-day, he shall be put in the stocks. Go, get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favour to—

Rob. VVhy, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. [*Carelessly.*]

Snacks. VVill your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. VVhat would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! VVhat a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though. [*Aside.*]

Rob. VVhat are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. VVhy, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. Ne rather smokes me.—I have a beauteous daughter, who is allow'd to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Damn your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—Zounds! what a peer of the realm.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! VVhat work I will make in the village!—VVork! no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play.—VVhere shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestake's, and

tell him—No, I'll not go there; I'll go to—Damn it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleas'd Dolly will be when she hears—

Enter Villagers, shouting.

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. [*They all get round him*] First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord.

Vil. VVe are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy: I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huza! long live lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huza! huza! long live lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. [*Women shout*] I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huza! Huza!

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly, so I've taken care the guineas shall be all light. [*Aside.*]

Rob. Now then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you—[*Throws the Money; they scramble*] Now you've got your pockets fill'd, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

[*Villagers carry him off shouting; Snacks follows.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a neat Cottage; Table spread for Dinner.*

MARGERY and DOLLY discovered.

Dolly. There, now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think I may take up the dumplings, mother?

Mar. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here—he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing—I suppose he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of!

Dol. Oh, we shall contrive to make both ends meet! and we shall do very well I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I loves Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but all your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

Dol. La, now, mother, don't be so cross!—Oh dear, the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoil'd; I wish Robin would come. [*Robin sings without*] Oh, here he comes, in one of his merry humours.

Enter ROBIN; he cools himself with his Hat, then sings and dances.

VVhy, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you hav'n't heard then? Oh, I'm glad of that! for I shall have the fun of telling you.

Dol. Well, sit down then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

Rob. Dumplings! Damn dumplings.

Dol. Damn dumplings—La, mother, he damns dumplings.—Oh, what a shame! Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. But I'll talk of dumplings though indeed. I shouldn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food, quite good enough for you, I'm sure.

[*Very angry.*]

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? [*Upsets the Table, and dances on the Plates, etc. and sings*] Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! [*Picking up the Pieces.*]

Dol. [*Crying*] I did not think you could have us'd us so; I'm quite asham'd of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doan'tye cry now, Dolly; doan'tye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. No, doan'tye, Dolly, doan'tye, now.— [*Shows a Purse.*]

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold? let me see.— [*Snatches it, and sits down to count the Money.*]

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; I have been about being made a lord ol' that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head's turn'd, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turn'd; it's turn'd from a clown's head to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top o'the hill, yonder?

Dol. Oh, I should like it very much, Robin; it's a nice cottage.

Rob. Doan't talk to me of cottages, I mean the castle!

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I'm a virtuous woman. Where did you get 'em, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad. I'll go and put these by. [*Exit.*]

Dol. Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Dol. Twenty, an' you pleasen, Robin.

Rob. First then, you must know that I'm the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is—it's because I'm the richest fellow in all these parts; and if I hav'n't it here, I have it here—[*Pointing to his Head and his Pocket*] That castle's mine, and all these fields, up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin, that won't do.

Rob. Won't it?—I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no; you are running your rige—I know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down arnest?

Rob. Yes, I am—his lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What!

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

Dol. No! Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Ecod, that will be fine fun—my lady—

Rob. Now, what do you think on't?

Dol. My lady—Lady Roughead—

Rob. Why, Dolly!

Dol. Lady Roughead! How it sounds!— Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs immoderately.*]

Rob. 'Gad, I believe she's going into a high strike—Dolly! Dolly! [*Slapping her Hands.*]

Dol. Ha! ha! ha!

Rob. Doan'tye laugh so; I don't half like it. [*Shakes her*] Dolly!

Dol. Oh, my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of lady Roughead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself to a sartainty.

Dol. But now is it true in arnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go? Oh! we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lord! Lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Road to the Castle.

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. Well, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

Enter ROBIN, unobserved by FRANK.

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am—Who talks of want?

Frank. My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear too.

[*Throws his Hat upon the Ground, and takes Money out of his Pocket, which he throws into it.*]

Frank. To-day I almost fear they have not tasted food.

Rob. And I ha' been stuffing my damn'd guts enough to make 'em burst.

[*Drops more Money into his Hat.*]

Frank. How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes good fortune smiled upon me; then, did the poor e'er tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be—a lord. Hey, what! Yes it is; it's Mr. Frank, Lord, sir, I'm very glad as I met with you.

Frank. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich; and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Frank. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Frank. I can't remember.

Rob. Mayhap not; but that's no reason as I should forget it; it's a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years sin poor mother died; she was very ill one day when you happen'd to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door; I was then about this high. You took me by the hand; and I shall never forget the look you gave me, when you ax'd me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you call'd me a good lad, and went in and talk'd to mother. From that time you came to see her ev'ry day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will for ever forget me!

Frank. Tell me your name: it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughead, your honour; to-day I be come to be lord of all this estate; and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy—[*Stuffing the Money into his Pockets*] Come up to the castle, and I'll give you as much money as you can carry away in a sack.

Frank. Proud wealth, look here for an example! My generous heart, how shall I thank you?

Rob. Lord! Lord! don't think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only know'd how I feel all o'er me—it's a kind of a—I could cry for joy.

Frank. What sympathy is in that honest bosom! But how has this good fortune come to you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you buried was wife to his lordship: he has own'd it on his death bed, and left word as I'm his son.

Frank. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

Rob. Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body may say; and if you will but be so good as to help me with your advice, I shall take it very kind of you, sir.

Frank. I thank you for the good opinion you have of me; and as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thank ye, sir, thank ye! But pray what bad luck made you so devilish poor?

Frank. It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

Rob. Snacks! Oh, damn' un! I'll do for him soon: he's rotten here, master Frank: I do think as how he's a damn'd old rogue.

Frank. Judge not too harshly.

Rob. Come, sir, will you go up to the castle?

Frank. Excuse me; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.

Rob. Well, but you'll come back?

Frank. To-morrow.

Rob. No—to-night—Doo'e favour me; I want to speak to you.

Frank. I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return; but I will refuse you nothing.

Rob. Thank ye, sir; you're very kind! I shall stay till you come, if it's all night. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Well, every thing's prepar'd for my attack on the castle to-night; and I don't much fear but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, and make him surrender at discretion—Yes, yes, master Snacks, I shall soon be with you. [*Shouting, Music, and ringing of Bells without*] What a damn'd racket here is in the village to-day!—I wonder what it's all about?

Enter ROBIN.

Holloa, there! Stop, my fine fellow. Pray can you tell me what all this uproar is about in the village?

Rob. Why, you be master Rattle from Lunnun.

Rat. Well, I don't want to be told that.

Rob. Gee us your hand, Rattle; thou bee'st a damn'd honest fellow, and I like thee; I do indeed.

Rat. Very familiar, upon my word.

Rob. I lik'd you ever sin you let old Toppin have the three pounds to pay his rent with; and now whilst I think on't, here 'tis again—take it, for I won't let any body give away money here but myself.

Rat. Why, what in the name of wonder is all this? What are you at? I think I'll open a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

Rob. Here, take the money.

Rat. Put it up, my fine fellow! you'll want it, perhaps.

Rob. Me want money! Shall I lend you an odd thousand, and set you up in a shop?

Rat. Why, who the devil are you?

Rob. Why, don't ye know? I be Robin.

Rat. Robin, are you? 'Egad, I think you sing like a goldfinch.

Rob. Very well, Rattle, that's a good joke.

Rat. Why, curse me if I am up to you, master Robin; you are queering me, I believe.

Rob. Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the castle, Rattle. You see, I'm not-asham'd of my old acquaintance, as some folks are.

Rat. Not asham'd of his old acquaintance! Why, what do you mean?

Rob. I can't stop to talk to you any longer—Good by, Rattle; thou bee'st an honest fellow, and I shall be glad to see thee at the castle. [*Exit.*]

Rat. I declare I'm quite dumb-founder'd.—And have I liv'd all my days in Lombard-street for this—to be humbug'd by a clown? [*Laughing, Music, ringing of Bells, etc. without*] I believe the people are all mad to-day; I can't think what they are at.

Enter CLOWN, in a hurry.

Here, here, Hob! I want to speak with you.
Clown. You mun meak heast then, for I be going to dine wi' my lord, and I shall be too late.

Rat. Wheugh! What, are you drunk?

Clown. Noa, noa, but I soon shall be, I take it, for there's plenty o'yeale to be gotten.

Rat. Plenty o'yeale to be gotten, is there?

Clown. Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.

Rat. Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me what the bells are ringing for?

Clown. Ees, to be sure I can.

Rat. Well, what is it?

Clown. Why it's bekeas they do pull the ropes, I tell thee.—[*Gets round*] Dinner will all get yeaten up whilst I stond here talking wi' you.

[*Runs off; Rattle runs after him, and brings him back.*]

Rat. You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed—I have learnt one thing from you, however—that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on; so I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindmost. [*They run off.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle. A Door leading to an inner Apartment.*

Enter SNACKS, speaking.

Snacks. Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin!—This must be his sweetheart, Dolly, that he talks so much about; they must not come together; if they do, it will knock up all my plan—What shall I do with her? If I could but get her into this room, she'd be safe enough—here she is.

Enter DOLLY and MARGERY.

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship?

Dol. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And pray what might you want with him?

Mar. She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

Dol. Yes, that's all, sir.

Snacks. I dare say! But I must know what these matters are.

[*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this Scene. Snacks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*]

Mar. Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

Snacks. Curse that old devil, what a tongue she has! I shall never be able to manage her. [*To Dolly*] You can't see his lordship, he's engaged.

Dol. Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

Snacks. Oh, then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

Mar. [*Very angry*] No, sir; she is the lucky young woman that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

Snacks. Ah, poor soul! I pity her, I do indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

Mar. But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that!—pity indeed!

Snacks. Poor dear creature; it's a sad job, but it can't be help'd: his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What!

Snacks. It's true indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be my lady, after all?

Snacks. No, poor girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me!

[*Crying*] Oh dear, oh dear!—I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord—and has he quite forgot me?

Snacks. Yes, he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

Mar. [*Very hoisy*] But I have not done with him though—pretty work indeed; but I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill—he's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out—I'll—

Snacks. [*Trying to appease her*] Hush! hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Snacks. Be cool, be cool! Robin will certainly hear this old bell-weather, and I shall be blown. [*Aside.*]

Mar. I'll make him down of his knees, I will; I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise; I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out; oh, if I can but see him!

[*Going; Snacks stops her.*]

Snacks. Here, here; stop, stop—I'll go and bring him to you.—Curse her old throat! [*Aside*] Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; I will indeed; perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

Dol. Thank ye, sir; tell him I'll kill myself if he doesn't marry me. [*Goes in.*]

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her.

[*Goes in. Snacks locks the Door.*]

Snacks. Well, they are safe for the present—I wish they were out of the house though. If I can but bring this marriage to hear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money: if I can but marry the girl and him, I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents, sacked from my old master.

Rat. [*Without, in a hollow Voice*] Villanous robber!

Snacks. O Lord! what's that?—[*Pauses*]—It has put me in such a fright;—that ghost's abroad again—What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes for fear he should stare me in the face: I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends; indeed I will. [*Gets near the Door*]—Upon my soul I will—upon the word of an honest man I will.

[*Snacks off.*]

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ha! ha! ha! I think I gave his conscience a kick there; twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents—let me remember that—I'm up to your tricks, Mr. Snacks. but you shan't carry on your scheme much longer, if I have any skill—If I don't quicken your memory a little, I'll give over conjuring, and set up a chandler's shop. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A handsome Apartment in the Castle. A Table, with Wines, etc.*

ROBIN and SNACKS discovered.

Rob. [*Rather tipsy*] Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff. I don't know as ever I drank any before; what do you call this, Snacks?

Snacks. Port wine, an't please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, Port wine pleases his lordship—I wonder where this comes from!—Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord: there's plenty of spirits there, but no wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one, because you know, now I am a lord, I must not make a beast of myself—that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. I think his lordship is getting rather forward—I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have a poney to-morrow, to ride by the waggon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he?—lame, is he?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time?—tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you? [*Exit Servant*] That's right, Snacks: damn the fellow, what business has he to be lame!

Snacks. Oh, please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh, they are sad dogs—not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! if I was behind him, I'd make him walk.

Enter Servant, with a Whip, which he gives to ROBIN.

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What?

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe!—I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why, you was made for dancing—there's a leg and foot—Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon make some—Lookye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it?—Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

Snacks. Indeed I'm not able.

Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, come, you must dance; it's my will.

[*Whips him.*]

Snacks. Must I?—Then here goes—

[*Hops about.*]

Rob. What, d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Come, quicker, quicker—[*Whips Snacks round the Stage, who roars out*]—There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the poney—will you?

Snacks. What a cunning dog it is!—he's up to me now, but I think I shall be down upon him by-and-by— [*Aside. Exit.*]

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! how he hopp'd about and halloo'd—but I'll work him a little more yet.

Re-enter SNACKS.

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No:—your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

Snacks. Oh, don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her!—why, pray?

Snacks. Oh, she's a—

Rob. A what?—Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Snacks. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now?—If I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again. No:—I've given Dolly my promise, and I'll never break it.

Snacks. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it, you talk a great deal:—come, we'll go and have a look at her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with a Picture hanging over a Closet-door.*

Enter RATTLE and MISS NANCY.

Rat. Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

Nan. Yes; but how do you mean to get his consent to—

Rat. Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button: but then five thousand pounds is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

Nan. I expect my father here every minute, with his new-made lordship

Rat. Indeed! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

Nan. That I will, where nobody can find you, I'm sure;—I have a closet behind this picture of the old lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in; but it's quite forgotten now. [*Opens it.*]

Rat. Oh, it was made on purpose for me: I'll put a jewel into it presently—Here [*Gives a Paper*]—let this lie carelessly on the table; it's worth five thousand pounds.

Snacks. [*Without*] This way, this way, my lord.

Rat. O, damn it! here they come; tell him you've been frighten'd by a ghost; and if he signs the paper, give a loud cough.

[*Puts the Paper on the Table, and exit into the Closet.*]

Enter SNACKS and ROBIN.

Snacks. There, there she is— isn't she a beauty? What do you say now?

Rob. Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

Nan. Pretty courtship indeed.

Snacks. Ah, you'll alter your mind soon; I know you will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. [*They sit.*]

Nan. [*To Snacks*] Oh, my dear sir, I've been so frighten'd—Do you know I think I've seen the very ghost that alarm'd you so once.

Snacks. A what? a ghost?—O Lord, I hope not. I hate the very sight of 'em:—It's very odd; but—[*Starting*—] didn't I hear a noise?

Nan. Oh, sir, that's a very common thing in this part of the castle; I have been most terribly frighten'd lately.

Rob. Why, what frighten'd you?—We are all good people here; they won't hurt us—will they, Snacks?

Snacks. No, no—they—that is—[*Alarmed.*]

Rat. [*From behind*] Hear!

Rob. What?

Rat. Hear!

Snacks. Lord ha' mercy upon me? [*Kneels.*]

Rat. Offspring of mine, listen not to the advice of that wretch.

Rob. I don't intend it.

Rat. He'll betray you! your intended bride he has imprison'd in the yellow chamber; go, set her at liberty.

Rob. What! my Dolly?—has he imprison'd her in the yellow chamber?—Oh, dang your old head! [*Knocks Snacks down, and exits.*]

Rat. Wretch! restore your ill-gotten wealth—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.

Snacks. I'll do any thing that you command.

Rat. Sign the paper before you.

[*Snacks signs the Paper. Nancy coughs. Rat. jumps out of the Closet, and takes the Paper.*]

Rat. How do you do? how are you?

Snacks. Give me the paper.

Rat. Not a word—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.—Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and five thousand pounds.

Snacks. You to rebel against me too, you baggage.

Mar. [*Without*] Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him—an old, abominable—

Enter MARGERY.

Oh, you are there, are you?—You wicked wretch!—let me get at him—[*Runs after Snacks, and beats him*]—A pretty pack of lies you have told; you old ragamuffin, you.

Enter ROBIN and DOLLY.

Rob. What! are you there, Rattle?

Rat. Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

Rob. Why you frightened old Honesty a little.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, master Snacks, the bailiffs ha' gotten master Frank, and ha' bringing him here.

Rob. What! the bailiffs got him?—Oh, you old rascal! [*To Snacks*]—Let him come here in a moment! [*Exit Servant*]—Oh, Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you can't be happy:—a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure:—

Enter MR. FRANK.

I be very sorry as they us'd you so, Mr. Frank, but I couldn't—

Frank. I know your heart too well to think you could.

Rob. I have a great favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank: you see we've rather found Snacks out;—now, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the castle with me, and give me your advice?—you know how I mean; like—teach me a bit, you know.

Frank. You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then, I am happy, with such a friend as Mr. Frank—Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours—and I'll take care that poor folk shall bless the day as made me, a lord.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

THIS lively Farce was produced, in 1779, by Mrs. Cowley, a lady whose naturally superior gifts, refined by cultivation, were particularly devoted to the service of the dramatic muse. The judgment and contrivance evinced in this after-piece, and the truly laughable mode in which it is conducted, are creditable to the varied talent of the authoress. —In spite of Granger's impolite definition of woman, to be "only one of nature's agreeable blunders," the ladies will probably agree with Miss Doiley in her choice, and rejection of so non-descript a lover as Gradus: scholastic acquirement must be interspersed and seasoned with the ordinary but indispensable trifles of life, or society will despise and ridicule it*). In old Doiley, the positive mandates of ignorance are fairly exposed, and the lovers are entitled to happiness, who have so ingeniously defeated their influence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOILEY.
SANDFORD.

GRADUS.
GRANGER.

ELIZABETH.
CHARLOTTE.

Servant.

*) "When follies are pointed out, and vanity ridiculed, it may be very improving; and perhaps the stage is the only place where ridicule is useful."—*Voltaire*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Flower Girls, and several persons passing.

1 *Girl*. I vow I han't had a customer to-day. Summer is coming, and we shall be ruined. VVhen flowers are plenty, nobody will buy 'em.

2 *Girl*. Ay, véry true; people talks of summer, but, for my part, give me Christmas. In a hard frost, or a deep snow, who's dressed without flowers and furs? Here's one of the captains.

Enter SANDFORD.

Flowers, Sir?

Sand. I have no silver.

2 *Girl*. Bless your honour! I'll take gold.

Sand. Indeed!

2 *Girl*. Here's hyacinths, and a sprig of myrtle.

Sand. I'd rather have roses. VVhat will you take for these? [*Pinching her cheek.*]

2 *Girl*. I can't sell them alone—the tree and the roses must go together.

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate. I wrote to you last night, in Devonshire, to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter and I jostled each other at two o'clock on this side Houslow. My damned postilion—nodding, I suppose, over the charms of some Greasalinda—ran against the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel, and I was forced to mount his one-eyed hack; and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negotiation with your brother ended? VVill he put you into a situation to—

Grang. Yes, to take a sweating with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commission in the East Indies: and, you know, every body grows rich there—and then, you know, you're a soldier, you can fight.

[*In a tone of mimicry.*]
Sand. Well, what answer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight, [*Mimicking*] but I can't grow rich on the smell of gunpowder. Your true East India soldier is of a different genus from those who strewed Minden with Frenchmen, and must have as great a fecundity of character as a Dutch Burgomaster. Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade: he must be as expert at fractions as at assaults: to-day mowing down ranks of soft beings, just risen from their embroidery: to-morrow selling pepper and beetle nut: this hour, a son of Mars, striding over heaps of slain; the next, an auctioneer, knocking down chintz and calico to the best bidder.

Sand. And thus your negotiation ended?

Grang. Except that I was obliged to listen to some very wise dissertation about "running out," as he calls it. Five thousand—enough for any younger son, but the prodigal. [*Mimicking*] Really, Sandford, I can't see how I can help it. Jack Spiller, to be sure, had nine hundred—the poor fellow was ho-

nest; but he married a fine lady, so died insolvent, I had a few more accidents of the same kind; my captaincy cost a thousand; and the necessary expenses in America, with the distresses of my fellow-soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honour to five thousand a year, thou art not worth five shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai*. Should my affairs with Elizabeth be crossed, I am the most undone dog on earth.

Sand. Now, tell me honestly, is it Elizabeth or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. VVhy, look'e, Sandford; I am not one of those sighing milksops, who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge and help my wife to knit stockings; but on the word of a soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with ten thousand pounds, than any other woman on earth with a hundred.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But do you know that Elizabeth's father has taken the liberty to choose a son in law, without your permission?

Grang. Ha! a lover! That then is the secret she hinted, and which brought me so hastily to town. VVho—what is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang. There is such a mixture of jest and earnest—

Sand. Upon my soul, 'tis confoundedly serious. Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the secrets of the whole family; and, for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, citizen and slop-seller. In a word, the father consults me, the daughter complains to me, and the cousin, *fille-de-chambre*, romps with me. Can my importance be increased?

Grang. My dear Sandford. [*Impatiently.*]

Sand. My dear Granger! The sum total is this:—Old Doiley, bred, you know, in a charity-school, swears he'll have a man of "larning" for his son. His caprice makes him regardless of fortune; but Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his fingers' ends, and be able to teach his grandsons to sputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write odes in Chaldee, if that will content him: but, may I perish, if all the pedants in England, with the universities to back 'em, shall rob me of my Elizabeth!—See here—[*Producing a Letter*] an invitation from her own dear hand. This morning—this very hour—in a moment I shall be at her feet. [*Going*]—Go with me through the Park.—Oh, no—I cry you mercy.—You walk, but I fly: [*Exit.*]

Sand. Propitious be your flight!—Egad! there are two fine girls—I'll try 'em—half afraid—the women dress so equivocally, that one is in danger of attacking a countess, when one only means to address a nymph of King's Place. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. DOILEY'S.*

Mr. and Miss DOILEY at breakfast.

Doil. Here, take away—take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody, but to Mr. Gradus.

Sero. The formal gentleman that was here last night, Sir.

Doil. Yes, [*Snappishly*] the gentleman that was here last night. [*Exit Seroant*] What! I see you are resolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth!—I never saw you so tricked out in a morning before. But he isn't none of your chaps that's to be caught with a mountain head, nor knots, nor gew-gaws. —No, no; you must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now when he's with you. You've a confounded knock at laughing; and there's nothing so odious in the eyes of a wise man, as a great laugher.

Miss D. Oh! his ideas as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics. I wish I had seen him last night, with all the rust of Oxford about him; he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth.

Doil. How! What! a provokive to mirth! Why, why, hussy, he was recommended to me by an antitary doctor of the Royal Society—he has finished his larning some time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropshire. Not he—he sticks to Al Mater; and the College heads have been laid together many a time to know whether he shall be a great judge, a larned physician, of a civility doctor.

Miss D. Nay then, Sir, if he's all this—laughing will be irresistible.

Doil. Don't put me in a passion, Betty; don't go for to put me in a passion. What would you have a man with an eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? And hopping and skipping about like a Dutch doll with quicksilver in its heels? If you must have a husband of that sort, so be it—so be it—you know the rest.

Miss D. Surely, Sir, 'tis possible for a man who does not move as if cut in wood, of speak as though he delivered his words by tale, to have breeding, and to—

Doil. May be—may be; but your man or breeding is not fit for old Doiley's son. What! shall I go for to give the labour of thirty-years to a young jackanapes, who'll come into the room with a dancing-school step, and prate of his grandfather Sir Thomas, his great grandfather the general, and his great-great-grandfather, merely because I can't tell whether I ever had one or no?

Miss D. I hope, Sir, that such a man could never engage my—

Doil. Pshaw! pshaw! you can't pretend for to judge of a man—all hypocrites and deceivers.

Miss D. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, he! He's very different from your men of breeding, I assure you: the most extraordinary youth that was ever turned out of college. None of your randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching. No, in his room—poring, and reading, and reading, and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love larning. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a boy; and if thou hadst been a boy, thou shouldst have had Greek, and algebra, and jometry, enough for an archbishop.

Miss D. I am sorry—

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry; be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know I dote on you, you young slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you—Haven't I carried you to Bath, Brimmigem, and Warley Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudge you no expense, nor no pleasure whatsoever.

Miss D. Indeed, Sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well then, don't thwart me, Betty; don't go for to thwart me, that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your father of a son, 'tis your duty to give him a wise son-in-law, to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mrs. Taffety, the mantua-maker, is in your dressing-room, Ma'am.

Doil. Then send her away: she hasn't no time now for Mrs. Taffety.

Miss D. Ay, send her away, Charlotte. What does she want? I didn't send for her.

Char. Bless me—'tis the captain. [*Apart.*

Miss D. Oh, heavens! [*Aside*] Yes, I do remember—Ay, I did—I did sent for her about the painted lutestring.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

Char. Lord bless me, Sir; I dare say she can't come again to-morrow. Such mantua-makers as Mrs. Taffety wont wait half a dozen times on people.—Why, Sir, she comes to her customers in a chair of her own; and her footman beats a tattoo at the door as if she was a countess.

Doil. A mantua-maker with her footman and chair! O lud! O lud! I should as soon have expected a duchess in a wheel-barrow.

Miss D. Pray, Sir, allow me just to step and speak to her. It is the sweetest gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charmed with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing slut! [*Exeunt Miss D. and Charlotte*]—Where the devil can Gradus be now?—Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry. If I'd pitched upon your map of breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—sipped his jocklate, kissed Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench, to divert her with charatures of the old fellow and his daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these puppies, I'd spend 'em all in building hospitals for lazy lacquies and decayed pimps. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Dressing Room.

MISS DOILEY and GRANGER.

Miss D. A truce to your transports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can swear; but this must be a moment of business. To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that—

Grang. Any thing! every thing! I'll have a chaise at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has settled his address.

Miss D. Pho! pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my father shall give me to you at St. James's church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss D. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust to it, my angel! Beauty can work miracles with all mankind; but an obstinate father—

Miss D. It is you who must work the miracle. I have settled the whole affair with my cousin, who has understanding and wit—and you have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient. Pray give me my lesson.

Miss D. Why, luckily, you know my father has never seen you: he left Bath before you had the sauciness—

Enter CHARLOTTE with a bundle.

Char. There! you're finely caught! Here's your father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the stairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! where's the closet?

Miss D. Oh, Lord! here's no closet—I shall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs? No clothes press?

Char. Neither, neither! But here—I'm your guardian angel—[*Untying the bundle*] I told 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; so, without more ceremony, clap on these—speak broken English, and, my life for it, you'll pass muster with my uncle.

[*Jupiter—*

Grang. VVhat! make a woman of me? By *Char.* Lay your commands on him. If he doesn't submit, we are ruined.

Miss D. Oh, you shall, I protest. Here, I'll put his cap on.

Doil. [Without] This way, Sir; come this way—We'll take her by surprise—least preparation is best—[*Pulling at the Door*] Open the door.

Miss D. Presently, Sir.

Doil. [Knocking] VVhat the dickens are you doing, I say? Open the door.

Char. In a moment—I'm only pinning my cousin's gown. Lord bless me! you hurry one so, you have made me prick my finger.—There, now you may enter.

Enter DOILEY and GRADUS.

Doil. Oh! only my daughter's mantua-maker.—[*Granger makes courtesies, and goes out, followed by Charlotte*] Here, Elizabeth, this is that Mr. Gradus I talked to you about. Bless me! I hope you a'n't ill—you look as white as a candle.

Miss D. No, Sir, not ill; but this woman has fretted me to death—she has spoiled my gown.

Doil. VVhy then, make her pay for it, d'ye hear? It's my belief, if she was to pay for all she spoils, she'd soon drop her chair, and trudge a-foot. Mr. Gradus—beg pardon—this is my daughter—don't think the worse of her because she is a little dashed or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of modesty; and modesty, as hath been well observed, is a sunbeam to a diamond—giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him, that said that. I remember something like it in the VVisdom of Solomon. Come, speak to Elizabeth there—I see she won't till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam! [Bows] hem—permit me—this honour—hem—believe me, Lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I

should have in conversing with Graevius and Gronovius: I had rather possess your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me than was the Lyceum Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There! Show me a man of breeding who could talk so!

Miss D. I believe all you have said to be very fine, Sir; but, unfortunately, I don't know the gentlemen you mention'd. The education given to women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Grad. Perfectly right, Madam; perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the purest ages. The charms of women were never more powerful—never inspired such achievements, as in those immortal periods, when they could neither read nor write.

Doil. Not read nor write! Zounds what a time was that to bring up a daughter! Why, a peerness in those days did not cost so much as a barber's daughter in ours. Miss Friz must have her dancing, her French, her tambour, her harpsicholl, her jography, her 'strenomy—whilst her father, to support all this, lives upon sprats; or, once in two years, calls his creditors to a composition.

Grad. Oh, *tempora mutantur!* but these exuberances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate or not—ifackens, if the ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their distaffs, and grow notable—to distinguish themselves from their shopkeepers' wives.

Grad. Ah! it was at the loom, and the spinning wheel, that the Lucretias, and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonini, caught that sacred flame with which they inspired their sons, and with the milk of their own pure bosoms gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them conquerors and kings.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a lord! Lord Pharo!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum, then the four aces run against him last night. VVell, the ill-luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits.

[*Aside.* *Serv.* Sir—

Doil. VVell, well, I'm coming. VVhen a lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. VVell, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble servant. Elizabeth! you understand me. [*Exit.*

Grad. How unlucky the old gentleman should be called away! Hem! [*Addressing himself to speak to her*] There is something in her eye so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *terrae-filius*, than address her. Madam! VVhat can I say? Oh now—that's fortunate [*Pulling out some papers*] Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, Madam, on a little autographon, which I design for the world.

Miss D. Sir!

Grad. In which I have found a new chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person; and that the pyramids are not so ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss D. To what purpose, Sir?

Grad. Purpose!—Purpose, Madam! Why, really, Miss, our booksellers' shelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of plain sense and nature; and unless an author can elance himself from the common track, he stands as little chance to be known, as a comet in its aphelion. Pray, Ma'am, amuse yourself.

Miss D. O Lord, Sir! you may as well offer me a sheet of hieroglyphics—besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss D. Ay, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff, embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints—[*Observing him*] he twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers, his beholders, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'Tis my picture she has been drawing, and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever.

Miss D. For my part—for my part, if I was a man, I'd study only dancing and bon-mots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicsome as Lady Airy's ponies: but, loaded with Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a cart-horse.

Grad. *Fœmina cum voce diaboli.*

Miss D. Bless me, Sir! why are you so silent? My father told me you was a lover—I never saw such a lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things—found a hundred similes for my eyes, complexion, and wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat? No poetry—no heroics? What subject did Portia's lovers entertain her with, while she sat spinning—aye?

Grad. The lovers of that age, Madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of flattery, they studied virtue and wisdom. It was these, Madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot wheels; and that raised her to such an exalted height—

Miss D. That down she tumbled in the dust—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing so monstrous! I ask for a compliment, and you begin an oration—an oration on a parcel of stiff warriors, and formal pedants. Why, Sir, there is not one of these brave, wise, godlike men, but will appear as ridiculous in a modern assembly, as a judge in his long wig and a macaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-nose, Madam!—I could manage you there. [*Aside.*]

Miss D. What! now you're in the pouts, Sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bless us! what a life a wife must lead with such a being! for ever talking sentences, or else in profound silence. No delightful nonsense, no sweet trifling. All must be solemn, wise, and grave. Hang me, if I would not sooner marry the bust of Seneca, in bronze: then I should have all the gravity and coliness of wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of wisdom!—Surely, Madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable of—

Miss D. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, Sir, you are beginning another oration;—but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again, till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, Sir; throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a dressing-room, hire a dancing-master, and grow agreeable.

[*Exit.*]

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A girl bred in a nursery, in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays, half vanquished, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples. [*Enter Charlotte*] Here's another she-devil, I'd as soon encounter a she-wolf. [*Going.*]

Char. Stay, Sir, pray, an instant! Lord bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from by a young man before in my life. [*Pulls him back.*]

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex.—Youth and beauty are only other names for coquetry and affectation. Let me go, Madam, you have beauty, and doubtless all that belongs to it.

Char. Lud! you're a mighty pretty, whimsical, way of complimenting—Miss Doiley might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in spite of that hulk of scholarship.—To pass one's life with such a being, seems to me to be the very apex of human felicity. I found that word for him in a book of geometry, this morning. [*Aside.*]

Grad. Indeed!

Char. Positively. I have listened to your conversation; and I can't help being concerned that talents, which ought to do you honour, should, by your mismanagement, be converted into downright ridicule.

Grad. This creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has understanding! [*Aside.*]—I begin to suspect, Madam! that, though I have some knowledge, I have still much to learn.

Char. You have indeed—knowledge, as you manage it, is a downright bore.

Grad. Bore! What relation can there be between knowledge and a hog!

Char. Lord bless me! how ridiculous. You have spent your life in learning the dead languages, and are ignorant of the living—Why, Sir, bore is all the ton.

Grad. Ton! ton! What may that be? It cannot be orthology: I do not recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! better and better. Why, Sir, ton means—ton is—Pho! what signifies where the root is? These kinds of words are the short hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is ton, and all one hates is bore.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which portrays our minds, and makes us first in the animal climax! is speech become so arbitrary, that—

Char. Divine medium! animal climax! [*Contemptuously.*]—You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes: and a pig will do this as effectually by its squeak, or a hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you?

Char. Nothing;—but yield yourself to my

guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Conquer her! she's so incased with ridicule, there is not a single vulnerable spot about her.

Char. Pshaw, pshaw! What becomes of her ridicule, when you have banished your absurdities? One can no more exist without the other, than the mundane system without air. There's a touch of my science for you.

[*Aside.*]

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva—Cover me with your shield, and lead me to battle.

Char. Enough. In the first place, [*Leading him to a glass*—in the first place, don't you think you are habited à la mode d'amour? Did you ever see a cupid in a grizzle wig, curled as stiffly as Sir Cloudsley Shovel's in the Abbey?—A dingy brown coat, with vellum button holes, to be sure, speaks an excellent taste: but then I would advise you to lay it by in lavender, for your grandson's christening; and here's cambric enough in your ruffles to make his shirt.

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of love commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them, as a hornpipe to a Socrates.—But habit is so strong, that, to gain an empress, I could not assume that careless air, that promptness of expression—

Char. Then you may give up the pursuit of Miss Doiley; for such a wise piece of uprightness would stand as good a chance to be secretary to the coterie, as her husband.

Grad. It is Mr. Doiley, who will—

Char. Mr. Doiley! ridiculous—Depend on't, he'll let her marry just whom she will. This Mr. Gradus, says he—why, I don't care a groat whether you marry him or no, says he—there are fifty young fellows at Oxford, who can talk Greek as well as he—

Grad. Indeed!

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, says he. But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him—no more than two visits. If you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death.

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to two visits.—One is already past, and she hates me—What can I expect from the other?

Char. Every thing. It is a moment that decides the fate of a lover. Now fancy me, Miss Doiley—swear I'm a divinity—then take my hand, and press it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrilled me.

Char. And if I should pout, and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. [*Gradus catches her in his arms and kisses her*] So, so, you have fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend—Mr. Sandford, whom you saw here last night—you shall dine with him: he will initiate you at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipped from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a man of the world. Adieu to grizzles, and—

Grad. But what will the father think of such a metamorphosis?

Char. Study your mistress only: your visit will be to her—and that visit decides your fate. Resolve then to take up your new character boldly—in all its strongest lines, or give up one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, Madam,—

Char. Don't stay, now, to run the risk of meeting Mr. Doiley; for if he should discover that you have disgusted his daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away, I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you.

[*Exit Gradus.*]

Enter MISS DOILEY.

Miss D. Excellent Charlotte! you've out-gone my expectation—did ever a woodcock run so blindly into a snare?

Char. Oh, that's the way of all your great scholars—take them but an inch out of their road, and you may turn 'em inside out, as easily as your glove.

Miss D. Well, but have you seen Sandford?—Is every thing in train?—Will Gradus be hoodwinked?

Char. Hoodwinked! Why, don't you see he's already stark blind? or, if he has any eyes, I assure ye they are all for me.

Miss D. My heart palpitates with apprehension: we shall never succeed.

Char. Oh, I'll answer for the scholar, if you'll undertake the soldier. Mr. Sandford has engaged half a dozen of the *savoir vivre*; all in high spirits at the idea of tricking old Leather-purse—and they have sworn to exhaust wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finished coxcomb.

Miss D. Blessing on their labours! My Granger is gone to study his rival; and will make, I hope, a tolerable copy. Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him just champaign enough to raise him to the point, without turning over it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment.

DOILEY asleep; a Table before him, with bottles, etc.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir! Sir! [*Jogging him*] Sir! What a pise! sure my master has drained the bottles, he sleeps so sound—Oh, no—[*Pours out a glass*]—Here's t'ye, old gentleman! can't think why they send me to wake thee—am sure the house is always quietest when you're a snoring. [*Drinks, then awakes him.*]

Doil. Hey!—how! what! Is Mr. Gradus come?

Serv. No, Sir—but Mr. Sandford's above stairs, and a mortal fine gentleman.

Doil. Fine gentleman!—ay—some rake, I suppose, that wants to sell an annuity.—I wonder where Gradus is—past seven.

[*Looking at his watch.*]

Serv. His friends keep the gentleman over a bottle, mayhap, Sir, longer than he thought for.

Doil. He over a bottle!—more liker he's over some crabbed book; or watching what

the moon's about, through a microscope. Come, move the things; and empty them two bottoms into one bottle, and cork it up close—d'ye hear. I wish Gradus was come.—Well, if I succeed in this one point, the devil may run away with the rest. Let the world go to loggerheads; grass grow upon 'Change; land-tax mount up; little Doiley is snug. Doiley, with a hundred thousand in annuities, and a son-in-law as wise as a chancellor, may bid defiance to wind and weather. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Drawing Room.

Enter GRADUS, led by CHARLOTTE, and followed by MR. SANDFORD.

Char. Well, I protest this is an improvement!—Why, what with satins and tassels, and spangles and foils, you look as fine as a chemist's shop by candle light.

Grad. Madam, do you approve—

Char. Oh, amazingly—I'll run and send Miss Doiley to admire you.

Grad. [Looking in a glass] Oh, if our proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true, and I give ye joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-shot of a college.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a subversion of ideas! Oh, Mr. Sandford—if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus—

Sand. Damn it! will you never leave off your college cant? I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up; I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed—that there ever was a language but English—a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his *Art of Love*.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions; but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you should leave me—

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your mistress.—Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best; but I could wish the purse-keeper was Miss Charlotte.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted: allow me, Madam, to introduce a gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested—Mr. Gradus.

Miss D. Mr. Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. Be not astonished, oh lovely maiden, at my sudden change! Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miss D. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting—

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo! brightest constellation of the starry zone! I am but now created. Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warmed the clod to life and rapt me to a new existence.

Miss D. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign the spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss D. I shall burst.

[As de.

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*.—But prythee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those fine fellows conversed you saw at dinner; no sentences, no cramp words—all was ease and impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged.

DOILEY entering, starts back.

Doil. Why, who the dickens have we here? Sand. So, there's the old genius!

Miss D. But I am convinced now—I am convinced now this is all put on—in your heart you are still Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, Madam, still Gradus: but not that stiff scholastic fool you saw this morning. No, no, I've learned that the acquisitions of which your father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber; that a man who knows more than his neighbours, is in danger of being shut out of society; or, at best, of being invited at dinner once in a twelvemonth, to be exhibited like an antique bronze, or a porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. [Behind.]

Miss D. And don't you think learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, Madam—Learning! a vile bore!

Doil. Do I stand upon my head or my heels?

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the gray-beards at college. Let 'em chop logic, or make English bashes out of stale Hec-brew, till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fixed as Ixion on his wheel. I have no study now but the *ton*.

Doil. Indeed!

Grad. You shall confess, my friend, in spite of prejudice, that 'tis possible for a man of letters to become a man of the world. You shall see that he can dress, grow an adept in the science of taste, ogle at the opera, be vociferous at the playhouse, suffer himself to be pigeoned with an easy air at Boodle's, and lose his health for the benefit of his reputation in King's Place.

Miss D. Bless me! one would suppose you had been familiar in the *bon ton* all your life;—you have all the requisites to make a figure in it, by heart.

Grad. The mere force of beauty, Madam—I wished to become worthy of you, and that wish has worked a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance! Jacquet Droz-wood and wire-work was nothing to it.

Miss D. How different from what you was this morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not.—This morning—may it be blotted from time's ledger, and never thought on more! I abhor my former self, Madam, more than you can: witness now the recantation of my errors.—Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do?

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called philosophy, may suit a monk: but it is as un-

becoming a gentleman, as loaded dice or a brass-hilted sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a gentleman!—Very well!

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew rabbis, Greek to the bench of bishops, Latin to the apothecaries, and astronomy to almanac makers.

Doil. Better and better.

Grad. The mathematics—mixed, pure, speculative, and practical, with their whole circle of sciences, I consign in a lump to old men who want blood, and to young ones who want bread. And now you've heard my whole abjuration.

[*Doiley, rushing forward.*]

Doil. Yes: and I have heard too—I have heard. Oh, that I should ever have been such a dolt, as to take thee for a man of larning!

Grad. Mr. Doiley!

[*Confounded.*]

Doil. What! don't be dashed, man; go on with your abjurations, do. Yes, you'll make a shine in the tone?—Oh, that ever I should have been such a nincompoop!

Sand. My dear Mr. Doiley, do not be in a heat. How can a man of your discernment—Now look at Gradus—I'm sure he's a much prettier fellow than he was—his figure and his manner quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can see that—I can see that—Vvhy, he has turned little Aesop upside down; he's the lion in the skin of an ass.

[*Walking about.*]

Grad. I must retrieve myself in his opinion. The skin, Mr. Doiley, may be put off; and be assured that the mind which has once felt the sacred energies of wisdom, though it may assume, for a moment—

Miss D. So, so!

[*Angrily.*]

Sand. [Apart] Hark ye, Sir! that won't do. By Heaven, if you play retrograde, I'll forsake you on the spot. You are ruined with your mistress in a moment.

Grad. Dear Madam! believe me, that as for—Vvhat can I say?—How assimilate myself to two such opposite tastes? I stand reeling here between two characters, like a substantive between two adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn fop and macaroni! Why, 'twould be as natural for a Jew rabbi to turn parson. An elephant in pincers—a bishop with a rattle and bells, couldn't be more postereous.

Sand. Nay, now, my dear Mr. Doiley—

Doil. Dear me, no dears. Vvhy, if I wanted a macaroni, I might have had choice; every alley from Hyde Park to Shadwell Dock swarms with 'em—genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphibereous thing—half and half, like the sea-calf at Sir Ashton's?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, a hundred to ten Gradus will soon be as complete a character as if he had never learned his alpha beta: or known more of the classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. Now, what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Horsi, and the rest of 'em? ay?

Grad. Oh, a mere bore! a parcel of hrawnny, untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they'd stood candidates for rank in a college of taste, they'd have been returned *ignorantur*—Vvould they not, Madam?

Miss D. Oh certainly.—I could kiss the fel-

low, he has entered into my plot with such spirit.

[*Exit.*]

Doil. Vvhy, you've been in wonderful haste to get rid of the igranter part—but as it happened, that was the only part I cared for; so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Ay, your boars—your improvements—your fashionable airs—your—in short, you are not the man I took you for, so you may trot back to college again; go, mister, and teach 'em the tone, do. Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the monkey returned from travel!

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too severe. Leave us, man—leave us—I'll settle your affair, I warrant.

[*To Gradus.*]

Grad. Not so easily, I fear, he sticks to his point, like a rusty weather-cock—all my dependence is on the lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak to Miss Doiley?

Doil. Oh, ay, to be sure—the more he speaks the less she'll like him. Here, show, Mr. Gradus the dressing-room. [*Exit Gradus*] Give her another dose; surfeit her by all means.—Vvhy, sure, Mr. Sandford, you had no hand in transmogrifying the—

Sand. Yes, faith, I had. I couldn't endure the idea of seeing your charming daughter tied to a collection of Greek apothegms and Latin quotations; so I endeavoured to English him.

Doil. English him! I take it shocking ill of you, Mr. Sandford—that I must tell you.—Here are all my hopes gone, like a whiff of tobacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley, this attachment of yours to scholarship is a mere whim—

Doil. Vvhim! well, suppose it is, I will have my whim. Vvorked hard forty years, and saved about twice as many thousand pounds; and if so much labour and so much money won't entitle a man to whim, I don't know what the devil should.

Sand. Nor I either, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell you a bit of a secret—lack of larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been a scholar, there's no knowing what I mought have got—my plumb might have been two—my—

Sand. Vvhy, doubtless, a little classical knowledge might have been useful in driving your bargains for Russia tallow and whale blubber.

Doil. Ay, to be sure! And I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that—Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How so?

Doil. Vvhy, I tended the common council and all the parish meetings for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue; at last a westry was called about chusing of a turncock. So now, thinks I, I'll show 'em what I'm good for.—Our alderman was in the purples—so, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I as well as another;—So I'll make a speech about patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three

times—Silence! says Mr. Crier; and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it; so I was forced to squat down again, 'midst horse-laugh; and they nick-named me Dummy, through the whole ward.

Sand. Wicked rogues! Well, I ask your pardon—I had no idea of these important reasons. Yet, how men differ! Now the family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite distressed by the obstinate attachment to the sciences, of that fine young fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Ay! What's he Sir William Granger's son? Knew his father very well:—kept a fine study of horses, and lost many thousands by it; lent him money many a time—good man—always punctual.

Sand. Ay, Sir, but this youth disappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleasant, to see a young fellow, formed to possess life in all its points and bewitching varieties, shrink from the world, and bury himself amidst obsolete books, systems, and schisms, whilst pleasure woos him to her soft embrace and joys solicit him in vain! Oh, it gave his father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiser man.—Why, I would have given the world for such a son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely! [*Aside*] Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues, and mastering all the quibbles of our English philosophers—

Doil. English philosophers! I wouldn't give a farthing for them.

Sand. Why, sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton—

Doil. Newton! oh, ay—I have heard of Sir Isaac—every body has heard of Sir Isaac—great man—master of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, Sir! this youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations. In short, he is advised to give the world a system of his own, in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punchbowl.

Doil. [*Aside*] He's the man—he's the man! Look'e, Mr. Sandford, you've given a description of this young fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. Do you—now, my dear friend, do you think that you could prevail upon him to marry my daughter!

Sand. Why, I don't know—neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his mistress.

Doil. Ay! I'm sorry for that—and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him—see what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promised to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Museum. I don't know whether he isn't below now.

Doil. Below now! Ifackins, that's lucky—hang me if it isn't! Do, go and—speak to him a bit—and bring him up—bring him up. Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll give him, that is, I'll leave him every farthing I have in the world.

Sand. Well, since you are so very earnest, I'll see what I can do. [*Exit*]

Doil. Thank'e, thank'e! I'cod! I'll buy him twice as many books as a college library, but what I'll bribe him—that I will. VVhat the dickens can Elizabeth be about with that thing there, that Gradus! He a man of learning! Hang me, if I don't believe his head's as hollow as my cane. Shure, she can't have taken a fancy to the smattering monkey! Ho, there they are—here he comes! VVhy, there's Greek and algebra in his face

Enter SANDFORD and GRANGER, dressed in black.

Mr. Granger, your very humble servant, Sir,—I'm very glad to see you, Sir.

Grang. I thank you, Sir. [*Very solemnly.*]

Doil. I knew your father, Sir, as well as a beggar knows his dish. Mayhap, Mr. Sandford told you that I wanted for to bring you and my daughter acquainted—I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent man.

[*Apart.*]
Sand. Studying—studying. Ten to one he's forming a discourse in Arabic, or revolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit! I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, man! forget the old sages a moment. Can't the Dea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miss Doiley, I'm informed, is as lovely as a woman can be. But what is woman?—Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something! [*Aside*]—VVhy, as to that, Mr. Granger, a woman with no portion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain; but when fifty thousand is popped into the scale, she must be had indeed, if her husband does not find her a pen'worth.

Grang. With men of the world, Mr. Doiley, fifty thousand pounds might have their weight; but in the balance of philosophy, gold is light as dephlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep—I can make nothing of it: that must be deep. [*Aside*] Mr. Granger! the great account I have had of your learning, and what not, has made me willing for to be akin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford suggested to me your design, Sir; and as you have so nobly proposed your daughter as the prize of learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. [*Aside*] But I'll see a bit farther into him, though, first. Now pray, Mr. Granger! pray now—a—I say [*To Sand.*] Ask him some deep question, that he may show himself a bit.

Sand. VVhat the devil shall I say? A deep question you would have it? Let me see!—Oh, Granger, is it your opinion that the ancient antipodes walked erect, or crawled on all fours?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—but the best informations concur, that they were quadrupedes during two revolutions of the sun, and bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! What a fine man he is. [*Aside.*]

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an eruca to a chrysalis, a chrysalis to a nymph, and a nymph to a butterfly.

Doil. There again! I see it will do—I see it will do: ay, that I will—hang me if I don't.

[*Aside. Exit, chuckling and laughing.*]

Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his daughter, I hope. Give ye joy, my dear fellow! the nymph, the eruca, and the chrysalis, have won the day.

Grang. How shall I bound my happiness! My dear Sandford, that was the luckiest question, about the antipodes.

Sand. Yes, pretty successful. Have you been at your studies?

Grang. Oh, I've been in the dictionary this half hour; and have picked up cramp words enough to puzzle and delight the old gentleman the remainder of his life.

Sand. Here he is, faith—

Grang. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her dear footsteps! O how shall I!—

Doil. [*Without.*] Come along, I say—what a plague are you so modest for! Come in here, [*Pulls in Gradus by the arm.*] Here, I've brought him—one of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha! Now I'll lay you a gallon you can't guess what I've brought him for, I've brought him—ha! ha! ha! for to pit him against you [*To Granger.*] to see which of you two is the most larned—ha! ha!

Grang. Ten thousand devils, plagues, and furies!

Sand. Here's a blow up!

Doil. Why, for all he looks so like a nincompoop in this pye-picked jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek and algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus, don't stand aloof, man—this is a brother scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A scholar! all who have earned that distinction are my brethren. *Carissime frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I—most obedient. I wish thou wert in the bottom of the Red sea, and the largest folio in thy library about thy neck.

[*Aside.*]

Sand. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why I mean for to pit 'em, to be sure, and to give Elizabeth to the winner.—Touch him up, touch him up! [*To Granger.*] Show him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure you won't set them together by the ears!

Doil. No, no; but I'm resolved for to set them together by the tongues. To cut the business short—Mr. Gradus! you are to be sure a great dab at larning, and what not; but I'll bet my daughter, and fifty thousand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins shall have her.

Grang. Heavens, what a stake! 'Tis sufficient to inspire a dolt with the tongues of Babel.

Sand. My dear friend, think of the indelicacy—

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell you, I will have my whim—and so, Gradus, set off. By Jenkin! you'll find it a tough business to beat

Granger—he's one of your great genius men—going to write a book about Sir Isaac, and the moon, and the devil knows what.

[*Miss Doil. and Char. enter at the back of the stage.*]

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, Sir! let us enter the lists, since it must be so, for this charming prize; [*Pointing to Miss Doiley.*] choose your weapons,—Hebrew—Greek—Latin, or English. Name your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically, or socratically, as you please.

Grang. [*Aside.*] Curse your syllogisms and socratisms.

Doil. No, no, I'll not have no English—what a plague! every shoe-black jabbers English, so give us a touch of Greek to set off with—come, Gradus, you begin.

Miss Doil. Undone! undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you shall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of that sublime language!

Char. [*Aside.*] Oh, confound your sublime language!

Grad. *Panta gelos, kai panta konis kai panta to meden*

Panta gar exalagon, esti ta ginomena.

Doil. *Panta tri pantry!* Why, that's all about the pantry. What, the old Grecians loved tit-bits, mayhap—but that's low! aye, Sandford?

Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well have talked about a pig-stye.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and fifty thousand pounds!

Grang. Yes, Sir. I—I—am not much prepared: I could wish—I could wish—Sandford!

[*Apark.*]

Sand. Zounds! say something—any thing!

Char. [*Aside.*] Ah! it's all over. He could, as easily furnish the ways and means, as a word in Greek.

Doil. Hoity, toity! VWhat, at a stand! Why sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus.

Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide, you must determine it. Now, impudence, embrace me with thy seven-fold shield! Zanthus, I remember, in describing such a night as this—

Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. Homer mentions but one being of that name, except a river, and he was a horse.

Grang. Sir, he was an orator—and such a one that, Homer records, the gods themselves inspired him.

Grad. True, Sir—but you won't deny—

Doil. Come, come! I sha'n't have no brow-beating—nobody offered for to contradict you—so begin [*To Granger.*] VWhat said orator Zanthus?

Grang. Yon lucid orb, in æther pensile, irradiates th' expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in th' ambient void opake, emit humid splendor. Chrysalic spheroids th' horizon vivify—astifurous constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrangerated radii, illumine our orb terrene.

Miss D. I breathe again.

[*Aside.*]

Doil. There! there; well spoke, Granger!

—Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enwrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, Sir,—instead of classical lan-

guage, you have heard a rant in English—

Doil. English! Zounds! d'yé take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whittington's cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English.

Doil. There's impudence!—There wasn't no word of it English—if you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *try-pantrys*.

Grad. Oh! the torture of ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant!—Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I know you mean all that as a skit upon my edication—But I'll have you to know, Sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter of Nehemiah with you for your ears.

Grad. I repeat that you are imposed on. Mr. Sandford I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal—

Sand. Nay, gentlemen, Mr. Doiley is your judge in all disputes concerning the vulgar tongue.

Doil. Ay, to be sure I am. Who cares for your peals? I peal too; and I tell you, I won't be imposed on. Here, Elizabeth, I have got ye a husband, at last, to my heart's content.

Miss D. Him, Sir! You presented that gentleman to me this morning, and I have found such a fund of merit in him—

Doil. In he! what in that beau-bookworm! that argues me down, I don't know English! Don't go for to provoke me—bid that Mr. Granger welcome to my house—he'll soon be master on't.

Miss D. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my father—

Doil. Sha'n't say obedience, say something

to him of yourself—he's a man after my own heart.

Miss D. Then, Sir, without reserve, I acknowledge your choice of Mr. Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet! [*Kissing her*]—We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye understand that, Mr. Tri-pantry?—Is that English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exsuscitated my understanding—I perceive I have been duped.

Doil. Ay, well! I had rather you should be the dupe than me.

Grad. Well, Sir, I have no inclination to contest—if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of husband, you will be as singular and old-fashioned, as the wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, cousin! have you taken a fancy to the scholar? Egad! you're a cute girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him; and I don't care if I throw in a few hundreds, that you mayn't repent your bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my mind, I am the happiest man in the world. And, d'ye hear, Gradus? I don't love for to bear malice. If you'll trot back to college, and larn the difference between Greek and English, why you may stand a chance to be tutor—when they've made me a grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a tutor to teach me to read the world; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Nose, your indulgence will grant me applause.

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